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## An Old Man.

The hour far spent, the harvest in,  
He goes serene along his ways,  
Blessed with the sunshine that befalls  
The Indian summer of his days.  
A dear old man whom all men love,  
Who loves all men, and round whose head,  
As round the brows of ancient sages,  
The silver locks a nimbus shed.  
Just as the sun comes sitting through  
The violet vapors on the hills,  
Building a land of promise where  
The vista with new glory thrills,  
So shines his smile on all he meets,  
A tender after-glow and mild;  
He sees the other side of life,  
And takes it sweetly as a child.  
For genial as the autumn day,  
That spells us with its soft surprise,  
Life seems to wait, as waits the year,  
Obeying his benignant eyes.  
He dreams not of a dark unknown  
So close at hand, so chill, so drear,  
The ice-cold and snow-covered grave:  
He only sees the sunshine here.  
He lifts his eyes up to the hills  
Whence cometh all his help, and stays  
To bless us with the light that fills  
The Indian summer of his days.

## SWEET, RESTFUL HOME.

A "Cotter's Saturday Night" in Danbury.

It is Saturday night—the dear close of a tossing, struggling, restless week. To-morrow is the Sabbath when all labor and care are held in abeyance. Saturday night stands like a rock before the day of rest, and says to toil and worry: "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further." Blessed Saturday night. The wearied husband and father approaches his home. He looks ahead and sees the light streaming in cheerful radiance from the windows, and wonders if that boy has got in the kindlings. He steps up on the stoop and opens the door. His faithful wife meets him at the entrance and greets him with: "Why on earth don't you clean your feet, and not lug the house full of mud? Don't you know I've been scrubbing all day?" And thus he steps into the bosom of his family, grateful for the mercies he has received, and thankful that he has a home to come to when the worry and care and toil of the week are done. Yes, he is home now, and has set his dinner pal on one chair and laid his hat and coat on another, and with his eyes full of soap from the wash is shouting impudently for the towel. Saturday night in the household! What a beautiful sight! The bright light, the cheerful figured carpet, the radiant stove, the neatly laid table, with the steaming tea, the pictures on the walls, the spotless curtains, the purring cat and the bright-eyed children rubbing the plates with their fingers and looking hungrily at the sauced cherries. Even the wearied wife is visibly affected, and, as she steps to a closet with his coat, she unconsciously observes to her husband:

"Will you never learn to hang your things up? or do you think I've got nothing else to do but to chase after you all the while you are in the house?"

He makes no reply, but as he drops into his seat at the table, with a sigh of relief, he says:

"What's the matter with that infernal lamp? Is the oil all out, or ain't the chimney been cleaned? It don't give no more light than a firebug."

"Turn it up, then," she retorts. "It was right enough when I put it on the table, but I suppose the children have been fooling with it. They never can keep their hands out of mischief for an instant."

"I'll fool 'em," she growls, "if they don't keep their fingers off'n things."

After this a silence reigns, broken only by a subdued rustle of plates and cutlery. Then comes a whisper from one of the youths, which is promptly met in a loud cry by the mother.

"What's another mouthful, I tell you. You have had one dish already, and that's enough. I ain't going to be up all night wrestling around with you, young woman; and the quicker you straighten that face the better it'll be for you."

The offender looks with abashed inquiry into the faces of her brothers and sisters, and gradually steals a glance into the face of her father; but finding no sympathy there, falls to making surreptitious grimaces at the mother, to the relief of herself and the intense edification of the other children.

The tea is finally over, and that delightful Saturday night's meal, that has accompanied father straggles back in his chair, and looks drearily at the flame dancing in the stove, he says to his first-born:

"Is them kindlings out, young man?"

"Of course they have not been, and the youth replies:

"I'm going right out to do it now," and steps about lively for his hat.

"You'd better; and if I come home again and find them kindlings not out, I won't leave a whole bone in your body. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, pa."

## POISONS IN AGRICULTURE.

A Paper Read Before the American Health Association by R. C. Kedzie.

