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Where Are Wicked Folks Buried?

"Tell me, gray-haired sexton," I said, "where in this field are the wicked folks laid? I have wandered the quiet old churchyard thro', and studied the epitaphs, old and new; but on no monument, obelisk, pillar or stone I read of one evil man have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made. With his hand on his chin, his hand on his spine; I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye His heart was instructing his lips to reply.

"Who is it to judge when the soul takes its flight? Who is it to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right? Which of us mortals shall dare to say, That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day?"

"In our journey through life, the farther we speed, The more we learn that humanity's need, Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find, Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind."

"Therefore, good deeds we record on these stones; The evil men do, let it lie with their bones, I have labored as sexton this many a year, But I never have buried a bad man here."

Poor Genevieve.

Shortly after the conclusion of the late war, a gentleman, distinguished as a scholar and a politician, was proceeding up the Mississippi. During the trip he became indisposed, and finally so ill that, at his own request, he was put on shore at one of those little old French villages between the mouth of the Ohio and St. Louis.

The agitation of removal and the heat of a summer day so aggravated his disease, which was a bilious fever, that he became delirious, and for a time he knew nothing of what transpired. His nursing consciousness disclosed to him a female, with a cap such as French attendants generally wear, a plain gown, and a black silk apron, with a sweet, gentle and expressive face, apparently being the impression of deep solicitude. Perceiving him to be awake, she inquired in a voice of exquisite melody, if he wanted anything.

"Where am I—and who are you?" "You are in St. —, and I am poor Genevieve, your servant; can I do anything for you, sir?"

"Oh, a nurse they have provided for me, I suppose," thought Hartland. "I shall, therefore, stand on no ceremony with her. My good girl, I will thank you for a glass of something to quench my thirst—I am burning up, I believe."

Genevieve took his hand, and, after holding it a little while, laid it softly down on the bed, saying, as if to herself, "It does indeed burn like fire." The touch of her hand was so soft that Hartland could tell that she pitted him with all her heart. At this moment his physician entered, and the traveler recognized in him an old acquaintance, a senator whom he had known at Washington, and a very eminent man in his profession.

He felt extremely grateful at having so gentle a nurse and able a physician. Yet his recovery was so slow that it did no great credit to nurse or doctor, for it was nearly six weeks before his fever was fairly broken.

One day while the doctor was with him, it suddenly occurred to Hartland to inquire where he was, and how he came there, and, more especially, to those kindness he was indebted for such benevolent attentions.

"You are in the house of Mademoiselle de F., a young lady of French extraction, a great heiress of lands, mines and what-not, extending no one knows where; and withal a most beautiful, amiable, accomplished woman," replied his friend. "She is a ward of mine, or, what is the same thing, she is a ward of mine, and might have married years ago, but for a singular scruple which she encourages at the risk of passing the remainder of her life in single blessedness."

"Ah!" rejoined Hartland, who found himself not a little interested about the doctor's smiling. "She imagines, or rather fears, it is her great possessions that attract so many admirers wherever she goes; and she once told me she never saw but one man toward whom she felt almost irresistibly attracted, and he treated her as if she was nobody."

"I should like to see her," answered Hartland, "for, independent of the obligations I owe her, she must be something of a curiosity. Such humanity is not often coupled with wealth, beauty and accomplishments. But you have not yet told me how I came to be here."

"You were seen by a good old aunt who resides with the young lady, and who happened to be looking out of the window as you were landed, in a state of partial delirium. She apprised Mademoiselle de F.—of the circumstances, who immediately gave directions to have you brought here."

"Upon my word, I owe her obligations which I can never repay."

"That is more than you know," said the doctor, smiling.

The doctor then rose to depart when Hartland, with a degree of hesitation, which surprised himself, and the color rising in his pale cheek, asked:

"But, doctor, now I think of it, who is the gentle, kind, attentive nurse, to whom I've been indebted—meaning no reflection on your skill—I am indebted for my recovery. I owe her much, and you must put me in some way of expressing my obligations."

"Who is paid for her attendance?" replied the doctor, carelessly, "and will accept of nothing from you, except what you will not perhaps be willing to bestow on her."

