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THE COMING MAN.

The Coming Man I sing: the Coming Man
Evolved in nature since the world began
By Energy Divine: the Man foretold
Forevermore, whom Hope and Faith behold.

All voices shall he hear, all volumes read:
Probe to the heart of every code and creed;
Cut uncut pages of Creation's book;
In life itself for life's deep secrets look;
Intent his heart and vigilant his brain
The seventh essence of truth to gain.
He shall be humble, yet supremely bold
The scroll of Time's experience to unfold;
Where Science lifts her daring flambeau high
He greets the glowing torch with fearless eye;
Where, past the known, Religion wings her flight
His solemn gaze pursues her starry light.

Not knowledge only enters in the plan
And consummation of the Coming Man,
And not belief alone, however true;
The best is not to rest, it is to do;
The Coming Man shall be a man of deeds
Employing substance and supplying needs.
His wisest word shall bear a fitting act,
And all his speculation bloom to fact;
The goodness of his ethics he shall prove.
By logical results of active love.

W. H. Venable, in the Current.

A CLOSET'S SECRET.

Mr. Horace Melton was a promising young lawyer, who had the enviable reputation of being "one of the best catches in town." Consequently there was great rejoicing among the family and friends of Miss Matilda Palfrey when it was understood that he had requested her to be his wife.

Mr. Melton's own family was not so much pleased. Matilda herself was good enough; but her mother—and old Mrs. Melton and her daughter shook their heads and hoped that poor, dear Horace wouldn't find his mother-in-law too much for him.

She was known as a woman of determined mind, who had ruled her husband and children, and was inclined to help manage the affairs of her acquaintances in general; and it was not probable that she would make an exception in favor of her son-in-law.

And Horace was so easy and good-natured, his mother said, with a sigh, that there was little hope of his opposing "that woman's" influence in his own household.

Despite these warnings, Horace, like a true lover, resolved to take his Matilda for better or for worse, and at once commenced preparations for his marriage.

The young couple were to live in a house recently left him by an uncle—a pleasant, roomy mansion, set a little back from the main street, in the midst of an ornamental garden.

The "furniture and effects" had been bequeathed to Horace's mother and sisters, and had already been removed—all save one article, the presence of which caused the young man some embarrassed consideration.

The late Mr. Melton had been, according to the estimation of the neighbors, a rather eccentric old gentleman, who had interested himself in literary and scientific pursuits, and in inventing and manufacturing various mechanical contrivances, more ingenious than useful.

Among these was an artificial human skeleton wrought in wood, every bone being a perfect imitation, and the joints ingeniously set on springs, so that when worked by invisible wires, the ghastly object would go through a few convulsive motions.

This grim work of art, upon which the old gentleman had greatly prided himself, he had bequeathed to his young friend, Marrowby, a medical student, to be claimed by him so soon as he should have won his diploma, and had an office in which to establish it.

And meanwhile, by his own special direction to his nephew, it remained upon its pedestal in a small closet belonging to the old gentleman's workroom, where its presence, when the nephew came to prepare the house for his bride, caused him some embarrassed consideration. It would certainly, he thought, not prove a pleasing subject for the contemplation of his Matilda; neither was he sure but that she might feel nervous and annoyed at the knowledge of such a ghastly object in the house. So he finally concluded to say nothing about it, but to lock the closet; and, as an additional security against discovery, to put a nail or two in the door.

For the first week or two of their marriage the young couple were of course very happy, desiring nothing beyond their own home and each other's society. Matilda, who had been all her life ruled by her mother, was delighted with having her own way in her own home, which it was her chief enjoyment to make attractive for her husband. Such delicious little suppers as she prepared for him; such blissful evenings as they two had spent together with books and music, and pleasant chat; and above all, the delightful feeling of independence in their own house and home.

But alas, for human happiness! Scarce three weeks had they enjoyed this blissful sunshine, when a cloud suddenly overshadowed it.

This cloud came in the shape of a hack, which one evening deposited at their door a plethoric trunk, covered with canvas, and a thin lady done up in furs.

The latter, without permitting the servant to announce her, walked into the parlor, where Horace and Matilda, his arm around her waist and her head on his shoulder, were looking over the new magazines, and enjoying the funny political caricatures.

"Mamma!" exclaimed Matilda, starting up and coming forward with a by no means rapturous expression of surprise.

