

POISONING FLOUR.—It is said that half the mill-owners in Orange county, N. Y. have been in the habit of filling up cavities in their burr stones with lead instead of cement. As a consequence flour ground by several of them is poisonous.

DEPOSIT OF KAOLIN.—A fine deposit of kaolin has recently been discovered within about three miles of Virginia City, Nevada. The deposit is about seven feet in thickness, and is said to be of superior quality. Kaolin is the material from which porcelain and all the fine Chinawares are manufactured. It derives its name from the China word kao-ling, meaning high ridge, the name of a hill near Jauchau Fu, where the mineral is obtained in abundance.

RETURN OF MR. PEABODY.—Mr. Peabody was born at Danvers, Massachusetts, Feb. 18th 1795, and is therefore upwards of seventy years of age. He began life as a clerk with a Danvers grocer at the age of eleven years, and was afterwards employed in the same capacity at Thetford, Vermont, and Newburyport, Massachusetts. Gradually rising, in 1812 he became managing partner in a wholesale dry goods house, with Mr. Elisha Riggs, at Georgetown, D. C., the latter furnishing the capital. The next year the house was removed to Baltimore. In 1829 by the retirement of Mr. Riggs, Mr. Peabody became the senior partner in the house, and in 1837 he took up his permanent residence in England.

In 1844 Mr. Peabody established himself as a merchant and banker in London, and his house became prominent as the headquarters of Americans in that city, and where he ultimately acquired the bulk of the immense fortune, a goodly portion of which he has at various times lavished upon deserving objects both in England and this country. In 1852 he sent \$20,000 to his native town of Danvers to be expended in founding a free town library, afterwards increased it to \$60,000, with an additional gift of \$10,000 for a branch library at North Danvers. He also contributed \$10,000 to the first Grinnell Expedition to the Arctic Ocean, and in 1856-7 gave \$300,000 to found a scientific and literary institute at Baltimore, with a pledge to increase this sum to \$500,000.

His largest and most notable donations, however, have been made to the poor of the city where the most of his fortune has been made. They amount in all to \$450,000 sterling—a gift so magnificent as to have lately received the especial acknowledgment of Queen Victoria.—[*Ex.*]

HOW SPEECHES ARE MADE.—A letter from Washington states that the newspaper correspondents and editors sojourning at the capital now charge, for preparing hour speeches for members of Congress, from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars, according to the reputation of the writer. Once a week—every Saturday—the members have a chance to "orate," and in order to save time, some of the "lame ducks" ask permission to print instead of speaking their pieces. These, at twenty-five dollars a piece, do not make heavy inroads on their purses.

GOOD REPORTERS.—So difficult is the reporter's art that we can call to mind only two series of triumphant efforts in this department—Mr. Russell's letters from the Crimea to the London *Times*, and N. P. Willis's *Pencilings by the Way*, addressed to the New York *Mirror*. Each of these masters chanced to have a subject perfectly adapted to his taste and talents, and each of them made the most of his opportunity. Charles Dickens has produced very exquisite reports. Many ignorant and dull men employed on the New York *Herald* have written good reports because they were dull and ignorant. In fact there are two kinds of good reporters—those who know too little, and those who know too much, to wander from the point and evolve a report from the depths of their own consciousness. The worst possible reporter is one who has a little talent, and depends upon that to make up for the meagerness of his information. The best reporter is he whose sole object is to relate his event exactly as it occurred, and describe his scene just as it appeared, and this kind of excellence is attainable by an honest plodder, and by a man of great and well controlled talent. If we were forming a corps of 25 reporters, we should desire to have five of them men of great and highly trained ability, and the rest indefatigable, unimaginative, exact shorthand chroniclers, caring for nothing but to get their fact and relate it in the plainest English.—[*North American Review* for April.]

