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May Baskets.

Open the window, Margie, And draw the screen away; My life is a dull December, But my heart's as young as May. Listen! The laugh of children!

"Tis a foolish thought, I know, But it minds me of one May morning Seventy years ago,

When a merry troop of children Wakened the quiet street With babble of talk and laughter, And swinging, like censers sweet,

The dear old-time May-baskets, Ribboned, and pink and white With the blessed bloom that gladdened The gloom of the Pilgrims' night.

And I know by the robin's carol. And the tender green I see In the tops of the dear old willows, That the May will come to me.

Margie, the scent of May-flowers ! I surely, surely know That one sweet breath! Could the south wind

Bring it so far ? They grow A mile away on the hillside. But there's sknock at the door; Oh for an hour of quiet,

To live my May-days o'er ! What's this? " From Karl and Carrie. Oh, let my chair be rolled Just there-into the sunshine-And give me them to hold!

I knew their breath, dear Margie; Forgive these foolish tears, But God has sent these May-flowers Across the seventy years ! -Mary A. Lathbury.

A Man Without Enthusiasms.

I think that neither of us could have analyzed or satisfactorily explained our mutual attraction, but it is certain that my old class-mate Manson and I were for the last fast friends. He was a most lovable fellow, but had begun, long before our college course came to an end, to show that apparent lack of interest in life that distinguishes what we call a blase man; and this at times to a degree at once

amusing and exasperating.

Not long ago a party of us, in the pleasant smoking-room of a Pacific steamer, were talking about one of our fellow-passengers—rather a poor speci-men of this class—then of the class itmen of this class—ther of the class it is and the oldest member of the little group, who had been lighting his cigar very deliberately with the little wire which one dips in spirits of wine, resumed his seat with the remark, delivered take a two or three days' holiday and

mind. I do not know why I had not thought of him before, but reminiscences now crowded in rapidly upon me and I How-and our cook were sure to give sat for some moments looking out at the us good living. I was obliged, on acblue waves of the Pacific, and oblivious | count of the illness of my "lowdah," or of the nice points of the discussion. captain, to engage a new one at short Finally it seemed opportune to me to notice. I did not know much about him, narrate to the party some of the circum-stances under which my friend and I had

been thrown together.

He was, as our old schoolmaster once said, "fortunate in his choice of a father," and I feared that the tendency which I have mentioned would be developed by a life of virtual idleness; and when we had parted, and I only knew of his doings through his letters, and those of mutual acquaintances, there was every Europe, a region which he described as cellent, and his perceptions quick, but after he had been for some time partner in a firm, a friend wrote me that when he met him in the street, and asked him where his office was, he received the

reply:
"I don't know. They've moved since

I was traveling some years later from India to Europe. We had a fine steamer from Calcutta, and some most agreeable people on board. It was just a bout the time that some of the officers who had served in the mutiny were getting their furlough, and fine fellows they were. My room-mate, a stout, jolly-looking man with red side-whiskers, was in the Point, and ran a long way before we an-Residency at Lucknow, and was suffer-chored for the night. In the morning ing from a wasting disease, but he was a good shot and they could not spare him; and he used to tell me how, when they had loaded his rifle, they would prop him up on his mattress until he could highest spirits. I remember that they would not "turn in" at all the night that we ran up the Gulf of Suez, and they were eager to get ashore in the morning. We went up to the hotel built around a courtyard, and found a French woman singing "Il Bacio" in the shrillest of voices to the accompaniment of sundry instruments played by compatriots in fez caps. Even the squalid bazaar seemed preferable to this, and we were turning to go thither, when I saw, leaning against a pillar my old friend Manson; and but that he had a "puggery" on his hat, he looked for all the world just as he had looked many times at a performance of "Trovatore or "Favorita" in the old days at Boston when the supernumeraries were all from our class. I was delighted to meet him, presented him at once to my party, and insisted on his going to Cairo with us. He assented with the remark that he could not be more bored there than he had been at Suez. My companions appreciated his fine qualities, and, as they grew better acquainted, were disposed "chaff" him a little about his eccentricities. Some time before we reached our destination he had been telling us his experiences on arrival in Egypt.

