CHESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOSSIP TRANSCRIPT.

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THAT BONNET.

Have you seen my new bonnet,
With the jaunty feather on it?
No?
Then to pay you for your sonnet
See here, sir, I will don it;
So!

You should have seen me trim it;
It scarcely took a minute;
Nay.
I sat right down to pin it.
Don't you think it looks exquisite?
Say?

Mother said, "I do declare,
That's the seventh you have there."
Ho!
I made believe I didn't care,
Looked in fact quite debonnair.
So.

When I wear it on the street,
I think it's just complete.
Oh!
Don't you think it's awful sweet?
What? You say "it's rather neat!"
Sho!

Is it pretty, trimmed in red?
Tell me! What is that you said?
How?
"It covers up my forehead?"
I think you are just horrid,
Now!

NO BLUNDERER WANTED.—A first-rate story is told of a very prominent man, who lived in Detroit forty years ago, and who at that time owned more steamboat stock than any other man in the Western country, besides other wealth to a large amount.

Like many of the pioneers who acquired great riches, he was very ignorant in all that books taught, but his learning was more like wisdom, and in common with many who have lived and passed away, but left their mark behind them, he knew what tree would make shingles by looking at it.

He had, at the time of our story, just completed a splendid new warehouse at Buffalo, and wanted a suitable clerk to take charge of it. He advertised for one in the papers. The next morning early a candidate for the position presented himself—a rather too flashy young man in appearance, but the following conversation occurred:

"Young man, when you make a mistake in any of your books, how do you correct it?"

The young man explained, in a very profuse manner, how he should proceed to make it all right.

"A good way no doubt to do it," replied the old man, "but I shan't want you."

Very soon another aspirant put in an appearance. A similar question was asked him, and in a long and eloquent manner he pointed out the remedy in such cases. All the reply was:

"Young man, I shan't want you."

Some three or four others dropped in during the day, and to each one the same question was put, and they all had some smart way to cover up errors in their books.

The old gentleman was entirely ignorant himself of the art of book-keeping, but he had wisdom in all things, which is more than a match for learning.

Just at the close of the day, a plainly dressed man, with a bright eye and a brisk step called for the situation.

"Take a seat, sir," said the old gentleman. "I want to ask you one question: when you make a false entry on your books how do you go to work to correct it?"

Turning upon his questioner a cold, sharp look, the young man replied:

"*I don't make that kind of mistake, sir.*"

"Ah! my dear sir, you are just the man I have been looking for all day," and in a few moments after, the man who corrected his blunders by not making them, was installed in the office.

MORAL.—Evidently there are a great many blunderers in this world; men who blunder deliberately, who set down the wrong figures purposely, as trials in courts now going on all over the country, fully testify. Young man, don't try to make mistakes, no matter how urgent the necessity; be careful with the figures upon your employer's books; don't violate his confidense and love by professing to act honestly whilst at heart you are a rogue. Keep your head up; look your fellow man squarely and calmly in the face; an honest man can do that; a dishonest one cannot.

A gay spiritualist may be called a happy medium.

The man who stole a pair of boots the other day had a fit.

Getting into a grain corner—is the latest phrase for getting corned.

Can a man who attends to the railroad lamps be called a light character?

An old lady, writing to her son out in the West, warns him to beware of bilious saloons and bowel alleys.

A musical genius is so full of quavers, that he always makes a "stop" when he comes to a "bar."

A lover once wrote to a lady who had rejected him, saying that he intended to go "to some secluded spot and breathe away his life in sighs!" to which the lady replied by inquiring whether they were to be medium or large size. The man has not since been heard from.

THE SISTERS.

BY MRS. ANNIE M. LOVERING.

CHAPTER I.

Rebecca Gould declared over and over again, to herself, that she was the happiest girl in the world; and then, right in the face of this declaration—before it had died away from her lips—she deliberately drew her pocket-handkerchief from her pocket, placed it to her eyes, sat down in the middle of her room—and cried! A very womanly proceeding on the part of Miss Rebecca, any malicious man would find voice to testify. And, furthermore, the malicious man would say that a woman always cries when she is happy, and laughs when she is unhappy.

But this cry of Rebecca's was no make-believe one, gotten up for effect. It was a real out-and-out, genuine cry. There wasn't a soul in the world to be touched by her tears. Her window was up, to be sure; but then the blind was closed, and, as she did not sob, so she was quite safe in that direction. Her joy or her sorrow was altogether a private one of her own.

