The Legend of the Ivy.

It is an old legend—a German one, I think—and it runs in this wise:

Once upon a time there lived, beside the Rhine, a beautiful young lady. She had a lover who loved her, and whom she loved in return; but, after he had woed her, not one year, but three, he asked her to marry him, and she anxious to show her power, merely answered "wait."

"I have waited three years," he said, "but at your bidding, I will wait one more—just one more. I will go away from you, and return when the year is over to ask your hand."

Then he went away and became a soldier, and the praise of his bravery filled the land, but the lady was piqued by the thought that he had been able to leave her even for a year, and when he returned, she determined to punish him, though all the time she loved him well.

He knelt at her feet, and took her hands in his, and said:

"Lady, I have come back to claim you for my wife."

But all she answered was:

"Wait longer; a patient waiter is not a loser."

The soldier arose. He sighed, but he said no word of remonstrance.

"I will wait for two years longer," he said, calmly. "If I do not lose, all is well."

Then he left her again. She had hoped that he would plead with her, and that she should be forced to change her mind; but now he was gone—gone for two long yerrs. How she lived through them she could not tell; but they passed and again her lover was before her.

"I have waited patiently," was all he said.

The lady yearned to cast herself into his arms, but pride was strong within her.

"Wait longer," she said.

"No," he answered. "This is the last time. If I wait now I will wait forever."

At this her blood boiled, her eyes flashed, she arose and drew back haughtily.

"Then wait forever," she said coldly.

Surely, she thought, he would sink at her feet and beseech her forgiveness but he did no such thing. He left her without a word. She wept bitter tears, and repented in dust and ashes, When a year had gone by, she could bear her woe no longer, and she sent her little foot-page to her old lover, bidding him bear this message:

"Come back to me."

But the message the little foot-page brought back was just this:

"Wait."

Again she was left to her sorrow and two years glided by; then once more she bade her page ride over the mountains to her lover's castle.

"Tell him I am waiting," she said.

The page rode away and rode back. He stood before his lady and doffed his cap, and repeated the message that had been given him:

"The patient waiter is not a loser."

"He is punishing me," thought the lady, and for two years longer she remained in her castle. He heart was breaking. Her health failed. She knew that death was near.

A longing to see him seized her soul. Again she sent her cruel lover a message.

"Tell him," she said, "that I am near my end, and that if I wait longer before I see him I shall wait forever."

But nothing softened the heart her own cruelty had turned to stone.

The page returned and stood beside his lady's couch. His eyes were full of tears, his head was bent upon his breast; he sighed and hid his face in his plumed hat. The lady lifted her wan face.

"Speak," she said, "the message."

"Alas!" sighed the page. "I would it were a more tender one."

"Whatever it may be speak," gasped the lady.

"The only message that I have," replied the page, is "wait forever.'"

"I am well paid in my own coin," said the lady. "At last I have received all my own answers back."

From that moment she faded fast. In a little while she died, and they buried her in the old churchyard with a stone at her head and a stone at her feet.

When spring came there was grass upon the grave, and there also was a new plant strange to those who looked upon it; a plant with dark, glassy leaves, that crept slowly but surely along, clutching fast to every rough surface it met. There had never been a plant like that on earth before. Now we call it the ivy, but this is what those who saw it for the first time said of it:

"It is the lady whom her lover bade to wait forever. In this form she is creeping towards his castle slowly but surely. So she will creep on until she reaches the heart she threw away."

Generations have passed from earth. The castle is a ruin covered with ivy, and the peasants will tell you that it has crept from the lady's grave, point by point, over stone and rock, through the grave-yard and over gates and fences. You can trace it if you choose, but you don't try.—*Ex.*

