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CURIOUS REMEDIES.

A COLLECTION OF PRESCRIPTIONS MADE IN THE FIRST CENTURY.

Fever Cured by Amulets—A Compound for Deafness—Toothache and Headache—Sore Eyes—Relaxed Throat—Hydrophobia—Recipes for Everything.

In the first century of the Christian era lived in Rome Calus Plinius Secundus. He was a good man and true, a scientist so far as his light went, and with a professional distrust for the prescriptions of those whom he calls magicians, who strove to cure by spells, amulets and charms. And he set himself to make a collection of prescriptions for the benefit of the suffering Romans of his day, being careful only to insert those which had been duly recommended by the faculty. This curious and interesting book was translated into English by Dr. Philemon Holland, three years before the death of Elizabeth, at which time there were great numbers of people who implicitly believed in the remedies there set down. We venture, then, no apology in offering our readers a few of Pliny's choicest prescriptions, so old that now they are new.

Fever receives the attention it deserves, being cured most by amulets and remedies to be worn round the neck; as, for instance, you are to take "the right eie of a wolfe, salt it, and so tie it about the necke, or hang it fast to any part of the person." Elephants' blood was invaluable, but if the squeamish should turn against the remedy, a poetic substitute is provided—"a lion's heart steeped in oil of roses!"

Deafness was readily curable by a compound of "goosegrease, fresh butter and bull's gall, tempered with myrrh and rue, or the fome that a horse doth froth, mixed with oil of roses."

A very rational remedy is recommended for toothache: "If one bite off a piece of some tree that hath been blasted with lightning, provided always"—and here is the rub—"that he holds his hands behind him in so doing, the said peece of wood will take away the toothache."

Headache was at once cured by having the forehead touched by "the trunk or snuffle of an elephaunt;" or, "if a man poure vinigar upon the hooks and hindges of doors, and make a liniment with the durt that commeth of the rust thereof, and therewith anoint the forehead," his headache is at once cured.

Sore eyes were a simple matter, and required only "to anoint them with wolf's grease or swine's marrow;" but actual blindness required, of course, more elaborate treatment. "The gravie or dripping of a hyæne's liver, newly taken out of the body and rosted, being incorporated with clarified hony into an unguent, riddeth a man from blindness." Or if the eyes squinted, "if the eies be dipped three times in that water wherein a man or woman hath washed their feet, they shall be troubled neither with bleardnesse nor any other infirmity."

The remedy for "relaxed throat" was simple enough, but the doctor needed to be of herculean strength. "If the uvula be falne, it will be up again if the patient suffer another to bite the haire in the crowne of his head, and so to pull him plamb from the ground."

Should an accident occur in eating, Pliny is equal to the emergency: "If a peece of bread have gone wrong, or lie in the way readie to stop the breth, take the crums of the same loafe and put them into both the eares, you shall see it shall soone be gone, and doe no further harm."

There are periodical epidemics of hydrophobia, or rather fear of that horrible malady, and it is as well to know how to treat the bite of a dog, whether mad or sane. This is what Pliny recommends: "Make a decoction of a badger, a cuckoo and a swallow, and drink it off." Cramp was to be cured by "a cataplasme of a live wolf, sodden in oile till the said oile be gelied to the height or a consistence of a cerot." Pliny seems to take it for granted that the "live wolf" would raise no objections to be thus utilized. The nervous and shy will be filled with courage if they "take the pith or marrow out of the hyæne's backbone, along and incorporate with oile and hony; it is passing good for the nerves."

Bees are supposed to die after stinging; and Pliny tells similarly of serpents, that "serpents can hurt but once, neither kill they many together, to say nothing how, when they have stung or bitten a man, they die for very griefe and sorrow that they have done such a mischiefe, as if they had some prick or remorse of conscience aftewards."

Pliny has receipts for everybody and everything; even the ladies are not forgotten. For the complexion, "The pasterne bones of a young white bulkin, or steere, sodden for the space of forty daies and nights together, until such time as they be dissolved into the liquor; if the face be wet with a fine linnen cloth dipped in the said decoction, it causeth the skin to look clean and white, and without any rivels or wrinkles; but the said linniment must be kept all night to the face in the manner of a maske." For the hair: "Ants' eggs stamped and incorporat with flies, likewise pounded together, will give a lovely black colour to the hair of the elebrows." To curl the hair: "A camel's taile dried and reduced into ashes and incorporat with oile doth curle and frizzle the hair of the head."

