

Well Water.

The great majority of the people in this country obtain their drinking water from the moving sheet of water which lies at a greater or less depth beneath the surface of the earth, and for this purpose they use wells.

The question as to how far, and under what circumstances, well water may be dangerously contaminated, and how such contamination may be best recognized when present, or be foreseen and guarded against, are therefore of constant interest. The *Journal of the Chemical Society* for June of this year contains a paper by Robert Warrington, entitled "A Contribution to the Study of Well Water," which is of more than ordinary value and interest. In this paper is given the result of a continuous and systematic examination of the well waters of Rothamsted, Eng., and of the connection between the composition of rain, drainage and deep-well waters. Taking a series of observations for several years it was found that the rain contained, in 1,000 parts, an average of 2 parts of chloroform, 0.67 part of combined nitrogen, and 2.52 parts of sulphuric acid. By drainage through 5 feet of bare soil the quantity of chloroform is not increased, but the combined nitrogen is increased about nine times by oxidation of the organic matter in the soil. The production of nitrates occurs chiefly in the summer months, and the first considerable drainage which occurs after summer will contain the greatest portion of the nitrates.

Nitrates being assimilated by plants are generally absent in drainage from land bearing an actively growing crop. The proportion of chlorine in the purest wells at Harpenden is about eleven per million, and it varies very little. Wells in soil much contaminated by sewage may show the commencement of a rise in the chlorides one or two months after the active autumn drainage begins, and two months before the water-level in the well begins to rise. Wells little liable to contamination show a rise in chlorides later in the season. When soil has been long contaminated by sewerage, and then fresh contamination ceases for a number of years, the proportion of chlorides in the well-water may be considerably higher than normal, but it will remain nearly unaltered through the drainage season.

In contaminated well-waters the proportion of nitrates and chlorides increases at first at an equal rate. But if active drainage continues the proportion of nitrates greatly increases. The sewage of a poorly-fod population gives a high proportion of chlorides to nitrates, while stable sewerage causes the reverse. The chloride contamination is more permanent than by nitrates. The probable average proportion of nitrogen as nitrates in drainage water from uncultivated land is 2.8 per million.

The examinations of waters made by Mr. Warrington were almost entirely chemical; the only exception was a series of experiments which indicate that a nitrifying micro-organism is contained in deep-well waters, but in very small proportions.

Joke on a General.

Apocryphal of Gen. Faidherbe, an amusing anecdote is related of an adventure which befell him when he commanded the army of the North in the war of 1870. His charger, a splendid gray Arab, had been wounded at the battle of point Noyelles, and the general was obliged to leave it behind him at a farm. Some days after, as Gen. Faidherbe was at lunch, a non-commissioned officer of the Prussian army came up with a French dragoon and a horse which Gen. von Goben had sent him with a polite message, believing it to be his property. The horse was a miserable animal, and Gen. Faidherbe, amazed at the explanation, asked the dragoon for an explanation. The man related that he had been taken prisoner with three comrades by a patrol of German cavalry, two days before, and that he had hit on the bright idea of representing himself as the orderly and his horse as the favorite charger of Gen. Faidherbe. The German officers had communicated his statement to Gen. von Goben, who had courteously returned the animal to the French general. Gen. Faidherbe, however, asked the German soldier to take the dragoon and the horse back with him, and the man had to return crossfallen at the failure of his ruse. Gen. von Goben, as soon as he learnt the truth, directed that diligent search should be made for the Arab, but it had been so carefully hidden away that he never succeeded in restoring it to his adversary.

Nancy Hart, the Revolutionary Patriot.

Your correspondent has recently collected an account of Nancy Hart of revolutionary fame, who resided in what is now Elbert County. She is described as being among the bravest of the brave, six feet high, very muscular, and erect in her gait.

Among the anecdotes told concerning her is the following:

One evening she was at home with her children, sitting around a log fire, boiling soap in a large pot over the fire. Nancy was engaged in telling her children the latest news of the war. The house was a log one, with great cracks, and one of the children discovered a Tory peeping through the crack. Nancy never paid any attention to the Tory until she got the water real hot, when she poured it through the crack into the fellow's eyes. She then went outside and amused herself at his expense.

Nancy Hart and her husband lived on Broad River, and up to a few years ago an old apple orchard pointed the place where the house stood. Nancy said she would prove herself a friend to the country "to do or die." All Whigs had to hide or be hung. The ill-colored Mr. Hart was not the last to seek safety in the canoe with his neighbors. Mrs. Hart was not of that sort. She vowed that she would not flinch one inch from a Tory. They gave her a call one day, and sitting down at her table ordered a repast. They stacked arms and began to make themselves at home. Nancy seized a gun, cocked it, and with a blazing oath declared that she would blow the brains out of the first mortal who would rise or taste a mouthful, and, turning to her son, said: "Go and tell the Whigs that I have taken six base Tories." They were badly worried at this, but after the punishment of a scare they were released.