Orient," and all that sort of thing. I began to think that I might amuse myself for a day there. Our steamer was ate; we were sent through by express, remaining ten minutes in the Cairo station; and all that I saw of the "Portal of the Orient," looking the "Portal of the Orient," l through the window of the railway

VOL. XXXVII.

roses, when we were hurried off to Alexandria, so that our only sight of the Pyramids was from the train. None of us were "griffins," but those majestic structures command interest at all times, and then we had borrowed that wonderful book, "Our Inheritance in the lish contrasted with the grim nature of the crew. All Wings was then told (and to this day, I remember how curiously the pidgeon English contrasted with the grim nature of the crew provided in the grim and the and then we had borrowed that won-derful book, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," from the captain of the steamer, and read it carefully, so that we were as eager as schoolboys. I shall never forget the scene which argued with the grim nature of the communication) to make it clear to the helmsman, that if the boat went one inch to leeward of her course and to the scene which argued with the grim nature of the communication) to make it clear to the helmsman, that if the boat went one forget the scene which ensued. We were craning our necks to get the first sight, and two or three of us cried out. "There they are!" Manson had been leaning back in his seat with an expression of weariness on his countenance. He raised himself slightly with his his eld. He raised himself slightly with his hands, took one look, and sank back in his old place with the remark: "One more sensation gone!"

II.

The summer of 186- was an unusually hot one in China. Residents of Shang-hai passed their time in an artificial temperature produced by "punkalis" hung over desks, dining-tables and beds—in-deed, in every practical situation. The despotic, implacable sun rose each morn-ing as if invigorated for a new career of persecution, and mocked at bamboo shades, blinds and even tiled roofs. Crews of vessels coming up the river were driven from aloft, and strong men, like the Shunamite boy in Scripture, cried out, "My head! my head!" In the lat-ter part of September came the first reief-cool nights; then, at last, refreshing days. I was dressing one morning, with a serene satisfaction in the thought that I might put on a flannel instead of a linen coat, when my "boy" announced, "One piecee gentleman hab got down side; wantchee see you." Stretched out on an extension-chair on the veranda I ound, on descending, my friend Manson. Responding to my delighted and surprised greetings, he told me that he had suddenly made up his mind to visit the far East, and had started without reflecting that he would reach India and Southern China at just the wrong time. He had been nearly dead with heat, narrowly escaped a sunstroke at Canton, and was caught in a typhoon between Manilla and Hong Kong. I had a room made ready for him, found him a good Canton servant and introduced him at the club. He was unanimously voted a success. To people as busy as we all were with the new season's teas, a perfectly lazy man was a refreshing spectacle; and his languid indifference and dry conversa-tion were declared extremely "good

with great emphasis:
"Well, gentlemen, it's a dreadful thing
for a young man to have no enthusiasm."
The expression brought Manson to my
"house-boat" of Chinese model and rig -a fair sailer and very comfortable; and our two Canton boys—Ah Wing and Ah and did not like his looks, but I never dreamed of any trouble with him or the crew which he engaged. There was a gun-rack in the cabin, and I had put in a couple of Enfield rifles belonging to the volunteers and two Sharp's rifles from the hong, thinking that we might compare their performance at a target. Manson, to my amusement, added to the armory an elephant rifle, carrying a heavy ball, which he had brought from reason to believe that my forebodings Ceylon, and his own old Kentucky hunt-were correct. He made a short trip to ing rifle, which he had been "backing," he said, against all others. I laughed at "slow," and ther nominally entered on this battery (little thinking what I was a business life. His abilities were exrevolvers to complete our assortment. I shall never forget the sail down the Wongpoo, or Shanghai river, that pleasant afternoon. To appreciate the cool breeze from the southwest one must have endured the sufferings of the summer, and it seemed to blow rather from some breezy upland "at home," than from the low-lying, damp paddy-fields. As we left the settlement behind I felt like a boy having a first holiday, and even fancied that the ordinary sunset reminded me of some of the gorgeous ones I had seen in more favored latitudes. We passed Woosung and the dilapidated earth-works below, rounded Paoushan we were under way in good season, and bore for the north shore. We had our coffee and toast, and were sitting aft, when Ah Wing, my favorite servant, as clever and "plucky" a boy as ever wore

sight a sepoy and then sink back again.
All these men had been through terrible experiences, but they were delighted at going home, and were generally in the highest spirits. I remember that they (they are ladrones or pirates). Mi askee that lowdah—he mouf no speakee ploppa (his mouth does not answer me properly). He say junk b'long he flen (is his friend). Mi welly fear he no good man." I ran forward and looked at the two junks. We had changed our course and were running west, with the wind on our beam. They were coming toward us, but both considerably to the north, and one more so than the other. Their character was unmistakable, as was the expression on the lowdah's face. He spoke a few words of pidgeon English, and on

my telling him to turn, said with a grin; "No wantchee go back Shanghai." There was not a moment to lose. I had not even time to explain matters to Manson. It anything can make one think and act quickly, it is the approach of Chinese pirates. I jumped down the companion-ladder, seized a targe revolver, loaded and capped, concealed it under my coat, and told Ah Wing to come forward with me. As I passed Manson, who was coolly smoking, and asked no

questions, I whispered: "Stand by the helm, and wait for the word, in case of need."

