TENDERNESS.

Not unto every heart is God's good gift
Of simple tenderness allowed; we meet
With love in many fashions when we lift
First to our lips life's waters bitter sweet.
Love comes upon us with resistless power
Of curbless passion, and with headstrong will;
It plays around like April's breeze and shower,
Or calmly flows, a rapid stream, and still.
It comes with blessedness unto the heart
That welcomes it aright, or—bitter fate!—
It wrings the bosom with so fierce a smart,
That love, we cry, is crueller than hate.
And then, ah me, when love has ceased to bless
Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness!

We long for tenderness like that which hung
About us, lying on our mother's breast;
A selfless feeling, that no pen or tongue
Can praise aright, since silence sings it best.
A love, as far removed from passion's heat
As from the chillness of its dying fire;
A love to lean on when the failing feet
Begin to totter and the eyes to tire.
In youth's brief heyday hottest love we seek,
The reddest rose we grasp—but when it dies
God grant later blossoms, violets meek,
May spring for us beneath life's Autumn skies!
God grant that some loving one be near to bless
Our weary way with simple tenderness!

The Moon.—Dead to All Intents and Purposes, but Still Undergoing Changes.

Although the moon may be regarded as to all intents and purposes dead, it must not be supposed that no changes whatever take place upon her surface. On the contrary, some of the peculiarities of the moon's condition must tend to cause even more rapid changes of certain orders than take place in the case of our own earth. Thus the great length of the lunar day, and the moon's waterless condition and rare atmosphere, must help to cause a comparatively rapid crumbling of the moon's surface. During the long and intensely hot lunar day the rock substance of the moon's surface must expand considerably, for it is raised to a degree of heat exceeding that of boiling water. During the long lunar night the surface is exposed to a degree of refrigeration far exceeding that of the bitterest winter in the Arctic regions, and must contract correspondingly. This alternate expansion and contraction must gradually crumble away all the loftiest and steepest portions of the moon's surface, and will doubtless, in the long run—that is some few hundreds of millions of years hence—destroy all the most marked irregularities of the moon's surface.

The cases or changes which have been recognized by telescopists who have carefully studied the moon's surface, may all, without exception, be referred to this process of gradual, but steady, disintegration. The most remarkable case hitherto known, for example, the disappearance of the lunar crater Linne is far better explained in this way than as the result of volcanic outburst. This case has recently been described as follows by the present writer:—In the lunar Sea of Serenity there was once a deep crater, nearly seven miles across, a very distinct and obvious feature, even with the small telescops (less than four inches in aperature) used by Beer and Madler in forming their celebrated chart. But, ten years ago, the astronomer Schmidt, a selenographer of selenographers (who has, in fact, given the best energies of his life to moongazing), found this crater missing. When he announced the fact to the scientific world, other astronomers, armed with very powerful instruments looked for the crater which had been so clearly seen with Madler's small telescope; but though they found a crater it was nothing like the crater described by Madler. The present crater is scarcely two miles in diameter, and only just visible with powerful telescopes; all around it there is a shallow depression, occupying a region about as large as the whole crater had been before.

It seems impossible to doubt that a great change has taken place here, and the question arises whether the change has been produced by volcanic activity or otherwise. Sir John Herschel pronounced somewhat confidently in favor of the former hypothesis. "The most plausible conjecture," said he, "as to the cause of this disappearance seems to be the filling up of the crater from beneath, by an effusion of viscous lava, which, overflowing the rim on all sides may have so flowed down the outer slope as to efface its ruggedness, and convert it into a gradual declivity casting no stray shadows." "But how tremendous the volcanic energy," we note in the passage referred to, "required to fill with lava a crater nearly seven miles in diameter, and more than a half deep! The volcanic hypothesis seems on this account utterly incredible, for if such energy resided in the moon's interior we should find her whole surface continually changing. Far more probable seems the idea that the wall of this crater has simply fallen in scattering its fragments over what had once been the floor of the crater. The forces at work in the moon are quite competent to throw down steep crater walls like those which seem formerly to have girt about this deep cavity."—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

The Story of a Goat.

Mr. Parisen read in a scientific paper that there was nothing so excellent for keeping rats and mice out of a cellar as to put a goat in it. The scientific paper did not inform Mr. Parisen why it was that rats and mice objected to inhabiting the same cellar with a goat. His cellar was infested with rats, which made raids on his potatoes, flour and pork, and other articles of an edible nature, so he determined to buy a goat. at the breakfast table he said to his wife:

"My dear, I am going to buy a goat."

