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AN IDYLL OF THE ROAD.

Sierras, 1876.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

First Tourist. "*Yuba Bill,*" *driver.*
Second Tourist. *A Stranger.*

FIRST TOURIST.

"Look how the upland plunges into cover,
Green where the pines fade sullenly away.
Wonderful, those olive depths! and wonderful, moreover——"

SECOND TOURIST.

"The red dust that rises in a suffocating way."

FIRST TOURIST.

"Small is the soul that cannot soar above it,
Cannot but cling to its ever kindred clay;
Better be you bird that seems to breathe and love it——"

SECOND TOURIST.

"Doubtless a hawk, or some other bird of prey.
Were we, like him, as sure of a dinner,
That on our stomachs could comfortably stay,
Or were the fried ham a shade or two just thinner,
That must confront us at closing of the day,
Then you might sing like Theocritus or Virgil;
Then might we each make a metrical essay;
But verse just now—I must protest and urge, ill
Fits a digestion by travel led astray."

CHORUS OF PASSENGERS.

"Speed, Yuba Bill, oh speed us to our dinner!
Speed to the sunset that beckons far away."

SECOND TOURIST.

William of Yuba, O Son of Nimshi, hearken!
heck thy profanity, but not thy chariot's play,
ll us, O William, before the shadows darken,
Where and, oh, how shall we dine? O, William, say!"

YUBA BILL.

ain't my fault, nor the Kumpeney's, I reckon,
can't get ez square a meal ez any on the Bay,
Up at yon place whar 'the sunset' 'pears to beckon—
Ez that sharp allows in his airy sort o' way.

Thar woz a place whar yer hash ye might hev wrestled,
Kept by a woman ez chipper ez a jay—
Warm in her breast all the morning sunshine nestled;
Red on her cheeks all the evening's sunset lay."

SECOND TOURIST.

"Praise is but breath, O chariot com- ller!
Yet of that hash we would bid thee fur er say."

YUBA BILL.

"Thar wo s a snipe—like you—a fancy tourist,
Kem to t at ranch ez if to make a stay,
Ran off the al, and ruined jist the purist
Critter th t lived——"

ST. ANGER (quietly).

"You're a liar, driver!"

YUBA BILL (reaching for his revolver).

"Eh!
Here, take my lines, somebody——"

CHORUS OF SENGERS.

"Hush, boys, listen,
Inside there is a lady." Remember! No affray!

UBA BILL.

"Ef that man li , yes, the fault ain't mine nor his'n.

RANGER.

"Wait for the unset that beckons far away,
Then—as you will! But meantime, eve me,
No where on earth lives a purer woman—nay
If my perception do surely not deceive me,
She is the lady we ave 'inside' to-day.

"As for the man you see that blackened pine tree
Up which the green ine creeps heavenward away!
He was that scarre trunk, and she the vine that swee ly
Clothed him with life gain, and lifted—"

SECOND T URIST.

"Ye but pray—
How know you this?"

STRANG R.

"She my wife."

YUBA BI L.

"The h—ll you say!"

—*Bret Harte, in Puck.*

☞ No good that the humblest of us has wrought ever dies. There is one long, unerring memory in the universe, out of which nothing fades.

☞ If we will take the good we find, ing no questions, we will have heaping ures. The gifts are n got by analEverything good is on the highhe middle region o our being is cate zone.—*Emerson.*

A STORY OF THE HEART.

BY "MYRTLE MOORE"

I was a young man then but I am old now, and the story I am going to tell is of myself, and one of the heart.

From earliest childhood I had been alone in the world, my father and mother having died before I was a year old. My grandparents had died before the marriage of my parents, and at the tender age of less than one year I was left in the care of a maiden aunt, my only living relative. Oh, how in years past have I missed a loving mother's tender caresses and kind counsel! Mother! What holy and loving associations are clusted around that word! What a talisman it has been to many a world-weary man, to shield him from sin and shame.

My aunt was unmarried, and possessed of an immense fortune, and taken a fancy to me on account of my extreme helplessness, lavished upon me all her pent up affections.