I told Ah Wing, in as mild a tone as I could command, to tell the lowdah that ham's jolly face over her rail. had intended to go to Bombay, but had he had misunderstood me, and that I changed his mind at Suez the day before wanted him to turn around. He was off low?" he asked in a perplexed way. I his guard, and replied in a rapid Chinese explained as briefly as possible, and told sentence, and with a chuckle.

villainous grin was off his face. There

freshment bar and calling out: 'Two and sixpence for a bottle of soda water? Gracious!"

Soon after that he went to sleep, and just as we rolled into the station I required to the station I required t Soon after that he went to sieep, and just as we rolled into the station I remember that one of the party awakened him by shouting in his ear: "Passengers for Sodom and Gomorrah will change cars!"

We had hardly time to see the mosque

I moment we had come about, the sais would have kept that revolver pointed at the Chinamen until doomsday, had I not told him that he might put it away. Ah. How and "Buddha" took the gais would have kept that revolver pointed at the Chinamen until doomsday, had I not told him that he might put it away. Ah. How and "Buddha" took the gais would have kept that revolver pointed at the Chinamen until doomsday, had I not told him that he might put it away. Ah. How and "Buddha" took the gais would have kept that revolver pointed ward, and under full headway. I gave as to what he was to do; and no "Cau-caisan" could have obeyed more prompt-caisan could have obeyed more prompt-caisan it is a moinent we had come about, the sais would have kept that revolver pointed at the Chinamen until doomsday, had I not told him that he might put it away. Ah. How and "Buddha" took the gais would have kept that revolver pointed at the Chinamen until doomsday, had I not told him that he might put it away. Ah. How and "Buddha" took the gais would have kept that revolver pointed at the Chinamen until doomsday, had I not told him that he might put it away. Ah. How and "Buddha" took the gais would have kept that revolver pointed at the Chinamen until doomsday, had I not told him that he might put it away. All he was to do; and no "Cau-caisan" could have obeyed more prompt-caisan in the chinamen until doomsday had I not told him that he might put it away. All he was to do; and no "Cau-caisan" could have obeyed more prompt-caisan in the chinamen until doomsday had I not told him that he might put it away. All he was to do; and no "Cau-caisan" could have obeyed more prompt-caisan in the chinamen unti We had hardly time to see the mosque casian" could have obeyed more prompt-of Mehemet Ali and buy some attar of ly and intelligently. We dragged the roses, when we were hurried off to Alex-

have what the plainsmen happily call sand, or dogged grit, and I saw it in his eye as he cocked the revolver and replied:

"Alla lightee (all right)! Mi can do."
"At your leisure," said a cool voice,
"perhaps you will tell me what this is
all about," and Manson lighted a fresh
cheroot. I explained to him that we
had barely escaped destruction by treach ery, and were even then in a dire strait. We could not expect to sail as fast as the pirates, and our only hope was in their being so far to leeward, and in range of our rifles. I was perfectly sure of my man, and there was positively none in my whole acquaintance whom I would so readily have with me as my old friend, the blase, indifferent, dilettante Manson. He shook me by the hand, and said in a heery voice, wholly unlike his ordinary

"All right, old fellow, we'll beat

them. A more impetuous though equally brave man would have been far less efficient. Indeed, nothing could have been finer than his behavior. The rifles, six in number, were brought up and laid side by side on the top of the cabin. Ah How told me that he "sabe loadee that gun," and to my great surprise, our old fat cook ("Buddha," we used to call him, as his countenance expressed the idea of eternal silence and rest) volunteered his services in this line as well. Then we settled down to our work, no old Paladin or Viking ever more collected and deliberate, and at the same time showing more of the gaudium certaminis than our old of the gaudium certaminis than our old used-up, bored member of the class of 185-. Could we keep those junks out of jingal range until we reached a place of safety? They had high sterns, and the steersman could be plainly seen. Manson took his Kentucky rifle, knelt down away aft and aimed slowly and carefully. Almost simultaneously I succeeded in "drawing a bead" on a large man in the bow of the junk nearer to us. Just as the rifles cracked she fell off visibly and lost way before the dead steersman could be replaced, nor was the large man could be replaced, nor was the large man