"What do you mean by that, doctor?" "Nothing," answered he, as he departed with another significant smile.

Hartland fell into a reverie, from which he was roused by the steps of Genevieve, who entered the room with

Siftings From the Kitchen Fire.

"The cows keep up their milk well," said Willie, as with an air of pride he brought in and strained the evening's supply. "And the butter is of a good color, too," said one of the girls, while Willie added, "Oh yes, that is because we feed them corn-straw." It is a good thing to teach little boys to milk, and our lad on ten can attend to two cows as well as a man, and understands the duty of rinsing the pans, straining carefully and putting into the milk-room without troubling his sisters if they are otherwise engaged. This article of milk I think is not sufficient for the family, and I often wonder to see so many half-grown boys and girls feed of their cup of tea, and owing to a disregard for milk from having too much of it, as the Scotch would say, "Among their hands." Milk is the type of all food, and one pint from a good cow contains two drachms of mineral salts, six drachms of sugar, half an ounce of butter, six drachms of cheese (casein), and nearly fourteen ounces of water. It is the only article which is so valuable, and always upon the table as a beverage or in some pleasant form of food, we should see far more rosy cheeks and bright eyes among our pauper young people. A very nutritious and easily prepared dish for lunch or tea is as follows:

Milk Toast.—Toast bread quickly and a delicate sauce; take off the crust, and dip each slice, while hot, into boiling water; salt slightly and lay in a covered dish. Boil some new milk in a saucepan, adding a little salt and a tablespoonful of sweet cream; pour over the toast and cover closely. It will be ready to serve by the time you are all seated and ready to pass the first plate.

HOLD ON, BOY.—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly.

HOLD ON TO YOUR HAND WHEN YOU ARE ABOUT TO PUNCH, SCRATCH, STEAL, OR DO ANY IMPROPER ACT.

HOLD ON TO YOUR FOOT WHEN YOU ARE ABOUT TO KICK, RUN AWAY FROM STUDY, OR PURSUING THE PATH OF CRIME, SHAME, OR CRIME.

HOLD ON TO YOUR TEMPER WHEN YOU ARE ANGRY, EXCITED, OR IMPOSED UPON, OR OTHERS ARE ANGRY WITH YOU.

HOLD ON TO YOUR HEART WHEN EVIL ASSOCIATES SEEK YOUR COMPANY, AND INVITE YOU TO JOIN IN THEIR MIRTH, GAMES, AND REVEILY.

HOLD ON TO YOUR GOOD NAME AT ALL TIMES, FOR IT IS OF MORE VALUE THAN GOLD, HIGH PLACES, OR FASHIONABLE ATTIRE.

HOLD ON TO TRUTH, FOR IT WILL SERVE YOU WELL, AND DO YOU GOOD THROUGHOUT ETERNITY.

HOLD ON TO VIRTUE—IT IS ABOVE ALL PRICE TO YOU AT ALL TIMES AND PLACES.

HOLD ON TO YOUR CHARACTER, FOR IT IS AS VALUABLE AS TRUTH, AND EVER WILL BE, YOUR BEST WEALTH.

WARTS.—If they give you no special inconvenience, says *Hull's Journal*, let them alone. But if it is of essential importance to get rid of them, purchase an ounce of mercuric acid, put in a broad-bottomed vial, so that it will not easily turn over; take a stick as large as the end of a knitting-needle, dip it into the acid, and touch the top of the wart with it, and the acid adheres to the stick; then, with the end of the stick, rub the acid into the top of the wart, without allowing the acid to touch the well skin. Do this night and morning, and a safe, painless and effectual cure is the result.

COCKROACHES.—Cockroaches, it appears, have become exceedingly numerous in some parts of France. So grievous is the plague of these insects that the people have adopted some singular expedients for relief. Toads have been introduced into not only the gardens but the dwellings, and ladies are said to have even made bets of toads for the protection they afford. But one of the best remedies for the plague is that the people have taken to the rearing of the nightingales as an ally against the cockroaches.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, one-half of a cup of molasses, three cups of flour, five eggs, one teaspoon of soda, nutmeg, cinnamon, salt, cloves, etc., one pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, and two-thirds of a cup of currants and one-quarter of a pound of citron.

