The Songs of Scotland.

There is a general impression, especially in England, that Burns created Scottish song, and that all that is valuable in it is his work. Instead of saying that Burns created Scottish song, it would be more true to say that Scottish song created Burns, and that in him it culminated. He was born at a happy hour for a national songster, with a great background of song centuries old behind him, and breathing from his childhood a very atmosphere of melody. From the earliest times the Scotch have been song loving people, meaning by song both the tunes, or airs, and words. This is not the side which the Scotchman turns to the world, when he goes abroad into it to push his fortune. We all know the character that passes current as that of the typical Scot—sandy haired, sandy featured, clannish to his countrymen, shrewd, cautious, self-seeking, self-reliant, persevering, unsympathetic to strangers, difficult to drive a bargain with, impossible to circumvent. The last thing a stranger would credit him with would be the love of song. Yet, when that hard, calculating trader has retired from the 'change or the market place to his own fire-side, perhaps the things he loves best—almost as well as his dividends—will be those simple national melodies he has known from his childhood. Till a very recent time the whole air of Scotland, among the country people, was redolent of song. You heard the milkmaid singing some old chant, as she milked the cows in field or byre; the housewife went about her work, or spun at her wheel, with a lilt upon her lips. In the Highland glen you might hear some solitary reaper singing like her whom Wordsworth has immortalized; in the Lowland harvest field, now one, now another, of the reapers taking up an old-world melody, and then the whole band breaking out into some well-known chorus. The plowman, too, in winter, as he turned over the lea furrows, beguiled the time by humming or whistling a tune; even the weaver, as he clashed his shuttle between the threads, mellowed the harsh sound with a song. In former days song was the great amusement of the peasantry, as they of a winter night met for a hamlet-gathering by each other's firesides. This was the usage in Scotland for centuries, and I am not sure that the radical newspaper which has superseded it is an improvement.—October Atlantic.

Destroying the Romance of History.

If there is any nice little legend that has been public property for years, there is always some one who wants to poke up dusty tombs and investigate the matter and dispel the pleasant illusion. It is a pity there are such people, but there is no law by which they can be banished, so the consequence is that every now and then we see some picturesque belief knocked to pieces. Thus it is that we have lost William Tell with his cross-bow and his apple, and many other pet stories that the reader will call to mind. In fact, we very nearly lost Mr. Shakespeare and were offered Mr. Bacon instead, but this was a little more than the people could stand, so the work of destruction was stopped in time. Every one has seen that noted face of Beatrice, said to be by Guido. It has been printed and engraved and chromoed until it is as common as Our Grandfather's Clock. Nearly all are familiar with the sad story of Beatrice. Senor A. Bartolatti thought it his duty to investigate this matter, and the result of his rummaging among old documents is given in the last issue of the Edinburgh Review. He discovers that Beatrice Cenci died in 1599, and that Guido never painted in Rome till 1608, and therefore he probably never saw the girl. He also discovers that Beatrice was not a beautiful person, as represented in the picture, but exceedingly plain. Again this tiresome individual unearthed the proceedings of the court th condemned Beatrice, and finds that she confessed having been accessory to the murder of her father and was justly executed. Bertolatti follows up the history of this unfortunate woman and shows that she was an exceedingly depraved character. The celebrated portrait he believes to be by Guido, but it is not the head of Beatrice, as was supposed; and if all that Bertolatti says about her is true it will be a consolation to all who own the portrait to know that it is by Guido and is not a picture of Beatrice Cenci.—Detroit Free Press.

He Meditates Over the Oyster.

It was rather late yesterday morning when Mr. Willaby got up, and he was vaguely conscious of a confused recollection of things that happened the night before, but he didn't say much, and tried to appear as cheerful as he knew how. Presently breakfast was announced and the family took their places at the table, but Mr. Willaby was amazed as he sat staring at six little round wooden boxes of axle grease ranged solemnly in front of his plate.

"Where under the sun," he said, with a puzzled intonation; "what in the thunder—where did this axle grease come from, and what is it for?"

