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TRUE WORTH.

By the pleasant fire they sat one night,
Husband and wife alone,
And they talked of the changes they had seen,
And of how the years had flown;
Of the sons, now scattered far and near,
And the daughters wooed and wed;
"We're only two in the house once more
Oh, Mary, my wife!" he said.

"When we were alone, forty years ago
So young, and happy, and poor,
There wasn't a prettier girl than you,
Nor a better one, I am sure.
I promised you then I'd make you rich,
If you'd only share my life;
I'm worth a million pounds to-day!
A million of money, dear wife!"

"How much am I worth?" she, smilins asked.
He looked in her tender face;
He looked in her eyes, then closed his own,
And thought for a little space.
"You are worth the life I've spent with you,
You are worth its richest joys;
You are worth more gold than can be told—
You are worth my girls and boys.

"You are worth the years that are yet to come;
You are worth the world to me;
Oh, Mary there is not gold enough
To say what you are worth to me!"
"Well, dear, I was worth the world to you
More than forty years ago;
A million is but a bagatelle
To the whole wide world, you know.

"So, then, we have never been poor at all;
Now isn't it nice to know
That you were a million billionaire
More than forty years ago?
We were happy then, we we are happy now,
So tell me the difference, Frank?"
"It isn't much," he said with a smile;
"I've gathered a million from the pile,
And locked it up in a bank."

IN SEASON.

Oh, pallid meads! Oh, snow-clads hills!
Oh, wind-swept dales! Oh, frozen rills!
Oh, Nature—sad and sere and drear—
Cheer up! cheer up!
Sweet spring is here!

To beauty, life and love and glee
Her magic touch shall waken thee.
Oh, Nature—cold and chill and still—
Awake! Awake!
Thy sweets distil!

Ah! who Spring's glories doth not sean?
* * * * *
The editor: That mad-eyed man.
Who at the poet swears and glares
And kicks him down
The sanctum stairs!
—*Jas. A. Waldron, in the Current.*

LOVE AND POLITICS

"Do you know," said Sylvia, with a restless movement of her pretty peacock-fan, "I am really unhappy this morning."

Webster Arbuthnot leaned over with a look of such obvious devotion that a third party, if there had been any such a disagreeable person present, could not possibly have doubted his hopeless infatuation.

"Tell me all about it," he said, possessing himself of the hand nearest him. "What is it that troubles my darling?"

Sylvia's sunny head drooped on his shoulder.

"Papa is going to run for Congress," she said, disconsolately; but was quite unmindful of the start her lover gave.

"We always have such a disagreeable time when pa is running for an office. Oh, Webster" (sighing), "after we are married, I hope you will never take to politics."

Webster got up quickly.

"I am sorry you don't like it, Sylvia," he began, in a nervous way. But a sudden burst of music from a brass band broke off his speech abruptly.

"It is a parade," Sylvia cried excitedly, springing to the window as the band at the head of a body of delegates, turned the corner.

Webster followed her reluctantly. He had grown suddenly pale.

"Sylvia," he said hurriedly. "—"

"It is the opposition," she interrupted. "See! There is the banner. "We want reform, and we have secured it by the nomination for Congress—"

Sylvia gasped.

"——of Webster Arbuthnot?"

"Darling!" he cried, flinging his arm around her, "Let me explain. I was just going to tell you,——when"

"Then you are are going to run for Congress, too! And against papa?"

"They forced the nomination upon me. I was the compromise candidate. Heaven knows I did not seek the honor, but I was in such a position that I could not——"

"Oh, no doubt," she answered caustically, freeing herself from his embrace. "Those honors usually are thrust upon one, it seems."

"Sylvia, you are unkind."

"And no doubt you expect to defeat papa. Oh, the arrogance of some men is astounding."

"Don't be angry, darling. I am sorry that your father and I happen to be the opposing candidates. But every man has a right to his opinion, and it cannot make any difference to us, what are our respective politics."

"No? It makes just this difference, Mr. Arbuthnot——"

"Mr. Arbuthnot? Sylvia!"

"I should be sorry to marry a politician any how—they are always a low set; but I will not marry one of the opposition."

"Oh, my darling, don't say that!"

"I mean it. You knew that I did not like politics. If you would rather engage in them than please me, you may do so. I have nothing more to say."

"But you would not have me give up my honest convictions just because you oppose them, Sylvia. You could not respect me as a man."

