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MARGERY.

When from the dewy pastures of the night,
Like early waking flocks, the stars arise,
And vanish, one by one, in bright'ning skies,
As forth they pasture toward the rosy light,
Oh, then I love to walk, and think of thee,
Sweet Margery!

Had I the liquid tongues of soaring larks,
Or e'en a thrush's soft and sober flute,
I'd join the birds that Phœbus bright salute,
And hymn my love, who at her lattice harks.
She is the sun that brightest shines, to me—
My Margery!

Oh, when shall timid tongue of mine make bold
To plead the love that sweetens every thought?
So sure am I she doth disdain me not,
'Tis passing strange my passion ne'er was told.
Yet I am dumb when the rare face I see
Of Margery.

This day, if courage fail not, I will go,
And at her feet my heart's libation pour,
Then with fast kisses stop the rosy door,
Until she doth despair to say me no.
Then shall she blush, consent and ever be
My Margery!

—Harper's Weekly.

APE AND LION FIGHT.

In the gloomy recesses of the primeval forests still to be found in central Africa, there is a vast unexplored field still stretching forth its unmeasured space to the hunter and the naturalist. To those who know the face of nature as it is before the corrosive hand of civilization sweeps across it, there is little ground for wonder that the two are almost always in a greater or lesser degree united. Occasionally, then, even the most ardent hunter will lose the blood instinct that animates him, and, lowering his rifle, perhaps in a moment of great personal danger, will forget his long and laboriously sought quarry to watch some new trait or fresh instinct in the animal that, unconscious of his presence, gambols before him. It is of such an episode that I now write.

My guide and I had been for two days after big game with but little success, until shortly after noon on the second day we struck what appeared to be one of the dense patches of impenetralia that cannot be described, but must be seen to be understood. Behind us stretched vast avenues of trees, the height of which was lost in the leafy clouds which shut out the fierce, burning glare of the sun, and rendered even the terrible noontide cool and pleasant. In front of us came the closer stems and thick, intertwining growth of vines and creepers, with stunted bushes and long pendant masses, impenetrable save where some gigantic brute had crushed a passage through, leaving his tracks in broken branches, crushed bushes and thickly scattered twigs. Birds of gorgeous plumage, with harsh, dissonant voices, peopled the trees, the chirp of a grasshopper, the sharp hiss of a serpent, or the shrill sound of a locust rose from the matted grass, with occasionally the hoot of an owl or the chatter of a stray monkey, which sounded strangely in the peculiar silence of the forests. As we advanced along the track, slowly and with great difficulty, we seemed to leave them far behind, and entered into a region of semi-darkness, a faint greenish black light, as though the glorious sunlight overhead, balked in finding a direct inlet to the ground, had been filtered through yards of close growing green foliage, and, unconquered by all the forces of vegetation, had succeeded in sending a faint, subdued semblance of itself, like that found in some vast cathedral aisle. My eyes struggled with the gloom, and seemed to have an instinctive power to dilate their pupils sufficiently to magnify or condense the attenuated rays until they were able to illumine the surrounding Plutonian depths.

My guide suddenly paused and made a sign to me with his open palm, which, in the language of the hunter, said that he had struck a trail, or heard some token of the proximity of game that had escaped my less acute powers. I cautiously advanced to his side, and following the direction of his finger peered through the brush, and saw that we lay upon the edge of a small clearing overshadowed by an enormous tree, whose foliage, without really admitting a greater volume of light, seemed to equalize the gleam, and so render objects at a distance of thirty or forty yards perfectly perceptible.

Right opposite to us, with his back against a tree, was the sleeping form of a huge gorilla, his hands hanging down by his sides, his legs crooked in front of him, and his head listlessly lying sidewise on his shoulder. Some distance from him was the female, apparently busily engaged in gathering nuts, swinging from tree to tree, now disappearing into the surrounding forest, but ever and anon returning to keep watch and ward over the sleeping lord and master. For some minutes I hesitated as to what course to pursue, whether to attempt to get any closer, as the distance was rather a long one, in such a light, to attack an animal like the gorilla, who, if only wounded, would, in all probability, with the female, charge right down into us; or if I should take all risks and rely upon the second rifle of my guide. At last I decided to take my chance where I was, but, upon raising my rifle, I heard a scream of agony from the female, which caused the sleeper to rise to his feet, and as it did so the female literally fell from a tree on the edge of the clearing down to the ground, uttering the most piercing cries that human imagination can conceive.

