



Scottish Poetry.

The following true story, so graphically descriptive of a poor mother compelled to earn her bread upon the harvest field, is from the pen of an uneducated Scottish peasant...

I saw, upon the harvest field, A mother and her child; The mother looked disconsolate, The bairnie never smiled.

It did not laugh, as it was wont, It neither stirred nor played; But by the stock's warm sunny side Lay still where it was laid.

The mother kissed it tenderly, And wrapped it in her plaid; And clappit it, and dandit it, And stroked its curly head;

Then looked upon it mournfully, And tears fell on its face, As she fondled it and folded it, In a farewell embrace.

But when she went, its faint complaint, Her ear with anguish strook; And back she turned, and came again, To take a last fond look.

And closer yet she laid the sheaves To shield it from the breeze, And knelt once more to comfort it Upon her trembling knees.

And gladly she had watched it there, But the hour of rest expired; And she was called again to toil, And slowly she retired.

Her children's bread depended on The labors of her arm; And there she left that child alone, And hoped it safe from harm.

But every handful which she laid Behind her in the sheaf, She cast on her sick infant's couch A stealthy look of grief;

And when the long and weary rig To the uttermost was shorn, She hurried back, before the rest, To soothe her latest born.

But when she came where it was laid She started back in fear, To see its altered countenance, And then again came near.

Its large, black eyes were firmly closed, Its wee, white hands were chill, And deep solemnity reposed On its face so pale and still.

It neither answered to her voice, Nor raised its drooping head, (Sighed) Nor breathed, nor smiled, nor sobbed, nor Ais! the child was dead.

Its dying struggle was unseen, Its infant soul had fled, While its poor mother struggled hard To earn her daily bread.

And those fond mothers who have seen The greenest, loveliest leaf Of their life's summer withering, Will know that mother's grief,

Talk to Farmers.

[From Pacific Rural Press.]

When man was created and placed on the earth he was not set down in the midst of a city, with an office or store to attend to, but was put out of doors, in a large garden, farm or ranch, whatever you chose to call it; and there was no one with him but his wife. God could as easily have created a hundred thousand people at once, and placed them in a city, in houses with all the modern improvements, if it so pleased him; it would have been no greater display of power. But he placed man in a garden because that was his best and happiest position. He was there surrounded only by beautiful nature, with an occupation suited to his constitution and temperament, and no one to quarrel with him on political subjects or invite him into drinking saloons; and there were no other women to plague Eve with neighborhood gossip, or dressmakers or milliners to bother her. O! shades of Paradise! What fools our first parents were to be enticed into upsetting such a blissful state of things!

When I was a small girl, in a farmhouse away the other side of the Rocky Mountains, I often in the last of winter, would comfort myself by looking at an almanac. Outside everything might be covered with snow, the wind driving it into great drifts and shutting me into the house effectually; but I would consult the almanac and say to myself, "Only a few more days of winter and then there will be all the spring and summer and fall before I will be shut up again."

Now-a-days, whenever I find myself imprisoned in San Francisco it gives me a certain amount of comfort to look at a map. On the map San Francisco is represented as a mere dot about as big as a grain of sand, and the State of California covers considerable space. The city is only a speck in comparison with the large extent of green fields, sunny hillsides, "murmuring brooks," and grand old forests. Only a dot of crowded disagreeableness, and all that extent of freedom, fresh air and nature! How thankful I am that God created the world Himself, instead of leaving it in the hands of some human beings who would have made an awful blunder of it!

There are some farmers who are discontented with their lot, perhaps with reason. If the locality is unhealthy, the soil poor and climate unfavorable, a farmer may well be discontented, and had better sell out as soon as possible; but don't go to the city to live; buy another ranch in another place and try it again, for in this wonderful country there are plenty of localities where nature has done her best in many ways, and where land, too, can be purchased at almost any price. But there are farmers' wives and daughters who are discontented without having any very good reason for it, and I would like to talk with them a little on the subject.

her from being lonesome. There, I think I have, disposed of that question, but perhaps I haven't.

If you are so unfortunate as not to be satisfied with your husband's society, that shows you to be in the wrong twice; first, as I said before, in marrying him, and second, in not trying to like him, and thereby making the best of a bad bargain. There is some good in every man if you only look for it. If your husband is cross, let him do all the scolding and have the last word every time, and see how that works; but at the same time try yourself to make everything as pleasant and comfortable as possible in the house; have his meals always on time and something nice, that you know he likes, for every meal. This method if faithfully carried out will, in course of time, tame even a bear, and some bears are quite nice after they are tamed.