"I mean exactly what I say," she replied, shrugging her shoulders. "I have no desire to hamper you in any way. Let us consider our engagement at an end."

Webster drew back and looked at her. Her tall figure was drawn up to its full height, her eyes flashed, and he knew by the haughty curl of her proud lips that she was both earnest and angry.

"As you will," he replied, taking his hat with a dignified bow. "Good-morning."

She turned when he had left her, half hurt that he had taken her at her word, and gone away. Then, woman-like, she burst into tears.

"He can just go," she said, sobbingly. "He can go and reform the cor-cor-rupt party to which my father belongs; but oh, I do hope he will be beaten."

Several weeks before the election, ex-Controller Scott, who had been so occupied as to rarely eat at home was dining at home with his daughter.

"So you and Arbuthnot cannot make it up any more?"

As he spoke he looked over the top of a newspaper, which was well-known as an organ of the popular party.

"I am not a friend to the opposition," she said, proudly.

Mr. Scott laughed.

"What a girl you are, Sylvia. You're an out-and-out partisan. But you needn't have been so hard on young Arbuthnot. He's a nice young fellow—too nice to run as a candidate of such a party as the opposition; but, bless you, he hasn't the ghost of a show. We are going to sweep the polls this time."

"Then you feel sure of your election, papa?"

"I'd bet my last dollar on it. But I'd rather the papers would do the square thing. This attack on Arbuthnot's record in the custom-house is downright mean."

"You are to speak in Billingham Square to-night, aren't you?" Sylvia said, changing the subject deftly. "Thomas is going to drive me there."

"You must not think of such a thing."

"Oh, yes. I will go in the barouche, and I won't even stick my head out once. Now, papa, don't bother; Cousin Fred is going with me, and you known I never heard you make a stump speech."

Sylvia had her way about this. At the hour appointed for the mass-meeting, she was driven to the grand stand. Billingham Square was packed with people. By the light of the blazing torches, carried by the clubs who had turned out, Sylvia saw such a scene as she had never witnessed before. Her carriage could not get very near the platform, and, as the wind was blowing the wrong way, Mr. Scott's speech was all lost to her.

"I can't hear a word, Fred," she said, turning to her cousin.

Across the sea of upturned faces, showing every gradation of virtue and intelligence, marking every station in life, touching every phase of depravity, Sylvia saw her father haranguing the populace with all the earnestness of enthusiasm.

"Oh, I wish I could hear what he says," she cried, leaning forward. But her cousin drew her back.

"You mustn't show your face, Sylvia," he said, emphatically. "There is a perfect mob around you, and you promised that you wouldn't look out of the window."

"But I can't hear," she retorted, in vexation. "I might as well go home."

"I think it would be a great deal better," said her cousin. "But you can't drive through a crowd like this without killing some one; so there's nothing to do but wait till it breaks up."

"If I only had some chocolates. Don't be disagreeable, Fred. Won't you run over to Marron's and get me a box?"

Fred hesitated.

"I won't stir, and it won't take ten minutes. You're a man, and you can get through the crowd very easily. Do, there's a dear boy."

Fred got out, and did as she bade him. Sylvia sat in the carriage, looking curiously at the surging crowd. The horses shied a little at some passing torches, and Sylvia leaned forward thoughtlessly, so that the light fell full upon her beautiful face, with its misty glory of yellow hair.

The crowd saw her.

"Whew! ain't she a stunner?" cried some coarse fellow, with a leer in his eye and in a moment several ugly faces were peering in the carriage door, making vulgar comments and shouting their approval.

With a low, frightened cry, Sylvia shrank back into the carriage.

"I say, beauty, gimme a kiss, won't you?" cried a low fellow, with his hand on the door, and his foot on the step.

"This is Mr. Scott's carriage!" she cried, frantically. "Help! help!"

A strong hand came to her deliverance. The ruffian was dragged away by the collar; there was a fierce scuffle outside of the carriage, and, cowering in one corner, Sylvia heard the cry of "Police!" Then there was a roaring in her ears, and she came very near fainting. Suddenly some one touched her, and said, in low, tender tones:

"Sylvia, are you safe?"

"Webster!" she sobbed. "Oh, thank God! Take me home—take me home!"

He had gathered her in his arms, and she was too much frightened to resist.

"Drive on," he cried to the coachman. But this was impossible now, for the way was fairly blocked.

