

PITH AND POINT.

—What we are at home is a pretty sure test of what we really are. —When a gentleman loses his temper in talking, it is a tolerably correct sign that he is getting "the worst of the argument." —Employment, which Galen calls "nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered the mother of misery. —Robert Barton. —Next to moral weakness, a fear of the difficulties to be met is, undoubtedly, the most unfortunate mental trait of any young person. —Most natures are insolvent; can not satisfy their own wants; have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually. —Emerson. —The responsibilities of life are gauged not by what we are but by what we may become. The man who has ventured only to the limits of his conscious force has only reached the threshold of his possible attainments. —E. G. Clark. —Thoughts are the first-born, the blossoms of the soul, the beginning of our strength, whether for good or evil, and they are the greatest evidence for or against a person that can be. —Thou understandest my thoughts afar off. —Try me, and know my thoughts; and lead me in the way everlasting. —Thomas Brooks. —Men that look no further than their outsides, think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick, but I, that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so, and, considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once. —Sir T. Browne. —Originality is the cradle in which eminence is nursed, for originality lifts men from the beaten track of the past into unexplored fields, giving the world new productions in science, literature and art. To succeed, a man must be original, and his performing a certain act must not be because some one else did it, but because from his own observation he knows it to be proper and correct. —It is hard to tell which of the two is the more pitiable—the over-nice reasoner, who never comes to any conclusion, or the vacillating, double-minded man, who never decides to act. He is like the farmer in the Book of Ecclesiastes, who is always observing the clouds and the wind to make sure of the exactly right time for his work. As "the Proacher" says: "That man will never sow and will never reap;" or, as Sir Phillip Sidney says: "Whosoever, in great things, will think to prevent (anticipate or forestall) all objections, must lie still and do nothing." —E. S. Times.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

What Shakespeare Says About It in His Dramatical Works. The game of base ball is generally supposed to be a modern pastime, but a look through Shakespeare will convince one that the game is of remote origin. Your base (foot) ball players.—"King Lear." Why these balls bound.—"Merry Wives." Now, let's have a catch.—"Twelfth Night." I will run no base.—"Merry Wives." And so I shall catch the fly.—"Henry V." A hit, a palpable hit.—"Hamlet." Hector shall have a great catch.—"Troilus and Cressida." More like to run the county base.—"Cymbeline." As a swift in motion as a ball.—"Romeo and Juliet." He'll leave striking in the field.—"All's Well." After the score.—"Othello." Ajak goes up and down the field.—"Troilus and Cressida." Have you scored me?—"Winter's Tale." And the third nine.—"Coriolanus." He proves the best man in the field.—"Henry IV." The word is pitch and pay.—"King John." However men do catch.—"Tempest." What foul play had we.—"Titus Andronicus." Unprovided of a pair of bases.—"Henry IV." His confounded base.—"Henry V." No other book but the score.—"Henry IV." I will fear to catch.—"Timon of Athens." Where go you with bats?—"Coriolanus." Let us see you in the field.—"Troilus and Cressida." Thrice again to make up nine.—"Macbeth." Judgment.—"Hamlet." —N. Y. Graphic.

Violating the Proprieties.

"Such a dinner as you wish to give," said the fashionable caterer, "including champagne, of course, will cost \$4 a plate." "But I don't care for champagne. What will it cost with beer and lemonade instead of champagne?" "Just the same," replied the dignified caterer, stiffly. "I could not, with propriety, ask any of my young gentlemen to wait upon the table at such a dinner without giving them extra compensation." —Chicago Tribune.

AN OLD HORSE-THIEF.