Then a terrific roar that shook the very ground broke upon the silence and told the history of the female gorilla's fright. It was a lion, and at the sound of his voice she again fled into the trees, while the male uttered a deep, savage, hoarse roar that was the answer to the lion's challenge. Immediately a crashing sound was heard, and a full grown lion bounded into the open, and stood, his head erect, his mane bristling like the hair on a cat, the very personification of brute strength and courage.

As his eyes lighted on the gorilla his tail began to wave to and fro. Wider and wider grew its sweep, until at last it struck its ribs, first one side and then the other, with resounding blows, while roar upon roar gave token of his increasing rage and anger. The gorilla placed his upper hands upon the ground and bounded into the air fully six feet, alighting on his four hands and bounding up again and again, seemingly for the purpose of enraging the lion to the greatest possible degree. He then rose to his full height on his hinder hands, uttering tremendous roars and beating his breast with his great fist, producing sounds like those made by heavy blows upon a bass drum. Then he dropped upon all fours again, remaining perfectly motionless with the exception of his eyebrows, which worked up and down with lightning speed, giving an expression of ferocity to his face that is indescribable.

Fascinated at the sight, my rifle dropped from my shoulder and my guide and I lay flat upon the ground, mute witnesses of the tragedy about to be enacted. Suddenly the lion uttered another ear splitting roar and bounded forward. A few short steps, a tremendous leap, two or three short, sharp growls, and both combatants were in the air together, the gorilla having leaped high and straight as the lion charged. In midair the lion turned and struck apparently vainly at the gorilla, who, as the lion fell on his side upon the ground, alighted on him, struck him two terrific blows and bounded away with a sidling run to a distance of several yards. I could now see that the gorilla was severely wounded on the head and side, and that the lion had a fearful gash in his side, for surely his ribs could never have withstood those two tremendous blows.

As soon as he regained his feet he charged at the gorilla again and again, but was eluded every time, it being almost impossible to follow their rapid movements in the half light of the clearing. At last the lion paused, and as he did so the ape dashed at him and, strik- him a stunning blow on the side of the head, completely rolled him over. Again and again the charges were renewed, and at every pause the gorilla returned the charge and knocked the lion sidewise. These blows seemed to daze the great cat, and as he rose he more than once staggered and fell, the gorilla meanwhile dancing with a peculiar bobbing movement around and in front of him.

The lion now began to make feints to draw his adversary within range. At last, stopping in a mad rush, the gorilla struck short, the lion rushed in, turned upon his back and received the gorilla with teeth and claws. Growls, snarls and roars pealed forth from a whirling mass of leaves and dust; limbs and bodies strangely mingled were dimly seen through it, as though twenty beasts instead of two were engaged in one conglomerate death struggle. At last there was a sickening crash, a horrible crunching of bones, a demoniacal yell of pain, faster and faster whirled the mass, then followed a pause, and I saw the lion was uppermost with the left arm of the gorilla in his powerful jaws; his claws were fixed in the ape's shoulder and he himself was one mass of gashes and rents. The right hand of the gorilla was fixed in the lion's side, and both his hinder hands were drawn up and seemingly imbedded in the lion's ribs.

There was a moment's pause, as if for breath, and then the gorilla suddenly twisted his head under the lion's throat, the hinder hands straightened out with a nauseating sound of rending flesh, as with one swift stroke he completely disemboweled the lion. There arose a terrible cry of anguish, a sudden swirl around, several strokes of brown paws and dark, hairy arms through the cloud of dust, and then all was over. The whirling leaves settled, and there in a death grip lay the two mighty monarchs of the wilds. The lion was utterly disemboweled, his entrails having been seized by the prehensile hinder hands and literally dragged out by the very roots; while the lion, by a last dying effort, had succeeded in getting his throat freed from the gorilla's teeth, and with one powerful blow had smashed the ape's head, as a hammer does a hickory nut. There they lay, motionless, and and there we lay, too, fascinated, enthralled at the strange spectacle we had just witnessed.