"I'm so happy!" she declared again, this time in a whisper, as she wiped her pleasant brown eyes—not forgetting to do the same service for her very shapely little nose—and glanced about the room. "I'm so happy! I never thought there was so much happiness in the world for me. Dear William!"

Dear William! Cause of all Miss Rebecca's happiness brought out in plain, honest, unmistakable English.

"Dear William! And I have promised to be his wife at Christmas. How nice it will be, and what a pleasant home I shall have—Elsie and I. Dear, dear, what will the child think and say when I tell her!"

She glanced at the little white bed in the corner as she spoke, and bent her head forward to catch a glimpse of the young face lying there among the pillows. But she could not trace the features—she could only see a mass of brown curls falling loosely and softly over a round white arm.

"Dear Elsie; and she has been homeless so long. She likes William, too; I have heard her say so a score of times. When he comes to-morrow night she shall hear him tell of our cottage, just as he told me to-night; of the little parlor, with its smooth, nice paper, and pretty shutters; of the sitting room, with its sunny windows, where the bird cage can hang, and my plants blossom; and the cosy kitchen, grained and painted so nicely, leading out to the bit of piazza that he built, thinking what a nice place it would be for me to sit with my sewing in the summer time, when the vines had grown up thick and heavy over the lattice. O dear, dear; I'm so happy!"

She proved this assertion again by applying her handkerchief to her eyes, and indulging in a second silent cry. After this she folded her arms and took two or three turns up and down the rooms, her face a pleasant picture of sunshine. A slight movement of the sleeper attracted her attention, a movement accompanied by a word uttered in a quick little gasp. She went forward and sat down upon the side of the bed, looking anxiously into the beautiful sleeping face. The red lips still moved in a troubled manner. The white brows were slightly contracted. She put her head down and listened.

"Dear, *dear* William!" whispered Elsie.

Rebecca started as though an arrow had been shot through her heart. Dear, *dear* William! What did the child mean? She asked the question, clasping her hands tightly together. What did it mean? Dear, dear, William! Was he dear to *her*, then? So dear that the thought of him threaded her dreams, and declared itself unconsciously upon her lips? She tried to remember the times that she had seen them together. That was easily enough done; and, yes, Elsie had been shy and silent. There had been a restless look in her blue eyes, as though a secret were trying to escape them. O, indeed, it was plain enough—plain enough to be seen—her sister Elsie, the child-sister that she had watched, and tended, and cared for since they were left orphans together, loved William Falmoth—*her* William! God pity her, what could she do?

She did not cry now, but she sat quite still upon the side of the bed, her hands listlessly upon her lap, her eyes fixed upon her sister's face. There was no selfishness in her heart, or if there was she put it all away without a sigh or a murmur.

"You shall not be crossed, sweet; he shall be all yours," she said softly, resting her head upon the pillow beside the sleeper.

Again the words came from the red lips: "Dear William!"

Rebecca closed her eyes. For a moment her hands were shut tightly—for a moment, that was all. Was that moment the one of her death—the death of all her pure, womanly hopes—the dreams of the future? She felt that it would be well with William. The change might seem hard to him for a little while, but he would soon forget it in his happy home. New cares would come upon him, new ties bind his heart to Elsie's, if they journeyed together. But she—what would there be for her? There would be no new joy added to her life as the years went by. There would never be the clasp of children's arms about her neck; never their touch upon her cheek, their lips against her breast. There would be no home where she would be the light, the hope, the one sure, sweet guiding star. All this she thought of, when in her sister's love she chose the shadowy way in which her feet should go.

"The sooner the better," she said softly, to herself. "When William comes to-morrow night I will tell him, and Elsie shall have a lifetime of happiness, as sweet as was my one little brief hour. God bless her—bless her."

CHAPTER II.

They stood together in the little garden, William Falmoth and Rebecca Gould. The mellow light of the full harvest moon shone clearly upon them. Everything was hushed and quiet. Not a sound came from the street; not a sound from the little cottage which they had left but a few moments before. Here and there an uneasy leaf fluttered in the breeze—that was all.

"I came out here because I was afraid Elsie might hear what I had to say to you," Rebecca said, resting her hands upon William's arm. "And now, dear, don't blame me for the words I am about to speak. Do not be harsh or stern with me. Be merciful, tender and true."

