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MAY AND JUNE.

Who shall say that May is sweetest,
Or the royal June completest?
Lilies crowned the May-Queen fair,
June has roses in her hair.

May's white drifts of apple-blooms
Dripping were with Love's perfumes,
June has honey-hearted clover
That the bees kiss o'er and over.

Who shall say that May is sweetest
Or the royal June completest?
May blew bird-songs from her mouth,
June has joy-winds of the south.

—*Harriet Smead, in the Current.*

The Story of a Cancer.

The New York papers, writes a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, have been remarking that the late Frank Leslie, the well-known publisher, died of cancer of the mouth and throat, and that his disease was similar to that from which General Grant is suffering. This is not strictly true. The general's ailment is ulcerous in its nature eating into the skin, and discharging offensive matter. With Mr. Leslie there was no break of the skin or discharge of any sort. It was a cancerous growth upon the throat. The only thing apparent to the eye in his case was a slight swelling upon the gland of the neck, beneath the jaw, near the jugular vein. There was no visible breaking down of tissue.

Mrs. Leslie herself told me how her husband died. No detailed account of it had ever been written, she said, and it would be of interest now because of General Grant's case. I give the story, as far as may be, in her own clear-cut, well-chosen words. The musical voice, the glance of the eloquent eye, I can not reproduce.

Mr. Leslie was a man of perfect physique. He had never suffered from an ailment in his life. Five weeks before his death he was as sound and strong, to all appearance as any man in America. He had failed in busines, some time before, however, and had waded through an ocean of trouble. It had not seemed to affect his health. He said, sometimes:

"My enemies are trying to kill me, but as long as my digestion is good they can't hurt me."

"That reminds me," said Mrs. L., "of something Dr. A. K. Gardner wrote about the cause of cancer, ten years before my husband died. It fits both his case and that of General Grant so closely that it seems prophetic."

She read from a back number of the *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* the following:

"The origin of cancer may be looked for in mental disquietude, and in that worry and fret of life under which so many strive. * * *

It seizes those whom misfortune has affected, and who have come down from ease to reverse. I do not mean want of food but inability to maintain old position, where there are strivings and vain regrets and heart-burnings, that sorrow of heart which comes from loss of wife, children, and husband, or what is far worse, shame at their unworthiness or sin. These prey upon the imagination, destroy the appetite for food, drive away healthy sleep, weary the brain and nervous centers of life, and poison the blood. To them the sun has no warmth, food no sweetness of taste or nourishment, and life no joy. Cancer comes to visit these sufferers and soon brings an end to their woes. It has not needed its horrors to wean one thus suffering from life, but it makes death indeed welcome."

Cancer attacks the unfortunate and those who have suffered intensely in mind, and been subjected to a great strain of anxiety.

One morning, five weeks before his death, Mr. Leslie said to his wife: "My collar feels tight. Put your finger on my throat, and see if there is not some kind of a swelling there?"

She did so, but could find nothing. A few mornings later he asked her again to see if his throat was not swelled. "My collar seems to choke me," he said. This time she detected upon the neck a small swelling, like a gland hardened and enlarged by cold. There was no pain, but he thought he had a cold, which had swelled his throat. Mrs. Leslie made a loop in his collars, which let them out, and gave more room. He went to his office every day, just as he had done for years.

Three weeks before his death Mrs. Leslie herself did not feel well, one morning was a little dyspeptic, and proposed to consult a physician.

"Suppose you step around with me, and ask about your throat," she said.

He agreed to do so. After prescribing for the lady, the doctor looked at Mr. Leslie's neck.

"Take off your coat," he said, "and your vest."

The physician's face was entirely impassive.

"You might try electricity," he said. "Take it three times on alternate days, and then come back." The doctor knew then that his patient was a doomed man, but he said not a word. The Leslie's thought he treated the matter lightly.

The days went on till within two weeks of the day he died. He and his wife were still ignorant of the doom that hung over him. He began to have great difficulty in swallowing. Then he said, impatiently.

"My sore throat is getting no better The doctor is tampering with me. I'm not satisfied. I want a consultation—six or eight doctors."

Dr. J. Marion Sims was his personal friend of years. He asked him about the consultation, and requested him to be present. Dr. Sims said:

"By all means, old boy, have it if you like; as many doctors as you want."

The consultation was held. Once more he removed his coat and vest for the doctors. They sounded him, questioned him, and prodded his neck and chest. Then they went aside and counseled with one another. At the end of it all they said not a word.

"They simply looked quiet," said Mrs. Leslie. It was in December. A few days later, one sleety, snowy morning, Dr. Thompson, the first physician who had seen the patient, sent for Mrs. Leslie. A thought shot through her brain like a flash.

"It was the very first time I had an idea that my husband might be seriously ill. I went to the physician and said: Doctor, what did you send for me for! Was it about Mr. Leslie?"

"Yes," said he, "it was. I must tell you that this trouble of his is of a cancerous nature."

Mrs. Leslie held fast to the chair in which she sat.

"Do you mean that he will die!" she said.

"Yes," he answered "his case is hopeless. I have known it from the first."