again visible. "I am afraid I can't do as well with the elephant rifle," said Manson, "but I can try. Let us both fire continually at the steersmen." We did so, with varying success. Ah How and the cook loaded rapidly and well, but the rifles were soon somewhat heated, and the breech-loaders missed fire several times. The junks were heavily manned and could quickly fill the places of those whom we shot. They also arranged some kind of protection for the helmsmen, although we pierced it more than once. I began to feel terribly wolfish, and so filled with rage at our antagonists that I could only with difficulty control myself sufficiently to aim deliberately; but my friend never showed signs of an acceleration of his pulse. As regular as clock-work he took the gun from the Chinamen, and never fired a second before his aim was perfect. We rested a short time at last to take a survey of the situation, and could not disguise from ourselves that it was serious. The junks were nearer, and we were still quite a long way from Paou-shan. There was nothing for it but to go to work again, and we did. For ten minutes or more we kept up an incessant fire, and, although we evidently did much damage, the distance between us and them had been perceptibly lessened. We must soon expect to hear the report of jingals. It came in a moment more, and the clumsy ball fell but little short of us. Manson turned to

me, still cheery and cool. "I believe there is a foreigner there," said he, "who is directing and inspiring them. He has escaped us thus far. If I can get a sight of him and can hit him, I believe we shall get rid of this junk. Since you picked off that last steersman of the hindmost one, she has fallen off decidedly. Well, that is not so bad," he continued, as a jingal ball struck the mast. He asked Ah How to let him load the Kentucky rifle himself, and measured out the powder, wrapped the ball in a scrap of buckskin and rammed it carefully home. Then he knelt down and watched his chance. All this time Ah Wing had kept his eyes and the revolver on the steersman, and our boat had done her best. The jingal balls were getting uncomfortably frequent, and it was only a small satisfaction to me to have sent an Enfield bullet through the head of one gunner, just as he was getting his sight. All at once I heard the report of Manson's rifle and

the quiet remark from him: "Habet!" I saw the junk fall off, saw manifest confusion on board, saw an opening for two or three good shots, and had seized

a fresh gun, when I heard Ah How "Master, hab got steamer, welly Hardly one of us had glanced ahead for half an hour. As for the steersman and the crew, they had clearly but one thought, and that was—to save their heads. It was with a strange feeling of relief and satisfaction that I saw H. M. gunboat Petulant puffing along toward us. In five minutes she was alongside, and I saw my friend Lieutenant Gra-

away the bow-gun!" In less than five minutes we heard its

Point when Ah Wing came up and said: "That cook makee enquire what thing you likee chow chow" (eat). We had a jolly dinner the next night.
Lieutenant Graham and a couple of his
officers came just in time. They had
handed the survivor of the junks' crews
over to the Chinese authorities, in whose care our rascally lowdah also was. They had made short work of their fight, and had no casualties. When the cloth was

CAMDEN, S. C., MAY 22, 1879.

push on for home. The junks had gone about, but we knew that they were doomed, and the roar of the broadside

soon informed us that it would be quick work. All Wing never moved. He would have kept that revolver pointed

removed, I tried to get Manson to make a speech, but the only thing I could get him to say was that he was never less bored in his life than during the skirm-I have not seen him for years. He drifts between the Old and the New World, and when I last wrote to him I nuoted Hawthorne's expression about the danger of doing so until the only in-heritance left him in either was the six feet for his final resting-place. But, as I had before insisted to my group in the I had before insisted to my group in the smoking-room, it is a great mistake to judge by appearances, and I am surer of nothing than that I shall never see a finer fellow, on this side of Jordan, than my friend, the man without enthusiasms.

Slightly Sarcastic.

The professor of geology and mineralogy came along after the hard fisted miners had found a rich gold mine and said he: "There is no doubt but that gold is here in large quantities. If you find it rich it will pay.". This was in

California.

A little before this some hardy prospectors loaded a little mule with flour, bacon and tools. They traveled many miles north and finally found a rich mine in Cariboo. The professor of geology and mineralogy came along and said: "Everything hereabouts, judging from the formation of the country and the gangue rock indicates the existence of gold." Then the miners forgot that they had discovered the gold themselves and they gave all the credit and bowed down before the professor. Then some miners went south to Arizona, and after starving for want of food and choking with thirst, and a few of their number being toasted head downward by the Apaches, they found a rich silver mine. Shortly afterward down came the pro-fessor, and said he: "The metamorphic and plutonic rocks hereabout certainly point to the existence of argentiferous ores." And as usual the miners and all around about forget they had discovered the mine, and gave all the credit to the professor. Well, he followed those simple miners around to Utal New Mexico, Pike's Peak, Nevada and Fraser river, and everywhere they dug first he came afterward, looked down the hole, with a beek wider his arm said some with a book under his arm, said some hard words, and everybody straightway said he had found the mine and that no mine could be a true vein until it had been scientifically dedicated by a professor.—New York Graphic.

