

I will now call your attention to another of nature's requirements; that of

SLEEPING.

An insufficient quantity of sleep exhausts the spirits, and produces headache, anxiety of mind, and moroseness of temper; moreover, it debilitates the nervous system. On the contrary, too great indulgence in sleep is also injurious, as the muscular motions are thereby debilitated, and that sprightliness of life and vivacity are wanting, which are usually the consequences of early rising. Dr. Franklin said, "Six hours of sleep are sufficient for a student, seven for a working man, and eight for a hog."

DECAY OF TEETH.

I was requested to give my opinion in regard to the great percentage of premature decay of teeth in this country. I am not aware that people eat or drink more hot articles here than elsewhere; but to those who do, I will say hot articles of food or drink taken into the mouth inflame the gums, expand the teeth, and disengage the nerves of the teeth ensues; and if the hot articles be conveyed to the stomach, that organ becomes deranged, sooner or later as a consequence, and also decay of the teeth as a just retribution for the violation of nature's laws. I am led from observation to believe that the alkali which is taken into our mouths, and thence through the system, is the Alpha and Omega of the disease in teeth generally. Many persons have a taste for tobacco, and without further inquiry are more than satisfied with the poor excuse, "I use it to preserve my teeth;" it will do no such thing, further than eat away some of the remaining food, and partially prevent the incrustations of tartar about the teeth; but both of these objects may be more fully accomplished by means of pure water applied to the teeth with a soft brush, or a swab, or even the finger.

Omah, an Indian, when on exhibition in London, was requested by a certain lord to take a pinch of snuff; but, savage as he was, he politely replied, "I thank you, my lord; my nose is not hungry."

DIGESTION.

In the year 1822, Alex. St. Martin, a young Canadian, eighteen years of age, accidentally received a charge of powder and duck-shot from a gun, which blew the integuments off the left side to the size of a man's hand, breaking the ribs, lacerating the lower portion of the left lung, and penetrating the stomach. In one year the orifice was all closed, except the opening into the stomach, which remained two and a half inches in circumference. Here, then, was a good opportunity for making experiments on digestion, which was improved by the ingenious Dr. Beaumont, and by which he has thrown much light on this interesting subject.

A TABLE

Showing the mean time of Digestion of the different articles of Diet in the Stomach of St. Martin.

ARTICLES OF DIET.	MODE OF PREPARATION.	TIME TO DIGEST.
		H. M.
Apples, sweet and mellow	Raw	1 30
" " " " " "	"	2 0
Beef, fresh	Biled	2 45
" " " " " "	Roasted	3 0
" " " " " "	Fried	4 0
Bread, corn	Baked	3 15
" " " " " "	"	3 30
Cabbage with vinegar	Raw	2 0
" " " " " "	Boiled	4 30
Corn and beans, succotash	"	3 45
Eggs, fresh, whipped	Raw	2 0
" " " " " "	Boiled	3 0
" " " " " "	"	3 0
" " " " " "	Fried	3 0
Lamb, "	Boiled	2 30
Milk, new	Boiled	2 0
" " " " " "	Raw	2 15
Potatoes, Irish	Rasted	2 30
" " " " " "	Boiled	3 0
Pork, recently salted	Stewed	3 0
" " " " " "	Fried	4 15
" " " " " "	"	6 0
Soups, according to quality, from 1h. 30m. to	"	4 15
Ducks, geese and chickens, from 2h. 15m. to	"	4 30

ALLEGED BIBLICAL DISCOVERIES.—M. Simonides a Greek gentleman residing in London, has excited considerable attention by claiming to have discovered, in various monasteries of the East, papyri, which he has translated, and which form parts of the New Testament in its very oldest version. The list of M. Simonides's discoveries—in whom, by the way, the London critics do not place implicit faith—includes: 1. Three fragments of St. Matthew, written by the hand of Nicholas the Deacon; 2. Two fragments of the Epistle of St. James; 3. A fragment of the Epistle of St. Jude; 4. Part of the eight first chapters of Genesis; 5. The Ten Commandments in Greek and Egyptian Demotic characters; 6. The Voyages of Hanno, the Carthaginian, more perfect, he tells us, than any yet known; 7. A piece of Aristæus; 8. The Oracles of Zoroaster Magus. All these, he asserts, are on papyri, and written in the first century of our era. Then follow—Fragments of various historical writings; Seven Epistles of Hermippus, the son of Eumenides of Berytus; A fragment of the Oikistika of Androthones of Thassos; Two more Epistles of Hermippus, on Hieroglyphics and the Kings of Egypt; most, or all of which, he asserts, belong to the second century, A. D.