Still she held fast to the chair and controlled herself.

"You have told me that it will be death," she said. "Now tell me the time and the manner."

"He may die in three days, or he may live three weeks," replied the medical man.

"And there was no more sympathy in his face than if he had been a stone," said Mrs. Leslie.

She visited Dr. Sims, and told him the verdict.

"My poor child, I know it," said Dr. Sims. "I have known it all along. It is not the disease itself, but the location of it which makes the danger so imminent. The cancerous growth can not be cut out without risk of severing the windpipe or jugular vein. We can not perform an operation."

The physicians told her that nothing could be done for him but to give him opiates, just as they are giving them to General Grant now. "By and by he will suffer great pain," they said.

But he never did suffer pain. About that time one of those wandering quack cancer doctors was brought to their notice. He was a wierd-looking man, 90 years of age. He told them he could cure the sick man.

"Let's try him," said Frank Leslie. "The scientific doctors are not helping me."

The scientific doctors in the case had no objection to let the specialist try his hand. In that respect they were more liberal, if not more genuinely scientific than General Grant's physicians.

The quack at once began to treat his patient with hot applications, inward and outward. He gave him hot drinks constantly, and kept steaming hot cloths about his neck, changing them as often as they cooled. In that way a state of perfect muscular relaxation about the patient's throat and the glands of the neck was produced and maintained. He gave beside a nostrum he called the elixir of life. The pain and suffering predicted by the physicians never appeared. Through the whole progress of the disease Mr. Leslie did not take an opiate. So much the quack undoubtedly accomplished—he kept his patient suffering pain.

So time went on till within ten days of death. Still he was ignorant of his fate. Up to that time he had gone to his office regularly.

"I knew he was going to die," said Mrs. Leslie, "but I knew not how to tell it. His business was in the hands of an assignee. He had to compromise with the creditors, and he, unconsciously to himself, was in the hands of death. Any other misfortune than the last I could have borne.

"His appetite was good. He was able to swallow beef tea, soft boiled eggs and raw oysters, able to take enough food to keep him nourished. He was not emaciated, his strength was not weakened. I kept the accounts of his illness out of the papers, so that he, himself, might not read how hopeless his case was."

At last, however, it seemed necessary that he should know. In the unsettled state of his affairs there were a hundred things that he might wish to do, directions he would want to leave behind him, arrangements for the future, and so on. He must be informed.

"Day and night," said Mrs. Leslie, "this thought was with me, how can I tell that great, strong man he must die?"

Mr. Leslie had a habit of pacing the floor as General Grant does. He walked up and down in his apartment by the hour, saying sometimes that he had done so many miles and so many laps on that day.

Finally, while thus walking the floor, once he said to his wife:

"This doctor is doing me no good with his elixir of life. My throat is slowly but surely closing up. What shall we do?"

"I don't know that we can do anything," she said. Then she knelt down on the floor beside him, and told him the worst.

"There is one thing they say may prolong your life a few days," she added. "That is to make an incision in the windpipe and insert a silver tube. But it is right that you should know that you may die under the operation. If successful, at most it will only lengthen the time a little, and you will never speak again after it."

"Then we will not have it," replied Mr. Leslie.

He took the blow as a strong man should do. He talked over their tangled affairs with his wife, and then uttered the words which the world knows.

"Little girl, if there is any power by which after death I can come back to your side, I will do it. But I want you to go down to my office, take charge of it, and sit in my place until my debts are paid."

After that there was nothing for it but to be as comfortable as possible and wait for the end. Like General Grant, Mr. Leslie refused to take his bed. He was up and dressed every day. His voice became thickened and husky, as Grant's is. The reader will remember that about two weeks ago Grant had a very worrisome dream about being obliged to go on a long journey, and having no money to go with, and being only partly clothed. Mr. Leslie was a sound sleeper, never had any slumber-visions in his life that he could remember, but it is a curious coincidence that shortly before his death he had much the same sort of wearisome dream that General Grant had. He thought there was some treasure deep in the ocean, and that he and his wife were trying in vain to dive for it. He fancied she was trying to go, and that he kept pushing her back, and insisting that he must dive for the treasure himself.

The day he died he arose early in the morning and dressed himself, to the last minute, carefully as was his wont. He had six good hours' sleep, the attendant said.

"But I don't feel refreshed after it, somehow," he told his wife, "and I haven't any appetite. I think I took so much food last night that I am not hungry this morning."

Mrs. Leslie was obliged to go out on business. She went to the publishing house, and was busy throughout the morning. At 2 o'clock she received a telegram to come home at once.

"I knew what it meant," she said. She hastened home with all speed. Mr. Leslie appeared to be sleeping quietly, with nothing alarming in his appearance. She turned to the nurse:

"Why did you send for me like that?" she asked. "You drove me almost mad."

A little while before her husband had undressed himself with his own hands and gone to bed. It was the first time since his illness. As he lay down he said to the nurse:

"Utt's come."

Mrs. Leslie went to the bed, with her bonnet on still. Her face was flush[illegible] the rapid walking. She roused her husband.