He Is Seventy-Eight Years Old and Has Done Some Curious Work. The man who claims to be the most celebrated horse-thief in the world is now under arrest in Louisburg, Kan. His name is Washington Waterman and he is seventy-eight years of age. He acknowledges the theft of one hundred horses in Kansas alone, and the authorities of the State are willing to admit that he has made off with five times that number. The old man takes his present arrest with great good nature. He is near the end of his earthly pilgrimage, and he does not expect to be jailed again in this world. The penitentiaries of Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska have each held him on several different occasions. In his earlier days it was his custom to lead a party of tramps into a neighborhood which he had previously prospected, and, with a central rendezvous, all would make a circuit of five or ten miles on a given night and round up before daylight at the appointed place with all the horses, harness, shovels, curryscombs, chains, monkey-wrenches, whips, hammers, oil, screw-drivers and brooms that the region afforded. Barns would be literally stripped of every thing of value. After the prohibitory law went into effect in Kansas, the country being more thickly settled, Waterman found it advisable to change his plan of operations. He would visit towns in Missouri and lay in a large supply of whisky in quart bottles, and then, as a secret dispenser of this beverage, he would attack the Kansas farmer on his weak side. When he found one who properly appreciated the luxury of having liquor brought to his very door, he would tarry with him and open a bottle or two on his own account. After the farmer had yielded to the effects of the potations and had fallen under the table, Waterman would help himself at the barn and disappear. The old man also enjoys the rare distinction of being the only man in the world who ever stole a horse while he was an inmate of a State prison. When he was serving the last of his three terms in the Missouri penitentiary, his conduct was so good that he was set down as a "trustee," and as such was on many occasions permitted to go outside the walls. On one of these excursions he was seized with an irresistible impulse to make off with a horse, and five minutes later he was astride a fine animal which he had lifted from a convenient barn. With this exploit he seems to have been content, for he presently dismounted, left the horse to browse at will by the roadside, and hurried back to the prison. Having had a taste of liberty Waterman longed for more, and two weeks later he stole a team belonging to one of the keepers and made for the country at a break-neck pace. He found no difficulty in disposing of the horses, and with the money obtained he fled to Canada, where he passed several years without attracting much attention. Waterman, who does not appear to be as old as he is, talks freely of his exploits, and seems to have no conception of the fact that horse stealing is not a perfectly legitimate pursuit. He told one of his visitors the other day that he was getting on in years, and that if any of the boys wanted points in the business he would give up at the rate of five dollars a point.—Cor. Chicago Journal.

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EZRA CORNELL'S BOYHOOD.

The Industry and Perseverance of the Founder of a Great University. Years ago there lived in the interior of New York a boy, the son of a farmer, who also worked at the trade of a potter. The boy was a marked youth, because he did with might whatever he undertook. He was a leader in the ordinary sports of boyhood; and, whenever the farm or the pottery relaxed their hold upon him he would be found repairing some damaged article or devising a new implement. His father was poor, the farm was small, and could only be enlarged by clearing up the primeval forest. The boy was anxious to acquire knowledge, but his services were so necessary to his father that he could not be spared to attend the winter term of the common school. But the boy was in earnest. With the aid of his brother, one year his junior, he chopped and cleared four acres of birch and maple woodland, plowed it, planted it with corn, harvested the corn, and then asked, as his compensation, to be allowed to attend school during winter. Of course the father granted the wish. When the boy was seventeen the father's pottery business had so increased as to demand a more extensive factory. A carpenter was hired to build the new building, and the boy assisted him. So familiar did he become with the tools and trade that he determined, with the aid of the younger brother, to erect a two-story frame dwelling-house for his father's family. The two boys cut the timber from the forest, planned and framed the structure, and then invited the neighbors to assist at the "raising." They came from far and near to see what a lad of seventeen had done. When every mortise and tenon was found to fit in its place, and the frame was seen to stand perfect and secure, the veterans cheered the young architect and builder. From that day he was in demand as a master carpenter. That boy was Ezra Cornell, the founder of Cornell University.—Evangelical Messenger. —By spraying the region of the external ear with ether, Drs. Henocque and Fridel, of Paris, render the dental nerves insensible, and extract teeth without pain or general anesthesia.

AMERICAN SARDINES.