At an early age I was sent to one of the best schools in our parts, and being of a quick, nervous temperament, learned rapidly.

As soon as prepared. I was sent to college, and was now, as I supposed, fairly settled in my studies, and anxiously looking forward, far away through the dim vista of coming years, to the time when my college life would be ended, and I could step upon the stage of life to enact my part in the great social drama of human existance and success. But how often are our brightest hopes and fondest anticipations crushed and thrown into the dust.

I had been at college less than three months, when I received a telegram from my aunt, stating that, through some speculation into which she had been unwisely drawn, she had lost every dollar of her vast fortune, and ere I could get ready to fly to her assistence I received another stating that she was a raving maniac, and that her life was despaired of.

I hurried home as fast as the steam monster could carry me, but I arrived only in time to find my only friend a cold and lifeless corpse. How shall I describe my feelings then? A boy unused to the least manuel labor, not yet sixteen years of age, fatherless, motherless, friendless, homeless, penniless, a wanderer, and alone in the great, cold, heartless world

Immediately after my aunt's burial, I was placed in the care of a merchant in our place, and with him for my protector commenced my struggle with life. He He was neither kind nor unkind, but treated me with indifference that to my warm and impetuous nature was worse than the most cruel treatment.

And thus my life began. Contact with the bitter world soon changed me from a warm-hearted, confiding boy to a cold, unbending, critical man. Once I looked upon life as one bright, beauteous dream, but it was soon proven to me that it was a sort of realistic, moving panorama, with just enough of lights and shades to cause us to long for something better and more holy in the world to come.

How often have I, when a boy closed my eyes, and with my heart vibrating with intense excitement, and my warm blood shooting rapidly through my veins, rapturously dreamed of fame and greatness! And here I am to-day, after the lapse of years—years that have worked in me changes of the most radical nature, an old, gray-headed man, seated all alone in my solitary room, thinking only of the past—I have no future, my future must ever remain a blank—and my fancy takes me to places I have visited, to scenes I have witnessed, and which are endeared to me by ties and recollections that can never be effaced from my memory. I, like every other boy, have had my dreams and aspirations, but I soon learned they must give way to cares and bitter disappointments

The most kind and thoughtful of the dispensations of Providence, is the separation from our knowledge of the present and the future, by a series of filmy veils, which we, in our hopefulness and imagination, are wont to compare to a grand transformation scene which gradually develops before our entranced vision. and while it allows us to see the beauties of the present, keeps up in joyful anticipation of what is to come. But dream on, young man, dream on. Soar to the sky, where the angels dwell, and although your dreams may never come, they will make you a better, purer being, fitted to act your part in life, and better prepared for heaven. To me everything is changed.

In the place where I was born, and where my childhood hours were spent—the only happy ones of my life—little cosy homelike frame cottages have given way to great massive brick or stone structures, and where once we used to play at ball and leap-frog, is now the site for a ponderous church; whose towering steeple seems as though it had forsaken this mundane sphere, and gone upon an astronomical expedition to the skies.

Nowhere is there anything as in the good old days. And as I bow in melancholy mood, and gaze upon the many changes the rapid flight time has made, I wonder whether the objects around me are really so changed, or whether I have not in days gone by changed so very much that I view the work of time through the colored lens of my own existence. But I am digressing.

I was not what the fashionable world calls a handsome man. Yet I had a fine head of light curly hair, eyes deeply blue, and expressive, and a broad, high forehead, which denoted some intellectual power. I was a keen, shrewd, cold-hearted man, with a will of such force and power that both men and women were swayed like the pliant osier at my bidding I had not a classical education, but I had a practical one, and was possessed of considerable conversational abilities.

Early in my youth I had loved and lost one upon whom I had lavished all the blandishments and endearments of my ardent nature—one whom I had ever looked upon as gentle, loving and true—and through treachery. The struggle was a severe one, but I overcame it; and it left me without faith in any woman, and embittered against the entire sex.