"Yes, my dear, it is I; and I hope you are not sorry to see me."

"Delighted, I am sure," said Mr. Melton, with a great effort to look what he professed.

Mrs. Palfrey seated herself in her son-in-law's own special arm chair, and said, amiably:

"Really, I missed you so much, Matilda, and was so anxious, Horace, to see how you two were getting along, that I just tossed a few things together and ran down to spend a day or two with you. You certainly do look very comfortable," with a criticising glance around the tasteful little sitting-room.

Then she ran on and talked for an hour, until something was said about tea, when she remarked that she had lately taken a fancy to chocolate and Russian caviare at that meal.

Jane was accordingly dispatched to procure these delicacies; and meanwhile, Mrs. Palfrey favored her daughter and son-in-law with suggestions for a more "harmonious" arrangement of the sitting-room furniture, together with criticisms on the pattern of the carpet and wall-paper.

"Never mind, dear," said Mr. Melton, soothingly, when at last his mother-in-law had been persuaded to retire for a good night's rest after her ride. "Let us humor her for the day or two that she will remain, and then we can have our own way again."

But Mrs. Palfrey gave no indication of an intention of speedily ending her visit. On the contrary, she made arrangements for being comfortable in her own room, and then set about investigating into the household and domestic affairs, and reforming and regulating things according to her own notions.

This involved a system of cookery comprising her own favorite dishes, while Mr. Melton's were condemned as either unwholesome or extravagant; and also a constant shifting about of furniture; so that, as her son-in law observed, when he came home of an evening, he never knew where to look for anything.

To add to his uneasiness, Mrs. Palfrey began to give hints of letting her own house, and in future dividing her time between her two dear, married daughters, to whose inexperience and helplessness she could be of so much use, and such a comfort in case of sickness—they having no family to look after them.

If the old lady should choose to carry out this plan what could they do? Mr. Melton and Matilda asked each other. Of course mamma could not be turned out of their house; and yet—and Mrs. Melton turned away to hide her tears, whilst her husband walked up and down the floor, striving, for his wife's sake, to repress his vexation.

Had it depended upon himself he would have had small scruples; but how could he hurt Matilda's feelings by being what she would consider rude or unkind to her mother?

Mrs. Palfrey had not been three days in the house when she made an exploring tour throughout every nook and corner, and among other things remarked the locked closet.

"What have you stored away there?" she inquired of her daughter.

"I don't know. Some old lumber, I suppose. Horace merely said he preferred it to remain locked, as we had no special use for it."

"But where is the key? Of course you have looked into it?"

"No; I have not cared about it. I believe Horace has the key."

"You don't mean to say, Matilda, that you allow your husband to lock up apartments in your house and keep the keys himself, without ever letting you know what he has shut up in them? Why, Bluebeard himself couldn't do a more outrageous thing!"

"It is only a little closet, mamma; and if there had been anything particular in it, he would have told me."

"Humph! little you know about husbands and their ways! Now, I will wager that Horace has his uncle's choice old wines and spirits stored in that closet, to which he helps himself on the sly."

But when, that evening, Mrs. Palfrey hinted an inquiry to her son-in-law in regard to the late Mr. Melton's stock of wines, he assured her that his uncle had left none. He had never stored wines, but bought them as they were needed.

This only added to Mrs. Palfrey's curiosity, and a day or two after she assailed him again.

"I have been assisting Matilda in arranging the store-room more conveniently. I think that ground-floor rather damp, and that it needs a good airing and some quick-lime. I noticed a closet in one corner which emits a musty and unwholesome smell. It ought to be opened and thoroughly ventilated. There is nothing so dangerous in a house as damp."

"So my uncle thought," replied Mr. Melton, composedly, "and he was, therefore, particular in the building and finishing of the ground floor and cellars. The closet is perfectly dry—perhaps, indeed, the dryest spot in the house. There is no necessity for airing it, I assure you."

Thenceforth, Mrs. Palfrey daily pondered upon the locked closet door.

Why should it be kept fastened, and the key in Mr. Melton's possession, unless it contained something which he particularly desired to keep secret?

"Perhaps it is family papers," she thought. "I always fancied there must be some mystery about the Meltons—some of them have been so queer. Maybe there's insanity in the family; or they got their money in some odd way which they wouldn't like to have known. For Matilda's sake I ought to look over those papers."