"For the land's sake, Eugene," she answered, with astonishment on her face and a hunk of buckwheat cake in her mouth, "are you crazy."

"No I ain't crazy!" he loftily replied, "but I am going to buy a goat!"

"Bully for you Pop!" enthusiastically shouted the son George, a youth of twelve summers, and the same number of colds in his head. "We'll have bully fun with a goat! Won't it be high pie to ride him round the block, and seeing him go for the women and buck them in the street. Hooroar for the goat!"

Mr. Parisen left the house and made for the store of an acquaintance, who deals in everything from an elephant to a boat's anchor. He stated his need, and the acquaintance said he'd send one round to the house in a couple of hours. Then Parisen paddled down town, toted up figures all day and at five o'clock started for home. When he reached it he found his wife locked in a bed-room, his boy and at least twenty others in the yard, and the goat standing on his hind legs keeping the boy at bay. As soon as Master George saw his father he shouted:

"Pop, here he is. Ain't he a bully boy? He's bucked the stuffin's out of the stoop, and he's bucked the washhouse into kindling wood. He ain't killed anything yet, but golly, how he did scare mamma! You'd ought to hear her scream. Wasn't it funny boys?" and George and his companions roared at the memory of the enjoyment.

"Why, in thunder?" asked Parisen. "didn't you put him in the cellar? I want him to tickle the rats and butt the life out of millions of them."

"Pop," said George, "youre stronger than we are. You do it. We're afraid."

Parisen started for the goat, and at the same time the goat started for Parisen, and before he knew what was the matter he was throwing a beautiful somersault. The boys laughed with great glee, and his promising son roared out, as Parisen landed on his shoulders on the plot where the grass is green when it grows:

"Bully for you, Pop. Only six months in the circus, and doing a double somersault. But you ought to come down on your feet. That's the regular style."

"I'll come down on you with the most infernal cowhiding you've ever had, as soon as I chuck this infernal goat in the cellar. Don't you forget that," said Parisen still lying on his back.

He did't attempt to get up for awhile—not, indeed, until the goat, imagining that he had killed his master, commenced eating up the grape vine. Then Parisen stole noiselessly upon him, grasped him by the hind legs, tossed him and commenced to drag him toward the basement.

"George," he shouted, "open the cellar door, and be quick about it; if you ain't, I'll skin you alive when I murder this goat."

George hurried to obey the command, and Mr. Parisen succeeded in dragging the goat to the door and hurling him through it, and them he bolted the door and shouted, "I don't care a darn whether the rats eat you or you buck them to death." Then he walked up stairs, knocked at his wife's bed-room door, informed her that the goat was safely locked in the cellar, and told her to go get supper.

"Eugene Parisen," said his wife, after she had unlocked the door and got outside, "do you think that I'm going to live with a man that keeps such a murderous animal around the house? If you don't kill that goat right away, I'lle leave this house and go home to my father."

"Go home to your father and be hanged to you!" said Parisen, fuming with anger, for the places which the goat had touched on his carcass began to pain him. "I'd be glad if you'd never left your beetle-headed, mean old cuss of a father. That goat ain't going to be killed."

Here a terrible scream was heard from the yard, and down stairs rushed Parisen. A sad scene met his view The servant girl, not knowing that the goat was in the cellar, unbolted the door, was about descending into it for some potatoes. She had reached the second step, when something struck her, and she went flying into the yard. And then there was a whirlwind of a goat, and he dancing around her, and then the neighbors stuck their heads out of the windows and yelled 'Police!' and that block was the liveliest one on New York island for a little while. When Parisen took in the situation, he rushed up to his bed-room, grasped his revolver, and soon the poor goat was a corpse. It was shortly afterwards discovered that during the short time that the goat had been in the cellar he had knocked all the barrels to pieces, and that coffee, flour, potatoes, onions, and other vegetable were floating about in rich pork brine. Parisen has stopped his subscription to the scientific paper, and he says he'd a million times sooner have killed the editor of it than shot the goat.

What the Sun is Made Of.