"Oh, is it axle grease?" asked his wife with charming simplicity and innocence, just a trifle overdone. "You said last night, when you brought these cans home, that they were oysters, and would be nice for breakfast. I thought you had better eat them right away, as they didn't smell as though they would keep much longer."

And then Mrs. Willaby removed the cans, and her husband sat and looked at the teapot, and thought so long that his coffee was as cold as a rich relation when he began to drink it.

An Iowa woman gave her husband morphine to cure him of chewing tobacco. It cured him, but she is doing her own Fall ploughing.

If you smell camphor on the street car, do not think anyone is sick or giong to faint—it's only last year's coats and flannels airing themselves.

Temperance.

The Officer Who Never Drank.

In the early part of the late war, when General Grant was in command of the army before Vicksburg, a number of officers were gathered at his headquarters having a pleasant social time. One of them invited the party to join in a social glass; all but one accepted. He asked to be excused, saying that he "never drank." The hour passed, and each went his way to his respective command.

A few days after this the officer who declined to drink received a note from General Grant to report at headquarters. He obeyed the order, and was soon in the presence of the General. Grant said to him: "You are the officer, I believe," for their acquaintance was slight, "who remarked the other day that you never drank?" The officer modestly answered that he was. "Then," continued the General, "you are the man I have been looking for to take charge of the Commissary Department, and I order that you be detailed to that duty." He served his country faithfully until the close of the war and was honorably discharged. Years passed and Grant had come to be President. The officer had settled down to the duties of private life, and the little incident was cherished as a pleasant memory.

The trouble on the border between Texas and Mexico along the Rio Grande attracted the attention of Congress, and a commission was ordered to ascertain the facts and report. Again President Grant remembered the man who "never drank," and appointed him Chairman of the Board. The place was accepted, and he entered faithfully upon the work; the report submitted shows the thoroughness with which the duty was discharged.

While engaged in this work he made the acquaintance of a gentleman who owned an extensive cattle ranch in Southern Texas. That acquaintance inspired confidence, and, years after, when the Texan gentleman decided to sell his ranch, he placed it in the hands of the man who "never drank" and during the last month he has effected a sale to an English company of the ranch, of 200,000 acres of land and several thousand head of cattle for an even million dollars; out of this he gets a commission that will be a snug fortune in these hard times. The company that bought will enter largely upon packing beef for foreign markets, slaughtering their meat on their ranch from their own herds. The superintendence of their business has been tendered to and accepted by the man who "never drank," and he goes in a few days to his new field of labor. This takes from Chicago one of her most esteemed and honored citizens, but it gives one to Texas who will always be found on the side of order and good government.—Chicago Alliance.

The Rule of Hospitality.

True hospitality is a thing that touches the heart and never goes beyond the circle of generous impulses. Entertainment with the truly hospitable man means more than the mere feeding of the body; it means an interchange of soul gifts. Still it should have its laws, as all things good must have laws to govern them.

The obligation to be hospitable is a sacred one, emphasized by every moral code known to the world, and a practical outcome of the second great commandment.

There should never be a guest in the house whose presence requires any considerable change in the domestic economy.

However much the circumstances of business or mutual interest may demand in entertaining a stranger, he should never be taken into the family circle unless he is known to be wholly worthy of a place in that sanctum sanctorum of social life; but when once a man is admitted to the home fireside he should be treated as if the place had always been his.

The fact of an invitation gives neither host nor guest the right to be master of the other's time, and does not require even a temporary sacrifice of one's entire individuality of pursuits.

A man should never be so much himself as when he entertains a friend.

To stay at a friend's house beyond the time for which one is invited is to perpetrate a social robbery.

To abide uninvited in a friend's home is as much a misdemeanor as borrowing his coat without his permission. It is debasing the coin of friendship to mere dross when a man attempts to make it pay his hotel bills.