So with this wish strong in her mind, Mrs. Palfrey one day, when her daughter was out, collected all the keys of the house, and repairing to the ground floor tried them on the lock of the mysterious closet.

By good fortune one of them fitted. She heard the bolt shoot back, and then, attempting to open the door, she discovered that it was secured by a couple of nails.

Here was a heightening of the mystery. Not satisfied with locking the closet, he had actually nailed it up! There must be something there of more importance than old letters and papers—something which her son-in-law was particularly anxious to conceal, and which he had never hinted of even to his wife.

Who knew but that something dreadful had been done in that house by that strange old man, who had lived alone and led such a secluded sort of a life?

And Mrs. Palfrey firmly made up her mind to discover the whole mystery before she was many days older. There should be no secrets in her daughter's house kept from her knowledge; and as it was, the whole thing was a wrong and an insult to Matilda and herself.

So on Sunday evening Mrs. Palfrey complained of a "dreadful headache," which would prevent her accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Melton to evening service.

She would be better for being left alone an hour or two.

And when they were gone, she gave Jane permission to go out if she liked, as she herself intended to remain at home. And having secretly watched her off in company with a nice-looking young man, Mrs. Palfrey took a lamp and a hammer, and therewith repaired to the store-room on the ground floor.

With some difficulty she extracted the nails, and then inserting the key, again heard the bolt shoot back.

The sound sent a triumphant thrill through her veins.

She was about to see for herself what was the mystery which her son-in law had been so careful to hide from herself and his wife!

Holding the lamp above her head, Mrs. Palfrey slowly opened the door.

Merciful heavens! What was that grim and ghastly figure which, grinning in her face, slowly stretched forth its skeleton fingers to embrace her?

With one fearful shriek she started back, letting the lamp fall from her hand, and the next moment was lying senseless upon the floor in profound darkness.

"I suppose she has gone to bed," said Matilda, when, returning from church, they found the parlor deserted and the gas turned down. "I will go up and see how she is feeling."

In a few moments she returned.

"Mamma is nowhere up stairs, and neither she nor Jane are in the kitchen. Where can they have gone to?"

At this moment a strange, sepulchral sound was heard to issue from beneath the floor—a sort of weak but shrill scream.

"Good gracious! What can that be?" exclaimed Matilda, turning pale.

Mr. Melton's eyes suddenly lighted. An expression, half-amused and half-alarmed, crossed his face.

"I think your mother must have gone to the store room for something, and perhaps some little accident occurred—No! stay here, dear, while I go and see."

She followed him to the head of the stairs, but obeyed his request to come no further.

In a moment or two he emerged, supporting the limp form of his mother-in-law, with white face and wild eyes, to whom, after placing her on a sofa, they proceeded to administer restoratives.

"Dear mamma!" said Matilda, anxiously, "what has happened? What has frightened or hurt you?"

"The—the horrid—skeleton!" gasped Mrs. Palfrey, hysterically, and turning a look of concentrated indignation upon her son-in-law.

"Skeleton!" repeated Matilda. "Oh, Horace, she must be out of her mind!"

"Out of my mind!" snorted Mrs. Palfrey, trembling with anger and nervousness. "How dare you say that, Matilda? If I were not possessed of more than ordinary sense, I should have been frightened to death at sight of that—that dreadful object!"

And here she commenced to gasp and tap her heels convulsively on the sofa.

"I am very sorry," Mr. Melton said, with difficulty repressing the smile that quivered about the corners of his mouth. "The skeleton—ahem!—is only an ingenious and harmless contrivance of my late uncle's, with which he amused his leisure hours. There is not the slightest cause for being frightened."

Then he added, in a whisper, to his wife:

"It is not a real skeleton, dear; only an imitation in wood; a sort of scientific work of art, which it would amuse you to see. But you may as well not explain this to your mother, just now."

Next day, Mrs. Palfrey, having entirely recovered from her unwonted nervous attack, appeared in a mood of intense, suppressed indignation against her son-in-law.

As regarded her own part, she explained that, fancying her headache to have been caused by the mephitic air of the locked closet penetrating through the floor of the room, she had gone down to open the closet and let it out, never dreaming of such an outrageous thing as the skeleton of a dead man being kept in a respectable family dwelling-house. And if that disgusting and ghastly object was still to remain there, she would no longer stay beneath that roof; and she strongly advised Matilda to leave also. No man had a right to keep unburied dead people in the house with his family.