A discovery of importance to science is announced by Dr. Henry Draper, of Hastings-on-the-Hudson. It is well known to students of the spectroscope, that while the black lines that indicate the presence of metallic vapors are so abundant in the solar spectrum as to leave no room for doubting that most, if not all, the metals are ignited in the sun, there is yet an absence of the lines that characterize nearly all the nonmetalic substances. Hydrogen is excepted from this sweeping rule, but there are many reasons for classing that gas with the metals. Various theories have been put forward to explain the absence of non-metalic lines from the solar spectrum, and the fact has even been used to throw a doubt over the nebular hypothesis, which necessarily assumes that the constituents of the sun cannot greatly differ from those of the earth. Dr. Draper's discovery, if it be confirmed, shows that at least one—and probably several—non-metalic substances are present in the sun. In a paper read before the American Philosophical Society last month, he gave the details of experiments which appear to prove that oxygen forms one of the sun's constituents. Its presence is indicated in the spectrum, not by black but by bright lines. To make this more apparent, Dr. Draper has photographed with the spectrum of the sun a "comparison spectrum" of common air—the air being ignited by the electric sparks of a Leyden jar. The "comparison spectrum" gives the bright lines of oxygnn and nitrogen, and also (from the terminals of the battery used) those of aluminium and iron. The lines of the metals serve to check the accuracy with which the two spectra—of the sun and of air—are matched.

Learning by Art.

Which is correct—learning by heart, or by art? The former is the usual expression; but it is my no means clear that it conveys the intended meaning. He who impresses words or sentences or aught else upon his brain by rote as it is called, uses some acquired or instinctive trick of mnemonics for the purpose. Schoolboys, actors, singers and their likes have artifices for committing matters to memory, and their learning is, by art, the heart has nothing to do with it. If learning by heart means anything at all, it certainly signifies a principle, the very opposite of that it is used to designate—the profound acquirement of knowledge, the understanding of facts and experiences without regard to the symbols by which they are presented to the mind.—*Living Age.*

AGRICULTURAL.

WHEAT CROPS.—We find that many of our farmers have an idea that the yield of the wheat crop depends upon the length of the heads. We think a careful examination will show this to be a mistake. There is another quite as important a difference, which without any change in the length of the heads, has much to do with the yield of the crop, and which is very often overlooked in summing up the result. Examination will show that a head of wheat has its grains arranged in two divisions, one on each side, and that these divisions are again divided at right angles to the length of the head, into "chests," or bunches of grain. In ordinary crops these bunches or chests contain two grains for at least three-fourths of the distance from the base to the point of the head; the upper quarter of the head usually has but one grain on each side, and in light crops these are often imperfect or abortive. When the crop is very short in yield these abortive grains will be found near the base of the ear, as well as at its point, if there is any sound grain in the ear it will usually be found near the middle. When the crop is unusually large we will usually find a third grain crowded into the chests on each side of the ear. These chests of three grains sometimes extend from the base to the middle of the ear, but are usually confined to two or three chests near the middle of the ear. The increased yield will often depend upon the distance to which this third grain is found up or down the head, but it is never found out to the point of the ear, and I have never noticed more than two grains in the third chest from the end. Last season, through early sowing and heavy manuring, our wheat was much injured by the fly; in some spots it was very thin; but it was in these light spots that we found our best-filled heads of wheat; in some instances we found for three rows of chests four grains in each side, or eight in a circle around the head; in such cases we usually found three clear to the base and two to within two chests of the point. Major Hallett of Brighton, England, has found that by careful selection of the best grain from the middle of heads showing this tendency he can increase the development until he has produced heads eight and three-quarter inches long, with as many as eight grains in a chest, or sixteen in a circle around the head. How far this may be carried has not yet been determined, but Mr. Hallett finds that after passing a certain point the progress is slow.

FOREIGN INSECTS.—The *Entomologist* calls attention to the fact that European insects and weeds are naturalized in America with far more facility than ours are naturalized there, and even crowd out the insects indigenous to us. Thus we have a native currant worm very much like the one imported nearly twenty years ago from Europe; but it has hever done any damage, while already the imported one has in some places almost stopped the cultivation of the currant. Our onion fly does scarcely any harm, while the imported fly, to which it is closely allied, does great damage. It is just the same with the imported bark louse of the apple tree, and the meal worm beetle. Among other pests of European origin are the Hessian fly introduced nearly one hundred years ago; the wheat midge, fifty years ago; the bee moth,cheese maggot, grain weevil, house-fly, cockroach and carpet and clothes moths. Among the weeds are Canada thistle, mayweed, oxeye daisy, burdock and chess cheat. In fact, the weeds the garden has to contend with are nearly all European. On the other hand scarcely an American noxious weed, plant, or insect has been successfully introduced into Europe. If the potato bug succeeds in effecting a lodgment on European shores he will do much to help to balance the account.