How Herring Are Made to Resemble the French Fishes. "Are these the genuine French sardines?" asked a well-dressed woman of a grocer as she received for inspection an oblong tin box, marked on one side "Sardines a la Francaise." The grocer looked at her with a slightly surprised air, and replied: "Certainly." "You may send me three boxes then," said she, and, after ordering a few more things, went out. As she passed through the door a reporter, who had been standing by, inquired: "But were they real French sardines, after all?" The grocer tried to appear indignant, but couldn't. Finally he laughed and said: "I guess you know all about it, but what can I say when a lady asks me such a question? I can't explain to her that nine-tenths of the sardines consumed in the United States come from Maine, for, although they are just as good as the French product, she would not have them, and I should lose her trade. Most of the sardines sold nowadays are nothing but small herrings, put up in boxes with gaudy labels and French inscriptions. In Eastport there are nineteen places where they turn out sardines, besides three at Lubec, two at Jonesport and one each at Millbridge, Lamoine and Robbinston. When it was first attempted to make sardines from herrings it was found that the difficulty lay in eradicating the herring flavor. It took years of experiment to accomplish this. Finally a manufacturer succeeded in producing a combination of oil and spices which removed the trouble. The herrings used in making sardines are about 4 inches long, and can be bought of the Maine and New Brunswick fishermen, when plenty, for about \$5 a hoghead, although when scarce they bring as high as \$15 a hoghead. The fish are caught in huge nets set along the shore. After capture they are taken immediately to the factory, and laid in heaps upon long tables, where they are decapitated and cleaned by children, whose dexterity is marvelous. On the average each child dresses seventy-five fish a minute. The pay is 30c. for a box holding about a bushel. Some of the children make as much as \$1.50 per day. After being washed, the fish are pickled for half an hour, and are then laid upon trays and placed in a large drying-room, heated by steam. When dry they are thrown into large shallow pans of boiling oil and thoroughly cooked. They are packed in boxes by women and girls, and into each box is poured some of the patent mixture of oil and spices. Covers are fitted on the boxes and sealed by men. The boxes are next placed in boiling water for half an hour, and then removed and put on an incline plane, so that the enclosed hot air rushes to one corner of the box. This corner is punctured with an awl, and the air escapes; the box then being made air-tight again by a drop of solder. The boxes are ornamented with attractive French labels, stating that the enclosed are "Sardines a la Francaise." Some are labeled in addition, "a Phille d'Olive." The oil generally used is cotton seed. Olive oil is, however, used for the quality marked prime. "Almost the entire product of these factories are shipped to New York, whence it goes to retailers all over the country." One of the Lubec houses prepares about 4,500 boxes per day. The profit made by the packers is from 4c to 6c a box. "How do you happen to be so well informed on the subject?" was asked. "Well, I hail from Eastport myself," said the grocer, "and as a boy I used to work in a sardine factory." —N. Y. Evening Post.

Why She Was Enthusiastic. "Seated to the right of me at a place of amusement," writes a Western musical critic, "was a lady whose interest was not aroused till a thin, disconsolate-looking girl made her appearance. Then she began to applaud furiously. As I could discern no possible occasion for such a manifestation, I felt surprised; but, as she kept it up all the evening and seemed to have no assistance from any of the audience, I took a hand, as they say, and also began applauding the thin, disconsolate-looking girl. My good nature, however, bore, as good nature often does, bitter fruit. The lady turned and said: 'What are you applauding for?' I stammered an insufficient answer. 'You don't think she does well, do you?' she continued. 'No, Madam.' 'She's awkward, and she can't sing,' said she, contemptuously. 'I had time to recover myself. 'Might I ask,' I said, with conscious dignity, 'why, Madam, if such is the case, you are so enthusiastic?' 'She owes me nine dollars and thirty-five cents,' said my neighbor, with scorn and asperity, 'and, if this error don't succeed, I'll be that much out!' —N. Y. Ledger.

A Truly Faithful Heart.

Tumblethwaite had proposed and been accepted, and as he slipped the engagement ring upon her finger, he said, tremulously: "Darling, you will always wear it upon this finger, won't you?" and the girl, with a shy glance of love, replied: "Always, George, always—when I am with you." —Life. —The church in Shaker Village, Canterbury, N. H., although built in 1792, has never been re-shingled. The shingles are of heart pine, and were fastened on with wooden pegs. —A Brookfield, Conn., farmer found a silver fork imbedded in the stomach of a hog he killed one day, lately.

HALPIN'S DUPLICITY.