In the crowd a fight was in progress, for the rowdies who had accosted Sylvia resented the interference of some one who had come to her rescue, and a passage-at-arms followed. Two fellows in particular closed in a scuffle, and, before the police arrived, they had drawn weapons.

The sharp report of a pistol was heard unexpectedly. But, in the surge of a scuffle, the course of the ball was changed completely. Flying wide of its intended victim, it sped over the heads of the crowd and struck Sylvia's father, who was still speaking. He fell forward, blood gushing from a wound in his side.

"Mr. Scott is assassinated," was the cry that echoed through the streets. Sylvia heard it, and sank insensible into Webster's arms.

That was an awful night. Fred, delayed in a scuffle with a thief who tried to pick his pocket, came home, wild with anxiety, having failed on his return to find either Sylvia or the carriage. Mr. Scott was in a dangerous condition, but not dead. It was a singular sight, in the weeks that followed to see the opposition candidate spending all his leisure time at the bedside of his antagonist.

"You'll beat me now, Arbuthnot," Mr. Scott said, with the resignation of extreme weakness. "Ten days before election make or mar a candidate, and I haven't the ghost of a show, lying here like a helpless baby."

"I don't feel so sure, sir," said Webster, quietly. "You were very popular as controller, and a great many of the opposition are going to vote for you."

"Maybe so. But, if I am beaten, I'll have the consolation of knowing it was by a good man."

But Arbuthnot was right. A great many of the opposition did vote for Mr. Scott. The wound he had received, moreover, awoke general sympathy, and so brought him votes. He had in the district a majority of five hundred, which elected him.

When the returns were all in, and Webster knew positively that he was defeated, he came to Sylvia with a smiling face.

"I am beaten," he said bravely. "But I shall count my loss as little if you will only renominate me as your husband."

She looked at him with shining eyes and held out her hand with a sweet impulsiveness.

"You are elected—by an overwhelming majority," she said, softly.

He took her in his arms and politics were nowhere.

"But I think that I ought to ask you to forgive me," she said at length. "You have behaved beautifully, dear; and I am proud of you—if—you do belong to the opposition. I think every man has a right to his convictions, provided they are generous, and—and—if a man has a taste for politics—a real taste I mean—of course he can't be blamed for——"

Here she was spared the necessity for further humiliation for Webster stopped her mouth with kisses.

The second year of their marriage, Arbuthnot was again nominated for Congress, and ran so much better than the candidate of the popular party that he polled a higher majority than any candidate who ever ran in that district.

Irrigation in Egypt.

The ancient wealth of Egypt has ever been in its crop of corn. As surely as the seasons come round, so surely has the Nile risen year by year. From the earliest time the valley of the Nile has been divided by earthen embankments into a succession of great flats, measuring occasionally as much as 100,000 acres. The rising flood is diverted by a series of short canals into these flats, where the water stands two or three feet deep until it has soaked the soil and deposited its rich alluvial mud. By this time the Nile has subsided. The drying mud is rudely plowed and sown, and four or five months after the crop is reaped. No rain has fallen on it, but the soil has been sufficiently saturated to require no further watering. A rich crop is produced, but by this system only one crop in the year, and during the summer months, when, from its latitude and temperature, one might expect Egypt to be yielding sub-tropical fruits, the empty fields lie baked and parched. Muhammed Ali Pasha, whose genius and energy created modern Egypt, soon recognized that more might be obtained out of the soil than this one crop of wheat or beans. He set to work, therefore, in Lower Egypt to deepen the canals, so that they should flow in low as well as high Nile. His people were not long in discovering the benefits this conferred on them. Pumps and water wheels soon lined the banks of the canals. Egypt became known as a cotton-producing country, and during the American civil war, twenty years ago, wealth poured into it. But this new system was a vastly more complicated one than that which it superseded. To suit the convenience of wealthy men numerous canals were cut, without system or arrangement. Complaints soon began that the crops were deteriorating, that the soil was being exhausted, no longer replenished by lying two months a year under muddy water. In many places a salt efflorescence appeared on the surface fatal to vegetation. In high Nile there was abundance of water for all, but in low Nile, just when the cotton crop wanted it most, there was least to be had, and then the peasant's poor little patch had every chance of being withered, while the pasha's broad acres were flourishing. Worst of all, this great network of canals was yearly filled with Nile deposit which had yearly to be removed, and an unpaid army of 60,000 peasants was employed for about half of every year effecting the necessary clearances. In the long, narrow valley of Upper Egypt, except in one portion, the old Pharaonic system of irrigation still prevails, and here the Egyptian has little to learn. In the delta the new cultivation with perennial irrigation is practiced, and in this, the richest part of the country, Lord Dufferin soon saw the gravest reasons for anxiety. A system had been created which the people did not understand. Ignorance of the most ordinary rules of engineering, indolence, and corruption were fast destroying the country.—*Nineteenth Century.*

An Ancient Burial Custom.