Presently a figure moving on the edge of the clearing attracted our notice, and we saw the female gorilla peering out between the bushes, with an agonizingly human look upon her face that was dreadful to see. Slowly and cautiously she advanced across the open space until she reached the bodies; then she touched first one and then the other, uttering plaintive cries of grief that were touching in the extreme. At last she managed to disentangle the body of her mate, looked into the eyes, examined the wounds and, still crying, took it in her arms, and, laboriously dragging it across the open space, disappeared in the forest beyond. She was safe from my rifle. I would not have shot her for $1,000,000, and it was with a strange feeling of depression that I turned my back upon the clearing, and following my guide left behind the scene of one of the most interesting and vivid experiences of my not uneventful life.—W. P. Pond in New York Star.

Will 1888 be a Year of War?

The present year is the fifth year of modern times in which the aggregate of the figures is 25, and there will be but five more years in which such a combination is possible prior to the year 2599. Probably but few have ever heard of the old prophecy, which runs as follows:

In every future year of our Lord,
When the sum of the figures is twenty-five,
Some warlike kingdom will draw the sword,
But peaceful nations in peace will thrive.

Students of modern history will readily recall how faithfully this prophecy has been fulfilled in the four previous years to which it applied.

In 1699 Russia, Denmark and Poland formed the coalition against Sweden, which inaugurated the great war that ended in the disastrous defeat of Charles XII at Pultowa.

The year 1789 will ever be memorable on account of the breaking out of the French revolution.

Seventeen hundred and ninety-eight witnessed the campaign of Bonaparte in Egypt and the formation of the second European coalition against France.

In 1879 war broke out between England and Afghanistan, followed by the invasion of the latter country by British troops.

In what manner the prediction is to be verified in 1888 remains yet to be seen, but the present condition of Europe seems to promise an abundant fulfillment of the prophecy.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Codes of Health."

In a code of health, just published, is this rule: "Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten." This is a suggestion to the suburban citizen to see that kindling for the cook stove has been prepared the night before, and that the alarm clock in the kitchen girl's bedroom is in good order. Another rule is: "Never take warm drinks and immediately go out into the cold." Therefore the coffee should be taken cold; otherwise, sit around the house after breakfast until after train time. Still another rule is: "After exercise of any kind, never sit near the window of a car for a moment." There might be some difference whether the window is opened or closed, but the rule is imperative, and says violation is "dangerous to health, or even life." Therefore, let your fat neighbor take the risks of the window seat, while you peruse fine print by the light sifted through him and his newspaper. Great things are these "codes of health!"—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Crystal of Philosophy.

In a recent critical article by William Winter in The New York Tribune this crystal of profound philosophy shines like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear: "A woman may sometimes easily make a fool of a man, but she gets into deep water when she undertakes to make a fool of another woman."—Exchange.

Blood Letting in Persia.

In Persia blood letting is the same panacea for well nigh all fleshly ills to-day that it was with our ancestors in the days of bluff King Hal. In the spring every Persian hies him to the barber surgeon to have that professional phlebotomist relieve him of, say, half a pint of blood. One sunny March morning I sat up on the bala Khana of a village chapa house and watched the barber bleed a goodly share of the whole male population. With his arms bared to the elbows, a bunch of raw cotton in lieu of lint beneath his arm, and his keen edged razor inserted beneath his cap, the traveling tonsorial artist took up his position on the bank of the irrigating ditch that ran through the village of Lasgird. Candidates for his services soon began crowding about him. Each sturdy ryot bared his right arm to the shoulder, and got one of his neighbors to bind a handkerchief tightly just above the elbow. He then presented himself to the barber.

The tonsorial artist pressed out with his thumb and forefinger the small vein he wished to slit, and, with the air of a man who knows his profession and its importance, deftly inserted the point of his razor. The blood spurted out in a tiny stream; the villagers squatted down on their haunches and watched it bleed, occasionally working the elbow joint to stimulate the flow. Half a pint is considered about the correct quantity for an adult to lose at one bleeding; the barber then completes his services by binding on a small wad of cotton.

Many prefer being bled in the roof of the mouth, instead of in the arm. I observed that these were old men mostly, and judged them to be knowing customers, who had wise theories of their own as to why the mouth bleeding was preferable to the others. I have seen as many as thirty or forty of the Persian barber's patients squatting in a low row on the bank of a stream or ditch, each one letting the little stream of blood from arm or mouth spurt into the water.—Thomas Stevens in Inter Ocean.

Wanted—An Endurable Pen.