How He Made It a Very Satisfactory Source of Revenue. Going over on a Weehawken ferry-boat the other day was an old fellow attired in an 1840 sporting costume, the principal element of which was an Irish cap-coat reaching from his hat brim to his heels. His little ferret eyes snapped uneasily from under a pair of moustachio brows, and it was evident that he was pining for somebody to talk to. That somebody, in the person of a Washington market butcher, came in presently, and, taking an adjoining seat, opened the ball by remarking that it was a wet day. "Wet ain't no name for it," was the prompt rejoinder, "it's a reg'lar soaker. Whar' yer from?" "Noo York." "Sho! I didn't know but whar yer might be from Sennygamby. Did yer ever hear a man crow?" "Wha-a-t?" "Ever hear a man crow like a rooster?" "Git out!" "Betcher life, I kin." "Le's hear ye," and the marketman's eyes betrayed an overwhelming curiosity. "Costs a quarter, my friend, and if yer ain't satisfied, yer gits yer money back. If I can't crow to beat any Shanghai yer ever heard, I'll go 'n jump overboard. Thanks. Any one else wanter hear me?" Several coins were handed to the original professor, and an air of expectancy pervaded the cabin, as he prepared for the performance. Turning around sideways, and burrowing his chin deep down in the recesses of his collar, he suddenly let out a clear shrill penetrating "Cock-a-doo-die-doo!" that was absolutely perfect in its imitation of a big-lunged barn-yard king, and his effort was followed by a thunder of applause which shook the boat. "I told yer so," he said, as his face came into view again. "They ain't no flies on Crower Halpin. Wanter hear another?" More quarters were produced, and he was just going to repeat the feat when the butcher by a quick spasmodic movement reached down under the skirts of the great-coat and pulled out a fine specimen of a Jersey chancier with the terse remark: "Say, friend, 'n' next time you try a chicken bunco game, be partic'lar that your pat keeps his tail-feathers from showin'." It was very fortunate for the ferry company that even the boat was left when the crowd followed that old man ashore.—Time.

THE TELL LEGEND.

A Theatrical Manager Explains Why He Takes It in "Good Faith." Do I believe there was such a person as William Tell? I do. I have faith in legends and folk lore. Even if there is much that will not stand the fierce light of critical research, I would not have the mind freed from those precious superstitions, if you choose to call them so. If you go on with this pernicious iconoclastic work what is to become of the Minnesingers and the Mastersingers, the Nibelunged Lied, and how then will Wagner stand? I think I would murder the man who should tell me that the grand incident of the noble Sydney denying himself the proffered drink of water to give it to the humble soldier was a myth. They will be telling us pretty soon that Nelson in his last breath on the quarter deck did not say, "Kiss me, Hardy." Or that Lawrence never said, "Don't give up the ship," or that Perry failed to remark, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." No, sir, I won't have it. I am aware that the old biting, bitter destroyer of myths and shams, the great Voltaire, was one of the first to cast doubt upon the reality of the Swiss hero. But what else could you expect of a Frenchman? Had he lived to this day he would have said there was no such person as Bismarck—or at least he would have wished there was not. Did not Voltaire call Bismarck a savage? Take away Tell and his magic arrow, his son and the apple, and you rob Switzerland of its splendid romance, and the mind of man of one of its loveliest illusions. Trust to the poet; he will always set you right with his unerring instinct. Schiller has wrought for us one of the grandest dramas out of the legends of the sturdy Swiss in their struggle for independence. To read or hear his thrilling poetic play is to breathe the air of Uri and Unterwalden, and to be inspired with the lofty ideas of liberty and virtue imparted by contact with the ether where grows the edelweiss. Sheridan Knowles has given the English stage an excellent play on the subject of the Swiss Liberator. Yes, sir; I believe in William Tell.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A couple, lately of Alpharetta, Ga., went to a Squire's office to get married. While they waited for the Squire to hunt up the book containing the formula, the man asked to be excused a moment, and hurrying out, mounted a horse and rode furiously away. As he was leaving the room he whispered to the groomsmen that he was ashamed to get married before so many persons. The groomsmen told the bride, who promptly said: "You helped to bring me here, and now you must take his place." The young man said he was willing, and the ceremony was performed. At its conclusion the bride said: "When I make up my mind to do any thing I never let any thing stand in the way."

The man who would carry in his head the names of all the streets in London must have a long memory. There are 28,000 of them.

HAYTIAN VODOO ORGIES.

