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Chemistry is the study of matter, energy and interaction between them. There are many reasons to study chemistry, even if you are not pursuing a career in science. Chemistry is everywhere in the world around you! It's in the food you eat, the clothes you wear, the water you drink, the medicine, the air, the cleaners... You name it, Chemistry is sometimes referred to as central science because it connects other sciences such as biology, physics, geology and environmental science. Here are some of the best reasons to study chemistry. Chemistry helps you understand the world around you. Why do leaves change color in autumn? Why are the plants green? How is cheese made? What is soap and how is it cleaned? All these questions can be answered by using chemistry. Basic chemistry knowledge helps you read and understand product labels. Chemistry can help you make informed decisions. Will the product work as advertised or is it a scam? If you understand how chemistry works, you can separate reasonable expectations from pure fiction. Chemistry is the basis of cooking. If you understand the chemical reactions involved in making baked goods grow or neutralize the acidity or thickening of the sauces, chances are you will be better prepared. Team Chemistry can help keep you safe! You will know which household chemicals are dangerous to hold together or mix and which can be used safely. Chemistry teaches useful skills. Because it's science, learning chemistry means learning to be objective and how to reason and solve problems. Helps understand current events, including oil news, product recalls, pollution and technological advances. Makes the little mysteries of life a little less ... Mysterious. Chemistry explains how it works. Chemistry opens up career options. There are many careers in chemistry, but even if you are looking for a job in another field, the analytical skills that you have gained in chemistry are helpful. Chemistry refers to the food industry, retail sales, transport, art, household... really any type of work you can call. Chemistry is fun! There are many interesting chemical projects that you can do with common everyday materials. Chemical projects aren't just booming. They can glow in the dark, change colors, produce bubbles and change states. The success that was present at his calculations was a subject completely inexplicable even to himself, and he was half forced to believe that there must be evil agency management indoors. William L. Stone February 1871 Issue of Hero of Striking Incidents is about to be told was the late Dr. Noah Stone of Guilford, Connecticut, the father of David M. Stone, editor and owner of the New York Trade Journal. The very facts - which, incidentally, do not need embellishment - are clearly remembered by several people still alive, and may well take one pause before answering the question whether or not The age was completely empirical. When Dr. Stone was in his twelfth year he got by chance some old volumes on astrology written by Albubater, Jason Pratensis, and Paracelsus; and, being a diligent and somewhat reserved and brooding guy, he spent most of his time delving into these jobs after the family retired, often looking by his pillow only when the dawn opened in the morning. Nor was it long before he became quite adept at black art, among other things, found that his reverie originated from the compound of Saturn and Jupiter in the Litra at the time of his birth; while his melancholy was caused by the meeting of Saturn and the Moon in Scorpio. At this time, too, his little camera was filled with various figures, imperfect and somewhat crudely drawn it is true, with phrases and scraps of writing, such as, The Lord of geniture, the quartile aspects of Saturn and Mars, one climax and the other in the fourth house - eclipses and earthquakes - a real connection or opposition to Sagittary or Pisces, the sun and the moon, if the moon is combined or the moon , at the time of birth, with the Sun, Saturn or Mars, many diseases follow, etc. In short, if a little years of disciple or limited number of his books and his times and chances of studying, it was quite obvious that the curious boy was in good serious looking at heaven as a great book, whose letters are a star, which says many strange things for such as can be read. Around the same time, his father's neighbor, a very dignified man in modest circumstances, named Crowfoot, had the misfortune to lose his cow, a wonderfully beautiful animal that, with a plentiful supply of milk, greatly contributed to the support of a large family of children. Having been found to graze on vast common land between the Tunny and Simsbury mines, the crummie veered and disappeared, much to the owner's small concerns, and even more inconvenience to dependent children. Isaac Crowfoot himself was meek as Moses; but his wife was a sort of comforter of Job, and this circumstance was not a tendency