As for pens, will mankind ever invent an endurable pen? The quill makes a dreadful noise, as Dora found when she tried to keep accounts in the presence of David Copperfield. Indeed the adventures of Dora with her pens are only those of less feather headed scribes. The quill splutters a small shower of ink, a murky drizzle, over the fingers, as over the lace ruffles that Buffon wore when he wrote. The descending drizzle dots 100 i's where no i should be, nor indeed is, and perplexes printers. Meanwhile the steel pen begins as badly as a lame cab horse, and rusts readily. After an hour's work the wretched instrument needs to be taken twice over every stroke, otherwise it does not mark at all. One of its legs becomes shorter than the other.

Paper is the only thing that has made an advance on birch bark, sheets of lead, potsherds and parchment; nor can paper bear comparison with the vellum of the past. A kind of "pad," otherwise useful, has become hairy, and the hairs cling to the pen. No fountain pen has yet proved successful. You have to blow down them, to thump them, to humor them in a dozen ways, and they explode in your pocket and flood you with ink. The wonder is that when writing is so difficult so much is written. Nature may wisely desire to handicap authors. But it is the business of science to thwart nature and to invent and perfect tout ce qu'il faut pour écrire.—Saturday Review.

Thought Better of It.

The father thought he would appeal to his young manhood. One morning when he made his usual demand he said:

"Don't you think you're most too old to beg for a nickel?"

"That's so," said the boy thoughtfully, "That's so. Give me two bits."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Poor Students at Yale.

The favorite method of paying for board is to organize an eating club. The process is simple. At the beginning of a year a man goes around among his classmates and secures eight or ten who agree to take their meals together. He then goes to some landlady and agrees to furnish her with an eating club of students. He agrees furthermore to relieve her from all pecuniary responsibility by collecting at the end of each week from the men the money for their board and handing it over to her. In return for this she agrees to furnish him with his board. It is beneficial to the student, because the members of the club, knowing that he is in straightened circumstances, are always willing to help him by paying regularly and promptly.

Every class has in it four or five monitors, whose duty it is to record the absence or tardiness of students at recitations or morning prayers. A monitor receives $35 a year from the faculty. The same amount is paid each year to the man who rings the college bell. Of late years the college press has been a fruitful source of revenue to its editors. The Literary Magazine pays to each editor from $140 to $150 a year. The financial editor receives from $180 to $190. The News pays to each senior editor from $250 to $275, and the financial editor receives from $325 to $350. The Record and Courant ought to pay to each senior editor $150 yearly, but often, through poor management, barely covers expenses. The Yale Banner clears to the publisher from $200 to $250, and The Pot Pourri somewhat less than this sum.—New Haven News.

Origin of the Lockjaw.

Science is gradually alienating us from the animals who had been our friends. M. Pasteur's theories, exceedingly interesting and valuable, nevertheless created a line of cleavage between man and dog, and now M. Verneuil is trying to do the same thing between man and horse. M. Verneuil is a firm believer in the microbe theory, and if you show him the disease he will do his best to show you the microbe. Latterly he has taken up lockjaw as a subject, and what he has to say upon it will strike the unlearned with surprise certainly, perhaps also with consternation. It seems the disease is at once virulent and contagious, and that it comes to man almost entirely from horses.

M. Verneuil has his facts and his statistics to hand. Coachmen and stable boys, grooms and helpers—these are the classes among whom the disease is most common. A bite of a horse is a very general cause, but something less than a bite will give lockjaw to a likely subject. Among horses themselves it rages like an epidemic. All horse proprietors who have in their stables a patient from tetanus are warned to isolate him from man and beast, and if he dies to bury him with scrupulous care. If only the microbe could be discovered, M. Verneuil would stamp out the disease. He has not found it yet, but he is full of hope and full of enthusiasm.—Pall Mall Budget.

Military Education in Germany.

Military education is very thorough. There are nine military schools in the empire, at Potsdam, Kulm, Wahlstadt, Bensberg, Ploen, Oranienstein, Lichterfeld, Dresden and Munich. Seven, it will be seen, are in Prussia. Six of these receive pupils at 10 to 15 years of age, who terminate their studies at the last three. Their experience after examination is varied according to their standing. The best are admitted to the corps of officers without further formality. The rest have to pursue their studies further, and finally have to be examined by the officers of the regiment as to character, social position, etc. There is a higher school at Berlin, called the War academy, to which are admitted only lieutenants and captains who have served three years. There are other schools for artillery, marksmanship (rifle and artillery), riding, gymnastics, medicine and surgery as relates to war, and veterinary practices. Railroads and railroad stations are in charge of commissions, which are expected to keep them in condition for mobilization at any moment.—Berlin Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

City Patrons of the Oculist.

