

## A VISIT TO MT. VERNON.

We had a holiday; so I took that opportunity to go to Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. It is 17 miles down the river; has been bought by a party of ladies called Regents, and is kept in exquisite order. Ticket on the boat, admitting you to the grounds, cost a dollar; that takes you there and back. Col. Hollingsworth has the place in charge, and meets visitors every day at the boat and conducts them through the house. It is quite a long walk up to the house, but a lovely, shady one; the grounds are on a high bluff, and the river runs around on two sides. Majestic trees grow all along the slopes. The house was much finer than I expected to see. He must have lived like a prince there. It is frame and painted white, three stories high; a high veranda to top of second story across the front. Servants' quarters form two other sides of the square and enclose a pretty back yard on which the back windows of the house open. From this yard their flower garden opens. The box plants to mark the beds so many years ago has now grown to a beautiful hedge. The ivy planted by Martha is there. It has a great many rooms; they must have entertained considerably. There are mahogany and magnolia trees on the place, as well as the native trees. At the Conservatory bouquets and flowers are for sale, which add to the revenue. It is now paid for, and the Regents are out of debt. You can run clear down to the river. An elegant ice-house (empty of course) shows the nice work done in those days. It is very, very deep, and all four sides nicely bricked. It required a long ladder to get down to the ice. The old milk house—you have seen many like it—the spring walled in and the gutter for the crocks—it too is not used. It is pretty far from the house; but they had slaves in those days. The old tomb is still kept fenced in with a wicket fence; the new tomb is a Mausoleum. The two graves were beautifully decorated. His has nothing on it but "Washington." The old furniture looked quaint. Much of it did really belong to them. The rest is of the style used in that day. The bed on which he died stands in his room. In accordance with the old Virginia custom, his room was shut up for two years after his death. His room has two little dressing rooms leading off from it. His wife, after his death, took the room in the third story, with ceiling sloping nearly to the floor and one deep window (dormer style) looking out on his grave. This room she never went out of, until carried to her grave 18 months afterward. A hole was cut in the door for the cat to go in and out. A child asked one of the Regents that morning "where the cat was." She pointed to one in the yard that was purring around a group of merry girls. The Regents were there that day holding executive session—a handsome looking set of ladies past middle life. About 300 people went down that day. Only one boat goes every day, and none other is allowed to land at the wharf. A nice lunch is for sale under a shed.—*Cor. Pacific States Watchman.*

The hair is much abused in its relations to healthfulness and growth. Pulled, twisted, torn, burned into a friz, and besmeared by all sorts of unguents and lotions, it is a wonder that baldness is not really the rule instead of the exception among those who most prize its beauty—the female sex. And it is equally neglected, if not abused, by most physicians, many of whom, while heartily condemning the thousand and one preparations well known to be not only injurious to the hair, but dangerous to the general health, show their total neglect on this part of their cure by relinquishing it to barbers and quacks. The treatise before us admirably fills a long-tolerated gap in the literature of the subject, which should not only be welcome to all physicians for whom it is a scientific treatise, while for the general reader it is also an entertaining work on the manners and customs of dressing the hair by all nations in all ages.

## AUNT JERUSAH GOES BLACKBERRY-ING.

"A bit a pound!" sez I to the copper-colored beuced John, with his coal-oil kans balanced on a willer pole over his shoulder like the Goddess of Justice on the new court-house in Stockton, which really does need a coat of whitewash. I forgot to say, his kans were about half full of the greenest ripe blackberries I ever sot my two ies on. "A bit a pound," sez I, recapitlatin, "that are too much; why, a man can pick—let me see—about five dollars worth a day at them figures," so sez I, "no, I don't keer to lay in any to-day," an arter I'd dismissed him, a per-lite way, I sez to Andrew Jackson, sez I, "let's us go arter sum blackberries." "La!" sez he, "Aunt Jerusha, the river flats is jest overflowed with high water, and you can't get a pint if you'd try." Now, that's a man for you; they are like the menfolks of Bible time. They can always see a lion in the way, an sez I, "You stay at home an tend to that soft soap I'm bilin' on the kitchen stove, an' picket out the pet goat an do the churning an a few other little chores, an I'll try my luck arter a few wild blackberries. I've got a friend who resides on the river bank near the blackberry fields, so I made up my mind I'd get him to set me across the slough in a skiff, on the bank of the river, where there is just dead loads on 'em. I took a little boy long to carry my lunch-basket, an seven or eight extra pails and kans—I do hate to be short of measures when you git into a nice thick patch on 'em. We arrived on the pier of embarkation about 10 o'clock A. M. The aspect of nature was inchantin', the river bottom or some 10 acres or more, which had been a potato field, but which had succumbed to the force of the flood of old Mokelumne an was now a plaaid lake, with a strong current runnin' through it. My friend plied the oars with true artistik skill, an in less than no time we was headed for the strip of Woodland that told us plainly it was the high and dry bank of the river, beneath whose green foliage the deep rich berries was basken in a June sun. We skirted along the willers that was growin' in the water for a long while, and saw a good many bushes (blackberry bushes I mean), but the northener a few months ago had nipped the berries in the bud, so we continued on for a spell, findin' no berries, but more water than we'd expected. Arter awhile, the boy who sot in the bow to balance the boat cried out, "There are 'em!" an that short sentence was equly as wellcom as land in site to the very mariner. An the boy was rite; there was a clump of bushes an sum live oak branches growin' rite out of the water, an the berry bushes coverin' 'um like a hop vine over a smoke-house back in Missouri. We pulled up along-side, but couldn't anker, coz we couldn't touch the bottom with our oar, but we clung to the limbs, an arter awhile the man took the boards which formed an upper floor in the skiff, an made a gang-plank by throwin' one end out into the branches an resin' the other end on the skiff. I put a musketo net round my head, for the pesky fellers was as thick as bees in buck-wheat blossoms, but a limb flew back an relieved me of my proteckshun, an I stood an looked at it danglin' in mid-air like a flag. Well, I walked out into the top of that tree on the gang-plank, an I guess I must have gone a little too far, coz it sunk down before I could git back an let me into the water over two feet. Gracious! how cold the water was! I know I didn't say a word, tho' that miserable urchin says I hollered "Help! help! I'm drownin'!" Wal, we couldn't find no dry land an less blackberries, an from now on, in this season, I'll pay John Chinamen any price for the delishus etoeteras before I'll go berryin' agin, an if you take the advice of a friend, you'll do likewise, while I remain a berryin'. Yours—Aunt Jerusha, in Lodi Re-views.