It seems incredible to us that remedies such as these could gravely be recommended and believed in, and yet such was the case. It must have required a marvelous amount of faith to get some of these gruesome prescriptions down, and faith, as we know, works wonders in the the healing art.—All the Year Round.

English and American Journals.

Perhaps the most striking contrast between English and American journals is in the relative amount of space alloted to verbatim reports of speeches, discourses and other addresses. Besides the room given to parliamentary proceedings, there are many columns in each issue of the average English daily devoted to recording the utterances of men, wise or otherwise.

The first qualification required of a reporter in England is the ability to take verbatim notes; and, looking over some of the English papers, an American is inclined to think it is the only qualification. The space given to description in reports of political and other meetings over there is very small, no matter how many columns of wind are phonographed. In this country we do not care to reproduce all the words that fall from the lips of a speaker on the stump; much less does the reader next morning care to read them. I was somewhat astonished while visiting England last summer to observe how eagerly your intelligent Briton wades through a three or four column speech delivered the night before at a political meeting, letting his breakfast coffee cool meanwhile.—J. C. Moffett in The Writer.

Vocal Tricks on the Stage.

There are several fixed rules—we might almost call them tricks—for the production of vocal sounds on the stage, the acquisition of which is invaluable to the artist. The abrupt force, for instance, as it is technically called, which distinguishes Mme. Sara Bernhardt above all other living actresses, and which consists of an exceedingly rapid, yet distinct, utterance of the words of her most passionate speeches, beginning in a very low tone with extraordinary swiftness, and ending the phrase with a loud and vibrating climax, which gives an impression of intensity and power well calculated to startle the audience and rouse the greatest enthusiasm, is only an acquired art—a trick—and simply the result of hard practice.

She herself has said that her quarrel scene in "Frou Frou" took her many months to learn. Her method is to first read the speech as she would like to eventually speak it on the stage, but in an undertone, as slowly as possible, pronouncing each word with a long breath before and after it. This exercise she by degrees increases in rapidity until she has almost insensibly the habit of pronouncing the sentence with what appears to the spectator to be a perfect whirlwind of inspired passion.—Saturday Review.

Commemorating the Jubilee.

Mr. Assheton Smith is commemorating her majesty's jubilee in a remarkable manner. He has caused to be planted on the slopes of Moel Rhiwen mountain a plantation composed of 630,000 trees. Nearly 200 men have been continually employed since the jubilee in planting the trees, which will be so arranged as to represent the words "Jubilee, 1887." Each letter measures 200 yards long and twenty-five feet wide. The first tree of the letter J was planted on jubilee day.—Boston Budget.

THE SOUTHERN PINE.

The Southern pine is a forest king
Through seasons bright or drear—
He reigns in summer, he reigns in spring,
And the old age of the year!
The Southern pine has a minstrel's voice
And a proud, commanding mien—
And he sings the songs of the winds that smite
His musical boughs of green!

The Southern pine is a forest king
Through seasons bright or drear—
He reigns in summer, he reigns in spring,
And the old age of the year!
Ah! was it decreed at some ancient hour
Of twilight lone and dim,
That the soul of a monarch, the soul of a bard,
Should be given in trust to him?
—William H. Hayne in Youth's Companion.

Young Man and His Sister.

The lad of 15 may be an escort to a sister twice his age and many times his sense, propriety demanding that she should have a guardian of the male persuasion, not, it must be remembered, for fear of any indelicacy in her behavior, but to avoid rudeness on the part of that sex which is supposed to protect the weaker.

The worldly wisdom of the young man is beyond his reason or power of self control. Many phases of life open to him before his character is established. Public opinion justifies conduct on his part which it would condemn in his sister. If she has too little liberty, he has too much.—Good Housekeeping.

Courage a Curious Quality.