Into an oculist's shop on Union square a score or more of prominent men are sometimes seen to enter on a single morning. Preachers, lawyers, doctors and writers make up by far the larger proportion of the number. Few of them reach 50 without feeling the need of artificial eyes. Actors preserve their sight remarkably well. Leading men are rarely seen to wear eyeglasses. Merchants whose bookkeeping is done for them by employes get along well enough to 50 and 60 years of age with their own eyes. The bookkeepers buy the spectacles. The oculist says it is the haste of modern life, worry, disease and carelessness that build up and maintain his trade. When from any of these reasons the human eye fails to accommodate itself to distances, its focus has to be lengthened or shortened, like that of an opera glass.—New York World.

Anonymous Writers of Verse.

Until a young writer has got used to the novelty of seeing his thoughts in print, and can judge their value more reasonably than a beginner ever can judge the value of his first printed essay, he will do best to keep his authorship from the knowledge of the public, and let people attribute his verses to Holmes or Tennyson, and his prose to Black or Howells, if they will. When he has gained some confidence and some experience, and can look upon his writing simply as a matter of business, then it is time enough for him to fix upon his signature, and publish it, at the beginning or the end of his immortal essays, to an eager and expectant world.—William H. Hills in The Writer.

Thackeray and His Manuscript.

Thackeray took up his manuscript time after time to touch and retouch till his fastidious taste was satisfied. After his death his friends found some sheets of manuscript in his pocket book scored and underscored twenty times over. The world is not so foolish as some sloppy writers appear to think, and appreciates care and finish. As a rule, the work that lives deserves to live. The slap dash style may last for a time, through the wonderful art of puffing, but it soon dies out.—London Society.

Reporting Prince Bismarck's Speeches.

A member of the official stenographic corps of the reichstag, in writing of Bismarck as a speaker, says: "It is not the speed with which he speaks that makes the reporters' task of taking down his words an especially difficult one, for there are swifter talkers than he; but Prince Bismarck speaks at a very unequal rate, and as a rule it is quickest at those very places which are most to the point. Not unfrequently, too, he interrupts himself with intermediate sentences; and he has a peculiar style of his own, with quite unexpected turns of speech; in addition to which he often interweaves quotations—sometimes in foreign languages—with his remarks, and occasionally, toward the end of a sentence, speaks so low as to make him difficult to be understood at our desk, although it is in the immediate vicinity of where he stands. And then the stenographer cannot altogether get rid of the feeling that he is working under the pressure of the weight and importance of what he is taking down, as well as under the consciousness that he is preserving the words of the man at whom all Europe is looking."—John P. Jackson in New York World.

An Englishman's Advice.

"I notice," said his lordship, "that you have an extraordinary number of people in America with bad teeth and poor eyes, and I read that there are more dentists and oculists in the United States than in all the rest of the world. You drink iced water with hot food, and this spoils your teeth. You strain your sight by reading fine print at the wrong time, and that ruins your eyes. Avoid such habits, take care of your eyes and teeth, and half of your dentists and oculists will soon be able to join the pioneers of Dakota in stopping these blizzards." And his lordship took a pinch of snuff.—New York Sun.

CZAR OF CIVILIZATION.

What King Paper Promises to Be in the Course of Human Events.

When we look back to the past it is marvelous to recall the rapid growth of paper as a substance of practical use in the arts and manufactures of the world. But the limit of the uses to which paper may be put is undefinable. Twenty-five years ago paper was almost unknown as a factor of manufacture. Today it is used for the composition of car wheels, pails, boats, domes, coffins and a thousand and one different articles.

The advantages of paper over iron, wood and other substances are many. The greatest point in its favor, perhaps, is its durability. The famous mummies in the British museum are wrapped in papyrus, which is nothing more than paper made by the Egyptians 3,000 years ago. Paper may be exposed to the weather without the possibility of its cracking or splitting, as, unlike wood and iron, it has no grain or flaws. Furthermore, it is one of the greatest non-conductors of heat and cold known, and the constant changes of temperature peculiar to our latitudes have but little effect on it.