Human Thorns.

There are certain disagreeable people in this world who seem to take a special delight in annoying others by reminding them of things they would willingly forget. They are human thorns, forever torturing their fellow-men for the sake of torture. Has a man met with a misfor-tune in business, they are forever recalling the fact. Has a man in times that are gone wandered into devious paths, they are forever reminding him of it, often by congratulating him that that is past. Has a man blundered, they are line gender, there is one way of getting relief. He can be knocked down and taug it manners. When the thorn is of the feminine gender, the case is different and not so easily disposed of. But Causeur hears of one such scourge in petticoats who got her deserts the other evening. It was at a little party, where some score of people where gathered together. thorn sat near a young man who, in days gone by, had been guilty of folies that cost him dearly. He had put them all behind him. But the thorn took occa-ator defibrinated it by stirring it with sion to recall them, in a subdued and confidential tone. The victim, who had been subjected to the same torture before, spoke up so that all could hear: "Madam," he said, "for five years I have been trying to forget all that. You have been trying to remember it. You have succeeded better than I. I congratulate you." The thorn subsided.

Kessenger's Komicalities. A lover of a certain cut of beefsteak is

like a plucky prize-fighter, always ready for another round.

The most economical man is reported a living in the second ward. He took a bung-hole to the cooper to have a barrel made around it. Ar exchange asks: "Why do the horns

of a cow grow up and the tail down?" suppose it is because the horns do not grow down and the tail does not grow up. If this is not the answer we give it up. A Roman says he has figured out the

cause of the failures that overtake business When he went to school he was men. taught that the world was the shape of an orange--round, but a little flattened at the poles. He says that is where the trouble ies. If the world had not been flattened at the poles everything would have gone on all right. A painter, who had already put seven

coats of paint on the walls, remonstrated with the lady of the house because she wanted him to put on another coat, just to change the tint a little. "Why not put on more?" she said. "What will be the harm?" "Well, madam, if you keep on, you will take up all the room with paint, and then you will have no space for your furniture." Butshe insisted, and at last accounts he was still painting .- Rome Sentinel

A few years ago, and for aught we know to-day, a placard in the bedrooms of a large hotel at Prague stated that explained as briefly as possible, and told him that I thought we had almost finished the job, but he was welcome to the rest of it. He could hardly wait for me to finish my story.

"You won't come with us, then?"
Well, good-bye, old fellow. See you in Shanghai. Full speed ahead! Beat to quarters! Look sharp now, and clear away the bow-gun!"

Causes are requested to come to the landlord all complaints: there sides." At Pesth to-day in a much-frequented inn ar "Gentlemen are requested not the female servants on the stairs dishes have thus been broken."

Eminent counsel—"Yes, gen "Guests are requested to communicate to the landlord all complaints arising on thier sides." At Pesth to-day a placard in a much-frequented inn announces: "Gentlemen are requested not to flatter the female servants on the stairs, as many

Eminent counsel-"Yes, gentlemen of the jury, you will-oh, I know you will report, and the shot crash into the restore my persecuted client to the arms junk's side. We had had fighting of his wife and little ones, who—" The carriage, was an Englishman in a tweed were five men in the crew. One was junk's side. We had had fighting of his wife and little ones, who—" suit and a sun-hat, standing before a resteering, two I pitched down the little enough for that day and concluded to court—"Your client is a bachelor."

TIMELY TOPICS.

Three years ago an Englishman named Hebron was convicted of murder, and narrowly escaped the scaffold. The man Place, who was hung recently, confessed that he had committed the murder for which Hebron was undergoing punish-ment; and now the British government is taking steps to compensate Hebron for the wrong done to him by the law.

When the Union forces were captured at Plymouth, N. C., during the war, the colors of the Sixteenth Connecticut regiment were torn up and distributed among the officers and men to save them from the Confederates. Many who had these relics were taken to Southern prisons, but they kept their trusts carefully. It is now proposed to gather as many of these pieces as possible, arrange them in suitable form and place them among the other colors at the State

The death of Mme. Bonaparte and the story of her marriage that it naturally revives brings to mind the French mar-riage laws. It will be remembered that the nearest she could come to getting her the nearest she could come to getting her son legitimized was the official declaration that he was "a legitimate son of France." This was rather more vague than satisfactory; and the occasion is a fit one to call to mind the perils of marrying a Frenchman. No Frenchman can marry without the consent of his parents, or, if they are dead, of his grandparents. If he is over twenty-five, and they refuse, he may send them, through a public notary, three respectfully-written requests two weeks apart, and then the mayor can authorize him and then the mayor can authorize him to proceed. If, however, he is a person of political prominence, this publicity of family differences is tacitly forbidden by custom, and the scandal of such publicity must be avoided by the abandon-ment of the proposed marriage. That is, the greater man the son is, the greater

is the hold of his parents upon him.