"What is the matter?" she asked him. "Do you feel worse?" He raised his eyes to her flushed face and smiled. "How pretty you look," he said.

Those were his last words. He sank into unconsciousness, and breathed more and more softly, till about 6 o'clock, when he was no more. The pressure of the swelling upon his windpipe caused a gradual and progressive imperfect aeration of the blood, and the effect produced was as if he had taken a narcotic. He became slowly stupefied. In that way he passed away without a struggle or a pang.

A Student's Expenses at Yale.

The necessary expenses of a man at Yale differ widely from his actual expenditure. Some recent statistics show that the necessary expenses do not exceed $500 yearly, whereas the majority of the students double that amount.

The tuition for one year is $140. Table board varies from $3.50 to $11 per week. The average is $6.60. Hence for a year of forty weeks board would cost $200. Room rent in the college buildings is included in the tuition; outside the college it varies from $50 to $150 per year. Clothes are an important item. None but the finest goods are worn, and usually the most approved tailors make them. Almost no ready made clothing is used. The wealthy men have four or more suits per year, poorer men having two or three. These average $50 apiece. Dress suits are usually purchased while in college, and some men get a new one every year. New overcoats are usually got yearly. The garments cost from $50 to $75. Three hats a year, $5 each, are usually required.

In canes and gloves the students are regardless of everything save a desire to shine. A loud glove and a silver-headed cane are regarded as essential to the existence of the full-fledged sophomore. The furnishing of rooms is also a large expense. In the new buildings, Durfee and Farnum, a fine opportunity is given for producing elegant rooms. As you enter one of these rooms you can scarcely believe you are in a college dormitory. High ceilings, soft curtains, pictures, Turkish rugs, open fire-places, bric-a-brac strewn about, give the room a look of elegance more characteristic of fashionable bachelor quarters than a college study. Furnishing these rooms cost on the average $800, though it varies from this amount to $1,000, some men even exceeding this sum.

The subscription list is the next heavy item. Every man must subscribe for the various interests, college journals, etc. There are twenty-four subscriptions of this kind, and on the average they lighten the student's pocket to the extent of $5 apiece. In Freshman year this expense is especially heavy, because of the necessity to support a class foot-ball and base-ball team to play against Harvard's Freshman teams. The secret societies in junior and senior years cost varying amounts. In addition to these items are to be added the cost of theatres, tobacco, billiards, soda, hacks, occasional trips to New York, private suppers, banquets, club dues, germans and parties. Some of those inclined to luxury keep their private horses at livery stables. A horse, dog-cart and liveried driver take up a good deal of money in this Yankee metropolis. To sum up, Freshmen expenses are about $860, Sophomore $900, Junior $1,100, Senior $1,200.—*New Haven Palladium.*

A Cowboy's Life.

A cowboy writes from Hat Creek, Wyoming, to the New York *Sun:* The life of a cowboy is not all sunshine; neither is it all six shooters and bowie knives as some of our Eastern friends suppose. In the spring, when work begins, which is from the 15th of May to the last of November, there is a continual rush and excitement. The life has its fascinations, like many other vocations, and you find some who make their mark at other professions following this life. Early rising is one of its chief characteristics. After the cook rouses his camp and breakfast is over the night herder rounds up his horses, and every one catches his horse and prepares for the day's work. One general foreman gives the orders, and the boys divide up into bunches, according to the drives and the locality of the country. They drive a main creek or river and all its tributaries for a certain distance up and down, and all meet at a designated place, where the cattle are worked perhaps by ten or twelve different outfits.

Sometimes one and sometimes two round ups are made in one day. Some very amusing incidents take place. The tenderfoot who is unlucky enough to be unhorsed is an object of mirth for a whole day, and he, of course, thinks that the cowboy has no sympathy for fallen man; but here he is wrong, for a larger hearted lot of fellows it is hard to find. Being used to dangers, they laugh where an average man would tremble and turn pale. When the season's work is over Cheyenne or some neighboring town catches the majority of the boys until their pockets get light. Then the ranch is their place until spring.

"Night Blindness."

There is a defect of eyesight common among the natives of India known as "ratandhi" or "night blindness." Persons affected with this have either ordinary powers of vision by daylight or else powers so little less affected than ordinary as to feel no inconvenience, so that usually no defect is noticeable; while in feeble twilight their sight fails in the most extraordinary way, and in the dusk they become (in bad cases) practically blind. Of course, there are all degrees of this affection, but the strongly marked cases alone are likely to attract attention. By medical men in India this affection is said to occur most among men living on a low diet (chiefly cereals), and the palliative treatment is to prescribe a meat diet. This affection is rarely noticeable among Europeans in India, though I have sometimes noticed marked differences in clearness of sight among them also amounting to slight "night blindness."—*Major Cunningham.*

Hot Tea.

"It is surprising how many men ask for hot beef tea now," said a Fulton street saloon keeper in New York. "The custom of selling it over the bar was started last winter, and there are at present hundreds of saloons in the city where it is kept. Many men who are afraid to indulge in whisky or wine and cannot hold much ginger ale or soda water compromise by taking beef tea. I don't think that the new fashion will last long, for the 'dudes' uptown have got hold of it, and that will be sufficient to make it unpopular."