It is a solemn period in a young man's existence, when he arrives at the point where he can say unblushingly that he has no faith in women. I was wrong. I never once stopped to consider how unjust it was to deem all women bad and vicious, simply because I had been deceived by one whose heart was as black and wicked as the eternal pit itself.

The best being that God ever made is a good, true woman. The worst the devil ever swayed is a bad one. We should ever remember that our chief happiness of life depends upon our utter faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization, can cover or weaken this great fundamental truth. It stands like the record of God itself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak slightingly of women.

And thus year after year of life went on, each year, my cynicism and unbelief becoming stronger and deeper rooted. I was far from happy; for who can be happy that has not granted him that most precious of heaven's boons—a true woman's love.

Between the time when I learned of the treachery of my first love, and now, there had stretched a long interval of public services, public ambitions, and public labors. The early wrong lay far away, folded in the sealed pages of my lost youth.

The intense love with which I had idolized the woman who had betrayed me, the intoxication of those first hours of youthful love, stand boldly out upon the tablets of my memory. Her treachery colored all my life. It killed my happiness at a single blow. It left me without aught of the joys of this life, though in its stead I had wider command, and a sort of passionless peace. It made the fair faces of lovely women without beauty in my sight, and left me in my lofty loneliness, without companionship or sympathy.

The passion which to other men was so fair, was only to me as the deadly poison with which the bread of life is counterfeited. And yet one day I heard the ripple of a musical laugh, and saw a pretty girlish face that brought back to my hardened heart the same old feeling which, years agone, had submerged my entire being.

The possessor of this pretty face and velvet-toned voice was a "little girl"—scarcely small enough to be a little girl, and too artless and merry, too free from craft and guile, to be a full woman. She was a bright, impulsive little thing, and had a voice like the ringing richness of chiming bells. She had no fears of any one, and wherever she went carried everything by storm. She would come bounding into my study—an act none other of my friends had the hardihood to do unannounced—and; seeing me in the midst of some favorite work, would crave my forgiveness in such a *serio comique* manner that she always went off the conquerer. She seemed to look upon me as a paragon of knowledge and wisdom, and sought my advice for everything. Cunning little minx, she knew the way to my stony heart, if no one else did.

A strange, indefinable feeling took possession of me, and I began to feel uneasy when she was not with me. Day and night I struggled against it. I tried to fortify myself with my old doubts and beliefs, but of no avail; and at last, although it was like iron in my soul, I gave myself up, for I knew that I loved again.

Love! love!. What had I to do with love? In my youth it betrayed me. It can only more fatally fool me now, that my youth is gone. Yet while my reason spoke, my impulse thirsted for that old, divine folly of forgotten years. My heart ached for all the long-lost joys so free to every common fate, and I longed for the sunlight that lies in a woman's eyes.

"Am I mad?" I asked myself, "to dream thus after all these years?"

But the madness was upon me like an incubus, and try as I would, I could not shake it off. Ambition, honor and renown all grew worthless and bitter, and even an empty mockeries of my pain; for in my desolation and loneliness I knew that I would give them all, only once more to lose myself in the delicious sweetness of my youth. Only once more have it murmured in my ear, "I love you."

One day when she was in my study, turning everything upside down, under the supposition that she was, as she termed it, "straightening up things," she got her long silken tresses tangled in a rose bush that was standing in my room. The envious briars caught her curly head and held it there, while the cruel thorns pierced her transparent skin, and the red blood came trickling down her cheeks.—My clumsy fingers sought to free her, but one touch of those golden curls, one upward glance from those bewildering laughing eyes, and they straightway lost what little cunning they possessed. One look became more tangled than the rest, and I was forced to clip it with my scissors.

"Yes, you would clip me to pieces, I know you would!" she cried, lips, cheeks and eyes reddening, sparkling, glowing, burning, while around her rounded form fell that wavy mass, softly and gracefully as the drapery of moss around a rose.