Perhaps the husband is indifferent or unreasonable, or too close with regard to money matters. I have heard of such cases, and I have heard also of a woman spending too much money on dress and trinkets, but this last is not usually the case in the country. Whatever the wrongs are, it don't help the matter one bit to bluster about women's rights and talk so loudly that the neighbors can hear a quarter of a mile away; and of all indiscreet things a wife can do, the most foolish is, to tell her husband's faults to other people, for such a course only lowers the wife in the opinion of her listeners, and may do any amount of mischief.

If a woman wishes to disgust her husband effectually and make her case as bad as possible, let him find her sulking or crying every time he comes into the house. Let her go about with her hair twisted up in some hideous unbecoming fashion, and wear the worst looking old gown she has got, all day long, without any collar or frills, in fact make a perfect fright of herself, and then sigh and wonder why her husband does not love her as much as he did when they were first married.

Then there are complaints of overwork and poor health, which I suppose are unfortunately too well founded in many families. The farmer himself is often to blame for allowing his wife and daughters to overwork themselves, and he needs a lecture on the subject. I hope somebody will give it to him; but I believe most women could avoid at least half their ill health by letting medicine alone and exercising a little common sense in its place. For example, in the case of diet, many people drink tea and coffee, and eat pastry, white bread, and cake every day; and wonder why it is they are always having sick headaches, colds, sore throats, neuralgia and perhaps a multitude of other pains and aches and weaknesses; but then their mothers and grandmothers lived in this way and so do nearly all their neighbors, and very few people have sufficient originality to do otherwise than follow the multitude. LORRAINE.

Women in War.

Those who imagine, says the Pall Mall Gazette, that women are only capable of distinguishing themselves in the arts of peace, and that, while displacing men in medicine and at the bar, they will be obliged to leave military pursuits to the coarser sex, should read the account of women who have served in the French army, published in a recent number of the Revue Illustrée des Deux Mondes. The most remarkable of these heroines was Therese Sutter, who distinguished not more for bravery than for her freedom of speech, received from the First Consul the flattering nickname of "Sans-gene." The volubility and emphasis with which she "apostrophized" Napoleon at the siege of Toulon made such an impression on the great chief that he reminded her of it years afterward, when he was Emperor and she still a dragon. Indeed, the ready command of invective for which Therese Sutter was famous throughout her career would seem to suggest that nature had intended her to wear the robe of the advocate rather than the uniform of the soldier. But she was as skillful in the use of the sword as in that of her own sharp tongue; for which reason, when the Committee of Public Safety published a decree banishing women from the armies of the Republic, a special exception was made in favor of Therese. After five years' service she retired from the army with a pension of two hundred francs; but the monotony of a peaceful existence told severely upon her. She became once more a dragon, and from 1805 to 1810 served with her regiment in Spain. In 1810 she was taken prisoner by guerrillas and sent to Lisbon, whence she made her way back, through England to France. She was present at Waterloo, and did not retire for good until after the restoration.

CHANGE OF LITERARY LOVES.—Young people outgrow their first literary loves as they outgrow their love for bread and butter and sweetmeats, or their youthful fancies for Ellen on one side and Charley on the other. The fun which was so racy to the undeveloped humorist of seventeen, is coarse, or poor, or both, to the accomplished writer of seven-and-thirty. The pathos that made young hearts swell, and dimmed bright eyes with tears, seems to the mature mind insufferably silly, mawkish and unattractive. The sensationalism that filled youthful phantasies with horrid shapes, that unstrung youthful nerves, and frightened youthful heroes and heroines for days and nights after it was read, makes the man or woman recurring to the old pages laugh at their tin-kettle clatter and ghostly lanterns shining through scooped-out pumpkins.

The literary pope of the young is seldom the master of maturity; and indeed, were it not so, minds would neither grow nor change, which would be a bad lookout for the progress of humanity. As it is, even where the acquiring faculty is dead, the critical is still living, and the power to winnow the grain from the chaff, the power of appraising a literary achievement at its real value, is one that is made perfect by practice, and is not to be attained in youth.

