

The Old Churchyard.

Breathe soft and low, O whispering wind,
Above the tangled grasses deep,
Where those who loved me long ago
Forgot the world and fell asleep.
No towering shaft or sculptured urn,
Or mason's empty pride,
Tells to the curious passer-by
Their virtues, or the time they died.

I count the old familiar names,
O'ergrown with moss and lichen gray,
Where tangled brier and creeping vine
Across the crumbling tablets stray.
The summer sky is softly blue;
The birds still sing the sweet, old strain;
But something from the summer-time
Is gone, that will not come again.

So many voices have been hushed—
So many songs have ceased for aye—
So many hands I used to touch
Are folded over hearts of clay.
The mossy world recedes from me—
I cease to hear its praise or blame;
The mossy marbles echo back
No hollow sound or empty fame.

I only know that, calm and still,
They sleep beyond life's woe and pain,
Beyond the fleet of sailing clouds,
Beyond the shadow of the vale;
I only feel that, tired and worn,
I halt upon the highway bare,
And gaze with yearning eyes beyond
To fields that shine supremely fair.

The Wooden Wedding.

"Suke, do you know that a week from to-morrow will be the timber anniversary of that dear connubial day, when Cupid, hovering over the altar, tied the hymenial knot which made us twain?"

Ben delivered the above fine bit of oratory, not in the effective, off-hand manner which proves the impromptu, but with a halting precision which betrayed the effort it had cost to formulate and remember it; nor was it the first fine speech I have heard delivered with an effort.

"I suppose you mean our wooden wedding," I replied.

"Yes, but doesn't timber mean wood, I'd like to know? Now I'll tell you what I've been thinking. I want to celebrate it. A celebration of that sort would be a new thing in this neck of woods, you see, and I think it would take big. It wouldn't cost much, and there is no telling the useful things which our friends might bring us. The milk, eggs, butter, meat, fruit and flour we have in plenty now, and, according to my figuring, ten dollars for sweets and other jim-cracks would furnish a sumptuous supper for fifty or more persons. I read the other day about an old fellow of eighty, married to his fourth wife, who celebrated his wooden wedding, and his friends who attended the supper brought them just oodles of things, among the rest a set of parlor furniture and a nice top buggy. I believe it pays to celebrate one's wooden wedding, to say nothing of the pleasant occasion of meeting one's friends. I'll fix up the back porch for them to pile the heavy furniture on, and if any one brings a new reaper or a top buggy it can just be left in the door-yard. Those who bring 'precious goods in small packages' can put them on the parlor table. I have written out the invitation card, which I will read to you: 'We, the undersigned, have concluded to surprise our friends, and give them an opportunity of showing their appreciation of us, by celebrating our wooden wedding on date the ——. All who receive a duplicate of this card are cordially requested to come and bring a good appetite and whatever other valuable piece of furniture his or her generosity may suggest.—Benjamin and Sukey.' There, if you will allow me, I think that's straight to the point, and flatter myself it is somewhat original."

"For mercy's sake Ben, stop and take breath and let me speak. It is very easy to talk about entertaining and furnishing supper for fifty or more guests, but it is not so easy to make the needed arrangements. How do you suppose I am going to get through such an affair, and so help to be had this side of Africa, that I know of? Here is a bit of wisdom I want you to stow away for future reference too. The good appetites brought to celebrations of the kind you desire to make, generally far outnumber all other valuable pieces of furniture produced for the occasion."

"Now Suke, don't go and spoil all my nice plans with a big wet blanket. My heart is so set on this celebration. You know a fellow cannot have but one wooden wedding, unless—unless he marries again, and somehow I just feel it in my bones that we will have a jolly time, and our friends will do a nice thing by us, in the way of presents, you know. I'll help cook."

The next two days Ben spent writing out the invitations, then the cooking began in earnest, and Ben beat the eggs and I stirred batter and kneaded dough till my head grew dizzy.

At last the evening of the important day arrived, and leaving the culinary department for an hour or two in care

of Melinda Jones, Ben and I arrayed in our best bib and tucker, stood at the hall door to receive our guests, Ben holding a tablet on which he kept tally of each arrival.

"Sixty-five guests and thirty-one parcels," sighed Ben, as the clock tolled off the stroke of eight. "Suke, what do you 'spose is in all those queer looking little wads which they have been piling up on the parlor table?"

"Precious goods in small parcels," whispered I, "but I haven't heard any deposits on the back porch."