From that day I was happy only when with her. Yet I was too matter-of-fact to be given over to fancies at once, that pulsed through my brain as the golden wings of the butterfly pulse against its leaf-knit prison again and again before freedom is won and they tremble in the genial rays of the summer sun. And yet I could not let her go. So I saw her all I could, and allowed myself to float on, not caring where I landed if she were only with me.

I made that bloomy, brilliant face, that all the while was floating before me in a mist made up of all the raindow hues, the study of my life. Delving into the beauty of those bewildering eyes was like sipping of rare old wine—I was athirst for more.

But I am dwelling at too great length; time urges, and I must hasten to the end.

One day she came in my study, and I asked her to be seated in a chair near my own. She came, and looking into my eyes frankly, openly, trustingly, she asked me what I wanted. I took her delicate hand in my own large, warm one, and I the sworn woman-hater and cynic, asked this demure little puss to be my wedded wife. At first she looked confounded, astonished and frightened, but seeing from my manner that I was in calm, sober earnest, she lovingly nestled her little curly head upon my bosom, and through her tears promised to be my wife.

"But," questioned she, "do you think you can be happy with me? I will make you so if I can. Everything on this earth will I do for you: not the least thing will I leave undone. But how can you want me? You are my superior in everything. Wealth, beauty or intellect I have not. For what then do you love me?"

"Agnes, darling," replied I, (her name was Agnes Warner, mine Charles Meredith,) "you bring me what is worth more than wealth and beauty combined—a fresh, loving heart and a pure, unstained soul."

Through the whole of that day I was in a realm of happiness bordering on heaven. All my old, harsh feelings towards women were through my love for this pure-hearted girl vanishing like dew before the morning sun.

Just at evening Agnes told me she had to be absent for a short time, but would return before dark. I did not inquire where she was going, but I saw she went towards a little forest that was less than half a mile distant. I had of late noticed her going there quire frequently, but thought nothing at all. I waited till I thought she would be on her way back, and I started to meet her. I walked on slowly, untill I came to the edge of the woods, when, hearing voices a short distance from me, I stooped until the speakers was in sight, when I saw the fair girl form of my Agnes in the arms of a splendid stranger; and saw her face as white as a drift of water lilies, leaning upon his breast; saw her red lips paled to pink; the dark eyes drooping and dewy; then all of a sudden her beauty brightened as he kept on talking, her round cheek her eyes lifted and radiant, her lips wreathed in smiles, and ardently throwing her arms around his neck, she kissed him time and again. Instantly I stepped before them. With a scream of affright she sprang from him, and before I could prevent her, she threw her arms around my neck and exclaimed,—

"O, Charles! I am so glad you have come. Henry," continued she, turning to the stranger, "this is Mr. Meredith. Charles, this is—"

"Agnes!" I cried, passionately, "for God's sake stop this farce. Don't add insult to injury, by telling me who that prowling scoundrel is. Were he worthy of the condescension I would shoot him, the dog—"

"But, Charles," pleaded Agnes, "let me explain, let me tell you. He is my—"

"Tell me!" I almost screamed, interrupting her, "do I need telling? Cannot my eyes see, not only what he is, but also what you both are?"

"But, Charles," she answered, "I have done you no wrong. Have you not confidence enough in my to allow me one word of explanation? You will love me the same, won't you?"

Rudely I tore her arms from around my neck. Coldly, calmly, hatefully I replied,—

"Agnes Warner, I want no explanation, will have none. I do not wish you to add perjury to other crimes. But listen to me: Years ago I loved a woman and was deceived, and I then vowed never again to let any woman with a doll face, sparkling eyes and pretty manners, get the best of my judgment. For years I kept this resolution sacred. When she deceived me my faith in all women was shaken, lost. You came across my path. Your bright, frank, open countenance, bird-like nature and entrancing simplicity, I thought were real, and I loved you. Fool, too, that I was, to think anything better than hell could come from a woman! You were making of me a better man. You were fast bringing me back to my youth, before my life had been soured and embittered by woman's intrigues and falseness. Through you all women were becoming redeemed in my eyes, But you did not wish to make me better. Your mission was to change me a demon, and you have done it. I hate, loathe, despise you. I hate your entire sex. To a new coat, to a new lover, you sacrifice your most sacred engagements, though made in the face of heaven. From this time forth, as long as my life shall last, I will make war—war to the hilt upon your damnable sex, which from the time of Eden to the present have been man's betrayer and curse."