In this contest with insect foes, farmer often finds poisons the most ready means of defense, but great care should be exercised in the use of such agents. Not only the immediate benefits, but also the remote and contingent consequences demand attention. A safe insect poison should combine the following properties: First, it should, in small quantity, effectually destroy the insect; second, it should be easy to apply; third, it must not injure the crop in any way or endanger the health of the consumer of the crop; fourth, it must not injure any succeeding crop; fifth, it must not injure the health of the person who applies it; sixth, it should be easily distinguished from other substances in use on the farm and in the household. No substance has yet been found which combines all these qualities. Mr. Kedzie's paper was confined to the consideration of the arsenical poisons, viz.: "white arsenic," arsenate of soda, and paris green, and after pointing out the dangers from their use and the influence of arsenic on plant-life, citing the experiments of Prof. Edmund Davy, and counter-experiments of Ogston, of Danbury and Brodie, also the experiments of McMurtrie, of the department of agriculture, he considered the questions: Will paris green poison plants? Will it appear in those parts of plants used for food? Used in large quantities used for the potato tuber. Such potatoes have been used for years in large quantities, but no case is known of poisoning by their use. Direct inquiries made by the Michigan State board of health resulted in answers from more than 1,000 clerks of local boards of health, and in 1873 only five clerks reported cases of poisoning by the use of paris green. By further examination it was found that in the cases reported no one was poisoned by eating the potato, but only by careless handling of the paris green. When paris green is applied to wheat during its period of growth, or is present in the soil on which wheat is grown from having been applied to a previous crop, the arsenic did not appear in the grain, and thus injure or destroy its value as food, nor was it found in the straw. Experiments with cabbage raised on soil dressed last year with paris green to destroy potato beetle showed no arsenic in the cabbage. To the questions: What becomes of paris green in the soil? Why does it not reappear in vegetables, nor poison our wells and fountains? The reply that it is insoluble in pure water is not enough, for it is sensibly soluble in the natural agricultural solvents. The paper, in discussing these questions, cites many experiments to show the action of the soil on paris green, and particularly that fact with the soil, does not exist as acetate of arsenic of copper; that the material had not washed out of the soil, and that the arsenic composted itself, so far as solubility is concerned, as it would if it existed in the form of basic arsenite of iron. The conclusions drawn are that paris green being a deadly poison should be handled with extreme care, as inhalation of the dust by contact of the material with sores and raw surfaces, and even by contact with moist and perspiring surfaces, it may produce dangerous effects; that while classed as an insoluble substance, paris green becomes soluble to a sensible degree by the action of what may be called the natural agricultural solvents, which are the minute roots of plants; that solutions of arsenious acid and of arsenites tend to pass into an insoluble condition in the soil, in which arsenic is insoluble by the natural agricultural solvents; that while other agents may assist in fixing arsenious acid in the soil, the hydrated oxide of iron is probably the most potent factor in producing this insoluble condition; that enough of this oxide is present in all fertile soils to render inert a comparatively large amount of arsenic, and that it is to this agent that we probably owe our safety when paris green is applied to the soil. When paris green is applied to the soil in such quantity that the hydrated oxide of iron present in such soil is not sufficient to speedily change it to the inert condition, we should expect this agent to injure the health, or even destroy the life of the plant. The limit of safety would naturally vary with varying composition of soils. Mr. McMurtrie places the limit in one instance at nine hundred pounds to the acre, a quantity vastly in excess of any requirements as an insect poison. Finally, the power of the soil to remove from solution and hold in an insoluble form arsenious acid and arsenites, will protect the water supply from deadly contamination by this agent, unless the poison is used in excess of any requirements as an insect destroyer.

Remember to get some matches; there ain't one in the house; and don't be all night for I'm tired an' want to get to bed at a decent hour, if possible.