WIDOW SIMPSON'S SPOONS.

A TRUE STORY.

The Parish of Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, ought to be reckoned among the classic spots of Scotland, inasmuch as it formed part of the dowry which Robert Bruce bestowed on his elder daughter, Margery, when she married Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, and thus became the progenetrix of the royal and unlucky house of Stuart. Lying midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, those rival queens of East and West Scotland, but out of the common track of travel and traffic, it has been for ages a pastoral parish of small and rather backward farms. Of late years, coal has been found there, and steam and trade, which bid fair to leave the world no rustic corner, are rapidly turning it into a mining district; which nobody thought of about the time of the general peace, when Bathgate lived on its own oats and barley, wore its own hoddie gray, and had but two objects of interest—the corn market and the Kirk session. Among its peaceable and industrious population there was one dame who, though neither the wealthiest nor the best born, stood in her own esteem, above all but the laird and the minister; and her style and title was Widow Simpson. This lady valued herself—not on the farm left her by her good man, who had departed this life some seven years before the commencement of our story, for its acres were few, and they consisted of half-reclaimed moorland—not on her grown-up son Robin, though he was counted a likely and sensible lad—nor on her own thrifty house-keeping, though it was known to be on the tight-screw principle—but on the possession of a dozen silver tea-spoons.—Her account of them was that they had belonged to the Young Chevalier, and had been bestowed upon her grandfather in return for entertaining that claimant of the British crown on his march from Cul-toden—in proof of which she was accustomed to point out a half obliterated crest and the initials C.S., with which they were marked. The widow's neighbors, however, had a different tale regarding their coming into the family. It was to the effect that her grandfather, who kept a small inn somewhere in Fife, had bought them of an ill-doing laird for three gallons of Highland whisky, and had bestowed them on his granddaughter as the one of his family most likely to hold fast to such an important acquisition.

In the family resided, in the capacity of help, one Nancy Campbell, a girl of about nineteen, who was suspected of having taken a fancy to Robin, who reciprocated the sentiment. Nothing, however, would soften the heart of the widow as regarded the match, until at length the following event occurred and caused her to give way.

About the hay-making time, a distant and comparatively rich relation was expected to call and take tea that evening on his was from Linlithgowshire. It was not often that this superior relative honored her with a visit, and Mrs. Simpson determined that nothing should be wanting to his entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons early in the afternoon, with many injunctions to Nancy touching the care she should take in brightening them up. While this operation was being performed in the kitchen, in the midst of one of those uncertain days which vary the northern June, a sudden darkening of the sky announced the approach of a heavy rain. The hay was dry and ready for housing. Robert and two farm men were busy gathering it in; but the great drops began to fall while a considerable portion yet remained in the field, and with the instinct of crop preservation, for he rushed the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the spoons, half-scoured, on the table. In her rapid exit the girl had forgotten to latch the door. The weasel and the kite were the only predators known about the moorland farm; but while they were all occupied in the hay-field, who should come that way but one Geordy Wilson. Well, the kitchen door was open, and Geordy stepped in. He banged the settee with his staff, he coughed, he hemmed, he saluted the cat, who sat purring on the widow seat, and at length discovered there was no one within. Neither meal nor penny was to be expected that day, the rain was growing heavier, some of the hay must be wet, and Mrs. Simpson would return in bad humor. But two objects powerfully arrested Geordy's attention one was the broth pot boiling on the fire and the other the silver spoons scattered on the table. Bending over the former Geordy took a considerable sniff, gave the ingredients a stir with the pot-hook, and muttered "very thin." His proceedings with regard to the latter must remain unmentioned; but half an hour afterwards, when he was safely ensconced in a farm house a mile off, the family were driven within doors by the increasing storm; they found everything as it had been left—the broth on the fire, the cat on the window seat, whitening and flannel on the table, but not a spoon was there.