An officer of the regular army said that he thought courage a very curious quality. "Often," said he, "when I have gone deliberately into danger, I have been so frightened and fearful of the dangers around me that it was only for the sake of appearances that I have not run away. On the other hand, whenever I have found myself plunged into sudden danger that I did not expect I have not felt the slightest fear. I have been in fights and gone through them with consummate courage and wise behavior, as it seemed to others, without, in reality, knowing what I was doing. And after it was all over I have wilted like a wet rag."—New York Sun.

The Congo's Navigable Waters.

In regard to the Congo. It is the most wonderful system of waterway on the face of the globe. It has twice the extent of the navigable waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries, three times its population, "thirsting for trade," to use Stanley's expression. Professor Dupont, the eminent director of the Museum of Natural History, at Brussels, who has just returned from there, after six months' of exploration of its lower waters, said that its fertile valleys were destined to be the granary of the world. India rubber, gums, ivory, dye stuffs, silver, lead, iron, coffee and palm oil are there in immense quantities, awaiting exchange for the stuffs which we can furnish.—Detroit Free Press.

Disinfection of Library Books.

The danger of infection from the use of books from circulating libraries has received intelligent attention in England, and means have been devised for their disinfection. The principle on which disinfection is based is the vaporization of carbolic acid by heat, whereby it is claimed that its action is more potent. Heat is applied to the outer casing of an apparatus, which is fully under control, so that a temperature which might injure the books can be avoided. The heat employed is from 150 degs. to 200 degs. F., the books being subjected to this temperature for fifteen minutes, and not injured by the process. The apparatus is said to be patented.—Science.

American Types of Women.

The meeting of races and the wide contrasts of climate have given American society the finest variety in the types of women. The American of the best sort, whether professional man or man of affairs, clerk or artisan, is the Greek of his time, capable, critical, of artistic instincts, quick and well vitalized in mind and body. In time he will bring the woman to the level of his mate. Just now, in the importation and announcement of social rules and ideas, assimilated neither to the circumstances of the majority nor to our political order, the effect is deterioration in the sex. But the material for beauty is as good as the world affords.—Shirley Dare.

Instinctive Craving for Work.

It is a psychological fact that a man of brain power is haunted and driven by an incessant, instinctive craving for intellectual work. As the athlete suffers muscular irritability when inactive, so the intellectual man, with all his blood flowing to his cerebral organs, finds himself driven to mental activity. It seems a biological law, as it is a social law, that wherever power is there all power tends. The brain waves of a strong intellect are so incessant that they impel and hurry the mind here and there in search of new problems on which to expend its force. Such an intellect is always employed, for inherent in itself is the stimulus to brain work.—Susan Channing in The Writer.

A Gigantic Spider's Web.

Lieut. W. Smyth, of the British royal navy, in his "Narrative of a Journey from Lima to Para," published some years ago, gives the following extraordinary account of a spider web. He says: "We saw at Pachiza, on the river Huayabamba, in Peru, a gigantic spider's web suspended from the trees. It was twenty-five feet in height and near fifty feet in length. The threads were very strong, and it had the empty sloughs of thousands of insects hanging on it. It appeared to be the habitation of a great number of spiders of a larger size than we ever saw in England."—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Eating Fruit at Breakfast.

One of the most injurious customs in regard to eating is the practice of serving fruit at the beginning of breakfast. The best medical testimony pronounces acid of any sort hurtful if taken when the stomach is empty. A more judicious custom provides fruit at the close of the meal. Besides being easier digested at that time, the fruit can be better relished. If it is thought that the fruit loses its flavor in a warm room through a long meal, it may not be placed upon the table, but kept in a cool spot until the time of serving.—Chicago Herald.

SONNET.

When comes the ending of my mortal days,
And my freed spirit soars to the unseen
Across the shadow waves that intervene
Between the visual realms of earth, where rays
From clearer skies oft penetrate the haze
With colors crystalline and lauline,
Ere spirits roam beneath the palm trees green
By golden shores of amethystine bays—
Without a lingering dream of mortal fear,
Then let me search the waiting spirit bands
For some love laureled angel who has known
My listenings for some tone, harmonious, clear,
My longings for the clasp of kindred hands,
While wandering o'er Sahara sands—alone.
—Julia Noyes Stickney in Boston Transcript.

Warning to the Fair Sex.