In a memorial to Congress relative to the coming census of the United States, the superintendent of the census of 1860, Mr. Kennedy, gives the following statisties as an illustration of the stupendous results from a single hive of bees, transported to the Pacific coast less than thirty years ago. From the single county of San Diego, California, in 1876 there was shipped the astonishing figure of 1,250,000 pounds. In 1877 there were in that county 23,000 colories of bees, and in one day, September 6, 1878, there were shipped from that port 78 barrels, 1,053 cases and 18 tens; and that from and including July 17 to November 10, 1878, less than four months, that one county exported over 1,000 barrels, 14,544 cases and nearly 20 tons. He who would strike out (from the census report) the item of honey, could not have known, so great has the interest in this product become, that many people in California have from 500 to 1,000 hives, and that over 100 people in one county have each more than 100 colonies of bees. Accord-ing to the London News of January 18, there arrived in November at Liverpool 80 tons of honey, the product of the bees of one individual, and that a Mr. Hodge, in the first week of January last, landed 100 tons at a London wharf, the product honey has grown to 35,000,000 pounds

A new experiment in surgery has been tried in the New York Charity Hospital, where two ounces of human milk were injected into the veins of a female patient suffering from several abscesses. At the conclusion of the operation the doctor in charge said: "The patient will suffer no harm from the operation, and possibly she may be benefited. However, I think that I have seen enough to convince me that the trans-fusion of milk should be abandoned as forever telling him what "might have been." When the thorn is of the masculine gender, there is one way of getting patient, also a young woman, was then subjected to the operation of blood transfusion. She was in the last stage consumption. The blood was furnished by a strong male attendant at the hos-pital, who had already been bled four times in the same cause. He warned the doctor that this was the last time that he would consent to the operation, saying he was getting too old to be able to spare a glass rod and straining it through a piece of linen. Ammonia was then mixed with the blood to prevent it from coagulating, and care was taken to maintain the temperature at the normal standard. Then a vein was opened in the patient, and the blood injected.

A Bath in the Dead Sea.

A correspondent, after bathing in the Dead Sea, describes his experience in the following words: The water, which is quite clear, and nearly the color of the Niagara river below the falls, seemed to me a little more bitter and salty than that of Salt lake, although brighter and more attractive to the eye when s en close at hand. Its supporting power struck me as a little greater, also, than that of Salt lake, as the body floated more easily, and the difficulty of swimming was greater on account of the inability to keep one's feet under water. So large a quantity of salt is held in solution that the water has what is called, I believe, a "ropy" appearance, much like that of a plate of well-made tapioca soup. I observed, however, that when we came out of the water there was not so large a deposit of salt crystals on the body as after a bath in Salt lake and the feeling of the skin, instead of being dry and prickly as I ex-pected, was rather oily and sticky. Our dinner that night was seasoned with salt made from Dead Sea water by solar evaporation. It was a little lighter in color than the best article of brown sugar. Its crystals were large and hard, and, though foreign substances were evidently present in considerable quantity, it was not unpleasant to the taste. I was told that two quarts of water will produce one quart of salt, but this is probably an exaggeration. To complete the statistics of this remarkable body of water, I may add, what many of my readers may already know-that there is no living thing of any kind in it; that even the driftof any kind in it; that even the drit-wood brought down by the floods in the Jordon is speedly cast upon its shores; that its length is about forty-five and its greatest width about ten miles; that it is ver 1,300 feet at its deepest point; and that the immense quantity of fresh water poured into it daily is undoubtedly taken up by evaporation, as its great depth below the basin of the Mediterranean must preclude the idea of a subterranean out-

A paper looks well in a morning wrapper when it goes to the postoffice.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Strawberry Recipes.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Soak a box of gelatine in cold water, say one pint. When thoroughly softened, add live ounces of white sugar, two quarts of strawberry syrup, and put over the fire until the gelatine is perfectly dissolved. Pour from the kettel into molds or small jars, and you have a most beautiful and pleasantly flavored jelly. This recipe is meant for cool weather; if used in summer, reduce the quantity of syrup by one-half.