The fact of two men having the same occupation and interests in life gives to neither a social right to the other's bed and board. A traveling minister has no more right to go uninvited to a fellow-preacher's house than a traveling shopkeeper or shoemaker has to go uninvited to the house of his fellow craftsmen. Men are ordained to the ministry as preachers, teachers and pastors, and not as private hotel keepers.

How to Cure a Cold.

On the first day of taking cold there is a very unpleasant sensation of chilliness. The moment you observe this get to your room and stay there; keep it at such a temperature as will entirely prevent this chilly feeling even if it requires a hundred degrees Fahrenheit. In addition put your feet in water, half leg deep, as hot as you can bear it, adding hotter water from time to time for a quarter of an hour, so that the water shall be hotter when you take your feet out than when you put them in; then dry them thoroughly and put on warm, thick woolen stockings, even though it be Summer, for Summer colds are the most dangerous; and for twenty-four hours eat not an atom of food, but drink as largely as you desire of any kind of warm teas, and at the end of that time, if not sooner, the cold will be effectually broken without any medicine whatever.

The true gentlewoman causes all to feel perfectly at ease in her presence.

How Snuff is Scented.

The oils used in perfuming are quite costly and form one of the most important items in the manufacturers' bills of expenses. They vary in price from $2 to $3 to over $100 per pound. Oil of roses, which is used in scenting many kinds of snuff, and which is a great favorite with snuff-takers, costs the manufacturer $7 to $8 per ounce.

Great quantities of oil of lemon, bergamont, and tonka bean are consumed annually in snuff mills. The tonka bean appears to be in especial demand, and many old gentlemen and old ladies can be found carrying one or two of them around in their snuff-boxes, which they have possessed for years.

The olifactories of snuff-takers are very sensitive to perfumes, and many manufacturers find it quite a difficult task to cater successfully to their tastes. The coarse rappee snuff is usually put up without being scented. After the snuff has become scented it is put up in jars, bladders, or foil, and stamped with the Government's internal revenue stamp.

Yellow or Scotch snuff, as it is usually called, previous to being packed, is toasted or "scotched" upon iron racks, before open fires. This kind of snuff is always packed in bladders previously prepared with a great deal of care.

The amount of snuff produced in the United States is very small compared with the other kinds of manufactured tobacco. In the year 1874, which was a fairly average year for the manufacturers of tobacco, some 1,800,000 pounds of snuff were produced here, and over 1,000,000 pounds of it were manufactured in New York City and its immediate vicinity.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Venetian Courtship.

The Venetians have had a practical and strictly business-like way of arranging marriages from the earliest times. The shrewdest provision has always been made for the good of the State, private and public interest being consulted. The small matter of affection has been left to the chances of associations, and it does not seem that Venetian society has ever dealt severely with husbands of wives whom incompatibilities forced to seek consolation outside of matrimony. Herodotus relates that the Illyrian Veneti sold their daughters at auction to the highest bidder; the hard favored were given to whomsoever would take them, with such a dower as might be considered a reasonable compensation. The auction was continued in Christian times, but marriage contracts still partook of the form of a public and half mercantile transaction. At a comparatively late period Venetian fathers went with their daughters to a great annual matrimonial fair of San Pietro of Castello Cilvolo, and the youth of the lagoons repaired thither to choose wives from the number of maidens. These were all dressed in white, with hair loose about their necks, and each bore her dower in a little box slung over her shoulders by a ribbon. It is supposed that there was commonly a previous understanding between each damsel and some youth in the crowd.

As soon as all had paired off the bishop gave them a sermon and his benediction, and the young men gathered up their brides and boxes and went away wedded. This going to San Pietro's, selecting a wife and marrying her on the spot, out of hand, could only have been the contrivance of a straightforward practical race. Among the common people betrothals were managed with even greater ease and dispatch till a very late day in history.

Interesting to Barbers.