WATER-PROOF BOOTS.—A correspondent of the *Indiana Farmer* says: "I stood in mud and water two or three inches deep for ten hours a day for a week without feeling any dampness or having any difficulty in getting my boots on or off. If you would be equally successful, before wearing the boots, give the bottoms a good coating of tallow and coal tar and dry it in; then oil the uppers with castor oil, about one tablespoonful to each boot; then oil them twice a week with castor oil, when one teaspoonful will be sufficient. If the weather should be rainy, or you are compelled to work in water during the day, wash your boots clean at night, hold them by the fire until quite warm, and oil them while wet, and you will have no trouble about your boots getting hard and shrinking up so that you cannot get them on. If the leather should become red, give a coat of ordinary shoe-blacking before oiling. The effect of castor oil is to soften the leather, while it fills the pores and prevents the water from entering.

FALL FALLOWING.—Fall fallowing i useful where the soil is full of weeds and is inclined to clay, on light soils it is of no especial benefit, except to clean the land and as a timely preparation for spring work. Fall plowing may be done for oats and early potatoes with benefit, if the furrows are left high and rough.

Schools of Cookery.

It may fairly be questioned whether a practical knowledge of how to choose nourishing food and prepare it in a wholesome and economical manner would not be quite as valuable as acquirement to a girl belonging to the working classes as how to knit a stocking or make a shirt. The view does not however, seem as yet to have presented itself to the heads of the education department, if we are to judge of their opinions by the tone of their subordinates. The Government inspectors, as a rule, put every obstacle they can in the way of those schools which have taken up cooking. We should have thought it would be much easier for them to hold an examination in pies and puddings than in cross stitch and felling, and that they could more readily judge of the grilling of a herring than give an opinion upon the merits of a row of herring bone. But so important a subject can scarcely be put aside because inspectors look coldly on everything outside of three R's. No doubt the time usually spent by children at school is so limited as to require the most careful husbandry; but, on the other hand, the experience of most managers who have tried the experiment is that having variety in work stimulates the faculties and produces a more healthy and vigorous tone of mind. It is found that the time given to cooking, say two hours in the week, is easily made up, and that the girls so employed are not retarded in their general education. At the present moment when the subject of cooking has taken hold upon the public, and when numbers of people are ready to lend their aid if they only know how, it is most desirable that, if Government intend that domestic economy should really be taught in Board Schools, they should at once collect information and organize some system likely to work. It would be no easy task, for the difficulties are considerable. They are not, however, more formidable than many others which have already been overcome. Perhaps to give briefly a few of the suggestions which have been made by practical workers in the field, might be of interest to those who think, with Lord Beaconsfield, that "the health of a poople is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and all their power as a State depends."—*Saturday Review.*

SCIENTIFIC.

Eburine.—M. Latry has recently exhibited to the French Society for the Encouragement of the National Industry a new compound, to which the above name is given, and which is composed of ivory or bone pulverized, and in some cases mingled with agglutinative material. The latter is not, however, uniformly necessary, as by M. Latry's process the dust can be caused to agglomerate by simple pressure and heat. The operation is rather a difficult one, as too a high a temperature produces disaggregation; but by experiment M. Latry has succeeded in so regulating the heat applied to the moulds by observing the behavior of wafers of fusible metal, that instead of a porous and almost friable mass the resulting product is extremely hard and resistant. It is believed that the natural organic material in the bone or ivory dust becomes partially melted, and so serves as a cement.