Mr. Melton explained that he had promised his uncle to allow the skeleton to remain as he had left it until Doctor Marrowby should claim and take it away.

In consequence of which information his mother-in-law at once packed up her trunk, and that evening departed, warning them of her firm determination never to remain another night beneath the same roof with a dead man's unburied bones.

And when she had gone, Mr. Melton and his wife (who had no objection to a wooden skeleton in the house) had a smiling talk to themselves; and though Matilda said, "Poor mamma! it was too bad that she should have had such a fright," she looked very happy as she set about rearranging her house to suit herself.

Somehow, Doctor Marrowby has never called for his skeleton, and such being the case, Mrs. Palfrey only pays an occasional day's visit to her daughter and son-in-law, making her headquarters at a boarding-house in the town, kept by one of her friends.—*Susan Archer Weiss.*

Useful in Many Ways.

The walrus, says Lieutenant Schwatka, has about an inch and a half to two inches of blubber directly under his skin, and this is used by the natives to get oil for their lamps while they devour large quantities of the blubber, especially during the severe cold of winter. The meat and blubber are eaten both cooked and raw. The tough hide cut into strips about a foot long is used as dog food, and is the best material in the Arctic regions for that purpose, a half dozen to a dozen of these tidbits given to a dog every other day being sufficient to keep him in fine condition right along whatever kind of work he may be doing. Sometimes the natives cook it for a day or two in their simmering kettles, and it becomes friable, but otherwise it is as tough as sole leather, and to eat it it must be cut in small bits that can be swallowed at once, as chewing it would have no more effect than it would on a trade dollar. In fact, the Russians used to take walrus hide, and, cutting it into little bits, coined it into money, and found it as serviceable as metal.

Four millions of false teeth are manufactured in this country every year.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

A great deal of narrow ribbon is used in millinery.

Figured challies are pretty and inexpensive for house wear.

Black silk mitts will be fashionable again with summer dresses.

For warm weather Oxford ties made of patent leather will be fashionable.

The sleeves of new costumes are longer, and more trimming is seen upon them.

White serge dresses for little girls are trimmed with many rows of gold braid.

Sailor hats are trimmed with scarfs, with sometimes an addition of "quill" feathers.

Copper thread is introduced into the new laces, and is very effective, especially on brown dresses.

In white cashmeres, plaited waists, with belts, long-pointed drapery and tucked skirt is the rule.

Sashes of moire ribbon eight or ten inches wide will be worn by ladies as well as by children this summer.

Miss Brown, a Concord young lady who recently graduated at Harvard, had a phenomenally high grade in the classics.

The St. Louis Century club, the leading literary society of the city, has six men and three women on its board of directors.

Rich black dresses for summer are made of China crepe, embroidered or brocaded for the skirt, while the overdress is made of lace.

Improved English walking hats have appeared once again, a little wider in the brim and with less roll at the sides than upon the old models.

A pretty dress for child bridesmaids is a pink faille slip covered with dotted muslin, not tied in at the waist, and the broadest of high Gainsboro hats of pale pink silks with immense bows.

A rough straw round hat or small bonnet suiting the dress in color will be chosen for traveling. Wide ribbons, scarfs of etamine, or many small bows of narrower ribbons are the trimmings.

Black satin or surah dresses are effectively remodeled by adding panels, vest front and collar and cuffs of dark red surah laid in fine plaitings, or bright red satin veiled with black net or lace.

The "housemaid dress," so popular in England, is gaining ground here. It is a good dress, but its chief charm, simplicity, is entirely lost when it is worn over crinolette or artificial protuberances of any kind.

Mrs. Langtry was the daughter of Dr. La Breton, for many years dean of the parish of Jersey. She married Edward Langtry, a widower, who was a son of George Langtry, the famous boat builder of Liverpool. Mrs. Langtry first became famous in 1877.

The *Scientific American* states that plush goods and all articles dyed with aniline colors, faded from exposure to light, will look as bright as ever after being sponged with chloroform. The commercial chloroform will answer the purpose very well, and is less expensive than the purified.