GRAHAM BREAD.—To a pint bowl of wheat spout raised over night add nearly a quart of warm water, half a cupful molasses, salt, and stir in as much sifted Graham flour as you can with a spoon. Do not knead it, but put each loaf in a greased pan. When raised, bake in a quick oven.

MINCIE PIES.—One pound meat, chopped fine, two quarts apples, one quart cider, one pint molasses, one-half pound brown sugar, one-quarter pound raisins, salt, and all kinds of spice to taste; put on the fire in a porcelain kettle, and let boil slowly for half a day.

BUTTERMILK MEFFINS.—One quart buttermilk, two eggs, butter the size of an egg, two flat spoonfuls soda, mixed in a little water, or one spoonful saleratus, two spoonfuls salt, flour to make a thick batter. Bake in rings in a quick oven.

WAFERS.—One pint sweet milk, four eggs, one large cupful cold rice or hominy, a little salt, flour to make a stiff batter, baking powder in the proportion of three spoonfuls to a quart of flour.

To sweeten the breath, pour a few drops of tincture of myrrh into a wine-glass of water and gargle the mouth thoroughly.

How Business is Done at London.

The slowness with which business moves here is always the subject of angry comment by Americans, and I have heard various instances of it recently which seem rather amusing. A gentleman from Rhode Island who is engaged in introducing an important invention here says that he comes constantly upon stumbling blocks in the shape of delays. He is called on one morning by his solicitor, who wears a very grave and injured expression. "So, sir," says the solicitor, "you go to see your patent lawyer without consulting me." The American expresses his surprise at such a remark. "But you ought not to go to see him in that manner. You should only communicate with him through us." To this the American replies, "Very good, you are right, you are right; but you are tramping upon established customs. And the solicitor goes away feeling injured. Nothing new can ever be accomplished under two days, generally two weeks. An American once arrived in London on a very important mission to a prominent bank, and the business which concerned the bank was, in a Yankee way of thinking, extremely pressing. The American went to the banker's private office, and presented his letters as soon as he reached England. The banker said: "This is very important, and I will have the papers laid before my solicitors." "And I suppose that I can have an interview with you to-morrow, possibly?" interrupted brother Jonathan. "Well, hardly worth while," answered John Bull. "But this matter presses—" "Yes; yes; well, come and dine with us a week from to-morrow; by that time the solicitors will have sent the papers back, and then we can discuss the matter." There was no alternative, and the American friend waited a week, then repaired to the banker's mansion. The house was filled with company, and the banker, after the important subject had been nervously approached two or three times, said: "Well, the solicitors are still busy with their papers, believe, but I will come into the office about the day after to-morrow, I think we can begin to enter into the subject." And it was not until weeks had flown away that anything like a decision was arrived at on an affair which concerned the English banker's interest rather more than the American's. As for getting work done, it is next to impossible. Carpenters are weeks on a small job which would be done in a day in many countries. No workman can be drilled in an American workshop, and his work is done in a way which is all useless, and sometimes new vexations on one's head. I think the British workman takes a sturdy pleasure in holding back the impetuous American.—*Edward King, in Boston Journal.*

Rotation of Crops.

Among the essentials requisite to maintain a high degree of success in cultivation, a proper system of rotation of crops occupies a prominent place. The advantages of rotation in farm crops are well known; yet, in the garden, the practice is very common to grow the same kind of crops for years on the same spot of ground. It is, perhaps, within the bounds of possibility to pursue this course successfully, but to do so will require an annual return to the soil, in some form, of the several ingredients extracted by the plants. Our knowledge of the application of science will not warrant much faith in this direction, even if chemists were decided as to exact respective amounts of the ingredients used by various crops. But allowing it to be practically attainable, and looking at it in the light of mere economy, a change of crop is every way desirable; since by proper care two dissimilar crops may be produced on the same ground in the same season; and, further, the operations necessary for the successful raising of one crop are of a nature to form a good preparation for the succeeding one.