The color of the eburine is a grayish-white; and to make it pure white, suitable pigment is added. This, however, necessitates, the further addition of a little albumen or other agglutinative material, as already noted. The material may be colored any hue, and is best utilized in combination with the so-called "*bois durci*," or wood concrete, which is made of sawdust and beef's blood pressed also in moulds under heat. The eburine serves for the raised portion of ornamentation of furniture, etc., and when moulded with the "*bois durci*," adheres to it with great firmness. It does not crack, and when not rendered too hard may be worked with ordinary wood tools. The grain of the hard variety is so fine that by suitable coloring it is easily made to imitate certain stones, such as jasper, malachite, and lapis lazuli, or by painting beautiful and accurate imitations of cameos and mosaics may be produced upon it. The invention appears to be of considerable industrial importance, as it opens a now mode of utilizing waste products, for which hitherto there has been comparatively little employment.

Hardening Steel.—As the hardness depends on the quickness with which it is cooled there are better materials than water, which besides gives an unequal temper, the steam bubbles developed interrupting contact; another thing, water is a bad conductor of heat, and if the bubbling and heat did not put it in motion it would be unfit for hardening. Water with plenty of ice in it gives a harder temper; small tools may be stuck into a piece of ice, as jewelers and watchmakers insert them in a piece of sealing wax. Oil is also used by them as being better than water, as it does not evaporate so easily. The Damascus steel blades are tempered in a strong current of cold air, passing through a narrow slit. This gives a much more uniform and equal temperament than water. But the most effective liquid is the only liquid metal—mercury. This being a good conductor of heat—in fact the very best liquid conductor and the only cold one—appears to be the best liquid for hardening steel cutting tools. The best steel, when forged into shape and hardened in mercury, will cut almost anything. We have seen articles made from ordinary steel, which have been hardened and tempered to a deep straw color, turned with comparative ease with cuting tools from good tool steel hardened in mercury. Beware of inhaling the vapor while hardening.—*Exchange.*

Medical Specimens.—For rapidly preparing bones and ligaments for museum purposes, Dr. L. Frederick recommends that, after the soft parts have been taken away, except the ligaments, the preparation should be washed in water, dehydrated by alcohol, and then plunged into essence of turpentine. After two or three days' maceration in this fluid, the skeleton is placed in the position in which it is designed to keep it, and dried in the air. In drying, the bones and ligaments become beautifully white, and the whiteness increases as time passes. The same process give less satisfactory results for muscles. For a parenchymatous organ, on removing it from the turpentine bath Dr. Frederick plunges it into melted wax or paraffin during half an hour or two hours, till the bubbles of turpentine have ceased to pass off. When withdrawn and cooled, the piece resembles a wax model, but it is far superior in its minor details; the color of the organ persists.

Among the Armenian Women.

A war correspondent, describing his journey from Trebizond to Erzeroum, says: "Thousands of small yellow ferrets dart to and fro across the road and run to shelter in their burrows as we tramp by. Strange looking water fowl rise screaming from the marshes, and the kingfisher and maiden-bird perch on the single telegraph wire that flanks the way. Scattered villages appear at intervals. There are no separate farm houses as in other countries. For mutual protection the inhabitants have grouped their houses together. You see Armenian women sitting on the road-side, wrapped in their long, white robes, covering alike head and feet. The black veil gives them a hideous, unearthly appearance. The yasmack of the Turkish women might, by stretching a point, be considered as an article of dress; but there is no compromise. The veil and the mantle have no pretense to elegance or beauty; they are merely means of concealing figure and face. As the tramp of horses draws near, the women fly furtively across the road to their respective houses or huts. It reminded me forcibly of rabbits on a country road scurrying hastily to their burrows on the approach of a wayfarer. The seclusion of Armenian women even of the humblest class, is much more severe than the Turks. I suppose a sad experience has taught them caution."

How the Old Nobles Lived.

The mode of living of the English nobility a few centuries ago may be somewhat understood by reference to an old book quite precious in the sight of the antiquarians, the household book of an earl of Northumberland. It appears the old earl had large family. It consisted only of six hundred and sixty-six persons, masters, and servants. Fifty was the average number of his daily guests. There was a very precise sumptuary code, and given out in parcels and by rule. From midsummer to Michael-mas, fresh meat was allowed; for the rest of the year, salted provisions were alone admissible. Mustard was in great demand. One hundred and sixty gallons a year were used at the table—no doubt the character of the fresh and salt meat required a potent stimulus to make it go down. One bottle and a third of beer was given to each person daily. No sheets for the beds were used. The table-cloths were few, they were changed but once a month, and washing days were rare! Ninety-one dozen of candles served the family for a year. The family rose at six in the morning, dined at ten, and supposed at four. The earl and his lady had at their breakfast something better than the rest, viz.: a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrrings, and a dish of sprats!