Trumbull's celebrated painting of the battle of Bunker Hill and the death of Warren has recently been produced in chenille and silk on a sewing machine. There were 12,000 yards of chenille and 36,000 yards of of silk used, and 8,640,000 stitches were taken. The work is now on exhibition in Hartford.

For those who are tired of vests, a single reverse of the material with which the dress is trimmed is turned back on the left side of the waist from the throat down low on the bust, or perhaps only half way to the waist line; this is especially effective made of velvet or of watered silk, and it is also made of the dress goods thickly braided.

The fashion of stripes has even extended to black materials of light texture, and though patterns of spots, etc., are still to be seen, stripes predominate. Black woolen canvas stuffs are extremely serviceable, and when trimmed with silk or woolen lace makes pretty dresses for walking or making calls in a quiet way.

The gold engagement bracelet is becoming as popular as the engagement ring. Only diamonds, rubies and pearls are used on these bracelets. The old superstition about the pearl, that it brings bad luck, as a wedding gift, seems to have gone over entirely, and now it is said that emeralds and sapphires are the "unfortunate" stones to give for bridal presents, though they are highly fashionable as gifts at any day later or to anybody else.

Ladies in the country may be glad to learn how to make imitation wax candles. Purify melted tallow by throwing in powdered quick lime, then add two parts wax and one of tallow and a fine article resembling wax will be the result. Dip the wicks in lime water and saltpetre on making. To a gallon of water add two ounces of saltpetre and one-half pound of lime. It improves the light and prevents the tallow from running. When the candles are made get out the old brass candlesticks and candelabra and you will be in the fashion.

The daughters of the Prince of Wales are brought up in the most simple manner. The three sisters occupy one large bedroom, furnished very plainly; they lead so quiet a life that they are still children, although the eldest is seventeen years old. They are constantly with their mother, forming a charming group and a fitting frame for her gracious presence. They are very distinguished in manner, very graceful and extremely well educated. The lives of these five children have been passed in simplicity that does honor to the good sense of their parents.

The middle-class girls of Holland are certainly very pretty. They have soft, clear skins and bright complexions. They are decidedly piquant in appearance, much more so than their sisters over the Rhine. This year the favorite color is parrot green of various shades, which seems to suit their brown hair and eyes amazingly. They wear the high-crown, fashionable hat, with a string or two added. As for the back crinoline now the rage, I have seen nothing in size or sway to equal the achteruit of the fashionable girl of Amsterdam. The literal meaning of the above word is "behind the house."

STRICKEN BY CATALEPSY.

THE STRANGE DISEASE THAT NEARLY RESEMBLES DEATH.

Its Causes, Its Effects and Its Treatment, According to Latest Experiences—Interesting Details.

The following is taken from a paper by Dr. J. Martin Kershaw:

By catalepsy we mean a condition in which there is more or less complete loss of consciousness and voluntary motion and a rigid state of the muscles of the body, which latter is preserved for a greater or less length of time, in exactly the position assumed at the onset of the attack. If the subject be in the midst of a speech, and his right arm raised to give force to arguments, it will remain in the upraised position for a length of time and then slowly and almost imperceptibly fall to his side. During this time the patient is quite unconscious and the body firmly rigid. An old professor occasionally had cataleptic seizures, during which he would suddenly cease talking, retain the position held at the time of the attack, and after a few moments go on with his lecture, totally unaware of the fact that a slip of his conscious life had been snatched from him. His lecture was always resumed at exactly the point at which he had left off.

The appearance of a subject of catalepsy is almost precisely like that of death. The skin is very pale, and generally of a waxen hue; the surface of the body is cold, generally from two to four degrees below the normal temperature of the body; the heart's sounds are scarcely audible, while the fact that the patient breathes can only be discovered by the closest observation. In cases of true hysteria and ecstasy the breathing is very perceptible. If a leg be placed up above the body it will remain there an indefinite length of time; if an arm be extended at right angles from the body it will retain its position for several moments, and perhaps for an hour or two. This particular condition is peculiar to catalepsy.

An old-time physician relates an instance where the patient became cataleptic just as she was putting a cup of tea to her mouth. It is not reported that any mishap occurred, and she finished the beverage at the conclusion of the attack. A subject of the complaint in Bellevue hospital, New York, remained upon his back for a considerable time (the limbs were placed in position by attendants), with both arms and one leg raised high in the air. He was unconscious during the entire time.