to mitigate internal disasters. A few days of fruitless searches were spent, and no more visible received from a cow that had never before been able to return home at sunset. And with each subsequent tasteless return of his husband, he was destined to face a sharp rebuke of his husband in the disbelief of his search after he disappeared. One evening, as Uncle Isaac, because, thus, he was familiarly called- returning in a gloomy and dull mood from a fruitless search, passing by the house of a young stone, the latter approached him as follows: - Why, Uncle Isaac, have you not found an old brindle yet? No, I don't think so, Uncle Isaac replied. I bin hunted all day, and Haive walked the net from here to Pogounnuck and then up to Turkey Hills and back and hain't heard anything about plaguy varmint. Have you been up the Farmington River, and over the mountain in West Hartford, Uncle Isaac? I went eerymost around the mountain on Thursday and I think she had a bin stolen. It's a loss for a poor man like me, though if I were as rich as your dad, I shouldn't think anything ont because I don't know. The old woman will take over so when she sees me at night without a cow, because the kids bin cry eyes on the milk ever sin' Sabbath Day. The young stone was a compassionate fellow, and Uncle Isaac's reference to his children's wishes instantly garnered his sympathy on their behalf. Accordingly, when Uncle Isaac stepped away from the gate, the boy quickly caught his sleeve, as if he thought had suddenly hit him, and said: 'I say, Uncle Isaac, I will throw the figure tonight, and tell you where the old brindle was hiding if you come down this path in the morning. Uncle Isaac knew little about what was meant by the casting figure, but he said he should be terribly happy if he could find out where the darned critter was, because he would have been accused if he hadn't tramped about as long as his shoes looked a terrible spectacle worse than those of the sinful Gibeonites when they played such a cute stunt on Jir'al Joshua. It was an unassuming attempt at pleasure on the part of Uncle Isaac, and he then made it to his own home. The next morning the family noticed when the young Stone came down to the prayers that his face was extremely pale; and he appeared like someone who was sleep deprived. His manner was restless and restless, and his mother, with great care, made divine requests respecting his health, which he satisfied as best he could. Shortly after breakfast Uncle Isaac appeared trudging up the road, and was greeted by a young strait with: 'I'm afraid I've done something wrong, but I can tell you where the old brindle is; that is, if I worked, I mean, if I guessed right. You hain't seen her, I conclude, don't you? Responded Crowfoot, his lighting features with joy. 'No, the young man replied, but if I can guess right, the old brindle is seven miles away, about the middle of the oak plains over there. She caught her horns in the bushes, near the ledge of the rocks on the west side of the round hill, and could not escape; and what's more, she's almost starving. As enough, said Uncle Isaac; But I think you're the witch to find all that if someone hain't tell'd you're ont. I'll be terribly glad 'no mistake to find her ag'in. I'll go right away. Let's see, the road to Newgate will be the closest, I think. I was haunted by the fear that some of them ere guys, jokes from the mines out there, stole it. Guvner pardon tew many of them consarned scoundrels. Now don't be too sure, answered the youth, as Uncle Isaac moved forward with renewed energy and confidence; It's guesswork, after all, and will be glad if it does not come true, he added, in a shade; I'd rather give him a better cow pas than, but don't pay attention; I don't believe a word about it myself. Old Isaac, however, without hesitation, continued his journey, and penetrated the thick undergrowth of bush oaks until he reached the place that was indicated by the lad. Of course the crummie was there, entangled in the horns, and in an sorry, half-starved state, which the boy predicted! The young divine awaited Isaac's return with more uneasiness than he had ever felt before; and a shuddering sensation crept over him when, by the evening, he saw the old brindled favorite, in an exhausted and miserable position, wending her way slowly home, and then Crowfoot in the face. Joining the poor man as quickly as possible, Stone learned all the circumstances of the find, and at the end of his conference pleaded with Uncle Isaac not to say anything about it, protesting that it was all guesses, just an accident, as he felt confident in his mind, it must be. But if a good man could keep a secret, his wife could not do anything of this; and this incident was therefore noised abroad, largely to the annoyance of the guy, and did not diminish the reputation until soon reports of minor magnitude and ambiguous complexion found their way to his parents. The investigation that grew as