—It has been held that the surest preventative of crime is popular education, and that it is better to pay taxes for schools than prisons. We yield to no one in devotion to the education of the masses, but have more than once insisted that it requires something more than a knowledge of letters to lead men to exemplary lives. As long as the Ingersolls, Huxleys and Darwins insist that man is only a developed brute, and that the distinction between right and wrong are purely arbitrary; as long as licensed saloon keepers sell bottled crime over their counters, mere education will be impotent to arrest the growth of outlawry. Some statistics recently published in Paris are sufficient to cause those who think that education alone is an antidote for evil to reconsider: "In the year 1825, the population of France being 31,800,000, there was recorded 110,000 crimes in that country. In 1875, the population having risen to 36,000,000, the number of crimes committed and detected during that year reached 170,950, an appalling ratio of increase. This last census disclosed that thirty-two crimnals in 100,000 were illiterate, while sixty-four in the 100,000 could read and write. It is notable, also, that in the eastern part of France, where popular education in much more general than in the west, crime and socialism and wild theories of society and government generally are far more rampant. In other words criminals and political irreconciliables are much more numerous in the east than in the west, in the educated as opposed to the uneducated districts." What France needs, and what is needed in our country, is not less education, but more Bible teaching and the total abstinence from alcoholic liquors.—*Ex.*

A MINIATURE SERMON.—A minister of our acquaintance was seated in his study one day, hard at work on his sermon, when his little boy entered and held up his finger, which he had cut with his new jack-knife. "Oh, don't bother me!" said his father; "Don't you see I am busy?" The youngster walked to the door, and looking back, said: "I don't think it would have hurt you to say, 'Oh!'"

WANTED MORE.—"Some more cheese, please," said a small boy of eight to his papa at dinner. "No, my child," was the reply of the prudent parent; "you have already had enough. When I was a child I had to eat my bread and smell my cheese." "Well," said sonny, "please give me a piece to smell."

Results of Vivisection.

From the New York Triaune.

A series of highly interseting experiments with dogs has been lately made by Prof. Mott, and in the *Scientific American* of Feb. 7 a detailed account is given. The disclosures are so unpleasant and startling, coming home as they do, to every one, that we believe they should be given the greatest publicity. The effort Dr. Mott is making to purify our articles of kitchen use should receive the support of every thinking man and woman. There has been too much indifference on this subject—an indifference that has resulted in Americans earning the title of "a race of dyspeptics." Poison, year after year, is introduced into the stomach with a criminal disregard to consequences that is appalling. If every purveyor of domestic supplies will carefully consider the result of Dr. Mott's experiments as detailed in the *Scientific American*, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of these evils will be corrected.

Dr. Mott says: "The introduction of alum in flour, for various purposes, has been a trick of the baker for the past 100 years. Fortunately for society its introduction is limited now to a few unscrupulous bakers. In England, France and Germany it is an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment to use alum in any connection with articles of food. It should be so in America."

The Royal Baking Powder Company, of this city, a long established corporation celebrated for the absolute purity of their goods, some time ago commenced a vigorous warfare against many of their competitors who were indulging in hurtful adulteration. The contest excited great interest in scientific circles, in which Prof. Angell, Dr. Mott, and other leading lights took a very prominent part. The experiments of Dr. Mott are a resnlt of this discussion, and go to prove conclusively that the most dangerons adulteration that a community has to guard against is alum in baking powder. In his paper the Doctor says: "It was with difficulty I found a suitable place to conduct the experiments so that the animals would not disturb the neighborhood; but through the courtesy of the Commissioners of the Dock Department, I secured a shed on their premises, foot of Sixteenth Street and East river. This shed I had completely remodeled into a suitable house, having the dimensions of about 16x14x12 feet. Sixteen stalls were made inside, having the dimensions of 3½x2x2½ feet. The bottom of each compartment was covered with straw, making a pleasant bed for the dogs. I then secured 16 dogs from the Pound, which were all carefully examined to see if they were in a perfect state of health. The breed, age, food, color and weight of every dog was carefully noted. Each dog was then confined to a stall and securely chained, and they all received a number, from 1 to 16. I commenced my experiments on the 9th of Sept., and finished Dec. 3. My assistant was with the dogs from morning until night, and never left the animals without first securely bolting and locking the dog-house. No stranger was allowed to enter the house unaccompanied either by myself or my assistant, and the dogs never received a mouthful of food or anything else from any one except from my assistant or myself. I will now detail the result of my experiments:

"Dog No. 1.—Breed of dog, coach, Age, 1 year, Health, perfect, Food, bread and crackers, Color, spotted black and white. Weight 35 pounds.