She tried to answer me, but I would not allow her to speak.

"Oh, how I hate a deceitful flirt!" I cantinued "Living they are a traveling pest-house. Dying impenitent their souls are too deeply stained for hell, and should be driven to that imaginary, elementless blank, beyond the confines of all words, shrouded in the darkness of nonentity, there to roam alone through the ceaseless ages of eternity, without a pain or pleasure to relieve the awful monotony of that dreadful vacum. Now go, Agnes Warner! And may the curses deep and bitter, of an infuriated and outraged man, follow you to all eternity!" And immediately I left her.

She tried to stop me. She tried to call me back, but I would not listen. Never again did I want the voice to fall upon my ear.

I shut myself in my study, and remained there until the following afternoon. When I came out, I learned that Agnes Warner, accompanied by a handsome stranger, had taken the evening train, and gone, no one knew where. I never saw her again.

Ten years after the events last recorded I received a letter. It was from Agnes Warner.

"Charles," she wrote, "while living I dared not send you this. But I know you will forgive me for taking this liberty now, for when this reaches you, one whom you once loved, and for ten long, weary, hopeless years loved you, will be no more. I am dying, Charles—dying of a desolate, broken heart. I did love you so much. For you I forgot home, heaven, all. But I am justly punished for my adolatry. You had my entire confidence in every thing except one, and the day you saw me I had resolved to tell you that, but I was too late—too late. Charles, the gentleman in whose arms you saw me was my only brother, and we were very miserable. He was in great trouble, and needed my love and sympathy. We met at that place, because we both loved the sweet, quiet woods. That day he had just told me I might tell you all, and I was so joyed that I need not have one single secret from you, that I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him. At that fatal moment you came up. The rest you know.

"Since then my life has been a miserable one, and I now look upon my approaching death as my most precious boon. Oh! how I have for years longed to send you this, but I dared not, for I knew how bitterly you despised and hated me. I forgive you, Charles, the wrong you did me by not listening to the explanation I tried to give—forgive you from my inmost soul. Let not my memory add one pang of sorrow to your already burdened heart.

"Charles! Charles! you are wrong, oh! how very wrong, in your ideas of women. You deem them all bad, wicked, designing; please do so no longer. Could you only know of the tears—tears hot and blinding, that are wrung from the hearts of true, pure, loving women, from this unbelief and lack of faith in lovers and husbands, you would surely change. Charles—once my Charles—good-bye.—Pardon what I have written, but remember it is the dying words of your once loved

AGNES."

Great God! What a bitter awakening! I never dreamed the one I had seen her with was anything but her lover and paramour.

I rushed headlong to the depot, and taking the first train which came thundering along, traveled day and night to get where my loved and wronged one was dying—perhaps dead.

At the end of four days I arrived at the destination. Just as we were entering the depot, I saw a funeral procession slowly and solemnly wending its way to the little village churchyard, while the mournful knell of the tolling bell sunk terror to my heart. I inquired of a person standing by whose funeral it was, and heaving a deep sigh, he answered:

"It's Agnes Warner's, poor child."

It was, as I had suspected, my poor, dead Agnes they were carrying to her last resting place, and with her all my hopes of earth. I rushed madly to where the burial was taking place.

"Stop!" I cried to the astonished assemblage, "stop! Cover not the remains of Agnes Warner until her murder has been avenged."

"Young man," said a gentleman, sorrowfully, "who are you that dare stop the sad rites due my only daughter?"

"I am her murderer!" cried I, wildly, maniacally. "I killed her. O, Agnes! Agnes! How doubly are your wrongs revenged!" And I fell fainting to the ground.