I had a young married lady under my professional care some time ago, whose case at the beginning opened up in a comical way. She had been run down and was nervous for some time, and one dark, stormy night, about bedtime, her whole body suddenly became fixed and rigid. Her husband, in his fright, raised her right arm directly in front of her body in such a way that the fixed arm and fingers pointed directly at him. The white, ghostly face and upraised arm of justice were too much for him. In a few seconds of time he recalled the sins of his youth, and with one terrified look he fled from the house and appeared at my office with his eyes as large as young sugar bowls and his hair standing up all over his head like a new feather duster. Under appropriate treatment the lady recovered.

One of the principal causes of this difficulty is an inherited nervous temperament, which predisposes one to nervous disease. Most subjects have relatives that are afflicted with hysteria, epilepsy or insanity. Most of the cases met with are women. Fright, anger and grief are often exciting causes. When Covent Garden theatre last burned down a young girl in St. Mary's hospital awakened suddenly, and saw the fire. She was greatly excited all night, and the next morning she had a cataleptic fit.

In olden time it is altogether probable that subjects of catalepsy were but too frequently buried alive. A mistake of that kind could scarcely happen now; but the application of the mirror to the mouth for the purpose of detecting moisture, the placing of the hot iron to the flesh to determine whether the circulation continues—these are means which should always be employed in doubtful cases. I could point you to a lady now in our midst who was carried to the cemetery while under the influence of this disease, and only recovered consciousness as she was being lowered into the grave. The last test mentioned would certainly have determined her true condition. In the Lutheran cathedral at Madgeburg there is a monument erected to the memory of the Frau von Asseiurg. She is represented as a mature woman, kneeling in front of a block of stone, and by her side is her husband. Stretching outward from her side is a goodly line of daughters, and from the side of her husband an equal line of sons. The inscription relates how this noble lady was, after her marriage, taken sick, and, under the supposition that she was dead the body was placed in the family vault. Fortunately the vault was left unlocked, and regaining consciousness in the night she returned home to her husband, and in time bore all this fair family after her strange experience in the tomb. There is still a custom kept up in some parts of Germany of placing a bell above the public receptacles for the dead, and fastening the hand of the corpse to the robe, so that it may be rung by the chance victim of burial before death.

The disease is undoubtedly feigned, too, at times, but can be detected. If a weight be attached to the upraised leg of a true cataleptic, the limbs will gradually be drawn down to the level of the body. A case suspected of feigning had a weight attached to the leg and thinking he must hold it up, he exerted all his strength to keep the leg from being pulled down. The test was explained to him, when he confessed the imposture.—*Globe-Democrat.*

The bones of Pizarro, the conquerer of Peru, lie in the crypt of the Grand Cathedral at Lima, which he built in 1540, and which is the most imposing ecclesiastical edifice in America. It is said to have cost $9,000,000. The money came from the old Inca temples, which were robbed of their gold and silver ornaments and stripped of their carved timber by the Spaniards.

The value of the horses and mules of the United States is placed at $1,014,766,000, mules being worth $161,494,000 of the aggregate amount.

HEALTH HINTS.

The seed rod of plantain, boiled in milk, will check the most violent attack of cholera morbus.

A freckle cure recommended by a professional consists of two ounces of lemon juice and one dram of sugar. Mix together, and let stand in a glass bottle a few days; then rub on the face occasionally and avoid exposure to the sun or wind.

For dogwood or ivy poisoning the following is said to be an infallible remedy; Boil wood ashes enough to make a strong lye; wash the poisoned parts in this; let it remain a few minutes, and wash off in soft, lukewram water; when dry, anoint with grease. Repeat this process as the poison develops itself, and one or two applications will cure the most obstinate cases. It acts like magic.

The natural process by which bleeding is stopped is the formation of a blood clot which plugs the orifice of the divided vessel. When an artery is divided the cut end retracts or shrinks so that the formation of a clot is facilitated, but the blood current is so strong, unless loss of much blood has diminished the force of the circulation, that it hinders the coagulation. It should, therefore, be the aim of the assistant to check or stop the flow of blood from the artery in order that the beginnings of clot-formation may not be swept away by the current. This may be accomplished by pressing upon the orifice of the vessel in the wound, or by pressing the edges of the wound firmly together, or in cases where this is not easy and efficient, by compressing the artery which supplies the part from which the hemorrhage is taking place in some other part of its course between the heart and the injury. The main arteries supplying the head lie in the neck, one on each side of the windpipe, where their pulsations may be readily felt. In case of a wound of an artery in the neck the cut ends of the vessel should be compressed with the finger, if possible, or the artery both below and above the wound should be compressed with the finger, if possible, or the artery both below and above the wound should be pressed firmly backward against the backbone. Unless skilled surgical aid can be speedily obtained, there is little hope of saving life in case these great vessels are wounded.

