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Farewell,  
The boat went drifting, drifting, over the  
sleeping sea,  
And the man that I loved the dearest sat in  
the boat with me.  
The shadow of coming parting hung over the  
gray water,  
And the winds that swept across it sobbed on  
faraway, faraway.  
The boat went drifting, drifting, in the linger-  
ing northern night,  
And the sea that I loved the dearest paled  
with the paling light.  
We strove to join light laughter; we strove to  
weave a life of merriment,  
But the voice that I loved the dearest rang  
sadly 'mid the rest.  
The boat went drifting, drifting, while the doll  
skies lowered down,  
And the "ragged rind of thunder" gave the  
rocky head a crown.  
The boat went drifting, drifting, while to the  
darkening sky,  
For the man that I loved the dearest the  
prayer rose silently.  
Oh, true, strong hand I touch no more; have  
- smile I may not see;  
Will the God who governs time and tide bring  
him back to my life and me?  
-All the Year Round.

## JANET'S FORTUNE.

The old Manor House at Whitebrook stood out grim and dark against the clear, cold, wintry day. Its long narrow windows and closed oaken doors looked stern and forbidding, as if the proud spirit of the house would frown back at all outsiders. The bare branches of the trees on either side of the road seemed to tower their bare arms in the chilly breeze, and moaned over the fallen form of the owner of the Manor, and the very wind itself seemed to sigh mournfully as it scoured round the corners of the house, and down the tall twisted chimney.

In the picture gallery old portraits looked grimly at each other in the dim light, and seemed to shake their heads and murmur: "Has it come to this?"

In the bare chambers fluttering threads of tapestry and heavy velvet moth-eaten furniture were all that was left of the former grandeur of the house, and the ghosts of the ancient owners seemed to linger in every dark corner.

In a large, shabby-furnished room, before a bright wood fire, sat a young girl. Her dark eyes were fixed upon a small oval case, with its shining hinges of gold and silver, and played lovingly about the white hands and slender fingers. She sat in a huge old armchair, her cheek resting upon her hand, and her gray eyes fixed upon the bright flames. She seemed out of place in that dark, smoky room, from the walls of which armed knights and heralds of white and gold looked down upon her from their dusty frames as if it were wonder at her dainty presence. The flames flickered and danced, casting strange shadows upon the walls; the very air seemed to vibrate with the low, rhythmic hum of the fire.

"Father!"

The eyes slowly opened, and Mr. Warden raised his head.

"Ah, Janet, when did you come home dear?" he said, looking fondly at the blooming face bent over him.

"An hour ago, father—Mr. Wood drove me home."

There was a little hesitancy about the last speech, as Janet drew a little to her father's side, and taking his left hand, pressed it softly.

"So Mr. Wood drove you home, Janet? Very kind of him—wasn't it?"

"Yes, father, he was very kind," she said, and Mr. Warden spoke again: "I hope, my dear, you were pleased as you should be."

"Oh, yes, father, dear. You know, if I do not treat the girls and the Nertons, I can always afford to look like a lady."

Mr. Warden nodded his head gravely, and Janet pressed her lips to his hand.

"Father, dear, she said, in a low voice that trembled, 'I have something to tell you.'"

"To tell me, Janet? Let me hear it, dear. I hope you are in no trouble of any kind."

And Mr. Warden looked graver.

"Oh, no, father. Mr. Wood and Janet's face grew crimson in the flickering light—"he asked—me—oh, father—to be his wife."

At last Mr. Warden laid his other hand upon his daughter's drooping head, and said, huskily: "And what was your answer, Janet?"

"Oh, father—I was so surprised—so—so troubled, that I—I said 'Yes,' and Janet burst into tears.

Again Mr. Warden stroked the drooping head, and said, quietly: "And—and you love him, Janet?"

Janet did not answer at once—perhaps her tears prevented her—but she raised her arms and threw them round her father's neck.

"Oh—so much, father—so very—very much—very much! Is it wrong? Oh, no, I'm sure you will not say so." "My dear," said Mr. Warden, "it is not wrong, for it must have come to this. But, my dear, I would rather it should be known. But, my dear, I must know that you are penniless. Have you told him this?"

"Oh, father, he knows—every one does, that we are poor, and—and that I have nothing. But he says—and Janet's features brightened through her tears—"that he does not care for my

money—that he is glad I have not any, and—and he's coming to see you to-morrow, father."