I was unconscious a long time, and for weeks my life was despaired of, but I recovered, contrary to the expectations of my attendants, or my own wishes. I have never forgotten Agnes or my heart lesson. And to-day, all I have in my possession to remind me of her, besides her last letter, is a little book, given to her by me, and in which, in her own hand-writing, is written her name and these words, "From a friend," together with the month and year.

My hair is no longer the beautiful brown it used to be, my eyes have lost all their expressive fire, my step no longer rings upon the solid pave in its vigorous elasticity; but my hair is gray, my eyes are dim, my step slow, tottering and infirm, my form bowed, and my heart cold, and oh! how lonely and desolate.

"It is hard to live and die uncared for and unloved. It is hard to know that when I am dead there will be no vacant chair to remind sorrowing friends that a loved one has gone, never to return. Still I do not complain. I have done some good to others, and that is a source of comfort. Many a young man struggling through love and fear and distrust have I aided by the recital of my sad "heart story."

This is all I can do. I have no heart—have had none for years—for it died when my Agnes died. If I could have caused only one young man to steer clear of the reef upon which my life's happiness was stranded, I would not have suffered in vain. And I am now calmly looking down the dim vista of my few remaining years, whose niches are filled not with joy but quiet resignation, and where I see beyond the calm shores of eternal rest.

To me this is no dim, shadowy, occasional comfort, but a firm, fixed, priceless trust. And I am not only waiting till my mission on earth shall have been finished, and I called before the great tribunal where good and evil will be justly rewarded, and both will receive their equity from heaven.

RED PEPPER AND POULTRY.

I do not know if other persons who raise pultry and pet birds are as much dependent as I am on red pepper; but I have found so much benefit from its use in my poultry yards and bird cages that it may not be amiss to call the attention of others to its good properties. I do not speak of the article that is sold in drug stores (and sometimes not remarkably fresh) but of the capsicum that grows in our gardens. I have tried all the different varieties, and find that the most pungent and efficacious is the small kind usually known by the name of "bird's pepper." The plant in itself is a beautiful object; it grows about two feet high, and in autumn its bright little scarlet berries look like coral beads peeping from under the dark, green foliage. Indeed, one plant in a pot forms a very pretty ornament for a flower stand. The seeds possess a stimulating and reviving property, and I find two or three given to newly-hatched chickens, especially if they are weakly, have a most happy effect. If a hen looks feeble after moulting, six of those berries or pods given daily in some corn meal and sweet milk, improves her wonderfully. Last summer two of my finest canaries began to droop. Every day I gave them each one seed of the "bird's pepper," and in less than a week they were quite well. The same remedy is invaluable for mocking birds.—*Poultry Bulletin.*

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Real glory consists in the conquest of ourselves.

Virtue deserves respect even in beggars' clothes.

Born, lived and died, sum up the great epitome of man.

Somebody advertises in a Western paper, for "a boy to open oysters fifteen years old."

Take things as they are, and make the best of them. This is the only true and practical philosophy.

Some people are very correct; you can never discover any fault in them, but they never amount to much.

Herald's epitaph on a dead politician: "Gone before the heavenly Returning Board; may he be counted in."

They who respect themselves will be honored; but they who do not care about character will be despised.

It is announced that the Kindergarten system has been introduced in the Government schools for girls in China.

There is this difference between character and reputation; character is what one really is, reputation is what he seems to be.

Death is the only monastery; the tomb is the only cell, and the grave that adjoins the convent is the bitterest mock of its futility.

Jokeing iz a risky bizziness; just for the sake ov a second klass joke menny a man haz lost a fust klass friend.

There is pleasure enough in this life to make us wish to live, and pain enough to reconcile us to death when we can live no longer.

Passionless characters are worthless in good or in evil; their gentleness is inability to feel anger, their virtue inability to do wrong.

Hope is the best part of our riches. What profiteth the wealth of the Indies in our pockets, if we have not the hope of heaven in our soul.

In New York, if a young man cheats at croquet, the young ladies caress the flange of his ear with a mallet.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

HOW TO COOK RICE.