a result of the incident brought to light his midnight vigils, during which the parents readily discovered the cause of their son's ill health; for by this time his constitution, never energetic, had begun apparently to give way. His cheeks became unusually pale, and his flesh seemed to spend on degrees away. Indeed, the guy admitted that, whether it was lack of sleep or that virtue came out of it, he never spent the night in a casting figure without experiencing a stretch and loss of nervous strength - the same loss of vitality, no doubt, that modern trans-mediums feel after one of their sessions. Accordingly, his parents asked him to stop astrological training; at the same time, in the hope that the change of air would be useful, he was sent to Applebury Parish, a beautiful country town on the Long Island coast, where he was to continue his classical studies under the direction of the late Reverend and venerable Dr. Elliott, a priest distinguished both by his scientific achievements and by his piety. But the story of Isaac Crowfoot, and the special find of his cow truant, followed the guy in Applebury; and before he reached his sixteenth year he had the opportunity to make additional tests of his skill, his extreme reluctance to do that was overcome only by the most suggesting pleas. It so happened that during his regular business as a West Indies trader, Captain David Hoyt, an old friend and relative of the writer's father, purchased a cargo of mules - an animal previously extensive export from islands -- and sailed, in his ship bound with St. Domingo. He was accompanied by Captain Hoyt's stepfather, about a year old. He was his mother's only son, and very much loved; and was, until his death a few years ago, a respectable farmer in Applebury. The vessel was missing for a long time and no information was received from it. Brig, who sailed from Applebury in company with Captain Hoyt made a prosperous journey and returned; but no other species were returned, and she did not arrive at the time when the brig sailed on his return. His friends, therefore, began to respect his fate with great concern; and the wife of the missing captain, greatly disturbed by the safety of her husband and son, hearing gossip, touching on the miraculous find of a long-lost cow, approached our young hero, imploring him to inform her of the fate of the missing schooner and those on board. There were no affectations in his youth, and he was very, resly reluctant to resume the experiment. But after many persuasions he agreed to satisfy the feelings of an anxious wife and mother as far as lay in his power, though he admonished a good woman against re- any confidence in his reputation of skill. In sober honesty he was not sure of it himself, for, as far as the previous case was concerned, he considered it only in the light of one of those coincidences, often occurring in human events, but which are not entirely receptive to explaining any known principles of mental philosophy. Contrary to his expectations, however, and even his own wishes, during a night of painstaking application, the results of his figure allowed him to return the full answer the next morning, the correctness of which will be verified within a few days. This answer was that the missing schooner, after parting company with the previously mentioned brig, was for a long time becalmed. The captain and all hands were all well; but their provisions became short, their checked and water exhausted, and most of the mules died of starvation. The vessel, according to the figure, will definitely put back into distress and arrive at Sandy Hook the following Tuesday, after the previous day, threw the last of the mules overboard, and reach Applebury next Thursday. It turned out to be even so. On Thursday, after the prediction, Captain Hoyt and his stepfather arrived in Applebury from New York; and in connection with the events of the disastrous journey confirmed all that the young stone had snuck, in particular, even in the hour when they ran past the Lighthouse of Sandy Hook and entered the harbor of New York. The fulfillment of the prediction, if one might call it, was even more of a surprise to the young astrologer than in the first case. He realized that he had intentionally done or tried nothing wrong in any way; But the success that was present at his calculations was a subject completely inexplicable even to himself; and he was half forced to believe that there must be an evil management of the agency indoors. He shuddered at the idea; for, although not a member of the Church at that time, his mind was deeply imbued with religious feelings. From early childhood, his young thoughts were directed to the sky; habits, and all his father's household rules, were religious; respect for all external forms of devotion was strict and unreserved on the part of the father; while all his sweetest and most appealing influences were perfectly illustrated in the quiet and unobtrusive