—In Haywood, N. C., they exhibit tobacco leaves thirty-six inches long and twenty and a half wide.

DOMESTIC.

FRUIT "BUTTER."—The sale of fruit "butter" in all large cities is very large. It is put up in wooden pails, with close-fitting covers, and pails and butter are sold together. The "*American Groser,*" published in New York, says: "Fruit butter may be made in the country very easily and cheaply. The same purpose that sugar subserves in the manufactories here may be accomplished there by the use of cider. When apples are ripe, make say three barrels of cider. Then pare and core four bushels of apples. Then boil down three barrels of cider to one and a half, and set it convenient to the copper kettle, in which place the four bushels of apples. Pour on to the apples, from the cider enough to answer the purpose, and fire up. As the cider boils away, add more and more, until it is all used up, and the contents of the kettle are brought down to a proper consistency, of which one must be judge. A little practice will make one perfect in this process. This is for apples.—It will apply equally well to any other kind of fruit from which it is practicable to obtain the juice as one would from apples."

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—One peck green tomatoes, ten white onions, six green peppers, one small box of mustard, two quarts of vinegar, one and one-half pints of salt, one-half pound white mustard seed, one quarter pound whole cloves, one tablespoonful black pepper; cut onions and tomatoes in thin slices, and chop peppers thin; make layers of them in a large stone pot, and sprinkle a little salt on each layer. Let them stand twenty-four hours, and then drain off the brine. Put tomatoes, onions and peppers in a preserving kettle, sprinkling on each layer the mustard-seed, spice, and pepper, and so on to fill the kettle. The box of mustard should be thoroughly mixed in the vinegar, and thrown into the kettle after everything else is in. Stew slowly over a moderate fire for three-quarters of an hour.

APPLES PRESERVED LIKE GINGER.—Peel and cut in quarters six pounds of apples, six pounds sugar, one-half pound race ginger; pack the apples in a jar, a layer of apples, then sugar and ginger, until all are put in; next day bruise an ounce of ginger and infuse it in half a pint of boiling water, closely covered; next day put the apples, sugar and ginger with the water from the bruised ginger in a preserve kettle and boil it for one hour, or until the apples look clear and sirup rich, adding some lemon peel, cut very thin, just before done.

REMEDY FOR WHOOPING COUGH.—Take half an ounce each of spirits of hartshorn and oil of amber; mix them well together; every night and morning anoint well the palms of the hands, pit of the stomach, soles of the feet, armpits and backbone. As long as the ointment is being used do not allow the parts anointed to be washed; the back of the hand may be washed, but not the palm; care must be taken afterward not to take cold. This cannot injure the smallest infant. Keep the bottle well corked.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.—To every cupful of cold, boiled, fine hominy add a tablespoonful of melted butter; mix well together; add slowly a little milk; then beat all to a paste; at the last one teaspoonful of white sugar and one beaten egg; flour your hands and roll the hominy into balls; dip into beaten egg, then fine cracker crumbs; fry in hot butter, and serve with currant jelly.

PEACH COBBLER.—Make a rich biscuit crust; put it rolled thick around the dish; put in a layer of peaches, then butter and sugar and a very little flour, then peaches, and so on till the dish is full; cover with a thick crust, cut a slit in the centre, and pour in boiling water till full. Bake in a moderate oven.

TO DRY HERBS.—They should be picked just before the plant blossoms; wash them to free them from the dust; place them on a sieve to drain; then put them in the oven, and let them remain in till they are perfectly dry; afterwards rub from the stalk, put in glass jars, and cover closely.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Grate the corn from four good-sized ears; add one pint of milk, two well beaten eggs, and a piece of butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper to taste. Stir three tablespoonfuls of flour in a little cold water, add it to the rest, beat all well together, and bake an hour.

Curious Things.