The Perfumery Business.

A writer in an exchange says that there are many laboratories in the United States which produce excellent perfumery, but the business is relatively new in this country when compared with the establishments of the sort on the Riviera, where the inhabitants for the most part live upon the products which that blessed climate afford them in sweet smelling flowers and shrubs. I was reading only the other day something about the perfumery manufacturies of Nice and Cannes, and a friend, who has a happy faculty of collecting useful knowledge, has since given me the latest statistics of one great establishment in the latter city which are worth relating, if only to show the enormous scale on which operations are conducted. In this factory are annually used—only think of it!—no fewer than 154,000 pounds of orange blossoms, 132,000 pounds of acacia blossoms, 154,000 pounds of rose leaves, 35,200 pounds of jassamine blossoms, 22,000 pounds of violets, 8,800 pounds of tube roses and a relatively large amount of Spanish lilacs, rosemary, mint, lime and lemon blossoms, thyme and number of other plants and leaves and flowers. Nice and Cannes together raise yearly 60,000 pounds of violets, which thrive there better, perhaps, than in other parts of the world, to say nothing of 440,000 of orange blossoms which Nice alone produces, and which are more than doubled in quantity by the neighboring villages. Acacia blossoms are the specialty of Cannes where 38,500 pounds are obtained yearly, and where jasmine, tuberoses and roses also flourish The total annual production of perfumery in the Riviera towns is said to be 312,000 pounds of pomades and sweet-scented oils.

The area of the land devoted to the growth of trees and plants in question may be imagined when it is considered that to obtain one ton of blossoms it is necessary to strip 30,000 jasmine plants, 500 rose bushes, 100 orange trees, 800 geranium and 70,000 tube roses of their wealth of bloom. Violets need most space, and next orange trees, roses and jasmine require one-third less space than the orange trees, and tube roses one-fifth less. From these various perfumes in combination are made pomade, salve, hair oil, toilet water, sachet powder, incense, balsam and essences.

The name of the perfumes which are offered for sale is legion, although the best known and most agreeable of them all is eau de cologne. Its preparation is naturally a secret, preserved with the greatest strictness. The name Farina, connected with this perfume, is known throughout the entire civilized world, and if one wishes to get an idea of the real benefit which an article is supposed to derive from a single name, it is only necessary, as many of my readers know, to visit the "holy" city of Cologne, wander about in the city of the Julichs-Platz, and study the firm names on the signs. All the Farinas in the world seem to be here assembled, and every one of them manufactures eau de cologne.

What the Newspaper Does.

Rev. John Rhey Thompson, of New York, says: The crowning marvel of our modern civilization is the printing press. It is impossible to overestimate its vast power. It propagates and diffuses information. It gives wings to knowledge, so that on a breath of morning it flies everywhere to bless and elevate. I stand in growing wonder in the presence of the printing press. It lays its hands upon the telegraph and speedily gathers news from all parts of the world, and acute editors and ubiquitous reporters and rapid compositors and flying steam presses commit to paper a faithful photograph of what is going on in the world. And yonder stands the iron horse, with breath of flame and ribs of steel, ready to go to remote portions of the country, dropping packages of the daily papers on the way. Yes, it is a mighty engine for good and a mighty engine, too, for evil. Like all the blessings of this trial-life of ours, it is not an unmixed blessing.

SONG.

It is the longest day;
By the summer bay,
In sweet air and light,
We linger until night,
Which but sleeps a little while
'Twixt the sunset and dawn's smile.
Yet now 'tis sad to think and see
Every day must shorter be,
Every month an hour less bright
Until midwinter white.
But in the dark nights lengthening dread
Christmas waits us with good cheer,
And pleasant book in fireside nook,
And faces round us dear.