The ladies of the stage, perhaps even more than their non-professional sisters, are careful of the preservation of their charms. Like most of that sex commonly known as "the sex," they make a corporal application of "baby powder," etc., after the bath, and are not innocent of various powders and cosmetics on other occasions. Probably many of them go in for less innocuous dryers, softeners and beautifiers after ablution than the "baby powder." Let them beware, for they may suddenly have to sacrifice to Venus on the other side of the Styx.

Here is a tale for their ears. Frau Frohn, a German actress of excellent reputation, died a few days ago in Berlin in a somewhat extraordinary manner. On leaving her bath she powdered herself with some sort of veloutine. Then she cleaned her nails with the point of a pair of scissors. She stuck herself on a finger, and the perfumed powder got into the slight wound. Instantly the finger began to swell, and the doctors who were called in were unable to stop the poisonous progress of the veloutine. The finger was amputated, and then the hand, but nothing was of any use, and the unfortunate woman died in the most horrible spasms.—New York Herald.

Paganini's Favorite Instrument.

Paganini purchased many other violins, particularly several Stradavari, and was continually buying and selling fine instruments, but nothing could induce him to part with his "Joseph del Jesu." He kept it constantly with him, and watched it as a father might watch a delicate child. Once it was sick, appearing suddenly to lose all its quality, and he took it to Vuillame, known as the most famous repairer of fiddles in Europe. The expert said that it must be taken apart. Paganini insisted that it must not go out of his sight, and compelled the work to be done in his own apartments. Vuillame told afterward that Paganini watched him as he put in the knife and pried the delicate wood apart, and started at every fresh thrust as though the knife were going into his own body. Afterward Vuillame had to take it to his shop to put it together. When the work was done Paganini gave him a gold box set with precious stones, which Paganini said was exactly the same as one he had to give to his physician, and that the doctor of his body and the doctor of his violin were entitled to equal consideration. The box was worth several hundred dollars, probably ten times as much as the original maker received for the violin when it was new.

While the violin was in his shop Vuillame made measurements of its exact dimensions down to the very unevennesses of the varnish, and from these he subsequently made another violin that was the exact duplicate of Paganini's, but when the latter heard of it he insisted that it should be sold to him, and so no one ever had a violin like that of Paganini until, dying, Paganini bequeathed the copy to Camillo Sivori, who has ever since played upon it. The original violin Paganini left to his native city, Genoa, to be kept forever in remembrance of him. It is kept with scrupulous care, and only the most famous artists are or have ever been allowed to touch it. Once before the honor has been accorded to Sivori. This time Leandro Campanati, the director of the Milanese quartet, shares the honor with Sivori.—New York Sun.

Hold It Over a Day.

Let me tell you how I write mean letters and bitter editorials, my boy. Some time, when a man has pitched into me and "cut me up rough," and I want to pulverize him, and wear his gory scalp at my girdle and hang his hide on my fence, I write the letter or editorial that is to do the business. I write something that will drive sleep from his eyes and peace from his soul for six weeks. Oh, I do hold him over a slow fire and roast him. Gall and aquafortis drip from my blistering pen. Then, I don't mail the letter and I don't print the editorial. There's always plenty of time to crucify a man. The vilest criminal is entitled to a little reprieve. I put the manuscript away in a drawer.

Next day I look at it. The ink is cold; I read it over and say: "I don't know about this. There's a good deal of bludgeon and bowie knife journalism in that. I'll hold it over a day longer." The next day I read it again. I laugh and say: "Pshaw!" and I can feel my cheeks getting a little hot. The fact is, I am ashamed that I ever wrote it, and hope that nobody has seen it, and I have half forgotten the article or letter that filled my soul with rage. I haven't been hurt, I haven't hurt anybody, and the world goes right along, making twenty-four hours a day, as usual, and I am all the happier. Try it, my boy. Put off your bitter remarks until to-morrow. Then, when you try to say them deliberately, you'll find that you have forgotten them, and ten years later, ah! how glad you will be that you did! Be good natured, my boy. Be loving and gentle with the world, and you'll be amazed to see how dearly and tenderly the worried, tried, vexed, harassed old world loves you.—Burdette's Letter.

As if Nothing Had Happened.