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

What Kept Him Awake.

Maurice is a sharp youngster, with a sweet tooth. The other night his mother had some company, and refreshments were served. Maurice got hold of a big piece of cake and lay down with it before the fire. He was very still for a long time, and finally his mother spoke to him.

"Maurice," she said, warningly.

"Yes'm," he replied, raising his head.

"You'll go to sleep there, dear."

"No'm I won't, either. I never go to sleep when there is any cake to eat."—*Merchant-Traveler.*

His Services Accepted.

It was at Heidelburg that a quiet citizen, leaving the cars, said to a swaggering student:

"Sir, you are crowding me! Keep back a little bit, sir!"

The student turned fiercely, and said in a loud tone, "Do you not like it? Well, sir, I am at your service whenever you please!"

"Oh, thank you!" said the traveler. "Your offer is very kind, and you may carry my valise to the hotel for me."

The student fled amid shouts of laughter.—*Heidelburg Zeitung.*

Not Versed in Cows' Pedigree.

A young lady from the country and an Englishman were engaged in conversation, the latter leading, and boasting more or less of his distinguished ancestry.

"You see," he went on, "the better classes among the English people are proud of their blood, you know. The blood of six generations of Guernseys flows through my veins."

"Indeed?" the young lady replied. "Father has bought Guernseys at different times, but he said recently that he thought hereafter he would stick to Jerseys or Alderneys, as the latter give the richer milk and do not cost so much to feed."—*Ingleside.*

Slightly in Error.

He was an Englishman, tall, blonde and short-sighted. He strolled abroad at early morn to view the lordly homes where the great and wealthy dwell. A figure in white at a top window attracted his attention. He polished his glass and critically surveyed the apparition. Ha! a lady, and a brunette. Attracted by his aristocratic appearance she was gazing on him. He lifted his hat—the figure bowed. Clearly a case of love at first sight. And the locality, too. Doubtless an heiress. Try her with another bow and a handkerchief wave. Heavens! the bow and the salute returned. Will he ring the bell and beg for an introduction to the fair flirt? He has heard of the free-and-easy manners of our San Francisco belles, but this exceeds his most extravagant expectations. His hand is on the door-bell when a voice from the garden, and a gruff one, too, said:

"What the deuce are you mashing our Chinaman for? Can't Jim clean the windows without you making eyes at him.—*News-Letter.*

Marital Solicitude.

Horace Smith once told me a good story of a night he had passed in a stage coach, when railways were not, and the journey from one part of England to another was a serious undertaking. I forget where he was going, but the distance was considerable, and the four inside passengers naturally endeavored to settle themselves as commodiously as circumstances would permit. Two of them were a married couple, the husband sitting with his back to the horses, and evidently not altogether at his ease. About half an hour after starting he turned to his wife and anxiously inquired if she was comfortable.

"Pretty well," she replied, in a drowsy tone.

"You feel no draught from the window?"

"None at all."

"Quite sure?"

"Quite."

"Ah!" remarked the affectionate spouse, after a momentary pause, "then suppose we change places."—*Longman's.*

Won His Bet.

The other morning two gentlemen were looking out of the window of a house when they observed a cabbage roll off a market wagon that was passing. Instantly over a dozen well-dressed and apparently sane persons began yelling after the wagon, as though the vegetable had been a gold watch. The driver stopped, looked back at the carriage, yawned and drove on.

"What an absurd fuss people in the street make over trivial occurrences," said one of the gentlemen. "Now I'll bet a silk hat I could get a crowd of 500 persons around that cabbage inside of thirty minutes and not leave this room." "I'll take the bet," said his friend, pulling out his watch. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, give the word. "It is now 11:30. Go!"

The proposer of the wager led his friend to the window, threw up the sash, and taking a cane, pointed earnestly at the mud covered cabbage with a terrified expression. Presently a cab driver noticed the action, and began to stare at the vegetable from the curbstone, and then a bootblack stopped, then a bill poster, a messenger boy and a merchant.

"What's the matter?" inquired a German, approaching the innocent base of his national dish.

"Don't touch it! Look out there! Stand back!" shouted the gentleman at the window.

At his horror stricken tones the crowd fell back precipitately, and formed a dense circle around the innocent cabbage. Hundreds came running up, and the excitement increased rapidly.

"Look out there!" frantically exclaimed the bettor, waving his cane. "Take that dog away quick!"

Several stones were thrown at a cur that was sniffling around the cabbage.

"Take care!" said a cab-driver to a policeman, who was shouldering his way through the mass. "It's an infernal machine, nitro-glycerine—or something."

Meanwhile the pavement was blocked, the street became impassable, women screamed and rushed into the shops, and a shop-keeper began to tie a bucket on the end of a long pole with which to pour water on the fiendish invention. The crowd by this time numbering over a thousand, the two gentlemen moved away from the window and sat down. In a few moments there was a hurried rap at the door, and there appeared a man who had been sent as a delegate from the mass meeting outside.