On one occasion during the war she became engaged in conversation with a Tory, seized his gun, and marched him into an American fort, where he was taken as a prisoner.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Two Anecdotes of Thackeray.

"When, soon after our marriage, Mr. Brookfield introduced his early college friend, Mr. Thackeray to me, he brought him one day unexpectedly to dine with us. There was, fortunately, a good plain dinner, but I was young and shy enough to feel embarrassed because we had no sweets, and I privately sent my maid to the nearest confectioner's to buy a dish of tarts, which I thought would give a finish to our simple meal. When they were placed before me, I timidly offered our guest a small one, saying: 'Will you have a tartlet, Mr. Thackeray?' 'I will, but I'll have a two-penny one, if you please,' he answered, so beamingly, that we all laughed, and my shyness disappeared.

"On another occasion, also very early in my friendship with Mr. Thackeray, he was at our house one evening with a few other intimate friends when the conversation turned on court circulars, and their sameness day after day. A few samples were given: 'So-and-so had the honor of joining her majesty's dinner-party with other lofty and imposing personages,' invariably ending with Dr. Preterius. 'By the way, who is Dr. Preterius?' somebody asked. A slight pause ensued, when a voice began solemnly chanting the national anthem, ending each verse with:

"God save our gracious queen.
Send her victorious, happy and glorious,
Dr. Preterius—God save the queen.

"This was Mr. Thackeray, who had been sitting perfectly silent and rather apart from those who were talking, and had not appeared to notice what was said."—*Scribner's Magazine*.

Not Meant for Him.

There were about half a dozen of them and they had been off somewhere in the country. They were all piled on a wagon, and as they passed one of the numerous cottages a pretty woman accidentally turned a white handkerchief loose. There were six handkerchiefs waving wildly in the breeze in one instant.

"By Jove! she's pretty. I wonder who she is? That was meant for me." "It wasn't. It was meant for me," said everybody but a little old man sitting on the bottom of the wagon, hidden from sight.

"Well," he said, "I'll bet it was not meant for me."

"Why?"

"Because that was my wife."

And a dead silence fell on the picnic. —*San Francisco Chronicle*.

A Millionaire and the Statue of Venus.

There is a millionaire quite close at hand, within whose gardens fair several statues stand. Apollo smiles out there Juno and Jupiter, Castor and Pollux, pair with hand in hand. In addition to those there are Venus and many others too numerous or indelicate to mention. For years this Olympian collection has evoked admiration, and attention has been drawn to the possessor as a man who values the precious in art and spends his money in promoting the taste for the Greek slave—I mean, Greek art. He has or had a lovely statue of Venus, and Venus used to stand in a modest, deprecatory attitude in the garden and endure all sorts of inspection. I need scarcely say that Venus could not be looked at without conflicting emotions, which accounted for her popularity. Well one night the millionaire had been out at an Irish home-rule meeting, and he had imbibed some very strong arguments. He was, to say the least of it, rather confused in his mind and unsteady on his feet. As he wandered through the garden to find the front door of the house, which he was coming to believe had been taken inside for the night, his eye fell on Venus. Time was no object. He stood and gazed at the statue of beauty for a long time. Then he walked up and shook his fist at it.

"Look here, Venus, it just occurs to me you've been here fourteen years, and you've never paid a cent of rent. You'd better get out of this."

And he pitched Venus off her pedestal over the garden wall.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Jefferson's Ingenuity.

I think it is not generally known, writes Frank Stockton in the *Century*, with what pleasure and zeal Jefferson brought his mind to bear, not only upon the development of his somewhat grand idea in regard to a home, but upon the most minute and peculiar contrivances for convenience and adornment. He drew plans and made estimates for nearly everything that was built or constructed on his place. He calculated the number of bricks he used in every part of his buildings, and his family now possess elaborately-drawn plans of such bits of household furnishing as "curtain valances" and the like. There were no bedsteads in his house, but in every chamber there was an alcove in the wall in which a wooden framework was built which supported the bed. His own sleeping arrangements during the lifetime of his wife were of a very peculiar nature. In the partition between two chambers was an archway, and in this archway was the double bed; one chamber was Mr. Jefferson's room and the other was his wife's dressing-room. When he arose in the morning he got out of bed into his own room, and Mrs. Jefferson got out into her room. After his wife's death her room became his study, and the partition wall between it and the library being taken down, the whole was thrown into the present large apartment. Over the archway in which the bed is placed is a long closet reached by a step-ladder placed in another closet at the foot of the bed. In this were stored in summer the winter clothes of the family, and in winter their summer habiliments. At the other side of the arch there is a small door, so that persons going from one room to the other had no need to clamber over the bed.

