

"OLD GREENBACKS HISSELE."

An Old Darky's Story of an Interview with Chief Justice Chase.
Ben: Perley Poore.

"Old Greenbacks" was the political appellation given to Chief Justice Chase when he was Secretary of the Treasury, by the enthusiastic clique which tried so hard to secure for him the Republican nomination for the Presidency. Among other stories told by the Chase men, by way of proving his popularity at the South, was one of his visits to a leading free negro in Florida, Uncle Solomon.

Uncle Solomon had collected a good many war relics and Indian curiosities, which Mr. Chase inspected with interest, listening meanwhile to the old darky's anecdotes relative to the war in Florida, and its effect both on the planters and negroes, as seen from his own peculiar standpoint, that of a free colored man cultivating some thirty or forty acres of his own land. After an hour thus pleasantly spent Mr. Chase thanked his entertainer, and, as he was about stepping into the ambulance which had conveyed him thither, for the purpose of returning, produced a new \$1 bill and placed it in the astonished hands of Uncle Solomon.

"What for dat?" asked Uncle Sol, holding out the bill indignantly at arm's length. "Golly, massa, 'twasn't for dat old uncle tooted you round dis place. I'se got all I want, God be blessed for it!" and the old darky's feelings appeared to have been really hurt.

"Why, uncle, you mistake," said the Chief Justice, kindly, stepping back out of his ambulance and pointing one finger to the vignette in the corner of the bill, "I knew you better, Uncle Sol, than to offer you money; and it is as a picture to remember me by, not as money, that I give you that bill."

For a moment Uncle Sol was stupefied, but, observing Mr. Chase still pointing with one hand to the vignette, while removing his broad-brimmed straw hat with the other, some glimmer of the truth began to break slowly in upon old uncle's mind. Once or twice his eyes rolled between the face of the Chief Justice and the portrait in the corner of the crisp paper he was holding, a light of new intelligence every moment spreading over his features, and rapidly expanding into the broadest and happiest of grins. At length, throwing up his hands and bringing them down on his knees—a gesture many times repeated—old Uncle Sol commenced shouting aloud:

"Oh, golly, massa, if you ain't Ole Greenbacks hisself! Golly, golly, if you ain't Ole Greenbacks. I'se so glad to see you, massa, I'se so glad to see you! Oh, golly, massa, God be blessed dis old nigger has lived to see dis day!" The dollar bill was not returned, but enshrined in a neatly-carved frame of red cedar over the chimney-piece of Uncle Solomon's best room, the most-prized and most-adored relic of all his odd museum. The old man never wearied of relating every minute incident of that one bright, happy day, when his farm was made glorious and his life was ennobled through all future time by actual contact for an hour "with Old Greenbacks himself."

For and Against the Sparrow.

In twenty years the sparrow in America has increased so that it is now difficult to find a section of the country from Boston to San Francisco which has not its chirping, saucy sparrow, fighting in the roadway or making a meal from the droppings in the street. They are not migratory, but remain the year through wherever they may be, whether in the Gulf States or Canada. Everywhere he is the same, and everywhere he has bitter enemies and most ardent friends. It is claimed that he is and is not a fruit-eater; that he does and does not drive away native birds; that he is and is not an insectivorous bird, and each of these directly-opposite conclusions is supported by any quantity of observations. Sparrows by the hundred have been dissected in all seasons, and their maws found filled with grain or insects, as the operator was a sparrow-phobe or a sparrow-phile.

Dr. T. M. Brewer, the Boston naturalist, has been the great sparrow advocate. His death left the birds without any prominent defender, while Dr. Elliot Cones, of the Smithsonian Institution, has been the leader of those who are writing down the sparrow. Many of the States have outlawed the little bird, and exposed him to slaughter by whoever may care for the work.

The charges against the birds, briefly stated, are that they perform very inefficiently the work they were imported to do; they attack, dispossess, drive away and sometimes actually kill various native birds which are much more insectivorous than themselves, and which might do better service if equally encouraged; they commit depredations in the kitchen-garden, the orchard and the grain field; they are personally obnoxious and unpleasant to many persons, and they have at present no natural enemies and no check upon their limitless increase.

C. V. Riley, the entomologist, gave his testimony against the sparrow, and recently Dr. Cones has declared that the repression of the bird is a matter of national importance, for they are crowding out into the grain fields and threaten to have a material effect upon the crop reports. The daughter of Audubon, the naturalist, also wrote regretting that they had ever been introduced.—*New York Herald*.