At a recent meeting of the Anthropological Society of London, Mr. J. G. Frazer read a paper "On Certain Burial Customs as illustrative of the Primitive Theory of the Soul." The Romans had a custom that when a man who had been reported to have died abroad returned home alive, he should enter his house not by the door, but over the roof. This custom (which is still observed in Persia) owed its origin to certain primitive beliefs and customs with regard to the dead. The ghost of an unburied man was supposed to haunt and molest the living, especially his relatives. Hence the importance attached to the burial of the dead, and various precautions were taken that the ghost should not return. When the body of a dead man could not be found, he was buried in effigy, and this fictitious burial was held to be sufficient to lay the wandering ghost, for it is a principle of primitive thought that what is done to the effigy of man is done to the man himself.—*London Academy.*

Mustaches in Curl Papers.

"That is one of the latest ideas in the barber business," remarked the proprietor of a large barber shop down, as he pointed to several gentlemen with their mustaches done up in curl papers. "The trouble has always been to give the mustache a nice curl, but the time in which to do it was so short that it was impossible. At last the idea of using papers was tried and found to be just the thing. You see, when a customer gets into a chair the first thing done is to roll the ends of his mustache up in papers, in which condition they are left until the shaving and combing has been completed, when they are taken out of the papers, and found to have a fine curl."—*New York Sun.*

BRIGHT AND LAUGHABLE.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES TAKEN FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Curiosity—A Wedding Custom—He Could Hold Up His Head—Written in Black Ink, Etc., Etc.

Little Dick—"Is you going to be my new brother?"

Mr. De Rich (accepted suitor)—"Yes, my little fellow."

"You is goin' to get hitched to my sister, ain't you?"

"Your lovely sister and I are ere long to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony."

"I'd like to see 'em."

"See what?"

"The bonds. Sister has been blowin' about how many you have to everybody what comes."—*Call.*

A Wedding Custom.

"I'm going to get married," said he, as he placed a hand upon the counter as large as a Dutch cheese, "and I want a wedding cake."

"It is customary," said the pretty bakery girl, "nowadays to have the materials of the cake harmonize with the calling of the bridegroom. For a musician we have an oat cake, for a man who has no calling and lives upon his friends, the sponge cake, for a newspaper paragrapher, spice cake, and so on; what is your calling, please?"

"I'm a pugilist."

"Then you want pound cake."—*Boston Courier.*

He Could Hold Up His Head.

"I tell you what it is, Mrs. Jinks," said that lady's husband, wrathfully, "I don't want you or any other man to say I'm crooked in my dealings."

"Who said you were," she answered, sulkily.

"You did, madam, when you intimated that I had money, and lied to keep you from using it. I want to tell you, madam, I can hold my head up anywhere."

"That's nothing," she snapped out.

"Ain't it? I think it's more than a great many husbands can say."

"No, it isn't, either, if their heads were as empty and light as yours is."

Jinks adjourned the meeting.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Written in Black Ink.

A funny story concerning some politicians in the Thirteenth district is afloat. Ex-Alderman James Pearson has an intimate personal and political friend named Dr. Gilbert, a district politician of some repute. One day, not long ago, Dr. Gilbert called on Mr. Pearson and told him he had a friend whom he wanted to have appointed a driver on the Twenty-third street railroad.

"Oh! that's all right," said the alderman. "I'll give him a letter to McLean, the superintendent, and that will fix him all right."

The alderman wrote a letter, which satisfied Dr. Gilbert, and it was turned over to the would-be driver, who in due course of time handed it to Superintendent McLean. The superintendent read it and told the applicant there was no vacancy on the line at that time. Some time afterward Alderman Pearson, Dr. Gilbert, and a number of other politicians were gathered in the Utah House, and the conversation turned on the trouble officeholders had in providing places for their constituents.