"I should like to known, gentlemen, what the facts are," he said.

"What facts!"

"What there is peculiar about that cabbage out there?"

"Nothing in the world," was the soft reply, "except that it seems to be surrounded by about a thousand of the biggest fools in town. Do anything else for you?"

The man reflected for a moment, said he thought not, and retired.

Courtesies to Uncle Sam.

Among the public documents and papers of the government in Washington, says the New York *Sun*, are some very curious and interesting letters that have been written to the President of the United States from time to time by the heads of foreign governments. Most of them are letters of courtesy announcing births, deaths and marriages in the royal families, and very many are letters of introduction or credentials of new ministers sent to represent their governments at Washington. They are all addressed "To the President of the United States of America." In not one of them is he mentioned by name, neither is there any mention of Congress nor of the people of the United States, except in the case of a semi-official letter from young Lafayette, given below. It is the custom among the foreign governments to officially notify each other of all changes occurring in their different reigning families. A king's successor announces the death of the former king and his accession to the throne; and in like manner a birth, death or marriage in the royal family is proclaimed. A copy of the latter is sent to the head of every government on the globe. No such custom is observed in this country, however. Even a change of administration is not officially announced to the foreign governments. Neither is the death of a President. To all intents and purposes there is no change in the government of the United States. The letters of courtesy which the President receives from the various crowned heads are acknowledged in a short note of very few words, and that is the end of the matter. These letters have been preserved in four books, entitled "Letters of Courtesy." One is labeled England, another France, another Russia, and another The Netherlands.

The following, announcing the death of King William IV. and her accession to the throne of England, was the first letter received from Queen Victoria. It is on Irish linen paper with a heavy black border, and her signature at the bottom is the same as that on all of the subsequent letters from her:

Victoria, by the grace of God Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., &c. To the President of the United States of America, sendeth greeting.

OUR GOOD FRIEND: It is with the deepest affliction that we announce to you the decease of our most honored and beloved uncle, his late Majesty King William the Fourth, of blessed memory, whom it pleased God to take from this world on the morning of the twentieth instant at twelve minutes past two o'clock in the seventy-second year of his age and the seventh of his reign. While we thus communicate to you the earliest intelligence of this mournful event, we feel convinced that you will participate in our own and the public grief for the loss of a sovereign whose memory is justly dear to his family and to his subjects of every class.

In acquainting you at the same time with our accession to the throne of this kingdom we cannot omit to assure you that it will be our most earnest desire to cultivate and maintain the relations of friendship and good standing which so happily subsist between the two countries, and that it will always afford us pleasure to have fresh opportunities of proving the interest which we take in the welfare and prosperity of the United States, and so we commend you to the protection of the Almighty.

Given at our court at Kensington, the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, and in the first year of our reign.

Your good friend,

(Signed) VICTORIA R.

(Countersigned) PALMERSTON.

Current Conversation.

If you ever carefully observed the average man or woman you will find that he or she is most interested when conversing about himself or herself. This is an almost invariable rule. Conversation will run about thus:

"I do not feel very well this weather."

"I have not been very well since early spring set in."

"I think I have malaria."

"I am sure my trouble is caused by defective sewerage."

"Mine may be traced to having water in the cellar."

Or this is the way they may talk:

A.—What delightful weather we are having?

B.—Yes, it seems to me spring is later than last season.

A.—We are still having a fire in our base burner.

B.—We never let ours go out till May.

A.—What are you having to eat at present?

B.—We are using a great deal of milk because we have a Jersey cow.

A.—We take milk from the milkman.

B.—Our Jersey is so splendid that after the fiest cream rises we can skim it again.

A—I have such a poor servant.

B.—Mine couldn't be worse.

A.—I hate housekeeping.

B.—We go to boarding next month.

A.—I wish I could get some one to rent our house and board us. Exeunt.

—*Kansas City Journal.*

A Human Curiosity.

Dave Verdan, a negro of Glasscock county, who has turned perfectly white, was in town yesterday. He is now about fifty years old. Up to the age of ten he was as black as any thoroughbred negro could aspire to be. About that time, from some unknown cause, small white spots began to appear all over his person which, as he grew older, continued to get larger. Now there are no traces whatever of his previous color save a few small brown splotches on his face, which at a distance resemble the common every day mole. His eyes seem to have undergone a change also, and are nearly blue. Thick, kinky wool covers the scalp of his head. His nose has the aspiring characteristic of his race, and his appearance is altogether that of a negro, except in so far as is the difference of color. He is exceedingly jovial and light-hearted, and tells us that he never had but two spells of sickness in his life. His case is one of the most phenomenal freaks of nature on record.—*Warrenton (Ga.) Clipper.*

The Cat as a Clock.

According to Pere Huc, the Chinese used the cat as a clock. "They pointed out to us," says the missionary, "that the pupil of its eye contracted gradually as noon drew near; that at noon it was like a hair, or an extremely thin line traced perpendicularly on the eye; after midday the pupil began again to dilate. When we had attentively examined the cats in the place, we concluded that it was past noon: the eyes [illegible]ll presente[illegible] an exactly similar appe[illegible]e."