Mr. Warden smiled gravely and patted Janet's white hand as she placed it caressingly on his shoulder. Then he said, slowly:

"Coming to see me, is he? Well, dear, I must talk about it to him. Now you must go to bed—it must be late, and I want to think. Good-night, my dear—good-night."

Janet pressed her lips to her father's wrinkled forehead with more tenderness than usual. She was accustomed to his quiet, studious manner, knew that he had been shaken by what she had told him, and that he wished to be alone, so she crept away to her chamber, thinking through the dark passages and echoing galleries like some lost spirit, and fell to sleep on her pillows, the image of life, youth and hope, in the midst of decaying age and forgotten grandeur.

It was the week before Janet's marriage, and in the old picture-gallery, standing where the sunlight fell upon them, were Janet and her betrothed. Hither her father often came at night, candle in hand, to gaze on those who had gone before him, drawing aside the veil that covered the face of his illustrious brother George.

The portraits on the walls looked down upon them as if scandalized at what they saw, for Janet was standing with her arm round Henry's waist, and the old man had his arm round her waist, and she was looking into his face with a handsome one above her.

One old painting in particular of Sir George Warden, Janet's great grandfather, seemed to frown darkly at the audience, and to intrude upon the privacy of himself and his companions thus—while on the other side of the gallery a fair young girl, in lace bodice and powdered hair, seemed by the sweet smile upon her pale face to sympathize with the lovers.

"My dearest Janet," said Mr. Wood, "I really cannot permit you to talk like this. Long before I knew you or had seen your face I had heard of Whitebrook Manor and its master and mistress. My mother had often told me of the friendship that had existed between my grandfather and your mother, and I have seen her lament over the change brought about in the Warden family. But Janet, you know what happened. I know what you were worth thirty thousand dollars a year, your face would seem no fairer, your heart no purer, in my eyes than when you were a child. I believe when I repeat I love you for yourself, and that your weight in gold would not enhance your value in my opinion, whatever it may be in other people's."

"It is so good, so kind of you to say so, Henry!" said Janet, tearfully. "And I believe what you say, indeed I do; but—but my father is so grieved when he thinks he has to give you a portion, that he will not let me marry you."

"Then grieve no more, my darling; or if you do, I will—what shall I breathe you with? Ah, I know. I'll run away with you, and then you shall see my grand wedding, as my mother insists upon."

Janet laughed.

"Oh, Henry, as if I cared for that! But what is it you wish me to tell you last night? You said before you were married that you would do this morning to me."

Henry Wood drew her toward the broad window-seat near them, and his face grew graver.

"I have a great deal to tell you, my dear, but I want you to tell me how your grandfather managed to lose his fortune as he did, and how your father has never been able to retrieve it."

"I don't know, Henry. But it is so—so very sad! However, I will tell you as well as I can. Listen, then. You know for years, owing to the reckless way in which my great-grandfather spent his money, the estate became involved, and when his eldest son came to be master of the manor he found himself in great difficulties."

"However, he worked well and hard, striving himself to give his children a good education and pay off the mortgages, so that, at last, the estate was free. But all this time the house had been becoming very much as it is now, and then fresh troubles came."

"The dear old man died of consumption, and Aunt Jane ran away to be married—she died a long time ago, I know, for her husband treated her very cruelly. Then Uncle George was very ill, and spent a great deal of money, until at last he died. He had no children, and so no one was surprised when she got up and went out with him. But everybody was horrified a few minutes afterward to hear a dreadful scream, and running out, they found grandmamma insensible on the floor in the hall."

"Uncle George seemed half mad, for he disappeared from the house in the midst of all the confusion. They took grandmamma to her room; but, though she recovered from the swoon, she never recovered her senses, and they were obliged to watch her day and night. She talked incessantly of her George, and raved and delirium, and said things no one could understand."

"One night her nurse fell asleep, and, awakening in the middle of the night, found her patient gone. She rushed out of the room, and found grandmamma at the bottom of the oak staircase in a kind of swoon. She was taken back to her bed, but she never spoke again, and died two days afterward. Curiously enough, on looking for her dressing-case some days afterward, my grandfather could not find it. Search was made everywhere, but in vain. My father said it was a great pity, for it contained most valuable jewels given to grandmamma by her mother and grand-mother."