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—Sometime ago it was stated that Dr. Buisson, of Lyons, had announced the discovery of a remedy for hydrophobia. A restatement of the circumstances of the discovery and of his theory will no doubt have a renewed interest now in connection with the cases of this terrible disease so recently reported in our columns. In attending a female patient in the last stage of canine rabies, the doctor imprudently wiped his hands with a handkerchief impregnated with her saliva. There happened to be a slight abrasion on the index of the left hand, and, confident in his own curative system, the doctor merely washed the part with water. However, he was fully aware of the imprudence he had committed, and gives the following account of the matter afterwards—"Believing that the malady would not declare itself until the fortieth day, having numerous patients to visit, I put off from day to day the application of my remedy—that is to say, vapor baths. The ninth day, being in my cabinet, I felt all at once a pain in the throat and a still greater one in the eyes. My body seemed so light that I felt as if I could jump to a prodigious height, or that, if I threw myself out of a window, I could sustain myself in the air. My hair was so sensitive that I appeared able to count each separately without looking at it. Saliva kept continually forming in the mouth. Any movement of air inflicted great pain on me, and I was obliged to avoid the sight of brilliant objects; I had a continual desire to run and bite, not human being, but animals, and all that was near me. I drank with difficulty, and I remarked that the sight of water distressed me more than the pain in the throat. I believe that by shutting the eyes any one suffering under hydrophobia can always drink. The fits came on every five minutes, and I then felt the pain start from the index finger, and run up the nerves to the shoulder. In this state, thinking that my course was preservative and not curative, I took a vapour bath, not with the intention of cure, but of suffocating myself. When the bath was at a heat of 52 deg. centigrade (93 deg. 3 min. 5 sec. Fahrenheit), all the symptoms disappeared, as if by magic, and since then I have never felt anything more of them. I have attended more than eighty persons bitten by mad animals, and I have not lost a single case." When a person is bitten by a mad dog, he must for seven successive days take a vapour bath *a la Russe*, as it is called, of 57 deg. to 63 deg. This is the preventive remedy. When the disease is declared, it only requires one vapour bath, rapidly increased to 37 deg. centigrade, then slowly to 63 deg.; the patient must strictly confine himself to his chamber until the cure is complete. Dr. Buisson mentions several other curious facts. An American had been bitten by a rattlesnake about eight leagues from home; wishing to die in the bosom of his family, he ran the greater part of the way home, and going to bed, perspired profusely, and the wound healed as any simple cut. The bite of the tarantula is cured by the exercise of dancing, the free perspiration dissipating the virus. If a young child be vaccinated and then be made to take a vapour bath, the vaccine does not take.

THE OVERLAND TELEGRAPH.—The Northern Overland Telegraph enterprise is a gigantic affair. Through British America, 1,200 miles; through Russian America, 900; across Behring Strait, 184; across the Gulf of Anadyr, 210, and thence overland to the mouth of the Amoor River, 1,800; or a total of 4,294 miles. At the Amoor it is to be continued by a Russian line connecting it with Irkoutsk, through Western Siberia, communicating with Nijni-Novgorod and Moscow; and thence to St Petersburg. The capital involved amounts to ten millions of dollars.

GREEK CHURCH IN NEW YORK.—The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* says that some priests of the Greek Church are to be stationed in New York at the expense of the Government of Russia, to meet the wants of many Russian subjects whom business or pleasure bring to this port. A church edifice is about to be built at a cost of \$20,000, of which one tenth is to be raised by private subscription, and the rest is to be paid by the Russian Government, partly, it is said, for the purpose of showing that there is a religious life in the Russian Church. To free the members of this clerical mission from the restraints incidental to an official capacity, it is proposed not to place them under the exclusive control of the Russian Ambassador at Washington. Divine service in the new church will be conducted in Greek and Russian.

SACRAMENTO SILK.—The Sacramento *Union* says: The first samples of Sacramento silk ever produced may now be seen at the Pavilion. The worms which have already begun work are of the Japanese species. They produce silk almost white in color, of very fine quality, but their cocoons are smaller in size than those of the ordinary worm. The Japanese worm does not attain so large a size as the native California which L. Prevost has raised for a number of years.

A STORY FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.—The New York correspondent of the Boston *Gazette* writes that a fashionable couple up town, married but not mated, as the story goes, quarreled a few mornings since, and the irate wife, by the advice of her parents, sued for a divorce. The case is only noteworthy from the ridiculous cause of the quarrel. One morning it seems that the husband washed himself, as usual, in the bowl used by both, but the lady for some reason refused to use it that morning and rang the bell for another. It was brought, when the now indignant husband threw it violently to the floor, breaking it into pieces. The wife thereupon called him hard names, when he locked the bedroom door and insisted that she should use the first bowl. She vowed she wouldn't, if she went "with a dirty face for a week." He swore she should, and so, filling the bowl, he seized her hands and, using sufficient force washed her face for her. He then unlocked the door and went to his business, while she went to consult a lawyer, and the suit began.

TREES ON THE HIGHWAY AND LIVE FENCE-POSTS.—Lincoln Fay, Portland, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., says: I have a row of cherry trees along the highway, 8 feet apart, which serve for fence-post of the very best kind; and the crop of these trees some years equal the interest of \$1,000 per acre. Nothing but lightning has ever broke down the fence. I also have 40 rods of chestnut trees, 8 feet apart, along the highway, which I am also using for fence-posts. I have also 30 rods of maple set the same distance. Opposite the maples stand a row of 60 early Astrachan apple trees, giving an abundance of fruit to the owner as well as to travelers. Cherries, chestnut and apples furnish fruit, and in a few years the maple will yield sugar. These trees add beauty and value to the farm. Upon a new line of road just opened, I have planted apple trees 12 feet apart for fence-posts, as I have found 8 feet closer than necessary. If a wind-break as well as fence-posts be desirable, it is better to plant the trees 8 feet apart. Upon all division lines ash trees might be planted and cut for fuel at the height of the fence, as the stumps will always send forth sprouts. In planting trees along the highway, the most serious trouble I have had has been to get the cattle law enforced. Copperheads, hen-roost robbers, and all that class, against which we have to guard our granaries, with lock and bolt, call me 'hard to the poor,' because I won't suffer their cattle to steal a precarious living in the highways, although I allow them to cut all the grass on the road side.—[*N. Y. Tribune.*]