A few years after the war a gentleman had occasion to visit Richmond with his family, and living at the time in the county of Patrick, fifty miles from any railroad station, very few of the darkies in that county had ever seen a railroad train. A nurse was a necessary part of the family equipage, and he had secured the services of a coal black specimen, about 15 years of age, who was as quick witted as usual, but was as veritable a Topsy as ever "growed." The party took the train at the nearest station, and after a few hours' run a broken rail threw the train off the track. Some of the cars made a revolution down an embankment, and some were lodged on its incline at an angle of forty-five degrees. Great consternation, of course, ensued; the men were shouting and the women and children screaming. After great difficulty our party scrambled out of the coach on the steep incline of the embankment. Finding no bones broken with wife or little one, the writer, who was surprised at the placid, undisturbed appearance of the nurse, who, holding the baby in her arms, looked upon the scene as if nothing had happened, said:

"Milly, were you much frightened?"

"No, sah," she said; "I thought it had to stop that way."—Harper's Magazine.

A Child Without a Name.

"It happened this way," continued Plunkett. "There never was but one locomotive made in Georgia up to the time that one was made in Atlanta during the war. They needed engines mighty bad then, and they went to work in the shops at Atlanta and turned out as good er looking little locomotive as I ever seed, and they named it 'Sunshine,' and the railroad men took on over it er heap and every engineer wanted it for his.

"Things was hustling outen Atlanta, for old Sherman was doing some of his swinging erround, and it was feared he'd get the control of the Macon and Western then, and this little engine was erbout to be shut off, so the engineer he fired up and folks piled onto it and out she started for Macon. She was er sailing er long as fast as ever an engine run them days, when, before you could wink your eye, she busted. That was the last of 'Sunshine,' and it was the last of er heap of folks, but it was war times and fifteen or twenty folks killed wasn't noticed worth talking erbout, but in the wreck among the dead and wounded was found a little baby that nobody has ever claimed, and the little thing was not scratched by the wreck, but just set there in er little place and laughed and crowed 'Mam, mam, mam,' and we knowed by that it was the little child of some poor refugeeing woman. They took good care of the little thing, and it lived eight months after that, and the strange thing is that it never heard an engine nor seed er car but what it would say them same words over: 'Mam, mam, mam.' But it's over yonder, with 'Child Without a Name' on its tombstone, and that ends it in this world, but it teaches the lesson that war's er bad, bad thing."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Lesson in Natural History

A city man who has gone to the country had his curiosity awakened the other day by the shrill and vociferous piping of some creatures in the neighborhood that the country folk said was tree toads. Probably everybody who has been in the country knows this high key chorus, formed of two notes incessantly repeated. The city man traced the noise to a grove of trees, and spent ten minutes standing beneath one tree after another and looking up along the trunks and branches to discover one of the loud choristers. He had no success whatever. The noise filled the air, and seemed as likely to proceed from one tree as another, and more likely to proceed from all. Just as he was about to give up the quest he came to a little dent or hollow in the ground, and his ears were smote by such a close and loud volume of the singing that he knew he was on the right trail. There was a little water in the hollow, full of leaves, black in the middle, and scummed with green at the edges. He took one step nearer to it, and the noise ceased. He stooped down and mimicked the frog chorus pretty closely by whistling. Instantly the air was filled anew with the strange melody.

The capture was an easy matter after that. Every time he advanced toward the water the noise ceased, and he stirred it up again by whistling. Finally he found himself bent directly over the pool and engaged in close and sympathetic conversation with its denizens. Under one leaf, by narrow scanning, he perceived a throbbing or palpitation of the water. The noise proceeding directly from that spot was so loud and acute that it pierced his ear. It seemed that the musician must be of large size. He plunged in his hand and drew out—what does everybody suppose? a frog, but as small a one as nature could well build—a little black object that would scarcely cover a quarter of a dollar. It was not one-twelfth the size of a canary bird, and yet in voice was quite as loud as any canary can boast.—New York Sun.

The "Slicing Process" in China.