"I don't understand you," was the answer, as she paused and looked up into his face.

"I know you do not, and that is what I am afraid of, dear."

Oh, how inexpressibly tender were the tones of her voice. Had she been speaking her farewell to the dying they could not have been more so.

"How strangely you speak, Rebecca; how strange you appear," he said. "I should think you had something terrible to tell me. Come here, close to my side; there, now speak.'

"I can never marry you," she began, turning away her face as she spoke. "I can never be your wife. Don't answer me now; don't say a word, or you will kill me. My sister, my little, tender sister, loves you, William. Last night I learned her secret for the first time. It came upon me like a heavy blow. I knew then that I must give up my place to her; that she must be taken and I left. I have always felt that her love would not be the love of a common heart. I know now that it is not. She loves you—she must be your wife instead of me. Promise me, William, promise her now that it shall be so, and I will bless you all my life. Bless you! bless you!"

The arm that had been clasped about her waist fell nervelessly away from her and the young man took a step backward as if to assure himself that it was indeed Rebecca who had been speaking to him. He was silent for a moment. It had come so suddenly that he was bewildered. When his senses came back to him, he said, in a hoarse whisper, forgetful of the pale face before him, and the tender heart that was waiting for his reply.

"This is cruel as the grave, Rebecca. I could never, never make such a request of you. I love you too well."

"Oh, William! William!"

Her cry was as pitiful as a wounded bird. It touched his heart. He put out his hands and made an attempt to draw her towards him, but she shrank back.

"No, not until you promise me," she said, firmly. "Then I will go there once more—only once."

"Promise to give you up, Rebecca!—promise to sign away my own happiness forever?"

"No, you will be happy again—you cannot help it. The pain won't last long. You can overcome it—so can I; but it would kill her. Prove your love by promising me this, William. Help me, oh! help me."

"Give you up!"

He spoke the words slowly, looking down into her white face, and still reaching out his hand to her. But she would not go toward him.

"Will you do this?" she asked, putting his hand from her.

"Don't ask me to tell you to-night—give me time," he answered.

"Yes, yes, to-night. Don't torture me long. Let it be decided now. I must begin to walk my new path."

"And I? O, Father in heaven!"

"You will grow brave and strong, dear William; Elsie will help you, and I will pray for you all my life."

"You?"

"Yes, I," was the soft answer.

"And for you, I will crush my heart out, Rebecca," was the passionate reply.

With a glad cry she sprang forward into the shelter of his strong arms. Never, never again would she feel their clasp about her; never again would her head rest against his breast; never again would his lips meet hers in kisses. From that rich tropical summer she must walk out into an icy winter alone!

"One word more," she said, as she nestled closely in his arms, "Elsie must never know of this. When you ask her to be your wife, keep this back."

He bowed his head.

"God bless you! Good-by, forever!"

She sprang from his arms as she spoke, and ran across the garden to the house, leaving him standing alone in the moonlight. She did not look back once, but closed the door quickly after her and went up stairs to her chamber.

"How pale you look, Elsie said. Are you ill?"

"No, dear, only cold. Let me kiss you. There, I feel the color coming. Bless you, how sweet your lips are—oh, how very sweet!"

"How queerly you said that, Rebecca, and how queerly you look, any way. Why, your eyes are as wild as a hawk's, and your lips are fairly purple! Where have you been?"

"Out in the garden."

"You have—to-night? I can't bear to go there now. Everything dies in the Autumn."

"Yes, dear, I know it—everything," Rebecca said, with a shudder, dropping her head upon Elsie's shoulder.

"But they live again in the Spring. You need not look so very gloomy about it."

"The Spring—yes—the resurrection; but we can't have the same flowers again, Elsie."

"And I don't suppose we shall want them, either," was the answer.

"No, no—O dear no—and that is the sadest of it all. Now sing, sweet, and let the flowers go."

And Elsie sang. Her voice, soft, rich, and clear, rippled down into the saddened heart of her sister, and awakened an echo there.

CHAPTER III.

"It's so funny, Rebecca—so absolutely funny!"

Elsie Gould's face was aglow with merriment as she spoke, and her brown curls shook and trembled all over her dainty head.

"What is it dear?" asked Rebecca looking up from her sewing and shading her eyes with her hand.

"It's so funny! If I'll tell you, will you promise never to tease me about it, never? honestly and truly, Rebecca never!"