STRAWBERRY SYRUP.-Make a syrup STRAWBERRY SYRUP.—Make a syrup in the proportion of three pounds of sugar to half a pint of water Boil and skim until clear. Have ready the strained juice of field strawberries. Allow two and a half pints of strawberry juice to the half pint of water. After you add this, 'let it boil hard for not more than five minutes. Take it-from the fire before it looses its fine color, and pour hot into self-sealing glass jars. Take hot into self-sealing glass jars. This syrup preserves even the odor of the fresh strawberry when opened months afterward, and flavors ice-cream delightfully. With the addition of a little bit of pokelement is like the delucion is perfect; you berry jelly, the delusion is perfect; you fancy that you are enjoying fresh straw-berry cream. No sweetening is needed for the cream but what is supplied by

the syrup. STRAWBERRY TAPIOCA. - This makes a most delightful dessert. Soak over-night a large teacupful of tapi-oca in cold water; in the morning put half of it in a yellow-ware baking-dish, or in the porcelain one of a silver pud-ding-dish. Sprinkle sugar over the tapioca; then on this put a quart of berries, sugar, and the rest of the tapioca. Fill the dish with water, which should cover the tapioca about a quarter of an inch. Bake in a moderately hot oven until it looks clear. Eat cold, with cream or custard. If not sweet enough, add more sugar at table, and in baking, if it seems to dry, more water is needed. similar dish may be made, using peaches, pared and sliced, instead of strawberries. Pineapples, pared and grated, are also excellent with tapioca.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE .-- This makes a very nice addition to the tea-table, or can be used as a dessert Take one quart of sifted flour, stir very thoroughly into it half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; then one teaspoonful of cream of tartar must be well mixed into it, a tablespoonful of butter, one tenspoonful of salt, about a coffee-cupful of water. It is best mixed with a knife. cutting it through and through, and if possible do not put your hands into it except in rolling it out. The mass should be as moist as you can well manage. Roll it smoothly out, making two round cakes of about half an inch in thickness. Bake in a quick oven. When done, split the cake open; put the slices in a large dish; butter them; cover each slice with berries and sugar; finally making the berries the top layer. Pour cream over

Pastures Green.

The practice is fast gaining ground at over the country of seeding down for permanent pastures a variety of grasses instead of heavily sowing one or two favorite sorts only. Grasses are selected which possess the property of springing of California. The annual product of up rapidly after having been bitten down and resisting the tramping of cattle. The selection is also made with a view to a succession of ripening crops rather than of varieties which blossom to-gether, as in fields to be mown, that the stock may be supplied throughout the year with such grasses as will be young, tender and succulent. This arrangement is quite practicable, inasmuch as there is no month of spring or summer in which some of the grasses do not attain perfection—the month of March excepted. Again, care is observed that the varieties are suitable to the land

for which they are designed. As in meadows, so in pastures, clover should be a constituent. It will, it is true, disappear in two or three years, leaving other grasses in possession of the ground, but not until it has accomplished incalculable benefit. Blue grass, especially on light, dry soils, is highly recommended for pasture; meadow foxtail, early and rapid in growth, is otherwise desirable. Orchard grass is one of the most valuable of all grasses, coming earlier in spring and remaining later in autumn then any other. Red-ton autumn than any other. Red-top grass is an excellent permanent grass, as is crested dog's tail. The grasses recommended for lawns add further desirable varieties for pastures.

A mixture for permanent pasture advised by Flint as certain to repay in the additional yield for the greater orig-inal outlay for the seeds, consists of yellow oat grass, one pound; meadow foxtail, hard fescue, tall fescue, meadow fescue, red top, June grass, wood meadow grass and rough-stalked meadow grass, two pounds each; timothy, three pounds; orchard grass, four pounds; white lover, five pounds; Italian rye grass, six, and perennial rye grass, eight pounds. Commissioner Killebrew, in his book on "The Grasses of Tennessee," furnishes the following list of long-tried pasture grasses as an aid to inexperienced farmers: Kentucky blue grass, wire grass, spear grass, rough-stalked meadow, orchard grass, meadow fescue, meadow foxtail, sweet-scented vernal

grass and white clover.

The importance of having the ground well tilled and thoroughly prepared by liberal manuring before seeding down is too evident to need remark. Rules pertaining to the time and manner of sowing meadows are equally applicable to pasture, with the exceptions already made apparent.—New York World.

Rose Culture. One of the first secrets of success with the rose in guarding against its several persistent insect enemies, such as the rose-bug, green-fly, rose-slug, etc., is to keep the plant healthy and in vigorous growth. To insure this, a rich soil is in-dispensable. Let it be composed of old decomposed sods or thoroughly rotted manure. This earth should never be permitted to bake; but should be kept friable by frequent stirring. The aphis, or green-fly, first attacks the young, tender shoots, feeding upon their juices. The pests may be killed by placing a barrel over the infested plant and burning tobacco in a flower-pot or other vessel underneath. The rose-slug, that green-bodied, jelly-like pest that feeds upon the surface of the leaves, leaving rose and about the insect enemies and their destruction, the above, in our experience, embodies the whole story.— Rural New Yorker.