It is the shortest day;
Winter's sky is gray,
The bleak winds blow,
The world is white with snow,
As by the hearth-nook warm,
We hear the wide, wild storm:
But for a space each month that o'er
Us rolls shall longer grow
By an hour or so;
And it is pleasant through the frore
Weather, still to look before
To coming days, when through the haz
Lifting o'er blue sunny bays,
Spring will reach our shore.

—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Well handled—A pump.

Full of pointers—The porcupine.

An irritable nation—Vaccination.

High time—That kept by a town clock.

Cranberries will cure dyspepsia. That's sour opinion.—*St. Paul Herald.*

A country seat that always rents—The barb-wire fence.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Making crazy quilts is the proper work for bedlamites.—*Chicago Sun.*

A cyclone is like a waiter. It carries everything before it.—*Carl Pretzel.*

Mosquitoes are free from one vice at least. They can't stand smoking.—*Detroit Free Press.*

If some men had to "eat their words," their health would be ruined forever.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Some one says: "Man is born to rule the world." Yes, but he sometimes gets married.—*Boston Post.*

Japanese fans sell from three cents up to $300. The former are the best for use. It is easier to "raise the wind" at that price.—*Norristown Herald.*

Cucumbers sliced are said to remove freckles. This is not wonderful. They have been known to "remove" whole families.—*Marathon Independent.*

"I am coming, oh, my darling!" sings a sweet Western poetess. Oh, that's all right; only you needn't let all the other fellows know it.—*Philadelphia Call.*

The fool gives pursuit with a running jump
When the wind skips away with his fife,
But the wise man stands on the curb and grins
Till his own is returned with a smile.

—*Chicago Ledger.*

"The large cow," says an agricultural contemporary, "is going to be the coming cow." If that is the case we will gracefully retire over the fence when we see one.—*Siftings.*

"He called me an [illegible]," claimed an overdressed, excited dude. "Well, you ain't one," soothingly replied a kindly cop; "you are only a clothes horse."—*Merchant-Traveler.*

A coincidence—"All alone, my dear child. I'm afraid that husband of yours neglects you terribly. He's always at the club when I call." "Yes, mamma; but he's at home at other times."—*London Fun.*

A recent writer asserts that the sexes are gradually, but surely, drifting apart. This statement was made, however, before the advent of the season when frozen lacteal nourishment congeals the sexes in a powerful bond of sympathy and union.—*Boston Times.*

A man claiming to be a scientist wants some one to bore the earth to prevent its bursting. We have a friend who we think would be able to do it. Up to this time he has devoted all his boring energies to us, and we would be glad to see him try it on the rest of the earth.—*Boston Post.*

He stood outside the garden gate
And whistled in a minor key;
She sat at her bou loir window and
Caught on to his melody;
A Bristol bull-dog sat between,
Wagging his bullet head;
"Ah, there!" the lover whispered low;
"Stay there!" the maiden said.

—*Boston Times.*

A New Fashion Among Birds.

That birds are imitative [illegible] has long been known. Many [illegible] will simulate the notes and calls of others with such accuracy as to defy detection, while some will imitate the noise made by animals, or even the human voice. Hitherto, however, the imitations have been supposed to be purely vocal, each species retaining its own manners, flight and walk, regardless of those of its fellows. Many of these are distinctive and peculiar enough, none more so than the flights of the tumbler pigeon. No naturalist has, so far as we are aware, hitherto ventured to grapple with the problem of why this kind of pigeon should have taken to throw somersets in the air. Other varieties of pigeons have apparently equally failed in understanding the matter. They may often be observed watching the performance with an attention and gravity savoring of reprobation, but they are never seen to attempt an imitation of it. It appears, however, that other birds are taking the matter in hand, and there is a prospect, if the fashion spreads, that tumbling may in time become generally popular among the winged race, and that even the sparrow, as he descends from the house-top to the road, may deem it necessary to throw himself head over heels half a dozen times. The jackdaw has been the first bird to follow the fashion set by the tumblers. A correspondent of the *Field* has seen a pair of these birds near Sherborne following some tumbler pigeons and imitating their flight so accurately that at a short distance they might be mistaken for them. The news will be most welcome to the fair sex, who have hitherto been supposed to stand alone in creation in their willingness to make themselves uncomfortable or ridiculous semply because others set a fashion.—*London Standard.*

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