The Proudfit observatory of the Rensselaer Polytechnic institute is crowned with a paper dome, which has withstood the torrid heat of summer and the frosts and snows of winter for a decade, and is as strong and perfect today as when it was first taken from the molds. This property of withstanding the inclement weather is one of the principal reasons for the rapid introduction of paper car wheels. Many terrible accidents have been caused by the breaking of an iron wheel on account of frost. By the introduction of paper wheels the chances of casualties on the rails are greatly lessened. Moreover, recent experiments in Germany have produced a successful paper rail, and it seems only a question of a few years before the great railroad systems of the country will be equipped with paper rails, paper wheels, and even paper cars.

There is no denying the fact that paper is much stronger and more resisting than wood. Experiments have shown that a bullet from a revolver at close range failed to penetrate a paper target three-eighths of an inch in thickness, while the same bullet passed entirely through a two inch plank under the same conditions. Some years ago, at a banquet in New York, Admiral Farragut predicted that the time would come when ships of war would be sheathed with paper in place of steel and iron. The great advantage of such an armor would be its elasticity. The manufacture of paper boats is now confined to the construction of pleasure and racing craft, but a movement is on foot toward the building of life and ships' boats.

It needs but a cursory glance at the existing so called lifeboats to show that they are merely such in name, and the majority of them are unfit for service. The handsome lifeboat hanging from its davits, in conformity to the law, is apparently a model of strength and durability, but in reality it is a perfect death trap. The bright paint and gilded stripe often hide the rotten hull with its puttied seams. We often read accounts of disasters at sea, when it is reported that the boats were swamped soon after leaving the vessel. If the truth were told it would be shown that in many cases the swamping was caused by the opening of these seams and not from the high seas, as is generally supposed. In the paper lifeboat there would be no seams to open.

Not the least important of the uses to which paper can be put is that of ornamentation. The apparently handsome bronze figures and bas reliefs are often merely embossed papier mache, and so fail to give forth the metallic ring one would expect. Some kinds of paper are now made as soft and pliable as leather, and are used as such. Paper timber is made, which possesses many more advantages than wood and yet is inexpensive, and thus the old idea of living in paper houses bids fair to become something more than idle talk; not only shall we live in paper houses, with paper furniture and utensils, but our gas, water and sewerage will be conducted through paper pipes.

The paper burial caskets now quite extensively manufactured are possessed of some peculiar advantages; they can be made absolutely vermin proof. They can also be made for very little money, and in view of the crusade against extravagant funerals recently inaugurated by some of the clergy, this will be an important consideration. Paper can be made fireproof, and the government has successfully experimented with paper powder barrels. Paper cartridge shells are now used almost exclusively, not only on account of their being inexpensive, but because of their not becoming heated when fired, like brass shells.

In the manufacture of various articles from paper it may be said that there are three main processes. The first and oldest is the pressing of papier mache by means of molds. Ornamental interior work is made in this manner. The second method is that of placing layers of paper one upon the other until the required thickness is obtained. Car wheels, pulleys and boats are made thus. The third and last way is the shrinking of pulp paper, wet from the machine, into the required shape. Examples of this process are the heavier grades of boats, domes, caskets, etc.

It is a fact that nearly all articles now manufactured of wood can be made to better advantage of paper, and it is also becoming an extensive substitute for iron. Even gold has been forced to succumb to paper money as a convenient method of exchange. There is no necessity of waiting for future developments. Paper is already king.—Paper Mill.

The highest salaried freak now traveling in this country is Mlle. Christine, the two headed mulatto girl. She is paid about $750 a week, and has a white maid in constant attendance upon her. She is 26 years old, and has saved enough from her salary to buy a fine farm and a mansion in South Carolina.—New York Evening World.

Silver, generally a very desirable metal, is a source of great annoyance in the manufacture of white lead, for, if present in an appreciable quantity, it spoils the color of the finished product, owing to the well known blackening effect of light upon the salts of silver.—Globe Democrat.

The Universal Skeleton.

Hidden troubles, securely locked in the breast of many a man who goes about his ordinary business with a composed face, constitute a large part of the tragedy of everyday life. The theme is one of which Thackeray, as his admirers do not require to be told, never became tired; and I think that the older one grews and the more one sees and knows of his fellowmen, the stronger becomes the impression of an omnipresent skeleton in the closet. I like the sturdy Anglo-Saxon nature which, keeping the skeleton well within his closet, turns the key on him and confronts the world with a face which makes no sign. Toward the more emotional characters, as they are called, who yield to the desire for expression and the craving for sympathy, I am afraid that I feel somewhat as do those British barbarians who regard the French as so many "shrieking, poor devils."—Taverner in Boston Post.