but active examples of the mother. The reflection of the moment, however, convinced him of the meaninglessness of his fears. In exercising his supposed fortune-telling power, he only followed the rules set out in the printed books as he insisted on faith, pretended to be magic. These books guided the construction of germane questions to the question in hand, and then, going through certain arithmetic problems due to the situation of celestial bodies, the answer had to be read as a result, affirmatively and negatives. His art, as it seemed to him, had such a degree and nothing more. In his juvenile days, he looked into the books curiously; now, in the greater maturity of his youth, he tasted his skill as an interesting experiment only; and, as he assumed, any other person who would take the trouble could play the magician in the same way. By fulfilling his predictions he has yet to explain the coincidence only; and, in any case, he was quite sure, for in this he could not be wrong that he referred to the help of not an evil genius, and he had no reason to believe that messengers of this character had ever traveled abroad on such assignments without invitation or unbidden. Therefore, he allowed his mind to rest on the subject, mentally deciding to avoid even the appearance of evil in the future, and the essay is no longer experiments of this kind. But the tears and importunities of women who can withstand? Hearts sterner things than our young hero had, and more experience were often subdued by such appeals; and that so he could be overshadowed so that he would turn his back on his determination. Temporarily changing his residence from the Tunkie Valley to the shades of Applebury, he imagined in vain that the little unwelcome fame of his first achievement would be left behind. But, mistakenly in this assumption, he, as a result of his first experiment, was forced into the second, whose glory was widely bruited about, to his even greater irritation; and he was soon involved in a third trial, the result of which was even more striking. General Carlos Wilcox, a respectable merchant living in a nearby town, and a man not insignificant in this community, were equipped and cargo for the West India market ship with a cargo of unusual value. Supercargo had instructions, in some unforeseen circumstances, to try various speculations, by trading from island to island over the wider American archipelago. When overtaking this vessel, the owner suffered heavy duties that only her return from a thriving voyage would allow him to perform. But although he received early information about the safe arrival of his ship, and about her departure from the first port of destination, but for a long period there was no additional information from her. Over time, he was faced with demands for large payments that he could not meet; and he was therefore forced to file a request for a delay. However, there were no sight-to-ships, and his daily position became increasingly critical, while his mind was full of embarrassment and bewilderment. While things were in this situation, the merchant, almost diverted to distraction from the difficulties accumulating in his way, was convinced against his best judgment, to seek help from Dr. Elliott's young student at Applebury, who is now widely regarded as the smartest young man of those parts. It was believed that he could solve almost any mystery, except the origin of evil, and discover all the hidden things except Kidd's money. In fact, the latter is hardly an exception, since some of the knowledgeable ones began to think about getting his help in search of those numerous pots of treasure that the great freebooter had to have invested in the island bays and along the retreating shores of the sound. To the application of General Wilcox himself, however, the young student respectfully but firmly renounced his assertion, working earnestly to convince him that he did not have the particular skill of the description, which is good-natured, though the gossip word attributed to him, assuring him that the facts given to refute this avowal were only circumstances of time and chance that happen to all. The merchant's wife, however, should not have been soffered in this way. Her husband's business was approaching crisis, and the return of the ship could only save him from ruin. If the vessel is already lost, they may also immediately cede to the import agreements of their creditors, which with each hour's delay become more noisy; each of them seeks, in the event of bankruptcy, to be primarily in the seizure of property insolvent. The lady thus went to Applebury, and resumed the annex with such energy and such persuasive eloquence as to wring the grudging consent from the young astrologer that he would make another attempt to read what, if not quite the future, was at least unknown. Accordingly, during the following night, being a starlight, he resorted to his slate and his rules as before; and after tolling