The following new inventions by residents of Nevada have been caveated at the Washington Patent Office:

A Barber's Muzzler—This is a very serviceable contrivance, which can be fastened over a barber's mouth to preventing talking while shaving customers. It is made of iron, padded inside, and can be fastened securely so as to cover the whole mouth. It is furnished with clamps and screws, which are fixed at the back of the head. Price, $2 50. Those furnished with a lever attachment for the purpose of breaking the barber's jaw come to $3. The plates which fit on the cheek are of the best chilled steel.

The Bonnet Grapple—This little machine is destined to be of great service to theatre-goers. It is an ordinary grappling-hook with a rope attached. The grapple is thrown over any lady's bonnet which may happen to obstruct the view, and the crowd behind can always be depended upon to pull the rope. It sometimes disfigures the lady's face permanently, in which case she never returns to again obstruct the view. It is used in all the large eastern theatres, and is growing more and more popular every night. Piper has ordered two dozen.

A Curious Plant

The Appleton (Wis.) Post reports the discovery in Wisconsin of a curious plant, which produces a kind of cotton and flax from the same stalk. It has already been woven into fabrics, and as any article that will make as good cloth as can be made from this plant will make good paper, it has been called the paper plant. It can be planted in the Spring and cut in the Fall and Winter. It bleaches itself white as it stands, and will yield at least three or four tons to the acre. From a single root that was transplanted last Spring grew twenty large stalks, with 305 pods (containing the cotton), with at least sixty seeds in each. From this root were obtained seven ounces of pure cotton and over a half pound of flax. It is a very heavy plant, and grows from six to seven feet high.

The chap who inadvertently sat down on a plate of pickles, said he was extremely satisfied with his experience of a "sour mash."

The New York Obelisk.

"How is that obelisk regarded in Egypt?"

"It is the only object of great historical interest left in Alexandria, and it won't be there long. It is the first object you see in approaching the city from the sea. The obelisk that went to England had been buried for a hundred years in the sand some thirty feet from the one standing. Both were brought from Heliopolis by Cleopatra and placed in front of the palace of the Cæsars. The New York obelisk is much better preserved than the English trophy, and the writing on it is more distinct. It is one of the oldest obelisks in the world, and was constructed during that splendid era of art of the twelfth dynasty, a thousand years before Joseph. Not a man in Egypt could realize that the Khedive had given it away. They were all wonderstruck. When England was moving her obelisk there was general rejoicing in Egypt when the rumor came back that it was lost in the sea."

"What is the color of the New York obelisk?"

"It is the color of a brown stone front on Fifth avenue. It came from the famous quarry 600 miles above Cairo. I think it is about seventy feet high. The granite, fresh from the quarry, sparkles like jewels. The grandest of all obelisks is still sacred in the Temple of Karnak. It is one hundred feet high and is the most beautifully cut and engraved of all known obelisks. The one in Paris was in this temple, and is the second in height in the world. There is one in the quarry like the one at Karnak. The New York obelisk is a thousand years older than either of the others. The most interesting one, historically, is still at Heliopolis. It was cut 3,064 year B. C., and preserves all the style and grandeur of the finest sculpture of that brilliant epoch of Egyptian art. It is the only object left of the splendid city of 'On.' It stood in front of the Temple of the San, of which Joseph's father was the priest, where Moses learned his Egyptian wisdom, and where Plato, Solon and Pythagoras learned their philosophy."—Gen. Loring, of the Egyptian army.

Hard to Please.

There is no pleasing some women, as a case just pending in an Oakland court exemplifies. It seems that a Mr. Van Duffy, who is a backelor, boarded at the same house in East Oakland with a Mrs. Bennett, a married lady, and that on a recent occasion, when the latter was going out for a ride, she left her two-year old baby in the charge of Mr. Van Duffy as a peculiar mark of her confidence. To amuse the little cherub Mr. Van Duffy tied it firmly but comfortably on the end of a pole and held it up so that it could suck the plums growing on the trees in the orchard. He did this, he states, because he understood that ripe fruit was good for children. After a few hours spent in this manner the mother returned, and instead of admiring Mr. Van D.'s ingenuity, has abused him like a pickpocket ever since. The fact that the baby died the next day of the colic is no reason, Mr. Van Duffy thinks, why Mrs. B. should go huffing around and have him arrested for malicious mischief. It is hoped that the jury in the case will do something to check this growing tendency among women to make a fuss about trifles.