Owing to the absence of wagon roads and railways the Chinese depend upon the rivers, canals and the ocean along the coast for nearly all their carrying. Any interruption to the immense traffic and travel of these waterways would prove very serious. It is from this condition of affairs that piracy is considered one of the most heinous offenses. For this crime death by the slicing process is the penalty. The slicing mode of execution rivals any of the fiendish tortures practiced upon captives by our North American savages. There are degrees even in this devilishness. There are deaths by 8, 10, 20, 50, 100, 1,000 slices. The condemned person is fastened to a cross, and then the executioner commences at the eyebrows and cuts away such portions of the body as will not produce sudden death by shock or bleeding till there is little more tissue to hack at, when he opens the chest and tears out the heart.

I was told by an Irish gentleman in the Chinese imperial customs that he once witnessed the slicing execution of a noted pirate, and he described it as horrible beyond imagination. Another gentleman had been present when a poor woman had been sliced to death because her husband had died suddenly, and she had been tortured into a confession of having poisoned him. At other times she had stoutly denied any knowledge of the cause of his death. However, she had been condemned to this horrible death, and she met her fate with a resignation and bravery which astonished those who saw it. The American who was present described it as a most horrible sight, and one that returned to him in fearful dreams.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Journalist and the Publisher.

One thing, I fear, must always place journalism at a disadvantage, compared with other professions, such as law, art, medicine, teaching and engineering. By the very nature of the case, the writers for the daily press can have little independent action. Speaking roughly, and speaking of the press as we find it now in New York, and the other large cities of the United States, the publisher is everything; the writer is nothing. The most gifted and the most enlightened journalist must of necessity write to order, and, in very many instances, the man who gives the order is the person whom an enlightened and patriotic spirit would least willingly obey. This appears to be unavoidable. The man who has created, bought or inherited a newspaper must either control or lose it. It is his; he is the master; no power on earth can nullify his right, and yet he may be a person singularly unfit to wield such an organ.

The newspaper is often a mere appendage to other enterprises, which the owner deems far more important, and to which the journal bears the combined relation of cow and cow bell, feeder and advertiser. But the newspaper belongs to him; and all who write for it are, and must be, his obedient servants.—James Parton in The Writer.

Causes of Infectious Diseases.

Inquiries issued to twenty-eight medical colleges elicit the common response that "most, if not all, infectious diseases are caused by the growth of microscopic organisms." But as to making bacteriology a subject of study in the public schools, there was a wide difference of opinion. But most of the medical schools are giving more or less attention to the subject. It is very evident that, as soon as possible, our physiology and hygiene, as taught in our colleges, when it is taught at all, should include the subject of infection and the dangers from this class of microscopic foes to life.

The battle for life is to be fought out hereafter, not so much with wild animals and huge monsters, but with enemies so minute as to escape all ordinary means of detection. Science says "quite a number of special bacteriological laboratories are already established in connection with our larger medical schools." It is clear enough that medical education should include this subject, and in the not distant future we shall all be students of medicine."—Globe-Democrat.

Rats of the Sewers.

Mr. Webb, who has the largest fund of information as to the interior of sewers of any living man, tells some interesting facts about rats, some of which he estimates as being about two feet long and weighing about eight or ten pounds. The pure blooded thoroughbred stock of sewer rats are a distinct species. House and ground rats are smaller, leaner, sleeker, longer faced and less powerful; they run into the sewers through breaks, but return to their domiciles in the houses. Sewer rats have nests in nooks and corners of dry, abandoned or unused walls; their claws are long and have the strength of steel hooks, which they somewhat resemble. They can easily displace a brick anywhere where the mortar or cement is old or more or less crumbling. Usually they seek the old and decayed sewers, tear their way through and burrow and establish their "family residences" at their own sweet will, and do their marketing wherever it may be convenient and attractive for them.

They are naturally suspicious, coy and unsocial, although never belligerent unless cornered, in which case they will attack ferociously and bite and claw viciously. When the men are at work in the sewers the rats are quite tame, and one workman had the "knack" of calling them to him by a peculiar humming or singsong noise, which they seemed to be fascinated by, and would come almost near enough to be handled.—New York Star.

City Roofs as Health Resorts.