TIMELY TOPICS.

Decoration Day throughout the North came to be on May 30 from that date having been first named in a presidential proclamation. There was at first a great diversity of dates, but gradually all the Northern States came to adopt May 30.

Mississippi may be far behind her sister States of the North in many things, but she makes better provision for her agricultural colleges. There are two in the State, one of which is for colored students, and the appropriations for this year are over $500,000.

Alcoholic intemperance is stated to be increasing to an alarming extent among the women of Australia. In discussing the matter at a meeting of the Melbourne medical society the physicians present concurred in attributing the trouble to close confinement, anxiety and the fatigue arising from overwork.

Here is a good question for debating societies: A correspondent of the *Scientific American* asks if the electricity which produces the electric light is a manufactured article or is a natural element simply collected and stored. The paper says it may be said to be manufactured, as it is produced by the expenditure of power in a machine. It adds, however, that it is probably a condition or state of natural elements.

From various cities and towns in the interior of this and other States, says the Philadelphia *Times*, constant advices are being received indicating the gradual subsidence of the rink fever. In a few places, it is true, new rinks are still being opened; but those places which have escaped the epidemic thus far will probably escape it for some time to come, few persons being so free from indolence as to desire so energetic a pastime during the heated term.

"Poor Man's Gulch," on Butte Creek, in California, got its name in this manner: A miner named Noah Helm toiled season after season in the gulch, but grew poorer every year, and his neighbors often advised him to pull up stakes and leave. He had confidence in the claim, however, and said he proposed to starve there or make a strike. One day Helm struck a bonanza in the claim, moved down into the valley and purchased a ranch, built an elegant mansion, brought his family from the East, and is now one of the most prosperous farmers in the county. Although the spot finally turned out well, it has always borne the title of "Poor Man's Gulch," given by the miners.

The young ostriches on a big feather ranch in Southern California were born with little legs, owing to the lack of phosphates in egg and feed, and they kept snapping off like pipe stems. An ostrich doctor amputated one of the broken limbs for a trial, and strapped on a wooden leg, and the bird stumped around in a thrifty way until the leg broke again above the knee. A remedy was at last administered in the food to stiffen up the osseous economy of the birds, and now their legs are strong enough to fling rocks at their pursuers in the orthodox manner as described in the school geographies.

Some remarkable photographs of a pistol bullet in its flight, under the illumination of an electric spark, have been secured by Professor E. Mach, of Prague. He has also photographed the air streams which one may see over a Bunsen burner placed in sunshine, and has even obtained pictures of waves of sound, these last being made visible by a method in which advantage is taken of the irregular refraction of light by the waves set in vibration by sound. Although these experiments may not have any practical value, they are interesting as showing the great degree of perfection to which the photographic art has been carried.

To supply the demand for milk and its products in this country 15,000,000 cows are required. To furnish food for them the cultivation of over 60,000,000 acres of land is required. In caring for the cows and their milk 700,000 men find employment and 1,000,000 horses are needed. Cows and horses consume annually 30,000,000 tons of hay, 90,000,000 bushels of corn-meal and the same amount of oat-meal, 275,000,000 bushels of oats, 2,000,000 bushels of bran, and 30,000,000 bushels of corn, to say nothing of the brewery grains and questionable feed of various kinds that is used all over the country. It costs $400,000,000 to feed these cows and horses.

On the subject of color-blindness, a correspondent writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette:* A very large proportion of the cases of so-called color-blindness is, I am convinced, due to ignorance, and in confirmation of this opinion there is the undoubted fact that it is rarely found in examination of female candidates. If color-blindness is an organic defect of the visual apparatus, surely it ought to exist in somewhere about the same ratio in the male and female. I don't for a moment deny the existence of genuine color-blindness; but I do contend that the genuine defect is a rare one. My suggestion is that instruction in colors and their names ought to form a distinct item in the curriculum of all elementary schools.

Dr. Zulinski has published in a Warsaw medical journal the result of a long series of experiments made by him on both human beings and animals, with a view of verifying the physiological effects of tobacco smoke. He found that it is a distinct poison, even in small doses. Upon men its action is very slight, when not inhaled in large quantities, but it would soon become powerful if the smoker got into the habit, as some do, of swallowing the smoke. The cigar smoker absorbs more poison than the cigarette smoker, and the latter than those who smoke pipes, while the smoker who takes the precaution of using a narghilie, or any other apparatus which conducts the smoke through water, reduces the deleterious effects to a minimum.

A pension which had been regularly paid for 502 years has just come to an end in Switzerland, and the Cantonal government of Soleure, the paymaster, so much regret its extinction that they are advertising for an heir. In 1382 Count Rudolph of Kilbourg marched to the assault of the town of Soleure, against which his ancestors had long entertained treasonable designs. But one Hans Roth, a peasant living in a neighboring village, was on the alert and carried to the townspeople intelligence of what was brewing, and Soleure was saved. For this very substantial service Hans was rewarded with an annuity to himself and his heirs forever. The last inheritor, the juge de paix Roth, has lately died, and all the Roths in Switzerland are now looking up their pedigrees.