In the smaller chamber when it became his study, stood Mr. Jefferson's writing chair, which was made to suit his peculiar needs. The chair itself was high-backed, well-rounded and cushioned, and in front of it extended a cushioned platform on which Mr. Jefferson found it very pleasant to stretch his legs, being sometimes troubled with swellings of the smaller veins of these limbs. The writing-table was so made that it could be drawn up over this platform, legs and all, and pushed down when not in use. The top of this table turned on a pivot; on one side of it were his writing materials, and on the other was the little apparatus by which he made copies of all his letters. By his side was another revolving table, on which his books of reference lay, or were held open at proper angles. Near him also stood a pair of large globes; and, if he wished to study anything outside of this world, he had in the room two long telescopes mounted on brass tripods. Convenient also were his violins, one a Cremona and the other the bass viol saved from the Shadwell fire. Besides the book-shelves and the somewhat simple furniture of the library, there were a number of oddly contrived little closets in which were

stored his multitudinous manuscripts. There is a writing-table now in the possession of the family which was frequently used by Mr. Jefferson, and which is ingeniously contrived. Two of its four legs are hollow, and in these run rods resting upon springs by which the table can be easily elevated, the other two legs being also extensible but in a different way. When Mr. Jefferson was tired of writing in a sitting position he could stand up and raise this table to the desired height. When he wished to use it as a reading stand the top could be inclined at any angle, and a strip of brass was brought into use to keep the books and papers from sliding off.

Opening from the library was a large room inclosed with glass, which was intended for a conservatory, but was used by Mr. Jefferson as his work-room. There he had a work-bench with all sorts of carpenter's tools, with which he constructed a great many of the small conveniences he invented.

Scientific Farming in Georgia.

Bob Tipper is a colored farmer of this community, and his mode of procedure illustrates a very large majority of colored farmers who rent land and farm "on their own hook." Robert is the owner of an emaciated, dun-colored, bottle-bellied bull, which serves as plow-horse, Sunday-go-to-meeting buggy nag and hauler of a Saturday's "load of wood, sah." The feed of this bovine consists of wire-grass, crapped during the stilly hours of the night, while his master sleeps the sleep of the just, and hence it is Old Dun doesn't present that well-fed, sleek appearance incident to high living.

Passing Farmer Tipper's recently this reporter found that gentleman pulling a bell line over Old Dun and going at a snail's pace, throwing two furrows to some pale, sickly looking corn that struggled for existence amid the weeds and grass always present in the average colored planter's crop. Hailing us and asking the loan of a "ohaw terbacker, sah," the following dialogue ensued:

"Bob, why don't you hoe out that corn?" asked the reporter.

"I 'lows ter, boss, when I lays by"—although the corn was in full silk and tassled at waist high.

"How did you begin that crop, Bob?" asked the reporter.

"In de fust place, sah, I run one furrer in de middle and drapt de co'n on kivered it wid my feet. One munt later I flung two furrers to it, and den side out my cotton crop of twelve akers. Fust er June I flung two more furrers to de co'n an' two more to my cotton and chops it out. Dis is de next plov'in' I gives de co'n. Nex' time I'll bust out dese baulks, and den I'll hoo it, sah, ef its wuth it."

"Do you prepare your land before planting, Bob?" asked the reporter.

"O, no, sah. 'Twon't do ter go to sturvin' the sarri (soil) too much in dis sandy lan.' You mus' plant in de water furrer ter ketch de rain dat falls, and den, as you kin, fling de sarri to de co'n as she grows. 'Twon't do to stury de sarri too much, 'case if you do lose all de supstion (substance) in de lan,' said Bob, looking as wise as Solomon himself.—*Bainbridge (Ga.) Democrat*.

The Man in the Moon.

Say, who is the fellow who sits in the moon, and why does he grin in so foolish a way? In winter he's smiling as well as in June—what keeps up his spirits so wordlessly, pray? Oh, a merry old fool is the man in the moon, and he sits there and looks at the chap full of gin, who staggers along like a wavering loon, and he can not, to save him, refrain from a grin. And anon he can see from his seat in the moon, a fellow who's reckless and brainless to boot, who sails up a mile in a giant balloon, and sails down again on a big parachute. And again he can smile at the man with a gun, who asks at the desk if the editor's in, who's scamped from the floor when the struggle is done, and carried away on the point of a pin. There are thousands of jokes for the man in the moon, and he smiles when he sees William H., in despair, imploring his darling to marry him soon—and a year after that when she's pulling his hair. If you could go up in a trusty balloon, as far as that orb in her setting of blue, and look down on earth with the man in the moon, you'd likely be grinning as foolishly too. This dizzy old world is a joke from the start, and there's no use of weeping from morning till noon; it's better to go with a smile in your heart, and try to outspoke the man in the moon.—*Nebraska State Journal*.