Growing Old Gracefully.

If now and then you will go to your study, your bedroom, your private office, or even in the crowded thoroughfare alone, and settle back into absolute quiescence, let your mind stop, let your muscles relax, let your nerves have a rest, you will find relief. Unless you have tried it you have no idea of the beneficial effect certain to be produced. A good natured man who loves to work, who can sleep well and who enjoys being by himself now and then, and understands how to utilize books, pictures, flowers, the open field, the amplitudinous heaven, with all its glittering disclosure, why shouldn't he grow old gracefully? Why shouldn't his last days be gracious? Why shouldn't that great divinity which shapes our course spread for him in the very presence of his enemy, death, a table, bounteous with all the luciousness of enjoyable life, at which, with peace in his soul, an undimmed vision to every faculty, he could meet the inevitable with a smile.—Joe Howard in Boston Globe.

A CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

A Remedy for Sleeplessness Somewhat Out of the Ordinary Line of Treatment.

Sleeplessness is among the most distressing symptoms of nervous prostration, if, indeed, it is not the very worst; and it is most certainly one primary cause of the disease itself.

When I was recovering from my long illness, I was still the victim of insomnia, or of what might be called intermittent insomnia; that is to say, I could sleep pretty soundly, but only for short periods, one hour or perhaps two, and then I would like awake, restless and miserable, for three or four. If by any chance I accomplished three hours of steady slumber, I thought it little short of miraculous! How then did I acquire my present delightful habit of laying my tired body on my bed and deliberately sleeping eight hours at a stretch? Is not such an achievement worthy of some attention? Harken, insomniacs! and go and do likewise: the remedy is delightful, simple, as most natural remedies are:

I was one day lamenting my sleeplessness to an old friend. "If I only could sleep!" that was my cry.

"Well," said he "I'll tell you my secret. I used to be nearly insane from want of sleep, but now I go to bed serenely conscious of a good night coming. As soon as I find myself restless or inclined to be wakeful, I get resolutely out of bed, remove my night clothes, let the air freely upon my body and—then—'go for' myself with a flesh brush!"

I laughed. "The remedy is somewhat heroic, isn't it?" I asked.

"Not at all," said he. "After the first courageous effort, I take the strong No. 3 brush and give my whole body a thorough rub, limbs first, then stomach and bowels, finally my back; and see! I have this band for those parts of my back that I cannot reach."

His wife, who stood by, laughingly declared that I looked so much impressed that she would present me with a pair of gloves if I would promise to try the remedy. "Indeed I will!" I exclaimed, delighted; and, armed with my new possession, I can now declare myself absolute conqueror in the conflict; insomnia has yielded to scientific application of this very simple remedy.

But I have improved upon my friend's methods. I have no need to be so courageous as to jump out of bed and expose my body to the cold air after it has been once luxuriously lapped in warmth between sheets. I know a trick worth two of that. "Prevention is better than cure;" and I claim much praise for my improved method of reducing the enemy.

When I undress for the night, after removing my clothes I stand close beside my bed, having my night dress quite handy, and everything in perfect readiness to step into it, and taking my flesh glove in my right hand, I begin rubbing my left arm energetically up and down, just twenty-five times; then I remove the glove to the other hand, and manipulate the right arm. I then bestow the same number of rubs on the chest, then the back of the neck, as far as I can reach, then still more energetically over the stomach, bowels and kidneys. After this the lower limbs. Having accomplished this very rapidly, I put on my night dress, sit on the edge of the bed, and "go for" my feet. These I rub both over and under until my arms ache, not limiting myself to twenty-five rubs. Then, feeling sure of victory, I blow out my light, dispose myself comfortably, and go off to sleep for my eight or even nine hours!

Think of it! This I have accomplished in three short weeks! At first, when I was still restless, I twice rose and renewed the friction to my feet. That at once restored the balance of circulation and brought about the desired result. It has not once failed me; and the reason is sufficiently obvious. It is a natural remedy, far superior to any anodyne or sleeping potion ever invented.