"Honestly and truly, never," repeated Rebecca, smiling.

"Well," began Elsie, don't laugh—well did you hear the bell ring an hour ago?"

Rebecca shook her head.

"Well, it rung at any rate, just as I started to go down stairs; and when I got to the hall, Mrs. Lane said there was some one in the parlor who wished to see me. I smoothed down my curls and went in; and who should I find sitting there, looking as grave and stern as a priest but William Falmoth.

"Do you want me!" I asked a little surprised.

Yes, you, Miss Elsie," he said, without smiling, and looking for all the world as though he wanted to bite me.

"I sat down and folded my hands in my lap.

"Pleasant evening," I remarked, by way of a change, after five minutes had passed in profound silence.

"Very," said William looking right straight down to the carpet.

"He looked so strange and gloomy that I began to fear he had bad news to tell.

"Are your folks well?" I asked.

"Quite well," was the very proper answer.

"I'm glad to hear it," I answered, trying as hard as I could to be polite.

"I believe after that, Becky we sat fifteen minutes without speaking. At any rate, it got to be so droll that I laughed in spite of myself. I never saw William Falmoth so *woodeny* before. At last he spoke up, abruptly, his words sounding as though they were jerk ed out of him.

"I have a question to ask you, Miss Elsie."

I bowed my head. I hoped if he had anything to say he would say it, and give me my liberty. He wasn't a bit like himself—not a bit agreeable.

"I have come to ask you to be my wife,' he said, softening his voice a little.

"Your wife!" I repeated after him.

"Your wife!"

"It was so funny to have him ask me that, that I began to laugh. I know it was very rude of me, Rebecca, but I couldn't help it. At first I laughed just a little, and then I laughed a little more and I couldn't stop, for I tried—till at last I laughed out loud. Dear, dear me, right out loud! He looked vexed, and bit his lip.

"I was not aware that it was a laughing matter," he said, getting cross. "All I ask is a plain yes or no."

"I laughed again, then. I was very much ashamed, but to have saved my life I could not have looked soberly.

"Don't get angry" I said; "but I don't see what makes you ask me such a question as that."

"Nor I either," he replied getting as pleased as I had been at all, and beginning to laugh himself.

"I would as soon think of marrying a bishop as you," I said trying to keep my face sober.

"But it was no use. He was so pleased that I had to laugh again; and so we laughed together like two ninnies, until he asked me to send you down to him.—And now you are laughing, Rebecca.—What ails you? Dear, dear, how funny it was!"

"But be quiet, Elsie dear; let me ask you one question now. Put your head down in my lap, and cover your face with your handkerchief if you wish," said Rebecca, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling.

"Yes, Becky, but don't take pattern by William. Begin now."

"Well, sweet, who is it that you call dear William in your sleep?"

"O, I don't do that do I—do I, Rebecca?" she cried starting up, while a scarlet flush darted across her cheeks. "O dear!"

She hid her face in Rebecca's lap again shaking her head as she did so.

"Yes, you do say it Elsie. Now tell. I won't tease you about it remember."

The young girl hesitated. Rebecca smoothed her hair softly.

"I guess I must have meant William Hughes; I dream of him sometimes," she whispered.

"William Hughes!" repeated Rebecca. "I might have known that."

"Never mind—don't say any more; go down to William now," pleaded Elsie.—"Wait a moment. Please don't let him ask me to marry him again. I don't like it. Go!"

When William and Rebecca stood at the door together that night—or perhaps I might as correctly say the following morning—they were to all appearances as happy and contented as ever.

"We did our best to make it a sacrifice didn't we?" said Rebecca smiling.

"You did, I am sure," was the answer, "and it got to be terribly real, too. No wonder that Elsie refused me. I looked as though I had just been dragged from a hearse when she came down stairs."

Don't flatter yourself in that way; she wouldn't have had you at any rate.

The assurance was received very amiably, considering its nature. And so the little play came to a close.

HOW TO CURE STAMMERING.

Dr. Dio Lewis, writing in the Philadelphia *To-Day* says:

Some years ago, a famous professor came to the town where we were then residing, and announced that he could "cure the worst cases of stuttering in ten minutes without a surgical operation." A friend of ours was an inveterate case, and we advised him to call upon the wonderful magician. He called, was convinced by the testimonials exhibited, struck up a bargain, paid the fifty dollars, and soon called at our office talking as straight as a railroad track.