To this dog, on the morning of the 9th of Sept., was given eight biscuits at 8:10 o'clock. The biscuits were made by myself as follows: One quart sifted flour, 20 teaspoons alum baking powder, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon butter, 22 biscuits made, weighing 27 ounces, time of baking, 20 minutes.

At 11:30, just three hours and twenty minutes, the dog was taken very sick, vomiting profusely; his vim and brightness of eye had departed, and he trembled considerably in his limbs."

Experiments were then made upon three dogs with biscuits containing only 10 teaspoons of alum baking powder. The result indicated that some animals are more liable to yield to the effects of poisonous substances than others are. When on the other hand, three other dogs were fed with biscuits made with pure cream of tartar baking powder, no ill effects were experienced. They ate and ate with an evident relish, day after day, and even whined for more.

It was next necessary to discover what effect alum has on the solvent power of the gastric juice. In order to obtain some pure gastric juice, a curious device was resorted to. Dr. Mott sent several dogs to Prof. Arnold, Medical Department of the University of New York, who inserted a small metallic tube directly through the skin and into the stomach of each one of them, when the dogs were in a perfectly healthy condition. Prof. Arnold sent to Dr. Mott some gastric juice, which was produced by tickling the lining of the stomach of the dogs with a feather or glass rod, which caused the gastric juice to flow out of the tubs into a receptacle placed underneath the dog to receive it.

Dr. Mott, aided by Prof. Schedler, then began some experiments with the four samples of gastric juice, which he had received from Prof. Arnold, to discover the effect of the gastric juice in which alum had been dissolved upon fibrine, a white, very easily digested substance having a basis of coagulated blood. The fibrine was imperfectly digested, and the experiments were very important, as showing that alum can check the digestion of so easily digested a substance as fibrine. They indicate, therefore, how dangerous it is to introduce these two salts into our stomachs, if we do not wish to excite indigestion and dyspepsia. Further experiments showed that the digestive power of the gastric juice is entirely destroyed by alum, so far as its power of dissolving the more indigestible substances, like the boiled white of an egg, is concerned.

Dr. Mott then determined to learn whether alum ina could be found in the various organs of the body if the dog was fed with hydrate of alumina. He found a considerable quantity of the stuff in the blood, liver, kidneys and heart.

The Doctor goes on to describe the different symptoms exhibited by these dogs as they passed through almost every phase of animal agony until they were left in a complete state of physical prostration. To those especially interested in the details of this subject the article in the *Scientific American* supplement will give most complete information, and we will spare the sympathetic reader the account of the sufferings of those brutes.

Dr. Mott's conclusions after making these experiments, are of vital interest to every one who either makes or eats bread, and therefore concern all.

"These experiments," said he recently, while speaking before the American Chemical Society, "clearly demonstrate that the salts left in the biscuit when a cream of tartar baking powder is used are perfectly harmless, but when an alum baking powder is used are very dangerous, for in every case where dogs were fed on biscuits made with such powders the dogs were made very sick, causing them to vomit profusely, lose all energy, and show weakness in their limbs."

It is a clear and triumphant corroboration of the assertions of the Royal Baking Powder Company, and entitles them to the gratitude and support of the community they are endeavoring to protect. As they claim, and Dr. Mott has shown, bread made of alum is totally unfit for human or animal food. 'Tis true, in the bread of domestic consumption there may not be as large a proportion of baking powders as was in the bread used by Dr. Mott, and that accounts for the fact that the symptoms in the reader are not so well defined as they were in the experiments in question. How many there are of our immediate friends suffering from this evil, scientific investigation will alone reveal; but many a lingering and suffering invalid, with no defined idea of his trouble, can easily trace it to its source by stopping the use of alum powders, substituting some brand like the Royal Baking Powder, whose manufacturers have a competent chemist in their exclusive employ, who rigidly analyzes every ingredient before its incorporation into their powder. The old cry of "honesty is the best policy" may be worn threadbare, but its truth will hold forever, and while adulterations and short weights abound, it is a pleasure to see at least one in the trade strenuously endeavoring to give full weights and pure goods.

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