"Well, all these troubles broke grand-papa's heart, and he died. My father then married mamma—who, you know, was as poor as he was—and I was born. But things never prospered with him. He lost, lost—always lost—and when mamma died he gave up struggling. Poor father!—said Janet, her eyes filling with tears. "I fancy mamma's death broke his heart, Henry. He shut himself up, and has been what you see him, and—and loving to me, but always determined to shun the world, you and

your mother being the only visitors he has ever received."

Henry Wood kissed his betrothed tenderly. It is a very sad story, my love—I know it all now. But we will banish it. Stay, though—what became of the scapegrace, George?"

"He shot himself two months after grandmamma's death—he never came to the manor after—went to Janet, and on her wedding-day the diamonds that made him put an end to his life. Isn't it dreadful?"

"Dreadful indeed! Your father seems to have been your grandfather's only good and filial child."

"Yes—he said Aunt Alice, who died eight or nine years ago, she never married, you know—but she would not live with us. She said that she was sure the Manor House had lost all its good luck, and she could not live in it to see its ruin."

"Ah!" said Henry, rising from his seat and shaking his head. "Janet, dear, you have quite given me the horrors! Now, for a change, let us take a walk in the garden, and let me show you the portrait of that noble old gentleman that I have just brought home."

They sauntered slowly along, Janet pointing out each ancestor as they passed the portraits, her lover making his comments upon it.

"Janet, I can trace a likeness in this face to yours," he said, as they stood opposite the fair young girl with the powdered hair and laced bodice. "You have her eyes and smile."

"Do you think so? Ah, no, she is so pretty!"

"And pray what are you?" was the retort.

"She is my great-aunt, Lady Leigh," said Janet, without answering him.

"She died very young, I believe."

"And a wicked old gentleman," Janet asked Henry, looking at a very grim painting in a suit of armor with drawn sword in hand. "He looks savage enough to swallow the whole lot of his relations, doesn't he?"

"Doesn't he? That's Sir Marmaduke Warden; he was quite as ferocious as he looks, I believe. Nurse Grantly used to tell me a dreadful story about him. His only daughter was very beautiful, and she was betrothed to a gentleman for whose family Sir Marmaduke had a great hatred. Well, this gentleman persuaded Sybil Warden to run away with him. As she was descending from the tower window by a ladder, her father was in the west parlor and heard her lover's voice. He rushed out with his pistols, and, oh, Henry, in a fury he raised his arm and fired. Sybil received the shot in her side, and she died."

"Oh, wretched!" exclaimed Henry Wood, indignantly. "If I had been Sybil's lover, I would have—"

"And, without completing the sentence, the young man struck the hilt of the heavy, silver-mounted whip he had in his hand upon the armed breast of the knight."

The blow was scarcely struck when the picture swayed, Henry having barely time to spring aside and drag Janet with him as it fell, with a frightful crash, amid dense clouds of dust.

"Heaven!" cried Mr. Wood, as the echoes died away, and Janet still clung to his arm.

"What a noise and smother! Pshaw! I am half choked. My dear Janet, don't tremble so. There is no harm done."

"Oh, Henry! Look!" cried Janet, as the cloud of dust gradually cleared away. There is a door behind the picture, which is ajar, and a ray of light is streaming in.

"There was, indeed, a small door, with an old-fashioned handle, which had been completely concealed by the fallen portrait."

Henry sprang forward and endeavored to open it.

"Janet, this is the entrance to some secret passage, no doubt. How the door sticks! Ha! at last!"

With a vigorous tug he pulled it open, and they both peered eagerly into a low, dark passage.

"I will go and explore," said Henry. "Do not come, Janet, lest you—"

"Oh, I must come, too, Henry. Do let me."

Who could resist her pretty pleading face, and certainly not Henry; so the two entered the passage, strange as they should strike their heads, Henry going first, with Janet holding his hand.

Suddenly he stumbled, and stooping down, cried:

"What is this box, or something, Janet? Let us go back to the light and see what it is."

Back they went, and found that the box was evidently an old desk or a chest of drawers, and had been once very handsome, and was locked.

"By Jove!" cried Henry, excitedly. "This is an adventure. I must break the lock, Janet."

He raised his heavy whip, and with one blow shattered the lock. The lid sprang open, and Janet uttered a cry.

"Oh, Henry! Henry! This must be poor grandmamma's lost dressing-case."