"No," answered Ben, "they have all come straight in from the front gate to the hall door, and the presents, whatever they are, are in that conglomerate, tion on the table. I most begin to wish that we had not celebrated it."

Just then Melinda poked her head in at the opposite door, and gave me a significant wink, and I hurried into the kitchen to find that her youngest hopeful had managed to push the cover off the ice-cream, and had filled the vessel containing it to overflowing by thrusting into it young Fletcher Bigbee's new ulster, which the middle-some cherub had managed to pull down from the clothes rack in the hall. Of course Melinda was almost in hysterics, and I had to smother my own regrets to comfort her, while George Washington washed out the coat and hung it behind the stove to dry. Then I had to extract Ben from the sitting-room and explain the mishap to him, which was a sore disappointment, for he had prided himself no little on the preparation of that ice-cream.

The next mishap was the breaking down of the parlor sofa, then young Primrose Flemming caught his feet in Miss Tulip Springer's train, and fell forward into the dressing-case glass and shivered it to atoms.

During supper I heard Mrs. Bigbee remark to Col. Flemming that she thought it looked real little not to have ice-cream.

At last the supper was over, and the cakes and goodies which were not eaten were stowed in baskets by loving mothers who had promised their waiting darlings that if they would be good they would bring them some. Melinda took a basket full, and Sally Grub and several others took a basket full, and even Mrs. Bigbee took a slice of jelly cake for her little Teddy.

Supper is gone—the guests are gone—Ben and I stand face to face for a moment; I know that I look tired, for I feel so. Ben looks glum, and silently we turn and fall to examining our presents.

Summary—Six cheap walking-sticks; seven wooden tobacco-pipes; three bootjacks; one carved cigar box, varnished; four rolling-pins; five potato mashers; one bunch tooth-picks, and the balance in butter-paddles, or ladles, if you prefer the name.

"Suke," in a hollow mournful tone, "I am tired, awful tired."

"So am I."

"I am almost sick, too."

"So am I."

"And I am—disappointed."

"So am not I."

I was just opening my lips to say "I told you so," but he looked so doleful I resolutely closed them again, and silently we laid us down to spend the small hours between us and day in fitful slumber. If Ben and I should live to see our diamond wedding we will never celebrate another.—*St. Louis Magazine.*

More New Uses for Cotton.

It is said it has been demonstrated that fire and water-proof houses can be built out of cotton and straw. The cotton used is the refuse of the plantations and factories, and when grounded up in about an equal amount of straw and asbestos, is converted into a paste, and subsequently into large slabs or bricks, which become as hard as stone. The article thus made is pronounced the best of architectural material and will be much used. A Boston rope-maker of long experience, like the father before him, says that cotton rope can be made for fifty per cent less than hemp, and is preferable for all shipping uses, cables, bolt, rope haliards, tow ropes, hawsers, tackle and falls, hoisting, etc. He also says that cotton is superior to hemp for calking, and believes that it can be used for roofing and as a substitute for leather and hose in leather and belting, and for tubing to inclose telegraph and telephone wires, both overhead and under ground. He states that one hundred and fifty tons of hemp rope is made in the United States daily, the material for which is mostly imported. Congress has authorized the secretary of the navy to introduce cotton cordage into the naval service of the United States, to such an extent as will fully test its value and efficiency as compared with the kinds now in use.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

How the North of the United States Came to be Chosen

The motto which figures upon the seal of the United States, "E Pluribus Unum"—"from many, one,"—has been universally admired. Nothing could be happier.

It is not known who suggested it, nor is it quite certain who originally composed it. In July, 1776, soon after the Declaration of Independence, Congress appointed Dr. Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, a committee to devise a seal for the infant republic. Each member offered a suggestion.

Dr. Franklin proposed: "Moses lifting up his wand and dividing the Red sea, with Pharaoh in his chariot overwhelmed by the waters," and the motto, "Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God."

Mr. Jefferson offered: "The Children of Israel, led by the pillar and the cloud," and on the other side, "figures of the Saxon chiefs, Hengist and Horsa."

Mr. Adams proposed: "Hercules resting on his club, with Virtue urging him to climb a rugged mountain, and Sloth alluring him into the flowery paths of self-indulgence."

After considering the matter for six weeks, the committee reported a design more elaborate than either of those suggested, containing something emblematic of each of the nations by which America had been peopled. For England, a rose; for Ireland, a harp; for Scotland, a thistle; for France, a fleur-de-lis; for Germany, a black eagle; for the Netherlands, a lion. There were many other devices, most of which Congress rejected. One thing only of the committee's report was accepted and retained unaltered in the final seal, namely, the exquisitely appropriate motto, "E Pluribus Unum."