EDITORIAL LIFE.—But few readers of the many thousand, ever think of the labor and care devolving upon an editor—one who vastly feels his responsibility. Captain Marryatt says: I know how a periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself it appears nothing; the labor is not manifest; nor is it the labor, it is the continued attention it requires. Your life becomes, as it were the publication. One paper is no sooner corrected and printed than on comes another. It is the stone of Sisyphus, an endless repetition of toil and constant weight upon the intellect and spirits, and demanding all the exertions of your faculties, at the same time you are compelled to do the severest drudgery. To write for a paper is very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery.

TO SAVE YOUR TEETH.—Mr. Beecher says: Our teeth decay. Hence, bad breath, unseemly mouth, and imperfect mastication. Everybody regrets it. What is the cause? It is want of cleanliness. A clean tooth never decays. The mouth is a warm place, ninety-eight degrees. Particles of meat between the teeth decompose. Gums and teeth must suffer. Cleanliness will preserve the teeth to old age. Use a quill pick and rinse the mouth after eating; brush with castile soap every morning; brush with pure water on retiring. Bestow this trifling care upon your precious teeth, you will keep them and ruin the dentists. Neglect it, and you will be in sorrow all your lives.

Varieties.

—Self-conceit is about as uncomfortable a seat as a man can have for a steady thing.

—A West-end music-seller was lately overpowered by a fastidious young lady who wanted to purchase "Mr. Hood's—a-song of the—a gentleman's under garment!"

—"You young rascal," said an old gentleman to a rash little boy in the street, "if that cab had run over you, where would you have been now?"—Up behind, a takin' of his number!" replied the boy.

—"He has 'honest man' written in his face," said a friend to the late Douglas Jerrold, speaking of a person in whom Jerrold's faith was not great, "Humph," replied Jerrold, "then the pen must have been a very bad one."

—One of the American Government agents seriously informs the Commissioners of Customs that Canadian smugglers have laid pipes across the St. Lawrence river, and are engaged in pumping whisky into the United States.

—A witness, in a case of assault, was asked by a junior counsel:—"How far were you, sir, from the parties when the alleged assault took place?"—"Four feet five inches and a half," was the answer promptly given.—"Ah!" fiercely demanded the lawyer, "how came you to be so exact as all that?"—"Because," said the witness, very coolly, "I expected that some confounded fool would likely as not ask me, and so I went and measured it."

—Artemus Ward says no other nation has ever presented such an array of celebrated women as our own. Look at Lucy Stone; look at Miss Dickinson; look at Jeff Davis; look at Mrs. Partington; look at James Buchanan.

—"I say, Sambo, were you ever intoxicated?"—"No, Julius, nebber. Was you?"—"Well, I was, Sambo."—"Didn't it make you feel good, Julius?"—"Yah! but Oh golly! nex morning I thought my head was a woodshed, and all de niggers in chrisdom were splitting wood in it."

—The most attentive man to business we ever knew was he who wrote on his own shop-door. "Gone to bury my wife—return in half an hour." He was no relation to the lawyer who put upon his office door, "Back in five minutes," and returned only after a pleasure trip of three weeks.

—A little two-year old girl fell the other day, and striking her head, cried at the top of her voice. In the midst of her tears she chanced to see from the window a poor old horse with drooping head. Instantly checking her sobs she asked in the kindest tones, "What'ee matter, hossy? Bump 'oo head?"

—An editor of a Western paper, while taking a snooze after dark, traveling in a railway carriage, had his pocket picked. The thief next day forwarded the pocket book by express to the editor's office, with the following note:

"Yeou mizeriabil skunk, hears yer pocket book. I don't keep sich. For a man dressed as well as yeu was to go round with a wallit and nuthin in it but lot of noose paper scraps, an ivry tuth cumb, too noose paper stamps, and a pass from a ralerode director, is a contemptible impersition on the publick. As I hear yeu a editur I return yer trash—I never robs any only gentlemen."

—A few days ago, a young school mistress in the country was taking the names and ages of her scholars, at the commencement of the term. She asked a little white-headed boy:

"Bub, how old are you?"

He said, "My name ain't Bob, it's John."

"Well," said the school mistress,

"what is the rest of your name?"

"Why, that's all the name that I've got—just John."

"Well, what is your father's name?"

"You needn't put pap's name down, he ain't cummen any; he's to big to go to school."

"Well, how old are you?"

"I ain't old at all, I'm young."

—A carpenter who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five-story building upon which had fallen a rain. The roof being slippery, he lost his footing, and as he was descending towards the eaves, he exclaimed: "Just as I told you!" Catching, however, in the tin spout he kicked off his shoes and regained a place of safety, from which he thus delivered himself: "I know'd it—there's a pair of shoes gone to thunder!"