Chelidonisma.

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Chelidonisma is the swallow song, an old popular song of the return of th swallows, which the boys of Rhodes went about singing, of which the refrain meant, "He has come, has come the wallow!" It is reported by Athenseus about A. D. 200.]

Hark! Hark to hear The burst of cheer That brings again the budding year ! Through air, through earth, Resounds the mirth. And hills ring with the merry birth; The swallow chirps his twittering tone, And the Rhodian lads prolong With minstrel strain their jocund song-

Helth', helthe, chelidon. Adown the vales, The dingles, dales, The breath of melody exhales; And happy lanes and proud-pied plains Swell out the pomp of glad refrains; And hark! above the swallows' tone-Helth', helthe, chelidon.

Chants out his cheer, His paen piping to the year; The boys' blithe voice Makes mirth its choice, And all the happy hills rejoice Hark! Listen to the swallows' tone Helth', helthe, chelidon.

The earth's great heart, With throb and start, In universal joy takes part; And clouds that fly Athwart the sky Couching in fleecy clusters lie; And oh! how sweet the swallows' tune Helth', helthe, chelidon.

The spring, the spring Makes Nature sing, And life and love are on the wing, And lads and lasses caroling; Soft in mid-air the swallows' tone-On earth-

Helth', helthe, chelidon. -Harper's Magazine.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Prime butter-A billy goat. The combing man-The hairdresser. . It is better to give than to receive-a

It is the duty of gate posts to stand by each other. The train of night is stopped by the

reak of day. A rule of arnica comes in with the ase hall season.

Gauze derives its name from Gaza, where it was made. In a circus procession the man in the

Thirty-six different kinds of fish are eaught at Muscatine, Iowa. There is talk in England of a company

for insurance against blindness. The way to make potatoes come up is to take them by the tops and pull them

Ruling passions are strong in death. The last movement a mule makes is a kick. The Legislature of Delaware divorced

thirty-four married couples at its recent session. "I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," said a fop to a gentleman. "They are in a weak place," responded the lat-

ter. Mistletoe bough-The involuntary bow a young man makes when obliged to mizzle in advance of the toe of her angry

parent's boot. The New York Herald says: "Since the wealthy young lady fell in love with and married the driver of a Sixth avenue car, all the drivers on the various lines go to work in the morning with a clean

shave and with shining boots." Men are capable of taking a peculiar kind of revenge against the women who are weak enough to believe them perfect. For a few months before marriage they sue for the lady's hand, but for all the years after marriage she is compelled to sew for them.

The people of Petrolia, Pa., recently witnessed the unusual spectacle of seeing an oil train shoot through the town with the rapidity of lightning and a number of the cars on fire. With considerable difficulty the balance of the train was saved just beyond the town.

The man who eats goose eggs for the championship of America lives in Indi-ana, where human industry is more than ordinarily diversified. This man devoured twenty-four consecutive soft boiled goose eggs in twenty-four consecu-tive minutes, and at the conclusion of this genteel entertainment he offered to eat a goose also. Unfortunately, nature has made no arrangement by which this champion could eat himself, and his last proposition couldn't be en-tertained.—Philadelphia Times.

During the prevalence of a gale in Virginia City, Nev., recently, tall pillars of sand were to be seen waltzing about on the deserts far to the eastward, showing that things were also rather wild that way. At times such clouds of dust rose above the desert that the Humboldt range and other high mountains in that direction were hidden from view. No doubt any one who might have happened to be out on these deserts would have found the entertainment but ittle infior to that afforded by the salnd storms of the great desert of Sahara.

Slipper-Throwing.

The ancient custom of throwing an old slipper after the bride as she leaves her home is still in many places believed to bring luck to the happy couple. lieved to bring luck to the happy couple. But it may be a questien whether the old shoe was thrown for luck only. It is stated in Holy Writ that "the receiving of a shoe was an evidence and symbol of rejecting or resigning it." The latter is evidence in Deuteronomy, twenty-fifth chapter, where the ceremony of a widow rejecting her husband's brother in marriage is by loosing band's brother in marriage is by loosing his shoe from off his foot. And in Ruth only the veins and ribs, may be kept in severe check, if not destroyed, by dusting library changing that a man severe check, if not destroyed, by dusting the plant with fine coal ashes. The rose-bugs may be brushed off into a pail of water, or picked off separately by hand and destroyed. As much as has been written about the culture of the lover her by her father or guardien been written about the culture of the over her by her father or guardian, and