"Whaur's the spoon?" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire drying their wet garments.—Nob dy could tell. Nancy had left them on the table when she ran to the hay. No one had been in the house, they were certain, for nothing was disturbed. The drawer was pulled out, and the stocking exhibited. Every shelf, every corner was searched, but to no purpose; the spoons had disappeared, and the state of the farm house may be imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted, questioning, scolding and searching. Robin, Nancy, and the farm men were dispatched in different

directions, as soon as the rain abated, to advertise the neighbors, under the supposition that some strolling beggar or gipsy might have carried off the treasure, and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish. Nobody thought of Geordy Wilson; he had not been spied from the hay-field; his circuits were wide; his visits to any house not frequent; and if he eschewed widow Simpson's from the day of her loss, it was because Geordy knew that neither her temper nor her liberality would be improved by that circumstance. Lost the spoons were, beyond a doubt, and the widow bade fair to loose her senses.

The rich relation came at the appointed time, and had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of his entertainer. But the search went on; rabbit holes were looked into for the missing silver, and active boys were bribed to turn out Magpies' nests. Wells and bams in the neighborhood were explored. The cryers of the nearest parishes were employed to proclaim the loss; it was regularly advertised at kirk-gates and market place; and Mrs. Simpson began to talk of getting a search warrant for the beggar's meal pouch. Bathgate was alarmed through its borders concerning the spoons; but when almost a month wore away, and nothing could be heard concerning them, the widow's suspicions turned from beggars, barns and magpies, to light on poor Nancy. She had been scouring the spoons, and left the house last; silver could no leave the table without hands. It was true that Nancy had always born an unquestioned character, but then such spoons were not to be met with every day, and Mrs. Simpson was determined to have them back in her stocking. After sundry hints to Robin, who could not help thinking that his mother was losing her judgment, she one day plumped the charge, to the utter astonishment of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been inferior only to her own. Though poor and an orphan, Nancy had a honest pride. She immediately turned out the whole contents of her kist (box), unstrung her pocket in Mrs. Simpson's presence, and then ran, with tears in her eyes, to tell the minister.

As was common then in the country parishes of Scotland, difficulties and disputes which might have employed the writers and puzzled the magistrates, were referred to his arbitration, and thus law suits and scandal were prevented. The minister had heard—who in Bathgate had no?—of Mrs. Simpson's loss. Like the rest of the parish, he thought it was very strange; but Nancy Campbell was one of the most exemplary girls in his congregation. He could not believe that the charge preferred against her was true; yet the peculiarities of the case demanded investigation. With some difficulty the minister persuaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a message to the effect that he and two of his elders, who happened to reside in the neighborhood, would come over on the following evening, hear what could be said on both sides, and if possible clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased with the minister and his elders coming to inquire after the spoons. She put on her best mitch—that is to say cap—prepared her best speeches, and enlisted some of the most serious and reliable of her neighbors to assist in the investigation.

Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer day was wearing low and the field work was over—they were all assembled in the clean scoured kitchen.

The ministers, elders and neighbors soberly listened to Mrs. Simpson's testimony touching her lost silver, Nancy, Robin, and the farm men sitting by till their turn came; when the door, which had been left open to admit the breeze (for the evening was sultry) was quietly pushed aside, and in slid Geordy, with his usual accompaniments of a staff and wallet.

"There's nae room for ye here, Geordy," "We're on weighty business."

"Weel, mem," said Geordy, turning to depart, "it's o' nae consequence. I only came to speak about your spoons."

"Hae ye heard o' them?" cried Mrs. Simpson, bouncing from her seat.

"I could na miss b'm blessed wi' the precious gift o' hearin'; and what's better, I saw them."

"Saw them, Geord? Whaur are they? and here's a whole shillin' for ye;" and Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather a glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced.

"Weel," said Geordy, "I slipped in one day, and seen' the silver unguarded, I thought some ill-guided body might covet it, and jist laid it by, I may say, among the leaves o' that Bible, thinkin' you would be sure to see the spoons when you went to read."

Before Geordy had finished his revelations, Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly displayed, but never-opened Bible, and interspersed between its leaves lay the dozen long-sought spoons.

The minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity while admonishing Geordy on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The assembled neighbors laughed outright when the daft man, pocketing the widow's shilling, which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them all that he kenne'd Mrs. Simpson read her Bible so often, that the spoons would be certain to turn out of it. Geordy got many a basin of broth and luncheon of bread and cheese on account of that transaction with which he amused all the firesides of the parish.