For what occasions insomnia? People will answer, "A variety of things—nervousness, indigestion, excitability, overfatigue;" and this, in its way, is true; but, apart from all these causes, which are relative, there is but one actual cause for sleeplessness, and that cause is the one to reach and overcome. It is imperfect or impaired circulation, which may be brought about by many different agencies—disordered stomach, irritated brain, disease of any kind, anxiety or sorrow—but each of these, in its degree, occasions the trouble, because it interferes with the equal circulation of the blood and the action of the skin. The use of the flesh brush has its value in this. It promotes and restores circulation.

Every victim of insomnia knows that sponging the body all over at night will sometimes bring about sleep: but I never yet heard of any one who had tried the method I have indicated. It is, I assure you, well worthy of trial. Begin deliberately and slowly. You will be gratified by the result.

In the case of invalids and weakly persons, it would be very easy for the attendant to give a gentle application of the flesh glove or a brush until the patient has become accustomed to it. For myself, I use it energetically, twice daily—after my cold bath in the morning and the very last thing at night. After three years' illness from nervous prostration, and lifelong insomnia, I am now perfectly well, eat well, walk ten or fifteen miles every day, and sleep my eight or nine hours, free from dreams or restlessness; while brain work, by which I make my income, is better than ever before.—Author of "How I Recovered My Health" in Demorest's Monthly.

Tones of the Voice.

It is a curious fact that the tones of civilized races are louder and harsher than those used by savage tribes. Indeed, among people who are classed as civilized, it will commonly be found that the more highly cultivated, up to a certain point, speak in the sharper tone. Of course, when cultivation and refinement have reached the point that the tones of the voice have become a matter of attention and care, the rule no longer holds, for then low, well modulated tones are acquired as an accomplishment.

The philosophy of this peculiarity seems to be that the same energy and vigor which give certain races the leadership in advancement are accompanied by unusual nervous strain, and we are well aware how plainly nervousness is indicated in the tones. The people of New England speak in a sharper and shriller voice than their cousins in old England. They are also more intense in feeling and more eager in action.

That this difference is not due to the influence of climate is apparent upon a comparison of our people with those of the dominion to the north and east of us. It is only as climate or other agencies may affect the entire character of a people that it has anything to do with the tones in which they speak. Commonly, as we approach the tropics, we find the voice lower and softer; but, then, this is only in keeping with the whole life of the people, which shows less of force and earnestness than that of people who inhabit the temperate zone. It suggests that they are too indolent to raise their voices.

The writer recalls that he has more than once been asked by persons from Brazil and from the Spanish countries of South America, who were new comers among us, whether those whom they overheard were really scolding, for they discovered no petulance nor ill feeling except in the tones of the voice. Such questions are calculated to awaken profitable reflections.—Youth's Companion.

Modjeska's Amusing Husband.

Count Bozenta, the husband of Mme. Modjeska, is a source of innocent amusement for the members of the latter's traveling company, by his quaint and witty remarks. At one place, during the winter, they "struck" the coldest house of the season. During rehearsal one of the young ladies remarked that she could not sing, and she was afraid she would catch her death cold. "Never mind zat," said the count; "think of ze splendid acoustics!" At another place, during the performance, the stage was found to be on fire underneath. The count rushed down stairs and exclaimed: "Fire? Ah, ha! we must cut ze dialogue!"—Frank Leslie's.

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I have Harrison Jenkins, a very nice young man, who will receive all orders and act in my place when I am absent.

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Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

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Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, Scrofula, is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, Consumption being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

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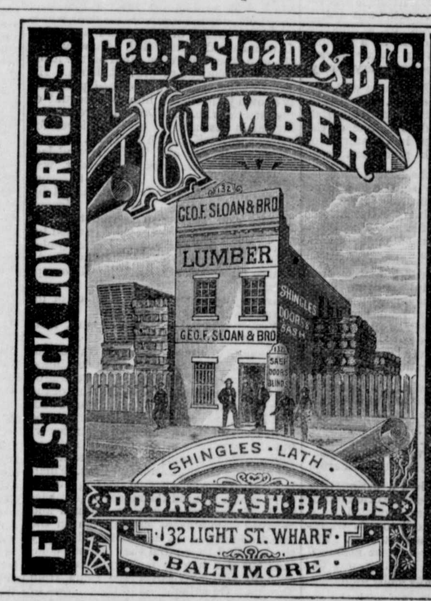
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