An old man was wondering "why in these days it seems impossible to have an honest horse race," when a neighbor interrupted him with the remark that "it's because we haven't an honest human race."

## WHAT TO DO WHEN THE FARM IS PAID FOR.

In an essay read before the Lake George Fruit Growers Association, by Mrs. A. B. Bartlett, of Georgetown, Fla., the following positions are taken: When our agriculturist has got his place into such a condition that he has a comfortable income—no debts—regular meals every day, as he chooses, his young people fairly educated, then what? "Well, civilization, life." Life in all its fullness and beauty, as intended by our all-wise Creator. He has health, or ought to have, and every good thing is open to him. Just so far as his taste is in harmony with the laws of right living, and the peace of his fellow-creatures, so far is he at full liberty to carry out his tastes. Then comes in all the amenities of civilization. In the world of books he has free access to all its wit, all the wisdom of the past. With Romeo he can woo fair Juliet in the balcony, tame the shrew with Petruchio, or see Bottom translated in the magic Athenian wood, with tears of inextinguishable laughter. Aladdin had a wonderful lamp, which, when he rubbed, immediately there came to him a genius of the air, who brought him whatsoever he desired. Like that lamp is the love of reading, to the man of imagination. It brings "that light which never was, on sea or on land," whereby the universe of common things is transfigured and glorified. Or if he cares not for the figments of others' brains, nor the history of their toil, defeat, or triumph, then can he travel over the "whole round world" and see it with his own eyes.

Civilization has so triumphed for him, with less of toil and weariness, than a century ago it would have required for the journey from Florida to Washington. So entirely, in the history of these United States, have agriculture and civilization marched abreast and with an even stride. If he care neither for books nor travels, the whole world of art, architecture, music and painting await his call. If he love the drama, his sons and daughters are ready to enjoy themselves and entertain him, by enacting before him temperance dramas, scenes from the immortal Pickwick, and choruses from the jubilee singers. Thus the successful agriculturist lays the foundations, broad and strong, for the highest civilization. By the succession of its humblest processes, slowly but surely, eradicating those nomadic instincts, which forever prevents the noblest, possible savage, from attaining the development and self-poise of civilization. Our agriculturist may be to a degree ideal, without some ideal, he will never become even a passable agriculturist. My claim is, without a fair development of agriculture, civilization is impossible, or at least there is no record of any such. Also, that the agriculturist has a claim to enjoy the highest products of civilization. But in agriculture, as in every thing else, there is a tendency to take the means for an end, and the farmer and fruit grower who has worked hard to secure a roof over his head, and sufficient food and clothing to keep him in order, as a working machine, forgets that he has any possibilities, other than mechanical, and keeps on the old routine, like Bunyan's man with the muck rake, or like a horse so used to grinding in a treadmill that he returns to the old wheel with endless travel, and no progress, long after the grists are all ground, and the mill unused.

"SALICYLIC" OR "SALICYLIC"?—The *Louisville Medical News* raises the question whether the current form *salicylic* is consistent with its derivation from the Latin *salix*, the genitive of which is *salicis*. Clearly the spelling should be *salicic*, after the analogy of *salicine*. It is not easy to understand how the other orthography could have arisen.

"AND how is your neighbor, Mrs. Brown?" inquired one nicely-dressed lady of another. "She's well enough, I suppose. I haven't seen her to speak to her for six weeks." "Why, I thought you two were on the most friendly terms." "Well, we used to be; but we've exchanged servants."