The Hindoos believe that after death the soul passes into the body of animals, to live through another term of probation on earth. Among them the cow and the monkey are sacred. The Mohammedans are very superstitious concerning the beard. They believe that the divine image of man rests there, and that the angels have charge of every hair. Two centuries ago our ancestors used to wear pasteboard covers over their beards in the night, lest they should turn upon them and rumple them in their sleep. The Japanese and the inhabitants of Thibet are not satisfied with devout prayers, sacrifices, offerings to the gods, etc., but they also pray by machinery. They have a square post, eight feet long, and near the centre is fixed vertically a wheel, which can be reached by the hand, and which moves in an axle passed through the post. On each of the three spokes of the wheel two small rings are strung. Every person who turns this wheel as he passes by is supposed to obtain credit in heaven for as many prayers as the number of revolutions which are marked on the post. The object of the rings is, that as they jingle they are believed to secure the attention of the deity; and the greater the noise, the more certainty that it will be listened to. Some of the inscriptions on the post are worth knowing. One is: "Wise men and fools are in the same boat. Whether prospered or afflicted, both are rowing over the deep lake." Still another: "As the floating grass is blown by the gentle breeze, or the glancing ripples of autumn disappear when the sun goes down, or as the ship returns home to her old shore, so is life. It is smoke—a morning tide."

There are certain fashions prevalent among different nations which seem to us very absurd. For instance, the ladies in Japan gild their teeth; in the Indies they paint them red; in Guzerat, black. In Greenland the women paint their faces blue and yellow. The Peruvians and other Indian tribes flatten their heads, while other nations maltreat their noses. The Chinese shave off their hair, and allow their finger-nails to grow to a great extent. They wear white for mourning; they drink their wine warm and their tea cold, and a pupil reciting turns his back to the teacher. They also cramp the feet of the women. It is stated that a certain emperor thought the ladies too fond of calling on each other and gossiping, and in order to keep them more at home obliged them to adopt this custom.—*Young People's Magazine.*

Cramps, Colic. Cholera Morbus,
Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea and Dysentery, are speedily cured by Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. It removes all soreness of the Bowels, quiets the Stomach, and restores its natural action. It is also perfectly safe in its operation and easily administered.

HUMOROUS.

A SHY YOUNG MAN.—A shy young man of Scotland for fourteen years had wooed the lassie of his heart. One night Jamie, for that was the young man's name called to see Jennie, and there was a terrible look about his eyes—just as there is sometimes when they've made up their minds to pop the question. And Jamie came in and sat down by the fire just as he had done every Tuesday and Friday night for fourteen long years, and he talked of the weather, and the cattle, and the crops, and the stock market, I was going to say—but no, they didn't talk about that. And finally Jamie says:

"Jennie, I've known you for a long time."

"Yes, Jamie," said she.

"And—I've thought I'd always like to know you, Jennie."

"Y-e s—Jamie."

"And so I've bought—a lot—Jennie."

"Y-e-s—J-a-m-i-e."

"So—that—when—"

"Yes—Jamie—yes."

"We're dead we can lay our bones together."

The fool had gone and bought a lot in a graveyard, but Jennie was not discouraged. She knew her man well—after fourteen years she ought to—and so she said gently:

"Jamie."

"Yes, Jennie."

"Don't you think 'twould be better to lay our bones together while we're yet alive?"

MME. X. has just sent away her cook, who had too many military visitors, and replaced her by a gulleless country lass. The other day she took a look into the kitchen, and saw there a superb-looking soldier tasting a bowl of soup. "Is it possible, too, you are guilty of this kind of thing, Sophie?" "Please, ma'am, you are mistaken. This is no doubt one of the soldiers left over by the last cook."

IT IS SAID that "the moon has gained about an inch in rapidity of motion" within the last hundred years. This is, no doubt, true, for young men will tell you that when talking at the gate with their sweethearts the moon goes down much quicker now than it did when they were boys waiting to rob a watermelon patch.

"I'M HOME," said Spilkins, entering his house the other evening, "and yet I don't feel at home. There's a paradox for you."

"A pair o' ducks!" exclaimed Mrs. Spilkins from over the head of the stairs. "Now, Leander, didn't I tell you this morning we had a steak for dinner?"

"WHEN does a man most feel the value of a true wife?" asks a writer. That depends upon what the writer means by value. If he means estimated value, we should say just after he gets her; if intrinsic value, when he pays the first bill for the Christmas presents she had made him.

AT THE cattle show—
Gentleman, with solemnity—"Miss Florence, do you love beasts?"
Lady, with vivacity—"Am I to consider that as a proposal?"—*Parisian Wit.*

BROWN, meeting Jones, his friend, and seeing him look very miserable, said: "Hullo, old man, why you've a face just fit for a funeral." "So I ought to have," replied Jones, "considering I've just had an execution in my house."