"But I've got the railroad business down fine," said Alderman Pearson. "I know McLean, the superintendent of the Twenty-third street railroad, and when a man wants a position on that line I give him a letter to McLean. When it's written in black ink McLean knows he needn't give himself any trouble about it, but when I use red ink McLean knows I want the man appointed."

"Oh, ho," said Dr. Gilbert, looking queerly at the alderman. "I see, I see. The letter you gave me the other day was written in black ink."

The crowd roared, and when the jolly alderman tried to explain the crowd only roared the louder.—*New York Times.*

Precept and Example.

"Papa, what is meant by always hitting the nail on the head, in daily life?"

"It simply means, my son, that you should come directly to the point in all your dealings with the world."

"But how, papa?"

"Well, let me see. Hum! Ah, I have it! Run out to the shed and get me a nail, a hammer and a pine block."

"Here they are, papa."

"Very good. Now I will place the block on my knee—so. Then I will hold the nail all ready for being driven into the block—so. Now take the hammer and strike the nail directly on the head and it will enter the block. If you strike all around the nail, without hitting it, your blows will be wasted. Are you ready, my son?"

"Yes, papa."

"Then—go!"

"——————————!"

"Put that arnica bottle back in its place, and then spend the rest of the afternoon filling the wood-box. If I catch you shirking I'll baste you within an inch of your life. Do you hear?"

"But, papa—was the blow wasted?"—*Detroit Journal.*

The Ruminating Ram.

A solemn-visaged old ram, with long wool, was one day browsing in a valley with a large number of animals, and after the weather had been duly discussed, he remarked:

"Now, just look at this suit of clothes. Here's something strictly first-class. You don't pick up raiment like this on this road. I'm sorry you fellows can't dress in this style, but it can't be helped. You see I am a stylish gentleman by nature. My clothes are the cynosure of all eyes."

The animals passed on without replying. In a few days the sheep-shearing took place, and the old ram, along with the other sheep, was deprived of his fleecy garments, and made to look very naked and homely. Soon after this humiliating experience he met the animals in whose presence he had boasted of his fine clothes.

"Well, Major," remarked the Goat, addressing the Ram, "you seem to be stripped for a Turkish bath."

"Yes, and I congratulate him on the prospect," observed the Bear.'

"Quantum mutatus ab illis!" exclaimed a young Ass, just from college, as he nipped a mouthful of grass with classic grace; "don't be discouraged, old fellow."

"The Major seems to be stripped for a prize fight," whispered the Buzzard, with amiable sarcasm.

"I've had enough of this," retorted the Ram, in a tone of offended dignity. "I'll butt the life out of the next one of you that says anything more on the subject. My cast off garments are worth more in the market than the whole carcasses of you. It is not good taste to wear the same suit of clothes till you wear it out. You are evidently very ignorant of the ways of good society."

Moral: This fable teaches that the lamp of philosophy shines brightest against a somber background of adverse circumstances.—*Life.*

Bill Arp on Farming.

It's a wonder to me, says Bill Arp in the Atlanta *Constitution*, that everybody don't go to farming. Lawyers and doctors have to sit about town and play checkers, and talk politics and wait for somebody to quarrel or fight, or get sick; clerks and bookkeepers figure and multiply, and count until they get to counting stars, and the flies on the ceiling, and the peas in the dish, and the flowers on the papering; the jeweler sits by his window all the year round, working on little wheels, and the mechanic strikes the same kind of a lick every day. These people do not belong to themselves; they are all penned up like convicts in a chain gang; they can't take a day nor an hour for recreation, for they are the servants of their employers. There is no profession that gives a man such freedom, such latitude, and such a variety of employment as farming.

There's no monotony upon the farm. There's something new every day, and the changing work brings into action every muscle in the human frame. We plow and hoe, and harrow and sow, and gather it in at harvest time. We look after the horses and cows, the pigs and sows, and the rams and the lambs, and the chickens and the turkeys and geese. We cut our own wood, and raise our own bread and meat, and don't have to be stingy of it like city folks. A friend, who visited us not long ago, wrote back from the town that his grate don't seem bigger than the crown of his hat since he sat by our great big friendly fireplace.