Those best informed upon the subject do not altogether agree in their opinions with reference to the principles upon which the beneficial results attending systematic change of crops are based. Some support what may be termed the replation or excretionary theory, which proceeds on the supposition that the roots of all plants during their growth give out certain substances peculiar to themselves, which in time impregnate the soil to such an extent as to render it unfit for the growth of that particular plant, but has no deleterious effect upon the growth of a different family of plants, if indeed they are not rather to be considered as capable of promoting growth and acting as stimulants to such.

It is a well ascertained fact that certain if not all plants do impart to the soil, through their roots, a portion of their natural juices, and the roots of the oak tree has been found impregnated with tannin. The roots of the spurge laurel impart an acid, resinous matter. The poppy exudes a substance analogous to opium. The root of any plant growing in a garden is found to be so impregnated, but the quantity of such matters hitherto detected has not been considered sufficiently important to account for the remarkable beneficial results which have followed a rotative system of cropping.

The above theory has been supported by very high authorities, but it seems by giving way to the following view; that although plants are made up of the same primary elements, yet different species require them in widely varying proportions, so that each plant has a characteristic formation peculiar to itself. It therefore follows, that if there is a lack in the supply of these peculiar ingredients of plant food, the plant will not be maintained in healthy growth. From this it appears that the reason why a crop, if constantly grown upon the same spot of ground, shows a yearly loss in productiveness, does not arise from a depletion of any substance, but rather from exhaustion. In a practical view, it is evident, from either of the above theories, that a change of crop is necessary to successful cultivation.

In cultivating garden vegetables, great facilities are presented for a frequent change of crop, and there is, also, a wide field for experiment in order to ascertain the kinds best suited to succeed one another in a regular system. For instance, it has been asserted that melons will produce best when grown on soil previously occupied by tomatoes. In general, long, tuberous root crops, as parsnips, beets, carrots, etc., should be followed by those that root near the surface; plants that are cultivated for their seeds should be followed by those grown for their foliage. The seeds of all plants contain a larger amount of the mineral ingredients than their leaves, so that plants grown for their seeds will exhaust the inorganic matter of the soil to a greater degree than will be effected by plants grown only for the use of their leaves.

In the arrangement of crops in the field or garden, there are two methods that may be adopted, either of which will provide for rotation. In the first place, a spot of ground is occupied wholly by one crop, and when that is removed its place is immediately occupied by another; or two or more crops are so planted on the same piece of ground that the one will be ready for removal before it interferes with the growth of the other. The first method may be illustrated by planting with early potatoes, potatoes, which will be removed in time for planting cabbage or celery, or sowing beets, turnips, or spinach. Early crops of carrots and beets will be removed in time for a planting of late dwarf beans. Many modifications will be suggested in practice, and it does not seem necessary to multiply examples, as those who are inclined, and will exercise due foresight, will suggest many expedients.

Much variety can be produced in even a small garden by this method, and it affords great facilities for sheltering young field and garden crops by those of more mature or robust growth. It may, however, be remarked, that although most plants are benefited by a little shade and shelter when young and delicate, it is highly injurious when long continued.

In case of an unfavorable season, and from a scientific standpoint actually necessary, when the greatest success in the cultivation of farm and garden products is desirable, to practice a judicious and systematic rotation of crops.

"A little farm well tilled, a little wife well willed," comes aptly to mind. We never fancied large farms for those of moderate means. The large farms are not worked so thoroughly as the smaller, and the interest would thrive securely, and the man who held farm mortgages could not rob him of a moment's sleep through fear of foreclosure.

Quaint Old Town in Kingston.

At the foot of the world-renowned Catskills in a quiet village of great antiquity, founded by the earliest Dutch settlers, is a naturally partook of the homes they had left behind them on the low flat lands of their mother country. It is here that one of the ablest American writers located the charming story of Rip Van Winkle, which has been read with so much interest by youth and old age. Rip Van Winkle has become historic, and the scenes of his life are visited by thousands.