Witness My Hand and Seal.

In the year 800 after Christ, the Goths, the Vandals, the Franks, the Huns, the Noremans, the Turks, and other barbarian hordes, had invaded and overthrown the Roman Empire, and had established various kingdoms on its ruins. In the then so-called Christian nations, there existed no science worthy of the name, no schools whatever. Reading, writing, and ciphering were separate and distinct trades. The masses, the nobility, the poor, and the rich were wholly unacquainted with the mysteries of the alphabet and the pen. A few men, known as clerks, who generally belonged to the priesthood, monopolized them as a special class of artists. They taught their business

only to their seminarists, apprentices; and beyond themselves and their few pupils no one knew how to read and write, nor was it expected of the generality, any more than it would be nowadays that everybody should be a shoemaker or a lawyer. Kings did not even know how to sign their names, so that when they wanted to subscribe to a written contract, law, or treaty, which some clerk had drawn up for them, they would smear their right hand with ink and slap it down on the parchment, saying, "Witness my hand." At a later day some genius devised the substitute of the seal, which was impressed instead of the hand, but often beside the hand. Every gentleman had a seal with a peculiar device thereon. Hence the sacramental words now in use, "Witness my hand and seal," affixed to modern deeds, at least serve the purpose of reminding us of the ignorance of the Middle Ages.

Meteoric Stones.

An immense aerolite, or meteoric stone fell near *Agospatami*, in Asia Minor, in 467 B. C., which was described by Pliny as being as large as a wagon. There is a remarkable one in the Smithsonian Institution, weighing 1,400 pounds, which fell in Mexico about A. D. 1500. The largest meteoric masses on record were heard of first by Capt. Ross, the Arctic explorer, through some Esquimaux. These lay on the west coast of Greenland, where they were subsequently found by the Swedish Exploring Expedition of 1870. One of them, now in the Royal Museum of Stockholm, weighs over 50,000 pounds, and is the largest specimen known. Two remarkable meteorites have fallen in Iowa within a few years past. On Feb. 12, 1875, a very bright meteor, in the form of an elongated horseshoe, was seen through a region of at least 400 miles in length and 250 breadth, lying in Missouri and Iowa. It is described as "without a tail but having a sort of flowing jacket of flames." Detonations were heard, so violent as to shake the earth and to jar the windows like the shock of an earthquake, as it fell, at about 10:30 o'clock p. m., a few miles east of Marengo, Iowa. The ground for a space of some seven miles in length by two to four miles in breadth was strewn with fragments of this meteor, varying in weight from a few ounces to seventy-four pounds; the aggregate of the parts discovered being about 500 pounds.

On May 10, 1879, at about 5 o'clock p. m., a large and extraordinarily-luminous meteor exploded with a terrific noise, followed at slight intervals with less violent detonations, and struck the earth in the edge of a ravine near Estherville, Emmet county, Iowa, penetrating to a depth of fourteen feet. Within two miles other fragments were found, one of which weighed 470 pounds and another 32 pounds; the principal mass weighed 431 pounds. All the discovered parts aggregate about 640 pounds. The one of 170 pounds is now in the cabinet of the State University of Minnesota. The composition of this aerolite is peculiar in many respects; but, as in nearly all aerolites, there is a considerable proportion of iron and nickel.—*Inter Ocean*.

Faults of Our School System.

We school the children too much. That is to say, we keep them at school all the year round; we continually force their perceptive and memorizing faculties, and give no time for the play of their reflective faculties. In other words, they don't reflect upon what they have learned or attempt to apply it in their own minds. We cram them with too many studies. How else is the fact to be accounted for that a child in the country, having but four months' schooling in the year, will come to Boston more matured in his education than one who has had nine months. Indeed, I see it is indorsed by the United States Medical College of New York, and that Dr. Gunn, Dean of that institution, has written a long article concerning its value.

"And are you now as well as formerly?" "Apparently so. I keep the remedy on hand all the while, though, and do not hesitate to recommend it to others."

"One quest on more! How many ponds of 'salt' have you here, and how are they divided?"