CELESTIAL SYMPATHY.—As a Chidaman was passing the residence of a well-known citizen of Napa lately he noticed the lady of the house planting corn in the garden with her own fair hands. Overcoming a timidity of language natural to his race, he spoke as follows: "You velly good lady; you muchee workee. Husband no countee. Down town allee time, Schabbee!" and shaking his head till his eye assumed the same elevation as that acquired by the tail of the last calf impounded by the City Marshal, he departed, musing on the mutability of events that had granted his barbaric vision a glance into the workings of American civilization.

A GREAT MISTAKE.—The grand mistake that young men make during the first ten years of their professional and business career is in idly waiting for their chance. They seem to forget, or they do not know, that during those ten years they enjoy the only leisure they will ever have. After ten years, in the natural course of things, they will be absorbingly busy. There will then be no time for reading, culture, or study.

LADY BURDETT COURTS certifies from personal knowledge that one Parisian milliner uses 40,000 humming birds every season, and she thinks that at such a rate the species will soon be extinct.

Blackmailing.

Some years ago, when novel reading formed a portion of our pastime, we remember to have read a novel by Reynolds, in which his principle villain Ned Canton, was made to remark that a man was a fool to violate the law, when disposed to act the scoundrel, because he could be so much meaner and keep within the law. There is something noble about the highwayman, or the burglar, or even the petty pickpocket, when compared to that species of villain that floats in respectable society and keeps the law on his side. The lowest down of these is the blackmail, and the lowest specimen of the blackmail is the law-hunter—the man who examines your title papers, and finds that the property you have bought and paid for may by a technicality be wrested from you. It is not his; it never costs him a cent; but seeing that you have overlooked something, or that, perchance, he seeks to buy your "flaw" for a mere nothing, in order to make you buy your own property of him. Human law can take no cognizance of such creatures, but if the devil don't catch them, he and his dominions may as well be abolished. We would trust the pickpocket a hundredfold quicker than one of this class—that is, where the law is silent, for some thieves, even, have a repugnance to a breach of trust—but the other class never do, except in cases where the law, or Mrs. Grundy, would notice it. These fellows attend church regularly, wear long faces, pay the highest price for pews, (always provided the price is to be published in the morning papers,) and have no charity for the thief who steals a loaf of bread, after a fast of three or four days, or for the girl whom want has driven into a life of shame—they smile contemptuously at all excuses for the violation of the law. If ever we have felt the desire to dip our hands in the blood of beings, created in the human form, it has been when crossed by this—the perfection of the devil's handiwork, the blackmail; the fellow who attempts to get that which he knows rightfully belongs to another, through a technicality, or be "bought off."

The Wrongs of American Boys.

The Chicago Tribune says: The wrongs of women and negroes have monopolized public attention for many years. Serious as some of them are, or have been, the wrongs of boys are as bad, if not worse. For a series of years the boys of America have been shut out, more and more completely with each year's advance, from the chance of learning a trade. The trade unions, with almost incredible blindness, have adopted rules which prevent the employment of any except a very limited number of apprentices. These rules forbid a master to employ an apprentice unless he employs a certain number of journeymen. In some trades, the proportion is one boy to twenty men. The few places left vacant by apprentices becoming journeymen are soon filled. Tens of thousands of boys are thus deprived of the opportunity to become reputable and self-supporting artisans. When they leave school and try to do something for themselves, they find the doors shut in their faces. Instead of becoming blacksmiths, silversmiths, carpenters, compositors, cabinetmakers, coachmakers, hatters, machinists, bakers, tanners, tinners, tailors, masons, shoemakers, stonecutters, plasterers, bricklayers, weavers, they have to become bootblacks, news-boys, errand boys, beggars, loafers, dead-beats, paupers, thieves, etc. No one of the occupations open to them offers any education, except in a sort of cunning which is often a curse. If the members of the so-called liberal professions, the journalists, lawyers, teachers, doctors and ministers, should successfully combine to prevent the education of boys and young men in any of their specialties, there would be a universal howl of complaint. A far greater wrong is committed, however, when trade education is prevented. Many more boys are affected, for one thing, and most of them must go to work at once and labor constantly in order to live. If they do not do this and do not steal, they must starve.

Science and Faith.

Probably the purest and strongest forms of the religious sentiment are now to be found among those who have long since been content to let science have her way, and who have accepted all theological expressions as merely temporal descriptions of that which the mind could dimly see and the heart could feel without comprehending. Such persons are content to look upward, assured by their intellect that the realities are above, and not below; assured by the heart that its satisfactions, although indefinable, are still pure, and tend to better living, better thinking, and richer discovery.