Which member of the committee thought of it, has not been discovered; but we can give a pretty good Yankee guess of how it came to be thought of. Probably every member of the committee was in the habit of reading the chief periodical of that day, "The Gentleman's Magazine," for which Dr. Johnson wrote the reports of the debates in Parliament. Now, that famed periodical had upon its title page, for forty-five years, the device of a hand grasping a bunch of flowers, with the motto, "E Pluribus Unum."

The difficult question remains: How did the founder of "The Gentleman's Magazine" get the phrase? Did he compose it himself? Did he find it in some Latin poet? We say, first, for a reason which schoolboys will recognize at once, as the two words form a dactyl and a spondee, the two poetic feet which end hexameters, such as Virgil uses.

If we turn to a complete edition of the works of Virgil, we find among his shorter, miscellaneous poems, one entitled "Moretum," which is the name of a kind of salad made of many herbs and vegetables combined with cheese—a dish in great request among the Italian farmers in Virgil's time.

The poet describes the composition of this dainty dish, and he pictures the peasant at day-dawn, swiftly stirring the many-blended ingredients, until at last the color of the compound becomes "from many one."

"It nascitur in gramis, paulatim singula vires
Dependunt proprias; color est e pluribus unum."

Here we have the very phrase, except that unum is of necessity unus, to agree with color. And this is all we know at present about "E Pluribus Unum."

Odd Costumes in Corea.

The primitive sackcloth, it would appear, is still the mourning raiment of the Coreans. During a visit paid by the squadron under the command of Admiral Wiles, in September last, to ports on the east coast of Corea, the officials were wearing "grayish hempen garments," which in that country denote mourning, and the admiral was informed that the whole nation had gone into mourning a year for the queen, who had died in consequence of the shock to her feelings caused by the proceedings of the rioters at Seoul. In the matter of dress generally the Coreans are favorably spoken of, nearly every one being decently dressed; and a real well-dressed Corean, in his broad hat and white robes, is said to have an eminently respectable and well-to-do appearance. Their towns, however, offer a distinct contrast, sanitary science being little understood, and architecture not having got beyond a rudimentary stage; but in one respect they seem to be ahead of the west. The smoke from the fires in the kitchen is made to pass in flues underneath the rest of the house, and although the chimney is projected in an incongruous way into the streets, the whole building is comfortably warmed by a limited expenditure of fuel.—*Celestial Empire, Shanghai.*

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The average elevation of North Carolina is 640 feet above the sea level.

M. Vignier believes that animals are indebted to the powers of direction which they sometimes manifest so strikingly to the possession of a magnetic sense relating to the forces that govern both the direction and the inclination of the needle, the seat of which he locates in the semicircular canals of the internal ear.

Among the Russian geologists the belief appears to be settled that granitic rocks, once thought to be of igneous and eruptive origin, are really of aqueous formation. The granites of the rapids of the Dnieper, when closely examined, show stratification, and under the microscope they are seen to contain drops of brown water.

Drs. Sitherwood and Hanlan have expressed the belief that excessive mental work produces a rapid decay of the teeth. As an explanation of the alleged fact, another writer suggests that the overworked brain steals all the phosphates and leaves none for the teeth, or else that too much study causes the general health to deteriorate.

It seems that some luminous animals owe their peculiar light-giving function to a kind of fat which they secrete. When these little creatures are at rest they do not shine at all, but if they are excited a lightning-like flash is sent forth. Prof. Radziszewsky managed to separate some of this fat and examined it. It is a thick, pale, neutral liquid. An alkali easily saponifies it. When it was shaken with a little caustic potash it gave a flash of light much the same as that which comes from the animals.

Cincinnati's Nickname.

The nickname of Porkopolis is of English origin, and was the brilliant inspiration of a sponsor who never saw Cincinnati. In the year 1825 there flourished in the Queen city a gentleman named Jones. He was the president of the United States branch bank, and was locally known as "Bank Jones."