Yan Phou Lee, of Canton, China, now a student of Yale college, gave an interesting lecture on "Chinese Women," at the Dudley Street Baptist church at Roxbury, Mass., recently. He spoke of the prejudice existing among Chinamen against female children, and touched upon the prevalence of the crime of infanticide, which he averred was largely due to the preference for boys and to the extreme poverty of those who were guilty of it. He did not seek to defend the practice or overlook its enormity, but sought to excuse those who were often forced to it through extremest destitution. Some parents sell their children. Boys bring a good price, while girls can be had for the asking. Boys are preferred to girls because when the girls grow up it is an expensive thing to marry them off and more expensive when it cannot be done, while a boy is expected to support his parents and glorify his family. The lecturer spoke of the early engagement and marriage of Chinese girls and described the wedding ceremony. It was the intense desire of the Chinese to rear large families that the family name might be carried down. Should a man tire of his wife he has only to take the trouble of sending her home with a note to her parents, explaining the reason of her return. The Chinese idea of a beautiful women is one with a moon face, small eyes and mouth, slender waist and small feet.

The subject of discussion among the representatives of all the civilized powers in the world, who are requested to meet at the city of San Domingo, September 18, 1885, will be the bones of Christopher Columbus. The question connected with these remains of the great navigator has lately reached an acute stage, and it has become necessary for the honor of those concerned that it should be settled promptly: and as Spain and San Domingo are not prepared to declare war about it, the dispute is to be referred to a congress. The difficulty has arisen in this wise: Columbus died May 21, 1506, at Valladolid, and his body was deposited in the Franciscan priory there. In 1513 it was transferred to the cathedral at Seville. The discoverer having expressed an earnest wish to be buried at Haiti, in San Domingo, his mortal remains were conveyed there in 1550 (forty-four years after his death), and interred in the cathedral. When the island was taken in 1795 by the French the bones were removed by the Spaniard[illegible] Lorenzo, in Havana, and were place[illegible] the cathedral there on January 19, [illegible]96. The Spanish academy of history defends the thesis that they are there still, while the government of San Domingo maintains that it succeeded in burying the bones with due honor in the cathedral of its capital on September 10, 1877. The latter position is supported by a learned and lengthy historical disquisition which has been officially communicated to all the powers, who are now requested to send representatives to a congress to examine the facts and decide the question once for all.

Lovers of Lotteries.

In Italy the weekly lottery has become almost a second nature to the people, says a Chicago *Times* correspondent. Books are published to guide the choice of numbers with reference to dreams and events, both ordinary and extraordinary. If you dream of a cat, you are bound to play this number; if of a dog, to play that, combining the two numbers in a fashion which the book duly describes should you dream of both dog and cat. But it is from a real not a visionary, accident that your richest harvest may be reaped, and the greater the accident the richer the harvest. If your child tumbles down-stairs and breaks a leg, you count the number of stairs, rush to the lottery office, and play the combination of stairs, child, and fall. When the cholera broke out last year in Naples certain numbers indicated by the calamity were played so generally, and, strange to say, so successfully, that the government lottery banks lost heavily. The other day, at a table d'hote, a commercial traveler told us all with great animation of a cruel disappointment which had just befallen him. He had had the luck while traveling in the mountains, to have an accident by which his carriage was almost broken to bits. He immediately utilized the chance by making up the prescribed combination of numbers representing carriage, accident, mountain, alarm, and the day of the month. He flew to the nearest lottery office; it was closed. A Sicilian hotel servant (true to his indolant nature) would not be induced by the offer of five francs to take the numbers to the office of the adjoining village. The would-be gambler was forced to accept his destiny with the Italian formula of "pazienza" (patience). But imagine the feelings of the ingenious but balked speculator when the very next day all his five numbers (a most rare occurrence) were drawn at Palermo, and he found that he had thus missed a fortune!

Photographing a Pistol Shot.

Some remarkable photographs of a pistol bullet in its flight, under the illumination of an electric spark, have been secured by Professor E. Ma[illegible], of Prague. He has also photographed the air streams which one may see over a Bunsen burner placed in sunshine, and has even obtained pictures of waves of sound, these last being made visible by a method in which advantage is taken of the irregular refraction of light by the waves set in vibration by sound. Although these experiments may not have any practical value, they are interesting as showing the great degree of perfection to which the photographic art has been carried.

Washington's Charity.

To Mr. Lund, Washington, Mount Vernon, November 26, 1775: Let the hospitality of the house, with respect to the poor, be kept up. Let no one go hungry away. If any of these kind of people should be in want of corn supply their necessities, provided it does not encourage them in idleness. I have no objection to your giving my money in charity when you think it well bestowed. What I mean by having no objection is my desire that it should be done. You are to consider that neither myself nor my wife are now in the way to do these good offices. G. W.—*Monthly Magazine, 1800.*

There are four coinage mints in the United States, located at San Francisco, Carson City, Philadelphia and New Orleans. There was formerly a mint at Denver, but this is used now merely as an assay office.

LIFE, DEATH AND ETERNITY.