Horrible Rites and Sacrifices Practiced in the Negro Republic. At dusk of Christmas Eve many of the lowest of the blacks left Port au Prince on foot for the valley at the foot of the Lascelle mountains, some twelve miles south of the town, where several thousand of the believers in voodooism were found assembled, the greater portion being from the vicinity of Jacmel, the most barbarous portion of the island. The correspondent, disguised and blackened, under the protection of a liberally paid guide, arrived on the spot just before midnight. There each of the performers put on a pair of sandals and fastened around his otherwise naked body a number of red handkerchiefs, the King of the Voodoos having an unusually large number, with a blue girdle, and red handkerchiefs bound around his head and worn as a diadem. The Queen, clothed in the charming simplicity of a single broad red sash, was seated with the King on a large box, where the fangless serpent representing the Deity was kept. Then began the horrible adoration of the serpent, lasting about thirty minutes, and ending in a wild saturnalia of delirium. The scene, amid the glaring of burning torches and bonfires, can hardly be described. All present took part in dancing around a large altar, erected in the center of an open space. Between the dances abundant potations of the vilest native rum and gin, flavored with herbs and roots tending to increase the delirium, were indulged in by all. After the jangling the crowd separated and, according to seniority, approached the serpent in the cage. Dropping on their stomachs they crawled forward imploring the aid of the voodoo for blessings on themselves and friends and maledictions on enemies, known and unknown. The answer to these appeals was interpreted to the imbecile crowd by the Queen, they never doubting the most monstrous absurdity, and only knowing how to obey what is despotically dictated to them. They then bound themselves by the most execrable oaths to obey the dictates of the Queen and minor priestesses until the next annual assemblage. On this occasion a white goat was sacrificed, but my guide informed me that last year he was present at the same assemblage, four miles north of Jacmel, where a female child was stupefied by drugs, its veins opened, and the blood sucked therefrom by the King, Queen and minor seniors, while the rabble tore the corpse limb from limb and devoured the flesh, still warm, the bones and adhering slips of flesh, with the head, being thrown into a kettle of boiling water with the bodies of small snakes. The broth, seasoned with herbs and rum, was eagerly partaken of by all present. This seems incredible, but well authenticated cases where recently buried bodies have been exhumed, cooked and devoured by the almost completely barbarous inhabitants of the southern department—the brutalized descendants of the lowest tribes of Africans—have been heard of. In February, 1881, at St. Marc a case of so-called pork was sold to a foreign ship. Fingers and fingernails being discovered, further investigation proved all the flesh therein to be human. An English colored clergyman near Cape Haytian recently found that his wife had purchased human flesh instead of pork in public market. Four people were fined in the caps for eating corpses.—Cor. N. Y. World.

KISSING THE LADIES.

Once a Very Popular English Mode of Polite Salutation. Nicolas de Bethlen, a pupil of Dr. Basire at Alba Julia, visited England during the winter of 1663-4, and relates the following in his "Autobiography": "Being unaware of the fact that it was customary in England to kiss the corner of the mouth of ladies by way of salutation, instead of shaking hands, as we do in Hungary, my younger brother and I behaved very rudely on one occasion. We were invited to dinner to the house of a gentleman of high rank, and found his wife and three daughters, one of them married, standing in array ready to receive us. We kissed the girls, but not the married ladies, and thereby greatly offended the latter, but Duval, (a French Protestant clergyman) apologized for our blunder, and explained to us that when saluting we must always kiss the senior lady first and leave the girls and children to the last; after dinner it was considered sufficient to kiss the hostess only in recognition of the hospitality received." Thereafter, he adds, he and all his traveling companions, with the exception of one, who could not be prevailed upon, complied most scrupulously with the mode of etiquette. Bethlen moved in the best society in London. He was received by Charles II. "in publica solenni audientia" surrounded by a throng of noblemen; he called on the Dux Eboracensis, Rupertus Palatinus Rheni, and many noblemen of high rank. At Oxford he was entertained and made very much of by the professors, who, he informs us, spoke Latin with difficulty. In fact everybody in England, he tells us, considered it a great torture to be obliged to speak Latin, and he was, therefore, compelled to air his broken English, which he had picked up at Leyden under the tuition of a poor Englishman.—Notes and Queries.