I may be mistaken, but it seems to me a little higher grade of happiness to look out upon the green fields of wheat and the leafing trees and blue mountains in the distance, and hear the dove cooing to her mate, and the whippowill sing a welcome in the night, and hunt flowers and bubby blossoms with the children, and make whistles for 'em and hear 'em blow, and see 'em get after a jumpin' frog or a garter snake, and hunt hen's nests and paddle in the branch and get dirty and wet all over, and watch their penitent and subdued expression when they go home, as Mrs. Arp looks at 'em with amusement and exclaims: "Mercy on me; did ever a poor mother have such a set! Will I ever get done making clothes? Put these on right clean this morning, and not another clean rag in the house! Go get me a swith, right straight, go! I will not stand it!" But she will stand it, and they know it—especially if I remark. "Yes, they ought to be whipped." That saves 'em, and by the time the switch comes the tempest is over, and some dry clothes are found, and if there is any cake in the house they get it. Blessed mother! fortunate children! What would they do without her. Why her very scolding is music in their tender ears. I'm thankful that there are some things that corner in the domestic circle that Wall street cannot buy nor money kings depress.

The Symptoms of Hydrophobia.

The first symptom of hydrophobia is a sulky disposition. The dog slinks away under a bed or lounge when in the house, or into the darkest corner of his kennel, or under an outhouse, and tries to escape notice. When called out he comes unwillingly, and goes back as soon as possible. He is very nervous, and frequently rearranges his litter and skulks about from one corner to another. His eyes show the change that is coming on. Dogs sick with any disease are apt to seek dark corners, but in hydrophobia they are invariably restless. The next symptom is temporary hallucination. He seems to hear something, and jumps up and runs to the spot, or snaps in the vacant air as if for a fly, or stands in an attitude of expectation. This symptom is often overlooked, or, if noticed, is ignorantly supposed to indicate a return of health. Another symptom is a depraved appetite. He ceases to take his natural food, and swallows bits of wood, old leather, and all kinds of filth. The voice of the dog is then changed, becoming hoarse and lower in tone, beginning with a single open bark, followed by three or four diminishing howls from the bottom of the throat. The saliva, which at first is abundant, dries down and becomes ropy. The dog tries to clear it from his throat, and acts as if he had a bone fast in his teeth. Many people have been fatally bitten when trying to help a dog get the imaginary bone out. Following this come the paroxysms of fury which causes him to fly at everything he meets and death follows from exhaustion if the disease is allowed to run its course.

A common and dangerous error about hydrophobia is that the dog cannot and will not drink water. The dog drinks frequently until the fatal paroxysms are upon him, and even when he is unable to swallow he will thrust his nose deep into the water in his fierce desire to drink. He will often obey his master and receive and give carresses until the last stages, and will even submit to punishment when liable at any moment to fly into an ungovernable fury.

The poison will not usually remain inactive more than three months in an animal which has been bitten by a mad dog; but unquestioned cases are on record where animals have gone mad eighteen months after they were bitten. People dislike to kill favorite dogs; but safety demands that an animal that has been bitten by a strange or suspicious dog should be killed.—*New York Sun.*

The supplying of sponges for the soft flesh of wealthy and high-fed New Yorkers has become quite a trade in itself. Cup-shaped sponges of fine texture sell as high as $15 to $20.

HEALTH HINTS.

For nose bleed, get plenty of powdered alum up into the nostrils.

For earache take pinch of pepper and moisten it with warm water, place in a small piece of linen cloth or in cotton, tie up firmly and place in the ear. It will give immediate relief.

The *Medical World* says: "An excellent local application for the temporary relief of neuralgia and gout is prepared by rubbing up together equal parts of thymol, meethol, camphor and chloral."

The value of crushed ice as a dressing for wounds and scalds is a confirmed fact. The crushed ice is mixed with fresh lard and made into a paste, which is placed in a thin cambric bag, and laid upon the burn. As soon as the mixture has melted apply a new dressing.

Dr. H. M. Lawson, of Cuthbert, Ga., who is is described by the editor of the *Southern Medical Record* as a "modest though worthy practioner," announces a cure for cancer. It consists, as we understand, in the heroic use of arsenic combined later with caustic applications. In one patient suffering from epithelioma on the left temple, one fourth of a grain of arsenious acid was given, and gradually increased to three-fourths of a grain.