"Go to bed, then, an' shut up your mouth," and with this parting injunction he strides gloomily out into the darkness. It is not exactly known what he is thinking of as he moves along, but it is doubtless of the near approach of the Sabbath. As he comes into the light of the stores it is evident that bright influences and tender memories and glad anticipations are weaving themselves in his heart, for he meets Parks with a smile, and after a pleasant chat about the winter's prospect, they part laughing. Only twice in the try does his face fall, and that's when he goes in after his hat, and when he gets the shoes. A half hour later he is in the grocery sitting on a barrel, while his goods are being put up, and carrying on an animated discussion with the grocer and several acquaintances. At nine o'clock he starts for home. He has several receipts bills in his pocket—each of which being in excess, of course, of what his wife had estimated before he left home; and as he struggles along with an aching arm, and stumbles against various obstructions, he remembers it is Saturday night, the end of the week of toil, and tries to recall bits of verses and sentences of beautiful sentiment appropriate to the hour. He don't believe in grumbling at everybody, and so he heurts his thumb at all these people and objects through the head of his wife. And she, the dear companion of his life, having got the children from back of the stove and to bed, by the hair, and discovered that he has forgotten the matches, and got more bone than meat in the steak, is fully prepared to tell him just what she thinks of him.

And while they talk the flame in the stove dances happily, the lamp sheds a rich, soft glow over the room, and the colors in the carpet and the pictures and the reflective surfaces of the mantel or mirrors blend into a scene of quiet beauty. It is the night before the Sabbath—the calm, restful Sabbath—and as the two workers prepare to seek their well-earned repose, she says that if she has got to be harassed like this she'll be in her grave before the winter is over, and he is confident that if the bills keep mounting up as they are doing, the whole family will be in the poorhouse the first thing they know.—Danbury News.

## The Cost of an Epidemic.

Dr. Benjamin Lee, of Philadelphia, read before the American Public Health Association a very long, full and interesting paper on "The Cost of a Great Epidemic to a Great City." The object of the paper was to furnish an estimate of the cost of smallpox to Philadelphia in the winter of 1871-72, and to suggest to what degree judicious sanitary regulations would have prevented the majority of its cases. The author took the view that an ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure, and divided his theme into "What Was" and "What Might Have Been." Under the first head were recited the actual expenditures of the board of health, the loss by diminished travel and traffic, the loss by sickness, the loss by death and the loss by disability. Under the second, liberal estimates for increased expenditures by the board of health, and a determination of the degree in which the measures thus carried out would have diminished the losses. The sum of \$56,464.94 was expended by the board of health in the year, and above expenses in consequence of the smallpox. The loss by travel on passenger railways alone was eight per cent.; on incoming railways, six per cent.; and outgoing, four per cent. Hence a loss to hotel keepers and wholesale and retail merchants. These items were detailed in figures by Dr. Lee, showing a total loss in money value of \$5,429,149. Then comes the loss by sickness; in the details of cost of care, wages lost, loss of production, cost to hospitals, etc.; the loss of productive labor estimated at \$1,072,065. The loss by disability was carefully estimated at \$10,000,000; the expense incurred in care of sick at \$203,873, and the loss by death, placing a money value upon human life of from \$500 to \$2,000, according to age, at \$5,013,000. To this must be added the expense of premature funerals, reckoned at \$74,420. The items above enumerated make a total loss of \$16,363,364. Had the board of health taken the precaution suggested by Dr. Gross and the State medical society, vaccination would have been enforced; the staff of vaccinating physicians doubled; a central bureau of vaccination founded, with a chief; a vaccine farm established for propagating kine pock, thereby removing the danger of vaccinal syphilis, but a disinfecting station would certainly have been established. Dr. Lee, continuing, estimated the degree to which smallpox might have been prevented by thorough vaccination, careful revaccination, and disinfection at ninety per cent. of all cases, and ninety-seven and one-half per cent. of cases in adults. Summing up the matter, it is calculated that had Philadelphia made an additional expenditure of about \$20,000 for prevention, with the hearty co-operation of its citizens, \$25,478,978 would have been saved.