A Lover's Stratagem.—How is it you always take your intended to the railway station? "Because we can there kiss undisturbed, and the folks think we are merely saying good-bye."

WELL-SEASONED TIMBER.

How Wood is Dried in the Large Furnace Factories of the East. "It is mighty hard work to buy thoroughly dried 'lumber' nowadays," said a furniture manufacturer, "because the great demand for it in the East for building and manufacturing purposes leads the Western lumbermen to ship it before it has been thoroughly seasoned. A few years ago it was customary to take the wood from the saw and pile it up out-doors, where it would remain from eighteen months to two years before it was considered fit for shipping. Now, six months is considered long enough, and in consequence we receive very little wood dry enough to be worked to advantage." "How then do you manage to get along?" was asked. "We have dry-rooms or kilns, in which we place the wood and season it ourselves. We buy the best-seasoned timber we can get, and then shut it up for from one to three weeks until it is in fit condition for use." "How can you tell when it is?" "In several ways. We notice how it cuts, and examine the saw-dust and shavings. Even then we are often deceived, and discover warps and cracks in our manufactured product before it leaves the salesrooms. You yourself have probably noticed cracks in the fine bedsteads of even the best makers, or have seen the top of a nice hardwood desk split from side to side. All this comes from the use of unseasoned lumber. It makes up neatly, and may seem to be perfectly dry, but when exposed to the changes of the atmosphere, the moisture in the pores of the wood evaporates, shrinkage ensues, and something gives. I was much mortified the other day, and at the same time lost a good customer, by just this very thing happening. An order had been received from a wealthy woman in New Haven for a finely-carved cabinet. Unfortunately, I was called out of town before I had finished selecting the wood for it and had to leave some of the selecting to an assistant. The cabinet was finished, and was an exquisite bit of workmanship. In three weeks after delivery it was sent back to me, and right across one of the finest panels there was a crack that you could put a pin into. That customer has never been near the store since, and yet I venture to say that the same thing is liable to occur at any time in any establishment." "How do you dry timber artificially?" "There are a number of ways. Naturally, heat is the fundamental principle in all. The kilns are of all sizes and shapes. Some are heated by furnaces, some by steam-pipes, and some by hot air sent from a distance by fans. In some a vacuum is created, in others compressed air is used. The great point, I think, is to get a good circulation all about the lumber. One method is used by which a large volume of hot air is sent into the kiln at one end and exhausted at the other. Every minute or two the air in the kiln is thus changed and the moisture from the wood passed off. There is an arrangement by which any degree of heat can be produced, and different kinds of wood are treated differently. This process dries green 'lumber' in seven or eight days. It would take one or two years of exposure to dry the same wood in the open air." —N. Y. Evening Post.

WHY MORTAR HARDENS.

It Is Due to the Combination of Lime with Water. In writing upon this subject G. R. Burnell says: Until very recently it was held by most engineers and architects, by myself among others, that the solidification of mortars took place in consequence of the absorption of carbonic acid gas by the lime during the process of crystallization; but it has been fairly objected to this theory that the quantity of carbonic acid gas contained in the atmosphere which could be brought into contact with a large body of cement would not suffice to saturate the latter. The generally received opinion on the subject now is that lime hardens simply in consequence of the combination with water which takes place during the setting, and that the rapidity of the setting, and the permanence of the newly-formed hydrate of lime, depends upon its being combined with some other salt; the pure hydrate of lime, in fact, is soluble; the hydrated silicate of lime is tolerably insoluble, but it forms slowly; while the hydrated double silicate of lime and alumina, or of lime and magnesia, are practically insoluble. The facts actually observed seem to confirm these views, and they certainly enable us to account for not only the different modes of setting observable in different limes, but also for some of the more gradual actions which take place in that material, and the effects reciprocally produced by the mixtures of various ingredients. In the case of the now generally-used Portland cements, and in that of underburnt lime, some very curious phenomena may, however, be observed, which appear to indicate that the simple laws mentioned above do not comprehend all the conditions which may arise, so that the above theory itself must only be considered as a step toward the attainment of a complete one of a more general character. The phenomena to which I thus allude are connected with the obscure subject of the chemical actions which take place under the influence of high degrees of temperature.—Boston Budget.