Such religion will show itself in tender and brave care of humanity, in sympathy with all that is best in humanity, in serenity under burdens of labor, care and sorrow, and above all, in a quiet and strong confidence that the mystery which broods over life holds within itself wisdom and love which will shape the destinies of human souls to highest ends. Whatever form of science shall be arrayed against such manifestations of faith will have its labor for its pains. There cannot by any possibility be any discovery which will disprove the claims of religion, but there are infinite possibilities of discovery in the other direction. Ages before science was born, or any perfect statement of theism was possible, or Christianity was born, there were poets and prophets who pierced the heart of the secret and drew thence inspirations which have glorified human life for centuries. Such faith in God as came to expression in the life of Jesus will continue to work in human life, whether in one form or another, to beautify, to strengthen and conduct humanity to its destination.—Liberal Christian.

BUSINESS KNOW-NOTHINGS.—The man who grows over his poverty without taking a step toward bettering his condition, is justly regarded as a good-for-nothing dunce. Had he sense, the more desperate his fortunes the more energetic would be his attempts to improve them. What is true of individuals is true of classes. Business may be dull just now, but the laws of demand and supply exist, as they always have done. They may be operating somewhat peculiarly at present, but the long-headed merchant or manufacturer will study how they may be turned to his benefit, instead of croaking about actual difficulties and imagining others worse to come.—Exchange.

DIDN'T CARE FOR APPEARANCES.—The beau monde of Syracuse, New York, were surprised recently at seeing a richly dressed young lady wheeling a wheelbarrow, in which was a bundle of clothing, through the streets. On inquiry, the reason for such a queer occurrence was ascertained. The young lady, on being hectored by her uncle regarding the pride of the belles of the present day, agreed to wheel a bundle of clothing around Fayette park if he would give her a silk dress. The offer was accepted, and the young lady now has a silk dress, and has since received several proposals.

ORDER is heaven's first law, and it has never been repealed.

Don't half-starved horses have the hay fever?

May a Woman Practice Law?

This question has been before the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas in a very tangible form, and although a decision was lately rendered, the matter is by no means settled. In December, 1874, Miss Corrie S. Burnham, law student in the office of Damon Y. Kilgore of Philadelphia, presented herself before the Board of Legal Examiners as a candidate for admission to the bar, but on examination was refused on the ground that there was no precedent for the admission of a woman. In the following month a petition was presented by her counsel to the Court of Common Pleas, setting forth that the refusal of the Board injured her in her rights as a citizen, preventing her from earning a livelihood in her chosen profession, denying her the privilege of defending life and liberty, etc., and praying for a rule on the Board of Examiners to show cause why they should not examine her as other students of law are examined.

There appears to have been considerable delay in the case until Mr. Kilgore finally published a letter to the judges with the apparent effect of hastening their action, and the result was reached, as already stated. Judges Allison and Biddle denied the motion for a rule, and Judge Pierce dissented from the denial. To test the question further, Mr. Kilgore has brought a suit on behalf of Miss Burnham against the Board of Examiners for \$300,000 damages, which bids fair to be carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States.

AN AMUSING EXPERIMENT.—The English Mechanic says: "Cut (if you dare) four small white feather-points from your wife's best bonnet, and insert them into two small pith-balls, in imitation of wings. Fasten these butterflies to two fibres of raw silk of about a foot in length, and suspend the whole from the ceiling by means of another fibre. Erect the chimney of a moderator lamp with a silk handkerchief, give the glass to one of your young friends, and request him to persuade the butterflies to enter the tube. His ineffectual attempts to capture the butterflies will create much merriment. Breathe momentary into the tube, or remove the electricity by some other unobserved method, and of course the feat is easily accomplished, while the astonishment of the beholders is intensified."

OLD NEWSPAPERS.—Many people take newspapers, but few preserve them; yet the most interesting reading imaginable is an old file of newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its great bustle and every-day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take a paper dated half a century ago, without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph? It is easy to preserve newspapers and they will well repay the trouble; for, like wine, their value increases with their years.

SOMETHING TO THINK OF.—There is food for thought in the story that is told of a lad, who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. The waiter asked him: "What will you take to drink?" Hesitating for a moment, he replied: "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. Quicker than lightning various thoughts passed through his mind, and in a moment his decision was made; and in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who were acquainted with him he said: "Waiter, I'll take water."