The proposition, ably discussed in Science, to utilize city roofs as health resorts is a suggestion deserving of careful and practical consideration. Why may this idea not be conjoined with the plan of having roof gardens? There is no reason why roofs, in large and crowded cities, may not be so built as to be converted into flower, and even vegetable, gardens. There are not a few roofs so used already. The amount of oxygen and ozone thus liberated, and of carbon gases utilized and substracted from the air, would be enormous. If sewer gases are to be carried to the roofs, and so disseminated into the air, the adoption of the garden system would be all the more desirable. Certainly the degeneration and devitalization attendant on living in crowded tenement houses must in some way be counteracted. Nothing could be more grateful to a sick or puny child than the fresh air and flowers that such a system as suggested might furnish.—Globe-Democrat.

Inwardness of Book Notices.

In nine cases out of ten the critical notices are carefully measured to accord with the size of the advertisement handed in at the business office. If a publisher advertises, his books receive notice; twenty lines secure a good review, forty a better one. If a play is ever so bad, the astute critic can find much good in it if he looks through the greenback lorgnette furnished by the business office of the mighty organ of public opinion by which he is employed. The book reviewer's judgment is warped in the same way; his favor is bought at the cashier's desk.—The Journalist.

Lawlessness in the West.

A man has very little more to fear in the west than in the east, in spite of all the lawless acts one reads about. Undoubtedly a long standing quarrel sometimes ends in a shooting match; and of course savage affrays occasionally take place in the barrooms, in which, be it remarked, that, inasmuch as the men are generally drunk, and, furthermore, as the revolver is at best a rather inaccurate weapon, outsiders are nearly as apt to get hurt as are the participants. But if a man minds his own business and does not go into barrooms, gambling saloons and the like, he need have no fear of being molested; while a revolver is a mere foolish incumbrance for any but a trained expert, and need never be carried.—Theodore Roosevelt in The Century.

Remedy for Smallpox.

It is said that the Chinese remedy for smallpox is to make the patient beat a drum. If he can do it he is all right. Formerly they used to beat the patient to cure him, but civilization progresses even in China.—New York Sun.

The Origin of "Telegram."

It seems incredible that it was only a little over forty years ago that the telegraph was invented and put into practical use. It may not be generally known that The Albany Evening Journal gave the word "telegram" to the world. In its files of April 6, 1852, the following was printed, and from this paragraph was derived the word "telegram," now found in every dictionary:

A friend desires us to give notice that he will ask leave at some convenient time to introduce a new word into the vocabulary. The object of this proposed innovation is to avoid the necessity, now existing, of using two words, for which there is very frequent occasion, where one will answer. It is telegram, instead of telegraph dispatch, or telegraphic communication. The word is formed according to the strictest laws of the language from which its root comes. Telegraph means to write from a distance. Telegram, the writing itself, executed from a distance. Monogram, logogram, etc., are words framed upon the same analogy and in good acceptation. Our friend, moreover, says that the house line, if disposed to be precise, should call their communications teletypes, as they are printed not written. In a generous spirit of toleration, he proposes no action upon the last suggestions; but as to everybody else, except the employers and customers of the house line, he would have them "held and firmly bound" to speak, write, print and telegraph telegram, instead of any two words signifying the same thing under the penalty of being considered verbose and tedious.—Albany Journal.

State Papers of China.

A writer in The Chinese Times, discussing the contents of The Pekin Gazette, says that the state papers are remarkable. The imperial proclamations especially are always composed in the finest style, and it often happens that papers of moment "are written with extreme beauty and perfectness of composition, vivid with grace and majesty of language." Even in the minor reports these rare merits are to be seen in the closeness of style, fitness of expression, clearness and condensation; and where analysis, or reasoning, or precise judgment is to be presented, the papers show the hands of masterly writers.

The extreme diversity of the papers is what should strike the mind of a foreign inquirer; some treat of high politics and of great events; others deal with crimes, questions of disputed inheritance; others again are the reports of commissioners appointed to investigate the conduct of high officials in the provinces, and these show "rare analytical power, mastery of detail and untiring labor." The writer thinks that, judging of what is known of "the slow ways, the enforced secrecy, circumlocution and official and personal influences often brought to bear at home, the methods of China are in some ways more direct, expeditious and fair, as far as the indications of justice is concerned."—Boston Transcript.

Bones of the Shad.