"MUSING on the infinite, eh?" said a facetious chap to a melancholy looking individual who was walking along the roadside with bowed head and serious countenance. "Well, yes; same thing—thinking of my debts."—*Ex.*

BERTIE—"Papa, when I grow up, may I be what I like?" Papa—"Yes, my boy, you may choose your own profession." Bertie—"Then I'll be a sweep, for I shall never have to wash my face."

"GENTLEMEN, I introduce to you my friend, who isn't as stupid as he appears to be." Introduced friend, with vivacity: "That's precisely the difference between my friend and myself."

SPICER is anxious to know if the merchant who advertises "full lines of underclothing" is connected with the party who walked off with last week's wash from the back yard.

"SIR, do you mean to say that I speak falsely?" said a person to a French gentleman. "No, sare, I say not dat; but, sare, I say you walk round about the truth very much."

JERROLD was showing off the accomplishments of a favorite terrier. "Does he beg?" asked a visitor. "Beg!" replied Jerrold, "ay, like a prince of the blood."

"WHAT is the difference between an auctioneer and a postmaster? One does as he is bid, and the other as he is directed.

WHY are balloons in the air like vagabonds? Because they have no visible means of support.

THE reason why we admire pretty feet—Because all's well that ends well.

IF YOU are out in a driving storm, don't attempt to hold the rains.

ONE of our favorite prima donnas has a falsetto teeth.

When We Realize Ourselves.

As the trials of life thicken and the dreams of other days fade one by one in the deep vista of disappointed hope, the heart grows weary of the struggles, and we begin to realize our insignificance. Those who have climbed to the pinnacle of fame or reveled in luxury and wealth, go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs pennies by the wayside, and like him are soon forgotten. Generations after generations, says an eloquent modern writer, have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as vapor, while Nature wore the same aspect of beauty as her Creator commanded her to do. And so, likewise, shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; the world will have the same attractions for off springs yet unborn that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little while and all this will have happened. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the very cnamber in which we died, and the eyes that mourned for us will be dried, and will glisten with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our names.

A Valuable Work.

The well-known advertising agents, Messrs. S. M. Pettengill & Co., of this city, have just issued in a handsome form their "Newspaper Directory and Advertisers' Hand-Book" for 1877. It is without doubt the most valuable and trustworthy compilation of its kind published in this country, and a work which no advertiser or newspaper publisher should be without. No fewer than 8,571 newspapers or periodicals are described, showing the day and place of publication, character, publisher, circulation; in short, all that an advertiser requires to know regarding any medium published. Besides the general list there is a list of periodicals by counties, which must be valuable to those who desire to reach any particular section of the Continent, and tables of daily and weekly newspapers having a circulation of 5,000 copies or over, religious, agricultural, and other class organs, Two or three striking portraits of prominent editors are scattered throughout the volume, which, altogether, gives us a capital idea of the wealth and variety of American journalism, and proves the immense connection and great business facilities which its publishers and compilers must have at their command. — *N. Y. Scottish-Amer. Journal.*

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The most certain way to render powerless the miasmatic vapors which produce chills and fever and other malarious disorders, is to fortify the system against them with that matchless preventive of periodic fevers, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The remedial operation of the Bitters is no less certain than their preventive effects, and they may be relied upon to overcome cases of fever and ague which resist quinine and the mineral remedies of the pharmacopoeia. Dyspepsia, constipation, bilious complaints, rheumatic ailments and general debility, likewise rapidly yield to their regulative and tonic influence. They are an incalculable blessing to the weak and nervous of both sexes, an excellent family medicine, and the best safeguard which the traveler or emigrant can take to an unhealthy climate.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S CELERY & CHAMOMEIL PILLS are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and Sleeplessness and will cure any case. Price 50c., postage free. Sold by all Druggists. Office, No. 106 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore.

SONGS OF BEULAH—the new Sunday-School Singing-book—price 35 cts.; $30 per hundred. LEE & WALKER, 1113 Chestnut St., Philad'a.

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"Durang's Rheumatic Remedy," the great *Internal Medicine*, will positively cure any case of rheumatism on the face of the earth. Price $1 a bottle, six bottles, $5. Sold by all Druggists. Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C.

Mothers Mothers, Mothers.

Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases of teething in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother.

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