The pork trade had already taken such proportions as to rouse the financial enthusiasm of "Bank Jones," and in a succession of letters he dilated upon the prosperity of the pork prospects of the Queen city. The letters were addressed to the Liverpool correspondent of the Cincinnati bank, and that gentleman's imagination at length became fired by Bank Jones' enthusiasm. In a moment of wild generosity he bled him to the studio of some Liverpoolian Thorwaldsen, and ordered the construction of what is set down in the annals as "a unique pair of model hogs." These noble effigies were made of papier mache, and were sent out to Cincinnati as a present, accompanied by the inscription—*lestis* in part at least to become famous.—To Mr. George W. Jones as the worthy representative of Porkopolis. The hogs have still a local habitation and a name. They add to the burden of life in the office of one of the largest "slaughterers" of Cincinnati—having passed by inheritance from Bank Jones down, from hand to hand, among the pork monarchs of Porkopolis, for nigh upon half a century.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Hands.

Hands are divided into three different kinds: those with round-pointed fingers, those with square tips and those that are spade shaped, with pods of flesh at each side of the nail. The first type—with round-pointed fingers—belongs to characters with perceptions extra sensitive, to very pious people, to contemplative minds, to the impulsive, and to all poets and artists who have idealty as a prominent trait. The square-shaped belong to scientific people, sensible, self-contained characters, and to the class of professional men who are neither visionary nor altogether sordid. The spade-shaped type, with pods of flesh at the side of the nail, indicate people whose interests and instincts are mostly material. Each finger, no matter what kind of a hand it is joined to, has a joint representing each of those types. The division of the finger that is nearest the palm stands for the body, the middle division represents mind, and the highest joint spirit or soul. If the top joint is longer than the others it denotes a character weakened with a too abundant imagination, great idealty and a leaning toward the theoretical rather than the practical. When the middle joint of the finger is long, it promises a logical mind, and when the lowest joint is longest, it indicates a nature that clings more to the luxuries than to the refinements of life. If they are nearly alike, it indicates a well-balanced mind, especially if the length of the fingers equals the length of the palm.

New York Tenement Houses.

The sanitary inspection of the overcrowded tenement houses, says a New York letter, is disclosing a condition of things that may well make even a New Yorker, familiar as he may be with those human hives, stand aghast, and ask, Are we not after all but half civilized? For instance, one house in Mulberry street is reported as containing 171 occupants, thirty-six of whom are children; in many of the rooms persons were found stretched out on the floor, without bed or bedding. These were for the most part Italians. Another Mulberry street rookery contains 112 apartments, occupied by 122 persons; a third, fifty-eight apartments, occupied by 112 persons; a fourth has thirty-eight rooms, occupied by 130 persons; a fifth, thirty-eight rooms, occupied by eighty persons, and in the rear, hedged in from light and air, is a rear building occupied by forty-seven persons. Down in Cherry and Water streets there are some tenements under the roof of which may be found representatives of almost all the nationalities of Christendom—Chinese, Italians, Spaniards, French, Portuguese, Scandinavians, Irish, Germans, and here and there an African. In Baxter street there are places where more than 300 of the people are huddled together, in utter defiance of the laws of health. The inspectors appear to think it a miracle that a pestilence has not broken out in these dens long before this, and as for trying to improve their condition, the thing, we are told, would seem to be out of the question. The only remedy is to stop building houses of this description, and this can only be accomplished by stringent legislation, to which, of course, the owners of all such property are resolutely opposed. The public health in such cases, however, should be superior to all consideration of personal or private interest.

An Elephant's Revenge.

One of those pests of society, a "practical joker," visited a caravan in an English fair, and tried his stupid trick upon an elephant there. He first doled out to it, one by one, some gingerbreadnuts; and, when the grateful animal was thrown off its guard, he suddenly proffered it a large parcel wrapped in brown paper. The unsuspecting creature accepted and swallowed the lump, but immediately began to exhibit signs of intense suffering and snatching up a bucket handed it to the keeper for water. This having been given to it, it eagerly swallowed quantities of the fluid.

"Ha!" cried the delighted joker, "I guess those nuts were a trifle hot, old fellow."

"You had better be off," exclaimed the keeper, "unless you wish the bucket at your head."

The fool took the hint only just in time, for the enraged animal, having finished the sixth bucketful, hurled the bucket after its tormentor with such force that, had he lingered a moment more, his life might have been forfeited.

The affair was not, however, yet concluded. The following year the show revisited the same town, and the foolish joker, like men of his genus, unable to profit by experience, thought to repeat his stupid trick upon the elephant. He took two lots of nuts into the show with him—sweet nuts in one pocket and hot ones in the other. The elephant had not forgotten the jest played upon him, and therefore accepted the cakes very cautiously. At last the joker proffered a hot one; but no sooner had the injured creature discovered its pungency than it seized hold of its persecutor by the coat tails, hoisted him up by them, and held him until they gave way, when he fell to the ground. The elephant now inspected the severed coat tails, which, after he had discovered and eaten all the sweet nuts, he tore into rags and flung after their discomfited owner.