Write me as one who Loves his Fellow Man.

A saloon keeper went down to the train the other night to overhaul a man who owed him $16. He announced his intention of wiping the platform with the man if he got hold of him. He found the man and the two had a talk about the debt. The creditor told a pitiful story about his hard luck, and said he had only just enough money to take him to Elko. The saloon keeper is a kind hearted German, and, after hearing the story of the fellow's misfortunes the tears stood in his eyes and he replied: "Mine Got, Pill, ish dot so! Vell, here's two toller and a half for you to get grub on de vay," and, thrusting the money in the man's hand, he pressed it with a warm grip and a tremulous "Good-py Pill," and went up town, murmuring, "Dot poy ish alvays in hart lug."—Virginia, Nev., Chronicle.

Waterloo, Iowa, Jan. 25, 1879.

I was taken with an acute attack of Rheumatism last fall, and confined to bed. At first employed a physician, without benefits; then went to Wangler Bros.' Drug Store, and obtained a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which soon gave me relief, and cured me of the attack. I can safely recommend it to all suffering with Rheumatism. Respectfully, Matt. McDermotr, I. C. R. R. shops.

If you are going to paint your house, barn, wagon or machinery, the wonderful Imperishable Mixed Paint is surely the best, for it is warranted by their agents in your own town not to chalk, crack, peel or blister; to cover better and work easier than any other paint. The Imperishable Paint was awarded the first premium, over all other paints, at the California State Fair, 1878, and the gold medal at the Oregon State Fair, 1878. Get a circular from their Agent, which explains this wonderful discovery. Try the ala and you certainly would have no other.

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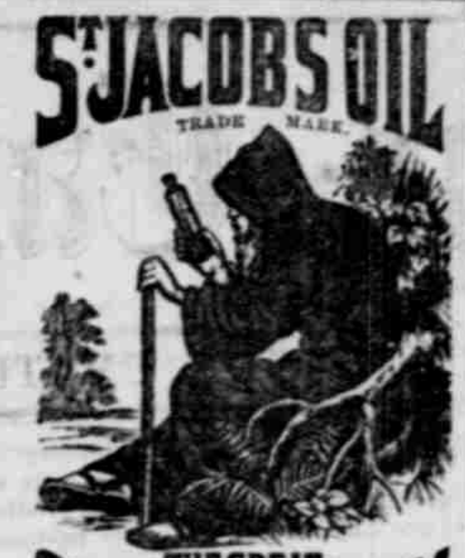

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Rev. F. W. Puchols, Waseca, Minn.—Used the St. Jacobs Oil in the case of a lady of his congregation who had been bed ridden with rheumatism for 17 years. She used the St. Jacobs Oil for three days, and was able to leave her bed.

Rev. Dr. B. Pick, Rochester, N. Y.—Suffered so intensely from Rheumatic pains that he was unable to preach. Several applications of the St. Jacobs Oil "relieved him wonderfully."

Hugo Preyer, Esq., National Candidate for Lieut. Governor of Ohio, 1879.—It cured me of Rheumatism and I can recommend it.

Hon. Thomas B. Price, U. S. Treasury Dept., Washington, D. C., recommends the St. Jacobs Oil as the most wonderful pain-relieving and healing remedy in the world. His testimonial is endorsed by some of the head officials of the Treasury Department who have been cured of Rheumatism and other painful complaints.

Mr. R. Schafer, No. 31 Brown St., Alleghaney City, Pa., had the Rheumatism for eight years, and had used every known medicine without relief. A single bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured him.

Gustav A. Hellmann, Editor of the "Pittsburg Daily Republican."—Suffered with rheumatism for three years, and lay many a night unable to sleep on account of terrible pains. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured him.

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