## To Life Again.

The Yokohama (Japan) Herald relates a remarkable occurrence which shows that some of the Japanese have an extraordinary capacity for withstanding the effects of fiery potatoes. An Osaka man offered a prize to any one who would drink one gill—one quart, one pint, and one-half a gill—of a certain native liquor as strong as spirits of wine. A coolie performed the feat, but died the same day from the effects of it. They buried him in a shallow grave, and about midnight the next day the earth absorbed the liquor from his well-soaked body, and he woke up from his debauch. Pushing off the light soil that covered him, he rose from his grave in a white shroud, and startled some robbers near by who were counting and dividing their money. They took the strange apparition for a ghost, and ran off in dismay. The coolie picked up the cash, and reported to his wife the same night, a sadder but richer man than he was before the spree.

## Utilization of Refuse.

Jackson S. Schultz, of New York, made a statement before the United States Public Health Association on "the utilization of animal and vegetable refuse substances in large cities," giving the results of his two years' observations on the New York board of health. The most active of the cities in this direction were mentioned and eulogized. New York as lately as 1827 depended on the swine to do its scavenger work. In 1830 the ordinances discontinued the presence of swine in the street, and now the hundreds of tons of valuable feed are weekly collected, towed out to sea and cast overboard. This may answer a sanitary purpose, but it is not economical. It should be made a source of income. The present board of health is embarrassed by the fact that it must pay twenty cents per hour for poor service; while another public department has in its care hundreds of paupers and thousands of able-bodied prisoners, whose labor is turned to no good account. But how to make profitable use of this waste, with one hand tied and the other paralyzed by the political lazzaroni, with which they are compelled to work, presents a problem which no man can solve. A family of five persons produces enough of vegetable and animal refuse from the kitchen to support one pig. I propose to keep a city swill-barrel and feed one hog for every family contributing. There are in New York certainly 60,000 families. If we supplement hotel kitchen and market refuse with the nutrient to be derived from those animals, now so imperfectly and dangerously utilized, fully 60,000 swine could be supported. Mr. Schultz proposed contracting for sanitary work, as no adequate specifications can be drawn by a board of health. Hotels in New York sell their garbage for from \$500 to \$2,000 per year to men who feed swine in the suburbs. The garbage from kitchens is collected by private persons, and more than pays the cost entailed, to utilize in various ways. A wholesale collection was urged by the city. It was proposed that New York buy, or lease, one of the numerous islands in Long Island sound, erect adequate shelter for swine and feed them from the city official. The labor of paupers, who now eat the bread of idleness, should be employed on this island. It is also proposed to convert all the dead animals into nutritious food for hogs. In New York one hundred hogs die each week. The hide is worth \$4. Fat on every by accident should be used for swine's food and others for fertilizers. The work, except that of collecting, can be done by paupers. It is calculated that the remuneration to New York would be not less than \$720,000, which would compensate doubly for collection and utilization. In closing his paper Mr. Schultz said the plan he suggested would absolutely control at one place all the offal and refuse of a city, by methods at present understood and by labor which at present is unproductive and worse than wasted.

## A Christmas Legend.

It was Christmas eve. The night was very dark and the snow falling fast, as Hermann, the charcoal burner, drew his cloak tighter around him, and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the black forest. He had been to carry a load to a castle near, and was now hastening home, to his little hut. Although he worked very hard, he was poor, gaining barely enough for the wants of his wife and four little children. He was thinking of them, when he heard a faint wailing. Guided by the sound, he groped about and found a little child, scantily clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself in the snow.

"Why, little one, have you left you here all alone to face the cruel blast?" The child answered nothing, but looked piteously up in the charcoal burner's face.

"Well, I cannot leave thee here. Thou wouldst be dead before the morning."

## WHERE HE STARTED FROM.

Incidents in the Life of John Morrissey, the New York Gambler.