Comparative Digestibility of Meats.

Dr. Learned places meats in three classes—1. Those easy of digestion. 2. Those moderately easy of digestion. 3. Those difficult of digestion. In the first class, or those easy of digestion, we find mutton, venison, sweetbread, chicken, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, grouse, white, smelt, turbot and sole. In the second class, or those moderate, we find easy of digestion, beef, lamb, hare, pike, trout and raw oysters. In the third class, or those difficult of digestion, pork, veal, goose, the liver, heart, kidney, the brains of animals, salt meats, sausage, mackerel, eel, salmon, herring, sprat, skate, sturgeon, salted fish in general, lobster, crab, prawns, shrimps, crayfish, mussels, cockles, scollops and cooked oysters.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Brave Girl.

In the year 1781, while Clinton and Washington were watching each other's movements near New York, General Schuyler, having resigned his command on account of unjust charges made against him, was staying at his house, which then stood alone outside the stockade or wall of Albany. The British commander, therefore, seeing his opportunity, sent out John Walker Meyer, with a party of Tories and Indians, to capture Gen. Schuyler.

When they arrived at the outskirts of the city they learned from a Dutch laborer that the general's house was guarded by six soldiers. The Dutchman, the minute the band was out of sight, took to his legs and warned the general of their approach.

Soon after a servant announced that there was a strange man at the back door who wished to see the general.

Schuyler, understanding the trap, gathered his family in one of the upper rooms, and giving orders that the doors and windows be barred, fired a pistol from one of the top-story windows to alarm the neighborhood.

The guards, who had been lounging in the shade of a tree, started to their feet at the sound of the pistol; but alas, too late! for they found themselves surrounded by a crowd of dusky figures, who bound them hand and foot before they had time to resist.

And now you can imagine the little group collected in that dark room up stairs; the sturdy general standing resolutely at the door, with his gun in his hand, and his black slaves gathered around him, each with some weapon; and at the other end of the room, the women huddled together, some weeping, some praying. Suddenly a crash is heard which chills the very blood and brings vividly to each one's mind the tales of Indian massacres so common at that day. The band had broken in at one of the windows.

At that moment Mrs. Schuyler, springing to her feet, rushed toward the door for she remembered that the baby, only a few months old, having been forgotten in the hurry of the flight, was asleep in its cradle on the first floor. But the general, catching her in his arms, told her that her life was of more value than the child's, and that, if any one must go, he would. While, however, this generous struggle was going on, their third daughter, gliding past them, was soon at the side of the cradle.

All was black as night in the hall, except for a small patch of light just at the foot of the stairs. This came from the dining-room, where the Indians could be seen pillaging the shelves, pulling down the china, and quarrelling with one another over their ill-gotten booty.

How to get past this spot was the question, but the girl did not hesitate. She reached the cradle unobserved, and was just darting back with her precious burden when, by ill luck, one of the savages happened to see her. Whirl! went his sharp tomahawk within a few inches of the baby's head, and cleaving an edge of the brave girl's dress, stuck deep into the stair-rail.

Just then one of the Tories, seeing her flit by, and supposing her to be a servant, called after her, "Wench, wench; where is your master?" She, stopping for a moment, called back, "Gone to alarm the town!" and, hurrying on, was soon safe again with her father upstairs.

And now, very nearly all the plunder having been secured, the band was about to proceed with the real object of the expedition, when the general, raising one of the upper windows, called out in lusty tones, as if commanding a large body of men: "Come on, my brave fellows! Surround 'the house! Secure the villains who are plundering!" The cowards knew that voice, and they each and every one of them took to the woods as fast as their legs could carry them, leaving the general in possession of the field.

The old Schuyler house looks now as it looked then, except that the back wing for the slaves has been torn down, and some few alterations have been made around the place; but when you are shown the house, you can still see the dent in the stair-rail made by that Indian's hatchet more than a hundred years ago.—*St. Nicholas.*

Each head of clover contains about sixty distinct flower tubes, each of which contains a portion of sugar not exceeding the five-hundredth part of a grain. The proboscis of the bee therefore must be inserted into 500 clover tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7,000 grains in a pound, and as honey contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar, each pound of honey represents 2,500,000 clover tubes sucked by bees.