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL.—It was a handsome looking cottage, and the passer-by would have said to himself that the angel of bliss and the dove of peace swung on the door-knobs and turned handspings through every room. And yet yesterday noon a man's voice was heard calling out, "Jane, oh! Jane—them pertaters hez biled dry! Come in here, bilst ye, come in!" And she was heard replying, "Git up'n take the kettle off, you old noodle-head, and don't blast me, or I'll break another riv for ye!"—Detroit Free Press.

SUBTERRANEAN TALK.—A Reese river miner temporarily residing in one of our San Francisco hotels, recently wrote: "Through the center of the house a shaft is sunk, and it contains a cage in which the guests ascend to and from the different levels. I live on the first level and Senator Farrell lives on the third level; but you have to go through several drifts and cross-cuts to get from the shaft to his slope, and he is talking of sinking a shaft down to my level. Maria has got 'stuck,' or as they say here, 'struck' after the cage, and employs the principal portion of her time in riding up and down the shaft."

"WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS?" asked a judge of a prisoner at the bar. "Well, I s'pose you might call me a locksmith." "When did you last work at your trade?" "Last night; when I heard a call for the perlice, I made a bolt for the front door."

"A PARTHIAN SHAFT."—Cook—"Now I'm a leavin' of yer, m'um, I may as well tell yer as the key 'o' the kitchen door fits your store-room!"

NEW METHOD OF PRESERVING MEAT.—A method for the preservation of meat, by keeping it in a cool, dry chamber, has been communicated to the French Academy by M. Tullier, well known as the inventor of very efficient ice-producing machinery. His new device consists in the employment of methylic ether, a substance that is gaseous at ordinary temperatures and atmospheric pressure, but which can be reduced to a fluid by a pressure of eight atmospheres. The methylic ether is condensed and then allowed to expand in contact with metal compartments containing a solution of chloride of calcium, which it reduces to a low temperature. Air is blown through this apparatus, its moisture is deposited as hoar frost on the metal, and it passes in a dry and cold state to the chamber in which the meat is placed. It is found that the flavor of the meat is not injured by retention in this situation for forty to forty-five days, although it is said to acquire a greasy taste after that period.

TO RENDER PAPER OPAQUE AND AGAIN TRANSPARENT.—It is worth knowing that if one volume of castor oil be dissolved in two or three volumes of spirits of wine it will render paper transparent, and the spirit rapidly evaporating, the paper, in a few minutes, becomes fit for use. A drawing in pencil or in Indian ink can thus be made, and if the paper is placed in spirits of wine, the oil is dissolved out, restoring the paper to its original condition. This is the discovery of Herr Fischer.

RECIPE FOR A CEMENT FOR MENDING STEAM BOILERS.—Mix two parts of finely powdered litharge with one part of very fine sand, and one part of quicklime which has been allowed to slack spontaneously by exposure to the air. This mixture may be kept for any length of time without injuring. In using it a portion is mixed into paste with linseed oil, or, still better, boiled linseed oil. In this state it must be quickly applied, as it soon becomes hard.

Young Folks' Column.

"Little Bo-Peep" and the Dying Child.

I remember when I was nursing in a hospital once, there was a poor little boy about six years old dying of rheumatic fever. It was night nurse in the ward; and regularly, when the attack of pain came on, he used to scream out for me:

"Nurse, sing. It hurts me. Sing the hurt away." So then I'd prop him upon my arm an' sing one song after another, from "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" to "Black-Eyed Susan," till the paroxysm of pain was over, an' he'd quiet down agin. I always knew when that was by his joinin' his voice in, too—such a weak pipe of his, poor lamb! but I was better glad to hear it than any music, for it telled me the pain was gone for a while, an' I could lie him down to sleep agin.

Poor little mite! I was singing "Little Bo-Peep" the night he died. I had him in my arms. He'd been sinking all day. I knew he couldn't last out another; an' though he tried to join in as usual, his voice went into a gasp an' broke. I'd been sometimes used to call the children in the ward my little sheep, an' when I came to the end of the verse—

Little Bo-Peep, she lost her sheep,  
An' doesn't know where to find 'em;  
Let them alone an' they'll come home,  
An' bring their tails behind 'em—

He looked up in my face with a bit of a smile on his poor little drawn white mouth, and said: "Nurse'll know where to find her little sheep when he goes home. Will I be long going home now, nurse?" Long! Ah, poor little lamb! ten minutes later an' he'd gone home.—Cassell's Magazine.