The old inhabitants of Troy, N. Y., query a correspondent, tell some very queer stories about the hardships of John Morrissey's early life, and it certainly was strewn with more hard knocks than roses. The principal industry of Troy is iron manufacturing, and the men employed in its works have long been celebrated for the perfection of their physique and their prowess. Though as well behaved as the generality of men of their class, they are fond of the manly art, and the younger portion of them are adepts in its mysteries. This was especially the case when the subject of our sketch was a boy, and he was one of the sort that "didn't take wagger from no one." Many is the turn-out he has had with them just to set at rest the vexed question, "who was the best man?" It is related that he was never a quick fighter, though he was a stayer for all that was out. There were dozens of the lads in his day who could make his face look like a raw beefsteak in ten minutes, but just about the time that he ought to have cried enough, he would turn upon his antagonist with such fury that he would soon be compelled to acknowledge himself a whipped man. An old competitor of his once remarked: "John didn't never seem to know when he was licked, and just as you got tired thumping him, he kind o' got his second wind, an' then you might as well give up trying to make any headway against him."

Of the iron industries of Troy, stove-molding is the most important, and in the days of Morrissey's boyhood every soldier had his helper, or "Berkshire," a mold made in the Clinton stove works, the largest at that time in the world. He soon became a valuable man in the shop, his great strength enabling him to do a great deal of what is called "jackass" work with ease. Among other incidents of his shop life, it is related that he would often, for a small wager, stand barefooted and lift a ladle of molten iron at arm's length breast high, an achievement never before or since accomplished.

After the Steinway hall tragedy, Morrissey settled down somewhat, and won the affections of Miss Sally Smith of Troy, daughter of a prominent steamboat captain and the belle of her native city. This was the most fortunate step of his life, for he now had to think of money. With this object in view, he started a barroom in Troy. Selling whisky was net profitable enough, however, and he borrowed \$500 and embarked in the faro banking business. While thus engaged, he found time to patronize other forms of sport, and he developed quite a passion for cock fighting. One night, while attending a fight, he got into a quarrel with a man named Heenan and his son Tim, which resulted in his whipping the pair. Heenan had a son in California who had acquired the soubriquet of the Benicia Boy, and considerable reputation as a prize fighter. When the Benicia Boy learned of the insult to his kin, he determined to return home and thrash the man who had struck his father. When he reached New York he soon found friends to pit him against Morrissey, and the wife of the latter having given her consent, a match was made for the championship of America. The battle was fought in Canada, and was one of the most terrible in the annals of the ring. In the first round Heenan broke Morrissey's jaw with a blow that would have taken the fight out of half the sluggers in the country; but Morrissey bided his time, and on Heenan's smashing his hand against a stake in the fifth round, he sailed in and put the "boy" to sleep with ease. This ended Morrissey's career in the ring.

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## A Chimney in Scotland.

Glasgow, in Scotland, claims to have the tallest chimney in the world. The total height from foundation to top of coping is 468 feet; from ground line to summit, 454 feet; outside diameter at foundation, fifty feet; at ground surface, thirty-two feet; and at top of coping, nearly eighteen feet. The number of bricks used in the erection was 1,400,000, equal in weight to 7,000 tons. When within five feet of completion, the chimney was struck by a gale from the northeast, which caused it to sway seven feet nine inches off the perpendicular, and it stood several feet less in height than before it swayed. To bring back the colossal shaft to its true vertical position, "sawing back" had to be resorted to, four men working at a time sawing, and two pouring water on the saws. The work was done from the inside. Holes were first punched through the sides to admit the saws, which were wrought alternately in each direction at the same joint on the side opposite the inclination, so that the chimney was brought back in a slightly oscillating manner. This was done at twelve different heights, and the men discovered when they were gaining by the saws getting tightened by the superincumbent weight.