The great-grandfather of the village (scarcely beneath the shades of antiquity) was an event that was celebrated with a great deal of enthusiasm, and attracted the attention of all who love to visit localities that carry one back to earlier times in our history. It was at this place that the first constitution of the State was framed, and here was the first meeting of the State Senate. The old town was burned by British soldiers, and marks of their torch can still be traced in a few buildings that were not wholly destroyed. Many of the descendants of the original settlers live in this fine old town, and they have to tell the strangers of the privations and losses their ancestors endured for the cause of liberty and freedom.

The bell in the oldest church was sent over from Holland, and is said to have been a large amount of silver, which gives it a clearer and richer sound than the neighboring bells. Not many years since the common language was that of their fathers. But now it has quite passed away. Still the oldest Dutch men address each other in the Holland Dutch, and the long pipes and mugs of cider and short gowns and petticoats are not entirely discarded.

As an elephant got in the way of a railroad train in India, the elephant was killed and fed on seeing the engine, but was speedily caught. The buffer beams of the engine being very low, the beast's hind legs were taken from under him, and he was forced to sit down, as it were, with his hindquarters against the smoke-house door, which was red-hot. The poor beast managed to keep his fore feet going, though hustled along faster than ever he had gone in his life before, and in a few minutes the train came to a standstill and he got away. He moved off the line at the double, uprooted a clump of bamboo, then wreaked dire vengeance on a tree, and was last seen rushing through the jungle, tearing and smashing everything in his path. He was sadly cut and burned in the hindquarters, and will probably never be of use again."

To have our hearts balanced on God as their center, and so balanced that under the ruder touches of temptation that they may be moved to and fro like nicely poised stones of the Druids, but like these stones always return to their rest—that is to be blessed indeed—be blessed like the psalmist who said after some rough onset of Satan's, "I shall not be greatly moved."—*Leicester.*

The Army Medical Museum at Washington has among its curiosities the withered and parched hand and arm of a man who left it on the battlefield of Gettysburg. A cannon ball carried it to the top of a high tree, where the wind and sun shrivelled it to its present well-tanned condition.

It is said that an Indian often makes an arrow escape.

Self Tortures.

It is difficult to realize that there exists in the enlightened Republic a land a people so barbarous, so saturated and steeped in superstition and ignorance as those Spanish residents of New Mexico, of whom writers from time to time give us such startling accounts, and whose queer little villages dot the whole length of Cucheras valley. Here, during the penitential season, is enacted the real tragedy, and not merely a theatrical representation of the Crucifixion with all its attendant horrors. The details of these fanatical ceremonies are sickening. The poor wretches fast until they are scarcely able to stand, lash their naked bodies until they resemble raw beef, and then, having prolonged this torture for weeks, upon the last great day, "Holy Friday," they take upon their backs heavy wooden crosses, and, if their strength holds out, stumble along, blind-folded, to "the summit of an arduous hill." Some fall exhausted from the long season of fasting and torture and the loss of blood before the height is reached. There the mourning wretches are bound to upright crosses, the strong cords burying themselves into the mangled flesh. They are left hanging here until life seems almost extinct. Many, it is said, perish under the torture, and are secretly buried. Mrs. Helen Hunt, resident at Colorado Springs, and well known through the *Atlantic*, says: "In the spring of 1876 four of these penitents, young men, died from the effects of the tortures. One of them, running for three days under the scourgings, all Easter night naved upon the threshold of a church. Eaker morning he was found there dead." A correspondent has lately written the *Philippine* a full account of their horrible usages and customs. The *Laramie Sentinel*, the *Las Vegas Mail*, and many other Western papers corroborate the account. But let us not be disturbed; let us continue to spend and be spent in building up fine churches to sit in ourselves at home, and in sending millions of dollars to the most remote parts of Africa as palubus with which to fatten the poor cannibals. Those New Mexicans are too near home to be interesting. Wretched relics of medieval Spain, they are a section of the human race, and are secretly buried. They are not to be disturbed; let us continue to spend and be spent in building up fine churches to sit in ourselves at home, and in sending millions of dollars to the most remote parts of Africa as palubus with which to fatten the poor cannibals. Those New Mexicans are too near home to be interesting. Wretched relics of medieval Spain, they are a section of the human race, and are secretly buried. 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