And what is Life? I pray you tell;
A sluggard's paradise,
Where fools and idlers flourish well
And troubled winds ne'er rise?
Ah, no, my child! A battle-field
Where each must take a side;
And 'midst the strife a sabre wield
And to the van-guard ride.

Then what is death? I beg you tell:
A pall, a shroud, a bier,
A saddened dirge, a funeral knell
And friends who watch and fear?
Ah, no, my child! 'Tis but a night
Of quiet, peaceful sleep;
When morning brings the golden light,
Sad watchers cease to keep.

Eternity! Say, what is it?
A cold and darkened tomb,
Where hope is vain and hopers sit
And wait long years their doom?
Ah, no, my child! One common breath
Will waft you to its shore—
There sickness, sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.

—*Will S. Monroe.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Did you ever see a salad dressing?

The best thing out—a big fire.—*Eye.*

The dentist who announces that he will spare no pains to pull teeth well is the man to keep away from.—*Picayune.*

"I tell you, folks, I like to travel,' said a granger; "and for that reason I generally go to mill myself."—*Chicago Ledger.*

Japanese dentists use the thumb and forefinger in pulling teeth, and don't charge anything extra even if it takes an hour to do it.

This world is but a fleeting show
For man's illusion given,
A few mad sips of woman's lips
Is all he knows of heaven.

—*Washington Hatchet.*

Some one says: "You can tell when it is noontime by looking in a cat's eyes." Certainly, all you have to do is to hold the cat, look directly into its eyes and wait for the clock to strike 12.—*Boston Post.*

A Southern woman boasts that she has still in use a rolling-pin bought when she was married, sixty-one years ago. Nothing like having a tried and trusty weapon about the house to keep a husband in docile working order.—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE PRACTICAL POET.

For fame let youthful poets sing
Who feel not poverty's keen lash;
I'd rather that the muse would bring
Me my reward in solid cash.
I'll gladly leave the fame to those
Who for a living need not toil;
Fame won't buy me a suit of clothes
Or make the family kettle boil

—*Boston Courier.*

The proprietor of a menagerie relates that one of his lions once had a thorn taken out of his paw by a French major in Algeria. The lion afterward ran over the list of officers belonging to the regiment of his benefactor, and, out of gratitude, devoured both the colonel and lieutenant-colonel, whose places were then filled by the good major.

'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP.

Last night at the rink,
I made my confession.
She had liked me, I think,
Till last night at the rink:
I felt her form sink—
I let go with discretion.
Last night at the rink
We made an impression.

—*Life.*

A sporting paper contains an article entitled "How to prevent accidents in the game of baseball." This difficulty may be overcome by the substitution of garden-digging for baseball. A young man who is digging never gets injured by running the bases or by the bat flying out of another player's hand; though when he gets through with the game he may be induced to think he has exchanged backs with a man 197 years old.—*Norristown Herald.*

Venice by Moonlight.

The glory of a full moon in a cloudless sky is especially appropriate to Venice. Paris shows her fairest in the gay brightness of sunny May. To Rome most fitly belong the solemn splendors of the day's decline. Naples is best seen when the morning laughs over Capri and touches the smoke column over Vesuvius with a gleam of gold. But the most exquisite memory one retains of Venice is of those charmed moments when one floats beneath the moon and stars, when the softening shadows and mysterious light rob the old palaces of every vestige of desolation and decay, when Venice is the fairer because of the shining night, and night shows at its loveliest because it shines ever Venice. I recall one such evening, when our gondola glided over the path of silver flung by the full moon over the waveless water. The Church of San Giorgio rose dark in the background against the dusky luminous blue of the sky. A band of street musicians, rode in a barge hung with colored lanterns, filled the air with song. The scene was as unreal and as beautiful as though we were living in an opera. And when the singers changed their strain from "Santia Lucia" and "Addio bella Napoli" to the "Miserere" of "Trovatore," there stole over us a sense that all this had happened before, that the music and the moonlight and the wondrous scene around were all part and parcel of our past existence. In front of yonder palace we had seen "Maffio Osini" tear away the mask from the face of "Lucrezia Borgia." We had noted "Iago" and "Othello" in close converse on yonder square. "Bassanio" had feasted his friends but yesterday in yon sumptuous mansion. And still the music filled the air and the moon and stars shone overhead, and we glided on and on and it was all no dream—it was Venice.—*Lucy Hooper.*

Americans as Coffee Drinkers.

The most important commodity of the American grocery trade is coffee. People could better do without sugar than without coffee. You may think that a strong statement, but it is indisputable. The Americans are a nation of coffee-drinkers. America consumes over one-third of the entire product of the world. No breakfast table, whether in the abode of the rich or the poor, is considered complete without it. To many persons it is more necessary in the morning than food. Coffee contains valuable medicinal qualities, among others that of being anti-soporific, and therefore useful in cases of narcotic poisoning. It has been found to be one of the very best stimulants for administration to persons who are nearly dying from starvation or cold. Alcoholic stimulants often prove fatal when given under the same circumstances. It is invaluable as a digesting agent.—*Chicago News.*

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