Little Folks' Dictionary.

A writer in the School-Day Magazine has gathered together the following dictionary words as defined by certain small people here and there.

- Backbiter—A flea.
Bed-time—Shut-eye time.
Dust—Mud, with the juice squeezed out.
Fun—A thing to brush warm off with.
Fins—A fish's wings.
Ice—Water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep.
Monkey—A very little boy with a tail.
Nest—egg—the egg that the old hen measures by to make new ones.
Pig—A hog's little boy.
Salt—What makes your potato taste bad when you don't put any on.
Snoring—Letting off sleep.
Snow—Rain all popped out white.
Stars—The moon's eggs.
Trunk (of an elephant)—His front tail.
Wakefulness—Eyes all the time coming unbuttoned.
A small catechism—Kittenobism.

HOW A YOUNG MOUSE WAS HELPED BY ITS FATHER.—We find the following in the Bees Revue of recent date: A poor little mouse, whose home is under the floor of the Revue office, came out this morning to forage for his breakfast. Seeing some printing ink which had been spilled on the floor, he thought that would make a very good meal, and he went for it. After nibbling a little while, he became frightened at a noise made by those watching him, and started to run back to his hole; but the ink being of a sticky nature, he found his feet held fast to the floor and himself unable to move, whereupon he set up a doleful squeak. In a few moments along came a larger mouse, probably his father, who seemed to take in the situation at a glance, and at once commenced an attempt to release his diminutive relative. He stepped gingerly over the ink until he came to the little mouse, and laying hold of the back of its neck with his teeth, toggled away till he released it. The affair was witnessed by several persons, who were interested in the novel sight that they offered no molestation to the animals.

A LITTLE GIRL'S ANSWER.—A lecturer, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, said: "What do you do when you have out-grown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no!" replied the little one, "we let out the tucks." The lecturer confessed she had the advantage of him there.

GREEN BRONZE ON IRON.—A process for producing a green bronze on iron, devised by Paul Weiskopf, is given by Dingler's Journal as follows: One part of sylvate of silver is dissolved in twenty parts of oil of lavender, forming a sort of varnish, which imparts a beautiful and permanent green bronze appearance to cast and wrought iron, sheet iron and wire. The surface to be bronzed is cleaned and dried, but need not be polished. The varnish is thinly applied with a camel's hair brush, and the object heated quickly to 300° Fahr. The proper temperature is indicated when the article shows a bright green color which is even all over it. To produce a bronze drawing, Venetian turpentine or colophonium solution is substituted for part of the lavender oil. It is better to rub up the dry sylvate of silver with resin in a mortar or on a palette, and then add enough lavender oil to make it as thin as ordinary paint. Articles of iron bronzed in this way can afterward be electroplated.

TREATMENT OF WOUNDS.—A wound produced by a sharp cutting instrument will heal without trouble when the edges are nicely brought together and then kept so, and left without putting on any salve, provided the access of air is not shut off and the individual possesses a constitution not undermined by the excessive use of drink or the results of other vices. If the wound is produced by a rusty nail or a similar cause, so as to be jagged, it will soon become very inflamed, and in such a case it is recommended to smoke the wound with burning wool or woolen cloth. It is said that twenty minutes in the smoke of wool will take the pain out of the worst wound, and that repeated once or twice it will allay the worst case of inflammation arising from a wound. It is claimed to have saved many lives and relieved much pain, and assuredly it is worth trying.

NEW ELECTRO PROCESS.—A very ingenious application of electro-metallurgy has recently been brought before the notice of the Society of Arts. It consists in the application of a coat of silver, by means of electro-deposition, on natural leaves and flowers. By this means very delicate ornaments are produced, since the precise form and texture of the natural leaf is preserved under the thin silver film. The special process by which these results are attained is the invention of a Mr. Denton.

MAKING BRITTLE GOLD STRONG.—Gold is sometimes so brittle that the jeweler can not work with it; this is probably due to phosphorus, which, being no metal, is of course not detected in the assay. The remedy is to pass chlorine gas through the molten gold, by which treatment most of the gold which had otherwise to be set aside as unfit for certain kinds of work, can be redeemed.