Dr. Elmore Palmer, of Boulder, Col., says that the climate out there is most beneficial in uncomplicated cases of spasmodic asthma, for which it affords the "light air cure." In other words he thinks the curative effects are almost wholly due to the mechanical effects of lessened atmospheric pressure. Whatever the explanation the fact is worth recording. He believes that this light atmospheric pressure together with its coolness and dryness makes it a favorable climate for consumptives in the earlier stages, but even then the best results are only to be obtained by camping out during six months of the twelve.

Why Doctors Don't Catch Disease.

"Some men," remarked Captain Horton, "can move in the midst of pestilence and miasmata, and never seem any the worse." "How, for instance, do you doctors defend your fortress?"

"I'm glad you asked the question. We defend the fortress first by using ordinary precautions. We will not, if possible, breathe more infected air than we can help. We will not be stupidly rash. Depend upon it, my friend, that when Dr. Abernethy kicked his foot through the pane of glass in his patient's room because he couldn't get him to have his window down, the excellent physician was thinking as much about his own safety as that of his patient. Secondly, physicians know that they must live by rule when attending cases during a pestilence. The body must be kept up to the health standard. In times of epidemic let every one see to himself, attend to every rule of health, live regularly, and keep the stomach most carefully in order, and be abstinent. There is no other way of defending the fortress of life against invisible foes."

"This living according to rule," said my friend musingly, "is a terribly hard thing to have to do. At least, I am sure most people find it so."

"Few people," I replied, "think of doing anything of the sort, until actual danger to life stares them in the face. Some one else, I believe, has made a remark similar to this before now, but it is worthy of being repeated."

"And it is true," added Horton. "I have been thinking a good deal lately—"

"Most people who are laid low do think," I said.

"I have been thinking," said my friend, "that most of us err by eating more than is necessary."

"How very true that is, Horton! Why, in careful regulation of diet—a diet that should incline to the abstemious—we have one of the best defences against invisible foes of all kinds. This is one of our posts, and should be held at all risks, if we care for life at all—and not for life only, but comfort while we do exist. It is a fact which all should bear in mind, that overeating not only corrupts the blood, but destroys nervous energy."—*Family Doctor, in Cassell.*

Bach's Boyhood.

Bach had only begun to receive instruction from his father on the violin when the latter died, leaving Sebastian an orphan in his tenth year. The child now went to live with his brother Johann Christoph, who was an organist at Ohrduff. He gave Sebastian lessons in singing, and clavichord playing—the piano not then having been invented. The little pupil astonished his master by his progress, soon knowing his exercises by heart, and begging for something more difficult. For some strange reason his brother always denied this request. Christoph had a manuscript which contained the works of the celebrated clavichord composers of that day. Sebastian was not discouraged when his brother refused to lend him the score. Fired by his love for music, he managed to get the manuscript from the closet in which it was kept, and, child as he was, he copied it all. As he was allowed no candle, he could only read on moonlight nights, and it was six months before the work was finished. When his brother found the manuscript in his possession, he was cruel enough to take the child's precious copy from him.

In 1698, Christoph died, and our young musician was thrown upon the world at fourteen, with his own living to get. Through his beautiful voice he obtained a position as chorister at St. Michael's church, Luneberg. This was a great advantage, for, beside his musical studies, he received an education. Bach felt how necessary it is for one who desires to progress in music to hear the best masters of his art, and to that end frequently trudged long distances to neighboring cities, often staying after his money was spent, toiling home hungry and forlorn, but with the memory of the music haunting and inspiring him.—*St. Nicholas.*

Richard A. Proctor says that there are no less than 635,013,559,600 ways in which a hand at whist can be made. That all the cards in the hand may be trumps (the dealer's, of course, must be taken), the chance is but one in 158,753,389,900 (one-fourth of the number just mentioned.)

LITTLE THINGS

A little thing, a sunny smile,
A loving word at morn,
And all day long the sun shines bright,
The cares of life were made more light,
And sweetest hopes were born

A little thing, a hasty word,
A cruel frown at morn,
And aching hearts went on their way,
And toiled throughout a dreary day
Disheartened, sad, and lorn.