We were greatly astonished, and asked our friend by what miracle he had been so strangely and suddenly relieved of his life-long trouble. He most provokingly informed us that he had made a solemn pledge not to reveal the process of the cure.

We knew two other bad cases, ladies, and calling upon them reported what had come to pass.

They were soon at the professor's room, came away greatly elated, raised the hundred dollars, went the next day, paid the cash, and in half an hour were ready, had the question been popp ed, to say, "yes," without a jerk!

We were soon made acquainted with several other cures quite as remarkable, and resolved to put on our sharpest wits and wait upon the magician ourselves.

He seemed an honest man, and in two days we had made up our minds to pay him a large fee and learn the strange art, with the privilege of using it to cure whoever we would.

Those who had been cured by the professor were solemnly bound not to reveal the secret to any one, but our contract gave us the privilege of using the knowledge as we pleased.

And now we propose to give the readers of this journal a simple art which has enabled us to make very happy many unhappy stammerers. In our own hands it has often failed to effect the desired result, but in three fourths of the cases which we have treated the cure has been complete.

The secret is simply this: The stammerer is made to mark the time in his speech, just as it is ordinarily done in singing. He is at first to beat on every syllable. It is best at the first lesson to read some simple composition, like one of David's Psalms, striking the fingers on the knee at every word, then read in a newspaper beating each syllable.

You can beat time by striking the finger on the knee, by simply hitting the thumb against the forefinger or moving the large toe in the boot.

We doubt if the worst cases of stuttering could continue long, provided the sufferer would read an hour or two every day, with thorough practice of this simple art, observing the same in his conversation.

As thousands have paid fifty and a hundred dollars for this secret, we take pleasure in imparting it to the patrons of this journal.

How to Cut a Swell—Turn your back on him.

The best side on which to milk a cow—the out side.

THE CHILD AND THE RILL.

CHILD.

Beautiful rill,
Sparkling and bright;
Gliding so still
From morn to night,
Who taught thee to flow?
Who ordered thy course?
And thy fount below,
Who gave it its source?

RILL.

'Twas God, my dear child,
Who gave me my source;
He taught me to flow,
And ordered my course.
'Neath the shade of the trees,
By the side of the hill,
'Midst the grass and the flowers,
So gentle and still.

And this is the place
For me to do good:
At the foot of the hill,
In the shade of the wood,
I water the herds;
I refresh the tall trees;
I nurture the flowers,
And cool every breeze.

And if, my dear child,
God e'er fixes your lot
At the foot of the hill,
Come, oh, come to this spot.
Hear the beautiful birds
Sing among the thick bowers,
And see the blithe bees
Sipping sweets from the flowers.

See what beauty and love,
And what happiness too,
Spring up by my side,
And your pathway pursue:
Nor sigh to be great,
Like the ocean or flood;
But, like the small rill,
Be content to do good.

YOUR KID GLOVES.—In the first place they're not kid, probably, but lamb skin. Or, if they're extra three-button gloves, from Paris, they undoubtedly grew on the back of a colt. You see there are not kids enough in the whole world to supply the glovemakers, and that's why they war on lambs and colts. I'm afraid there wouldn't be many colt-skin gloves if they had to come to America for skins. We are too fond of horses to kill colts for their skins. But they get them from Tartary, for the people of that country eat their colts as we do lambs.

Besides kids, lambs and colts, sheepskins are made into gloves in Germany and Italy, and sold in America for kid.—They have the advantage of being cheap, so that Biddy can buy gloves for a dollar that look as well at a little distance as yours that cost three dollars.

But whether sheep, kid, lamb or colt, the skins have to go through several operations before they are put into snug packages of one dozen pairs of gloves.—In the first place they are collected from the ends of the earth, and sent to the glove maker, we'll say in Paris, since all gloves profess to come from that city.

The glove cutter has a steel frame, shaped like a pair of open hands, and all around the outside of the frame is a sharp edge. Having laid the prepared skin on this frame he takes up a club—a droll club it is, too, all stuffed and padded so as to be soft—and with it he gives the stretched-out skin one blow. The sharp edges of course cut, and the glove is ready for the sewer. The strips for the inside of the fingers are cut from the edges of the skin. They are tied up in bundles of a dozed pairs, and sent out to be sewed.