through a large number of numbers, the results him frame frame flight that promised gold returns to the persecuted owner. Punctual to her engagement, and eager for an answer that she had full conviction would end her suspense, no matter how painful their fate, the lady returned to Applebury the next morning. Our hero was very reluctant to inform her of the result of his midnight vigil, but warned her not to rely on prediction. Your ship, he said, according to my poor numbers, is perfectly safe, and now on its home flight. It touched in several places among the West Indian Islands , (indicating their names), flourished in all its speculation and in the exchange of its goods. She ran down the coast of the Spanish lane, and successfully traded, and is now returning with twenty-two thousand dollars in doubloons, besides other goods of great value. On Tuesday the next, at two o'clock last meridian, Killingworth will enter the harbor, whose name she bears, safe. But the supercargo died of yellow fever, and two men will return to be terminally ill with the same disease. With this answer, which, in her opinion, will be fulfilled to the letter, the lady returned with feelings mixed with melancholy and joy. The super-cargo was a young man of enterprise and high prospects, and her relative. But her husband's fate will be restored. The period between the prediction and the time allotted for its execution was a period of intense anxiety not only for the upset and doubting merchant and his wife, but also for the young Stone. If the fate of the first hung on the fate of the ship, the feelings of the latter were deeply interested in the result of this third and most important experiment; for now he felt a strong sense that his calculations would be realized; he began to doubt that he had not dealt with illegal and terrible imports; and he reproached himself that a sense of shame and insecurity prevented him from receiving the advice of his friend and guide, Dr. Elliott. Day at a time under such circumstances of uncertainty and anxiety, it seems to fly with lead wings appeared long in coming; but it arrived at length, and was indeed one of the bright and sunny promise. The merchant was early in the upper window with his glass intently examining each sail, which would whitened the calm chest of sound, and eagerly watching every additional vessel that could be described heaving into view. Shortly after twelve o'clock at noon his heart bounded high as he perceived the famous signal of his proud ship, which was to carry an easy forward light breeze, until finally, exactly an hour predicted, she entered the harbor, discharged the gun, and ran beside the wharf. The rest of the calculation, even to the smallest detail, was true to the letter. The entire flight was brought to justice, as described; The exact amount of the species was obtained, sailors were sick with yellow fever, and supercargo was no more, the water of his winding leaf, the ocean of his grave! The unwelcoming side of the merchant's fate, of course, immediately changed, and the decency of grief, watching, joy once again shone from the face, which for several weeks had been shaded by the gloom of despondency and expected ruin. Not so, however, with a young astrologer. Hearing the intellect on a gray evening, he was amazed at the accurate validation of his calculations and very excited by what he had done. On two previous occasions, as we have seen, he attributed his success to random coincidences. But with this third, more complex and important test, the results struck him. From that moment on, his belief that some evil agency had been ordered in the efforts he had insisted on was very innocent, though not a little interesting. As a result, he immediately burned his works on necromance and registered a solemn vow (later sacredly preserved) never again to engage in such dubious experiments. We are not trying to explain the above. The facts were presented naked, and without trying to color. But, in their opinion, it would seem as if the wonderful stories that come to us from the old time, the fulfillment of predictions made by the astrologers of the Middle Ages - and, further back, the Chaldean soothsayers of the Babylonian Empire - contained at least a few grains of truth. This kind was a prophecy (which is well authentic) made by astrologer Nell Gwynne in her days of callousness that she should in the future be possessed by wealth and be influential with a powerful monarch; not to mention the well-authenticated predictions and executions of the famous Dr. Dee, whose portrait was so vividly drawn by the great magician-writer of Scotland. Chaldean soothsayers would never have maintained their domination for such a long period of time had it not been for many of their predictions were fulfilled; some were so remarkable as to make it difficult to explain them, based on excellent knowledge of science. Sciences.

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