Mrs. Simpson was struck dumb even from scolding. The discovery put an end to her ostentatious professions, and it may be hoped

turned her attention more to practice. By way of making amends for her unjust imputations on Nancy Campbell, she consented to receive her as a daughter-in-law within the same year; and it is said there was peace ever afterwards in the farm house; but the good people of Bathgate, when discussing a character of more pretense than performance, still refer to the Widow Simpson's spoons.

Wesley and his Preachers.

He prescribed the minutest rules of life for them, even such as concerned their physical habits. He found that some became "nervous" more probably by too much work than by too little, though he thought otherwise. He gave them advice on the subject. "Touch no drink, tobacco or snuff. Eat a very light, if any, supper. Breakfast on nettle or orange peel tea. Lie down before ten; rise before five. Every day use as much exercise as you can bear; or, murder yourself by inches." "These rules," he adds, "are as necessary for the people as the preachers." He allowed his itinerants, however, to drink aglass of ale at night after preaching. He interrogated them closely in his printed minutes about their habits. "Do you," he asked, "deny yourselves every useless pleasure of sense, imagination, honor? Are you temperate in all things?—to take one for instance, in food? Do you use only that kind, and that degree, which is best both for the body and soul? Do you see the necessity of this? Do you eat no flesh suppers? No late suppers? These naturally tend to destroy bodily health. Do you eat only three meals a day? If four, are you not an excellent pattern to the flock? Do you take no more food than is necessary at each meal? You may know, if you do, by a load at your stomach, by drowsiness or heaviness, and, in a while, by weak or bad nerves. Do you use only that kind and that degree of drink which is best both for your body and soul? Do you drink water? Why not? Did you ever? Why did you leave it off, if not for health? When will you begin again? To-day? How often do you drink wine or ale? Every day? Do you want or waste it?"—[Dr. Stevens' history of Methodism.

THE DOMESTIC TYRANT.—It is to me a thoroughly disgusting sight to see, as we sometimes do, the wife and children of a family kept in constant terror of the bashaw at the head of the house, and even on the watch to yield in every petty matter to his whims and fancies. Sometimes where he is a hard-wrought and anxious man, whose hard work earns his children's bread, and whose life is the sole stay, it is needful that he should be deferred to in many things, lest the overtasked brain and overstrained nervous system should break down or grow unequal to the task.

But I am not thinking of such cases. I mean cases in which the head of the family is a great, fat, bullyi g, selfish scoundrel; who devours sullenly choice dishes at dinner, and walks into all the fruit or dessert, while his wife looks on in silence, and the awe-stricken children dare not hint that they would like a little of what the brutal hound is devouring. I mean cases where the contemptible dog is well-dressed, while his wife and children's attire is thin and thread-bare; in which he liberally tosses about his money in the billiard room and goes on a tour by himself, leaving them to the joyous routine of their unvaried life.

It is sad to see the sudden hush that falls upon the little things when he enters the house; how their sports are cut short, and they try to steal away from the room. Would that I were Empress of Russia, and such a man my subject! Shouldn't he taste the knout! Wouldn't I make him howl! That would be his suitable punishment, for he will never feel what worthier mortals would regard as the heaviest penalty by far, the utter absence of confidence or real affection between him and his children when they grow up. He will not mind that there never was a day when the toddling creatures set up a shout of delight at his entrance, and rushed at him, scaled him and searched his pockets, and pulled him about; nor that day will never come when, growing into men and women, they will come to him for sympathy and guidance in their little trials and perplexities. Oh! woful! to think that there are parents, held in geneal estimation, too, to whom their children would no more think of going to for advice, than to Nova Zembla for warmth. —[Country Parson.

TELEGRAMS AND WRITTEN CONTRACTS.—A decision came to by the Supreme Court of Berlin, merits notice from its effect on commercial transactions. It relates the validity of an order sent by telegraphic communication. The question was thus put: "Can a merchant who has given orders by telegraph for the purchase of industrial shares, refuse payment on pretence of the non-existence of written contract?" The tribunal has declared that the telegraphic order, with a reply to it by the same mode, constituted an obligation equivalent to a written contract.

DESCRIPTIVE.—The following is Aunt Betty's description of her milkman:

"He's the meanest man in the world! He skims his milk on the top, and then turns it over, and he skims the bottom, then he turns it over, and then he skims the sides; and then he divides it into ten parts carefully skimming each part."