"Well, we have 43 ponds which are divided up as follows: 22 ponds of brook trout, 2 ponds of salmon trout, 4 of McCloud river or rainbow trout, 2 ponds of German trout, 3 of California mountain trout, 2 ponds of hybrids, 4 of one-quarter salmon and three-quarters brook trout, 2 ponds of gold fish, and 1 pond of carp. Then we have what we call the centennial pond of 'happy fish'—a pond containing a variety of different fish, including Kennebec salmon, Lakelocked salmon, California salmon, brook trout, salmon trout and hybrids. These fish range in size from mannos to 18-pounds, and in age from one-and-a-half months to even years. I forgot to say, also, that we have a 'hospital' pond, which is entirely empty, which speaks pretty well for a community of many millions. Indeed the whole secret of fish culture can be summed up in four things. Impregnation—using no water. Plenty of food. Plenty of pure water. Plenty of room.

The numerous fish exhibitions which are taking place in all parts of Europe and the unusual interest which is being manifested in this subject throughout the world all owe their origin to the process above described as originated and conducted by Seth Green. It is certainly cause for congratulation to every American that this country produces so many men whose genius brings value to the world, and it is proof positive of the greatest merit that a remedy, even with such high standing as 'Ward's Safe Cure' is known to have, should be so strongly endorsed and recommended by one so reputable and reliable as Seth Green.

His Turn Again.

"I heered on the streets dat Sam Johnson gib you a kick las' night?" "He did for a fac'. Ise suffering from de effec' ob it yit."

"Why didn't yer kick him back?" "Hey?"

"Why didn't yer kick him back?"

"Bekase dar was nobody dar but us two."

"I don't see no sense in dat at all."

"Yer don't? Well! I does. Da being only two of us present, ef I had kicked him back, den hit would hab been my turn to be kicked agin right off." *Texas Sittings*.

A book agent named Joe Smyrk, was put out and hurt by a jerk, he says as a cure.

St. Jacobs Oil is sure, at all times to get in its work.

A lightning-rod man in St. Paul, From a house had a serious fall, Though battered and bruised, He said, when he used

St. Jacobs Oil—"it simply beats all."

THE FATHER OF FISH-CULTURE.

Seth Green's Ideas About the Funny Tribe and Some of His Varied Experiences.

[From the *Turf, Field and Farm*.]

"How did you ever come to devise this scheme?"

"I have been working at it ever, since I was large enough to bend a pin."

The above remark was addressed to Mr. Seth Green, the veteran fish culturist, who is known to the entire world, and his reply indicates the extent of his labors.

"When I was quite young," he continued, "I would lie on the limbs of trees that reached over the water entire afternoons, watching the movements of the fish and studying their habits. In this way I discovered many characteristics which were before unknown. I saw, as every observer must see, the distinctions which are made between fish and fish, and I realized that unless something were done the life in the streams of this country would become extinct. To counteract this disastrous end became my life work, and I am happy to say I have seen its accomplishment."

"Were you successful on the start?"

"No, indeed. Up to that time all artificial attempts to hatch and raise fish from the spawn had failed, and I was compelled to experiment in an entirely-new manner. The work was a careful and tedious one, but I finally succeeded, and to-day I am able to hatch and raise fully 75 per cent of all

the fish which I have ever seen."

"Enormous!" Why, that is a larger percentage than either the vegetable or animal kingdom produce in a natural condition on."

"I know it, but we exercise the greatest care in the start, and guard the little fellows until they become able to care for themselves."

The foregoing conversation occurred at Caledonia where the representative of this paper was paying a visit to the State of Michigan. It has been his privilege to report very many interesting sights within the past twenty-five years, but the view presented here exceeds in interest anything ever before attempted.

"How many fish are there in those ponds, Mr. Green?"

"As we have never attempted to count them it will be impossible to say. They extend way up into the millions though. We shipped over 3,000,000 out of the ponds this year, and there seemed to be as many afterwards as before. We have nearly every variety of the trout family and many hybrids."

"You speak of hybrids, Mr. Green. What do you mean by that?"

"I have experimented for years in crossing the breed of the various fish, and am still working upon it. We cross the female salmon trout with the male brook trout, and thus produce a hybrid. Then we cross the hybrid with the brook trout which gives us a white, silvery, and luxuriant gray hair. Seta Green, the father of fish-culture, is a picture of health, and the reporter could not help remarking so.

As the result of my experiments the content of Mr. Green's while while giving the account he could not but feel that he was in the presence of one of the few investigators who, from a rich and life-long experience, bring great benefit to the world. Let the reader imagine a strong and stalwart frame, surmounted by a head strongly resembling that of Socrates, and covered with a white, silvery beard and luxuriant gray hair.

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