Mr. F. B. Thurber, of New York, writing from Japan to the American Grocer, gives the following account of the Japanese method of cooking rice:

Rice here is worth from $1.50 to $1.75 per picul of 133 pounds, or about one and one-eighth to one and three-eighth cents per pound; at first thought it seems as if there might be a profit to import it into the United States, but our duty of two and a half cents per pound, together with freight, insurance and premium on gold, brings it up to a figure where there is no margin. They know how to cook rice here, though, and for the benefit of grocers and consumers in the United States, I investigated the matter. Only just enough cold water is poured on to prevent the rice from burning to the bottom of the pot, which has a close-fitting cover, and, with a moderate fire, the rice is steamed rather than boiled, until it is nearly done; then the cover is taken off, the surplus steam and moisture allowed to escape, and the rice turns out a mass of snow-white kernels, each separate from the others, and as much superior to the soggy mass we usually get in the United States, as a fine mealy potato is to the water-soaked article. I have seen something approaching this in our Southern States, but I do not think even there they do it as skillfully as it is done here, and in the Northern States but very few persons understand how to cook rice properly. I am sure that if cooked as it is here, the consumption of this wholesome and delicious cereal would largely increase in America.

TEST FOR VINEGAR.

We have frequently been asked for some simple and practical method of testing the purity and strength of vinegar. Of course, to ascertain just what and how much adulteration is in vinegar, a chemical analysis is necessary, but for obvious reasons this is not attainable by retailers generally. The most common adulterant, however, is acid, which is added to increase the strength, and to detect this the pickle manufacturers have a simple test that is infallible, and shows the slightest trace of that article. Each pickle manufacturer keeps a small vial of the solution of muriate of barytes, obtainable for a few cents at any drug store. When a sample of vinegar is offered he turns out a wine glass about half full and adds about ten or twelve drops of the muriate of barytes. If the vinegar is pure it will show no change. It it contains acids it will gradually turn to a milky hue, according to the quantity of acids in it.

To show the nicety of the test we give an instance that lately happened: A farmer brought in a sample of cider vinegar which, as he made it himself, he knew was absolutely pure. On testing it, it showed a faint milky cloud, indicating that there was acid of some kind in it. Not being able to explain it, he went home and tested each barrel and found it all so. After patient investigation he finally found that he had used water from a cistern supplied from a roof having copper gutters to carry off the water. We also tested, this week, a sample of imported bottle white wine vinegar, bearing a name known all over the world, and this also showed a slight trace of acids, added probably to increase the strength. —*American Grocer.*

BOXWOOD AND ITS USES.

There are certain demands in the industrial arts that are perfectly met by only a single one out of the numberless products of nature. A good illustration is the boxwood used by wood-engravers, which is the one material in the world that is exactly suited to their wants. This wood grows in the regions around the Black and Caspian Seas, the very names of the ports from which it is shipped being unfamiliar. For all fine engraving Turkey boxwood is used, and as its quality varies much, some skill is necessary to a good selection. The best is of a delicate yellow color, clear and free from spots; it cuts smoothly and evenly, with no crumbling or tearing, but every line cut will be perfect. In consequence of its scarcity and high price, many substitutes have been resorted to; maple, apple, pear, mahogany, have been experimented upon; but hitherto no wood, metal, or composition has been discovered that possesses the requisite qualities. In addition to engraving, boxwood is used for scales, rules, gauging-rods, and similar articles. It differs in color from all other woods, and it is somewhat remarkable that it comes to perfection only in a comparatively limited region of country in the vicinity of the Black Sea. It weighs about seventy-five pounds to the cubic foot, and is very costly.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

☞ Dreadful Old Man to the Musicians—"I hope you Amateur Gentlemen take a real pleasure in performing?"

Chorus—"Certainly we do!"

Dreadful Old Man—"Then, at least, there is *some* compensation for the torture you inflict!"

Who is rich? He that is contented.

Who is honored? He that honoreth others.

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