"Yes, I believe I did tell you the last time I saw you before this that at some future date I would give you the number of bones there are in a shad," said a Rondout fish dealer to a reporter the other day. "Since that time, when I told you how many scales there are on a shad, I have given this bone business careful attention and am now prepared to give you the correct figures, and also tell you the manner in which I solved the somewhat perplexing riddle.

"Any one who has partaken of shad knows that the meat of the fish is full of fine bones. Being aware that it was useless to attempt to count all the bones in the fish one by one, I accomplished the feat by mathematical process. I took a shad that was 16 inches in length and 6 inches wide. Six times 16 inches is 96 inches. In 1 inch of shad I found there were 123 bones, which when multiplied by the number of inches gives the answer—11,808 bones in a shad. Now, as I have told you before, during the shad season hereabout I handle about 350 shad a day for 30 days, which is 10,500 shad. Therefore you will see that there come into my place in one month's time 135,792,000 shad bones, a quarter of which number I have no doubt go down people's throats."—Kingston Freeman.

Closing the Skin's Pores.

People do not generally understand that the skin shares in the function of respiration, and that if this is interfered with death is apt to ensue, though this is due not so much to asphyxia as to some form of blood poisoning caused by the constituents of the perspiration being reabsorbed into the blood. A striking illustration of the necessity of leaving the skin open, to some extent, to the action of air, is afforded by the fact that a child who was coated with gum and then covered with gold leaf, to represent a cherub at the coronation of Pope Leo X, died a few hours after the operation. A similar fate nearly befell Gustave Dore, in the days of his youth, when a passing caprice made him go to a fancy ball as "Un Monsieur Dore;" but as in his case the gilding was only partial, he survived, though he did not escape a sharp illness.—Hospital.

Venezuela's Cable Railway.

A cable railway is to be built from Caracas to La Guayra, Venezuela, under special concessions from the Venezuelan government. Caracas is the capital of Venezuela and La Guayra is the principal seaport of the republic. They are only about sixteen miles apart, but are separated by high mountains, which have heretofore prevented easy communication. It is proposed to tunnel the mountains and carry the cable road through the tunnel. The company guarantee to finish the road in three years, and to charge a tariff varying from ninety-six cents to fifty-seven cents for each passenger.—Boston Transcript.

Morphine Habit in Paris.

It is said that in Paris thousands of women are cutting short their careers by the use of morphine. Morphine disks are dissolved in a small bottle of water, and this is placed in a case which includes a tiny syringe. The whole apparatus is of a miniature description, and can be conveniently carried inside the smallest muff. The vice has become so fashionable that women actually fill their syringes before starting for the theatre, and thus have the means at their disposal, any moment, of injecting themselves with the drug while lounging in the fauteuils or in their boxes.—Science.

A Furrow on the Nails.

Nearly twenty years ago Dr. Wilks directed attention to the fact that a transverse furrow appeared on the nails of the hand after a serious illness. Medical literature has since then contained a few references to the subject; he again brought the subject before the Pathological society at its meeting on March 20, and related a remarkable case. In that case the furrow was caused by three days' seasickness.—New Orleans Picayune.

Protecting Iron from Corrosion.

A company organized several years ago for the production of hydrogen by means of passing superheated steam over red hot iron discovered that in this process the surface of the iron is affected in such a way as to successfully resist rusting. Experimenting further, they claim to have found a method for protecting iron and steel from atmospheric and chemical corrosion.—Frank Leslie's.

Severe Penalties in Siam.

In Siam, for stealing or killing an elephant, buffalo or bullock, the punishment is death. Housebreaking is also punished with death. A person detected in smoking opium is imprisoned for three years. The men of the lower orders of people are slaves and must be enrolled to some master.—Chicago Herald.

Ironclad Ships Condemned.

The new metal turrets with which France has been experimenting have proved unable to stand the new projectiles from modern guns. This, says The London Times, condemns ironclad ships without giving them a chance of showing what they could do.—New York Sun.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until Ayer's Sarsaparilla did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVean, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

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This medicine is invaluable in the treatment of all nervous disorders. When the brain is exhausted, a little of this wonderful nerve tonic will give it tone and elasticity. With the Celery and Coca, are combined the best blood purifiers and kidney and liver regulators. It surely

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