Ah, bitter words and frown! With thee
No want nor pain compares.
Oh, pleasant words and sunny smiles,
Your hidden power our grief beguiles,
And drives away our cares.
—*Charles Lovejoy Hill.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

One swallow doesn't make one spring, but a wasp generally does, provided it is sat upon.—*Graphic.*

The man on roller skates always strikes out. That's why he doesn't play baseball.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

"Sheep shearing is done by machinery in Australia." In Wall street it is done in the old-fashioned way—by hand.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Professor (reading)—"Enter Mephisto!" (Turning to Mr. C., who has just come in). "Good morning." (General collapse).—*Columbia Spectator.*

It costs forty-two cents to stop a train. In spite of this expense we believe it is often cheaper to stop the train than it is to throw a passenger off.—*Graphic.*

Grover Cleveland is not hard of hearing, but when anybody asks him who his first assistant postmaster-general is, he says "Hay?"—*Merchant-Traveler.*

In the spring the tuneful tom-cat thrills
creation to the quick;
In the spring the back room lodger hurls the
fruitless bob-tailed brick.
—*Washington Hatchet.*

Young hopeful (to his sister)—I say, Nell, pass me the butter. Nell (in a tone of reproach)—If what, Johnnie? Johnnie (goaded to desperation by the delay)—If you can reach it.—*Life.*

THE LEVEL-HEADED MERCHANT.

The merchant now devises
A plan brisk trade to win;
He straightway advertises
And rakes the shekels in.
—*Boston Courier.*

A New Jersey man broke up housekeeping and went to a hotel to board in order that his wife might enjoy roller skating to her heart's content. Opinion is divided on the question whether he loves her or wants her to break her neck.—*Call.*

HARD TO EXPLAIN.

Some things in this world
Are hard to explain:
The lighter the dude
The heavier the cane,
The bigger the hat
The smaller the brain;
Does any one know
Why these things are so?
—*Boston Courier.*

A girl with three arms is one of the attractions of a Louisiana show. This young lady ought to be sought for by every marriageable young man in the neighborhood. She could put two arms around a man's neck while she turned pancakes with the other.—*San Francisco Post.*

When first I went to the skating rink,
Said I to myself, said I,
Of the cup of pleasure I will drink,
Said I to myself, said I,
I'll fasten the rollers on my feet
And some fancy skating do so neat—
My style with envy the crowd will greet,
Said I to myself, said I.

When I tried to straighten out my legs,
Said I to myself, said I,
Old fellow, you're shaky on your pegs,
Said I to myself, said I,
I was cruelly spilled all o'er the floor,
And saw two mil ion stars or more,
And in sev'ral spots feel mighty sore
Said I to myself, said I.
—*Norristown Herald.*

A Chinese Clubhouse.

Describing a visit to Cienfuegos, Cuba, a correspondent of the New York *Times* says: One of my first adventures in Cienfuegos was a visit to the Chinese clubhouse. There are two of them, but this was the larger. Purser Miles and I went ashore together through the large open shed that covers the landing place and took a carriage for a short drive into the town. As we were going up one of the streets we passed a fine large building that Mr. Miles said was a Chinese clubhouse, and I immediately suggested that we should go in and see it. It is a long time since I have talked any Chinese, but the man on guard at the door received us courteously, ushered us into an inner room, and sent a Chinese boy after somebody on the other side of the courtyard. The entrance was through a long, broad hallway, paved with marble, and leading to a fine, large room, also marble paved, which opened upon a spacious quadrangular courtyard in which were flowers and plants, and a fountain playing in the center. Everything was in quite as good order as in any of the best clubhouses in New York, and the marble doors, the flowers and the fountain gave the place an appearance of elegance certainly not exceeded by the Union League or the Knickerbocker. The gentleman who had been sent for proved to be the president of the club, and he soon came and showed us every attention. He spoke English fluently, and told us all about the club, and about its handsome quarters, in a building which had once been the residence of a wealthy Cuban family. He showed us about the building, even pointing out an idol or two standing on a shelf, and conducted us to a room in which the muster roll is kept, where in a large frame are secured the names of the 500 Chinamen who comprise the membership. We had previously selected some cigars from a glass case in the first room we entered, and felt rather taken down when, upon leaving, they would not let us pay for them. The president laughed at the idea of strangers visiting the house being allowed to pay for anything, and sent his boy to bring a bottle of claret, which, mixed with plenty of ice water, can be appreciated nowhere half so much as on a hot day in Cuba. The whole place is upon a scale of grandeur that I had no idea of finding in any Chinese establishment outside the Orient, and after being treated by everybody we met in the most courteous manner possible, it almost made me blush to think what a reception any ordinary Chinaman would meet if he should happen into one of the fashionable clubhouses in New York.

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