This is done in the country, by women at their own homes. Holes are punctured for the stitches, and that is the reason why you can never mend a rip in a glove and have it look as nicely as it did when new.

After being sewed they go back to the dealer who puts them up in the packages you've seen in the shops, a dozen different colors in a package. There are, for ladies, ten different sizes made. The smallest is five and three-eighths, and the largest is eight, though the largest numbers are not sent to America. In fact, we use the smallest gloves made.

Do you know how to tell what size of glove you need? Take a tape measure and measure your hand around the knuckle. The number of inches and quarters of an inch that it measures is exactly the size of the glove. That is, if it is five inches and three-quarters round, you want gloves No. 5 3-4.

SUNSHINE.—Do what you can to make sunshine in the world. Lift up the curtains. We do not mean the curtains to the room; but the curtains which darken the spirit of your brother, your friend, your neighbor, or even of a stranger, if the curtain strings are within your convenient reach. Lift up the curtains and let the sunshine in! Light is better than darkness; and how cheap it is! A kind and cheering word to one who is in trouble, and is perplexed, and almost discouraged; a word of heartfelt sympathy to the afflicted; a loving word of counsel to the young; a word of assurance to the doubting; a "soft word which, though it butters no parsnips, turneth away wrath," to the prejudiced and unreasonably provoked; all such words as these are sunshine to those to whom they are spoken. "I have never found anything else so cheap and so useful as politeness," said an old traveller to us once. He then went on to state that, in early life, finding how useful it was, frequently to strangers, to give them some information of which they were in search, and which he possessed, he had adopted the rule always to help everybody he could in such little opportunities as were constantly offering in his travels. The result was, that, out of the merest trifles of assistance, rendered in this way, had grown some of the pleasantest and most valuable acquaintances that he had ever formed. How many great men have testified that their whole lives have been influenced by some single remark made to them in their boyhood? And who cannot recall words spoken to himself in his childhood, to which, perhaps, the speaker attached no importance, but which sank deep and immovable into his memory, and which have never lost their power over him? Make sunlight! The world, at best, is dark all through. Do what you can to make it more cheerful and happier.

REMEDY FOR DANDRUFF.—John L. Davis, in the *Journal of Pharmacy*, gives the following: The belief that dandruff arises from a disease of the skin, although physicians do not seem to agree on this point, and the knowledge that the use of sulphur is frequently attended with very happy results in such diseases, induced me to try it in my own case. A preparation of one ounce flour of sulphur and one quart of water was made. The clear liquid was poured off, after the mixture had been repeatedly agitated during intervals of a few hours, and the head was saturated with this every morning. In a few weeks every trace of dandruff disappeared, the hair became soft and glossy, and now, after a discontinuance of the treatment for eighteen months, there is no indication of the disease. I do not pretend to explain the *modus operandi* of the treatment, for it is well known that sublimed sulphur is almost or wholly insoluble, and the liquid used is destitute of color or smell. The effect speaks for itself.—Other persons, to whom it has been recommended, have had the same results, and I communicate the result of my experiments in the belief that it may be valuable and acceptable to many who have suffered in the same manner.

SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF.—Supposing your age to be fifteen years or thereabouts, I can figure you up to a dot. You have 160 bones and 500 muscles; your blood weighs 25 pounds; your heart is five inches in length, and three inches in diameter; it beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, and 36,722,200 times per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it; and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds, when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number.

Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches, and you are subjected to an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length in the entire surface of your body, of 201,166 feet or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

HOW DRINKING CAUSES APPOPLEXY.—It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain. The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol, is to send the blood there faster than common, hence the circulation that gives the red face. It increases the activity of the brain, and it works faster, and so does the tongue. But as the blood goes to the brain faster then common, it returns faster, and no special harm results. But suppose a man keeps on drinking, the blood is sent to the brain so fast, in such large quantities, that in order to make room for it the arteries have to enlarge themselves; they increase in size, and in doing so they press against the more yielding flaccid veins which carry the blood out of the brain and thus diminish their size, their pores, the result being that the blood is not carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but it is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual; hence, a double set of causes are in operation. Hence a man may drink enough of brandy or other spirits in a few hours, or even minutes, to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy. This is literally being dead drunk.—*Dr. Hall.*

☞ A down east editor who has been keeping a record of big beets announced at last that "the beet that beat the beet that beat the other beet, is now beaten by a beet that beats all the beets."

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