## Dancing on Christmas Eve.

The custom of dancing on Christmas eve is very old. It would be hard to say that it began in 1012, but that is the first Christmas dance on record, and the circumstances attending it were as remarkable as they are well attested. Several young persons, so the story goes, were singing and dancing in a churchyard on Christmas eve, and their doing so disturbed Father Robert, a priest, who was saying mass in the church. He asked them to stop, but the more he begged the more they danced. Since they would not cease dancing, Father Robert, as the next best thing, prayed that they might dance without ceasing, and so they did for a whole year, feeling neither heat nor cold nor hunger nor thirst nor weariness nor decay of apparel; but the ground on which they danced, not having the same miraculous support, wore away under them until they were sunk up to the middle. At the end of the year the dancing was stopped by Bishop Hubert's giving the company absolution.

## The smallest women admire hy-men.

## THE PENITENT'S LIGHTHOUSE.

A Legend from the French.

Before they had built the two lighthouses on the coast of France, which shine at night like two stars between Oleron and Re, you might have seen, on the top of the Roche du Bouc, a post strengthened with iron clamps, and surmounted by an enormous lantern. Every evening the coastguard lighted it, and the boats that came up to the rock turned away when they perceived the light. Worthy Rebard, whose age no one knows, has often told me about the coastguard Kernan, who spent the greater part of his life contemplating the lantern, and people said he was in love with it. The lantern, at all events, was always bright and in good condition. In stormy weather, when the sky was black and thundery, when the broken shingles rolled like thunder, it was visible at the end of the post; and the sailors, who thanked Heaven when they had escaped the reefs, blessed Kernan a little in their hearts. He was the only one who loved and protected the lantern, for it had many enemies. All the wreckers on the coast hated it. Formerly, a storm was a good thing for them, and after a night of misery to those at sea, they snatched up all the riches that were thrown upon the coast. It was a devilish trade; but amidst the waifs there were often rich finds, and the lantern had ruined them. They had attempted to break the lantern, and to throw down the post; but Kernan declared he would shoot any one he found attempting such a thing again. Amongst these the lantern had beggared, a famous old woman called La Mouette (the seagull), but nevertheless, she ought to have had pity upon others, for her son, a brave sailor, was at sea. He was twenty years old, and called Jack, whom every one in Lalen loved, because of his good heart.

The season had been fine that year, and a number of the wreckers had gone inland to seek work. La Mouette blasphemed from morning till night, and one day, threatening the lantern, she said: "Infernal lantern, they have placed you there to ruin people; but that must be put an end to."

"You are very wicked, La Mouette," Kernan answered, "and God will punish you."

It was at the time of the equinoctial gales. The sea found its bed too narrow. One night, the waves, like giants escaped from prison, rose up towards the sky; the wind howled like a guilty spirit; and signals of distress were heard at sea. Kernan filled his lantern with the best oil he had, he put in a fresh wick, and when he saw the beneficent light shedding its rays around the rock, he went to bed, praying God for those who were in danger.

La Mouette had watched his proceedings, and when he was gone, she climbed the rock in her turn. By dint of throwing stones, she had succeeded in breaking one of the sides of the lantern, so that the wind and rain rushed in and put out the light. At sea the signals of distress were redoubled, but at daybreak, Kernan, to his dismay, found his lantern broken.

La Mouette on her side ran to the shore. It was covered with fragments of all kinds; but there were also some dead bodies. She ran from one to the other, pulling off the rings, turning out the pockets. But suddenly she grew pale; she stumbled, and then fell on her knees on the white stones. Her eyes were bloodshot; she turned one body over and over; she put her hand to the heart; she kissed it, crying like a mad woman, for she had recognized her son—her son Jack! She carried the body away, and brought it to her hut. There she wrapped it in warm linen, and called her boy by name, imploring him to get up, pulling off the rings, turning out the pockets. But suddenly she grew pale; she stumbled, and then fell on her knees on the white stones. Her eyes were bloodshot; she turned one body over and over; she put her hand to the heart; she kissed it, crying like a mad woman, for she had recognized her son—her son Jack! She carried the body away, and brought it to her hut. 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