Old-fashioned bracelets, heavy gold chains, gold-jeweled diamond earrings and brooches lay before the astonished eyes of the lovers, and Janet half-clung to Henry, as she said:

"Yes," replied Henry Wood. "I think your father had better know of our discovery. On the whole, I fancy that blow of mine did some good to the old knight. At all events it returned good for evil by falling at our feet in that kind manner, and revealing to us such hidden treasures."

Janet flew away to her father's study, and, having greatly disturbed him by a very late passage, dragging the heavy lost package she must describe its contents, she did as requested, and imagine her surprise when Superintendent Dalce-la handed her a mutilated box containing the fragments of what were once a set of teeth. The powder in which the package was mailed had been run over by a train of cars, which separated every tooth from the plate.—*Washington Herald.*

**Timely Topics.**

The salaries of the officials and employees of the government in Washington, among whom the total amount is \$6,000,000 per annum. The regular payment of \$500,000 per month out to make local trade in Washington lively.

Malaria diseases have never been so general and so fatal in this country as they have during the past few months. Diphtheria, typhoid fever, scarlet fever and other serious maladies, directly or indirectly attributable to malarious conditions, have been fearfully prevalent in the East and the West for some months. Writes a New York correspondent:

"Malaria is becoming the terror of New York and all the surroundings. In the city the poison comes from defective sewerage, while the country suffers from railway embankments and other impediments to free outflow."

A dairy company of London has lately established a laboratory at which samples of milk received from farmers are subjected to chemical analysis. Prizes have been offered by the company, which are to be given to those farmers whose milk supply stands highest in quality during a stated period of time. The samples of milk are carefully examined by the company's analysts, whose analysis and reports will decide the competition for the prizes. It is expected that much valuable information respecting methods for producing the richest possible milk will be secured in this way.

"Secretary Schurz," says the Washington correspondent of the *Harford (Conn.) Times*, "as soon as he retires from the cabinet, will publish a book, for several years. It will be a sort of political historical novel, in which he will make certain of his actors say what he thinks about some public men and public questions. This book will be 'Endymion' like, though it will hardly create such a sensation as *Diaris*. Still, if Mr. Schurz will tell all he knows about public matters, his novel will rank up a terrible row in some quarters at least, and would be very interesting reading to many about here."

Frederick Bodenstedt, a leading German poet, who visited the United States last year, has just published a book upon the impressions received by him in his tour of America. He says that the American citizen, while loving his country at large, has little or none of the local patriotism which is so characteristic of the European. He compares the American people to a victorious army marching rapidly forward on the road of progress, with every sense alert and every energy at command. He says that the American citizen accomplishes great things in the domain of creative art, and that the dangerous miasma of blood poisoning, the system is inoculated by some specific virus, whether bacteria or something else, whose tendency is to promote putrefaction of the system, and to excite the system. The mode of treatment, therefore, has become more nearly uniform. The parts first and most tangibly affected, namely, the throat, fauces and nares, are treated by the application of astringent applications, or by washes laid on with a brush, to destroy the false membrane. How the poison is introduced from the throat into the system, if indeed it is, is a matter of opinion; but one of the best authorities interviewed, Dr. Childs, who had great experience in the matter, gives it as his opinion that Dr. Kerr has hit upon an accurate solution of the process, and that the course of treatment he has adopted is very plausible. It differs in essentials in a way from that suggested by the Brooklyn doctors, namely, to check the membranous growth with strong antiseptic treatment, containing iodine in the stomach and remove it naturally, and by tonics and stimulants to fortify the system and assist it to throw off the poison that has already found its way into the circulation.

**A Dead Letter Incident.**

A very amusing incident recently occurred at the dead letter office. A lady ordered a set of false teeth from a dentist in Harrisburg, Pa., and directed them to be sent by mail. She waited several weeks for the package, but as it did not come, she wrote the dentist to know the cause of the delay. He informed her that he had mailed them soon after they were ordered, as instructed. The lady went to the dead letter office, and the letters had been heard of package addressed to her. As she was very modest, she did not like to give the name of the article contained in the package. But upon being asked to describe its contents, she said she requested, and imagine her surprise when Superintendent Dalce-la handed her a mutilated box containing the fragments of what were once a set of teeth. The powder in which the package was mailed had been run over by a train of cars, which separated every tooth from the plate.—*Washington Herald.*

**A Good Country for Fat Men.**

The Spartans of old showed no mercy to fat humanity. They paid much attention to the rearing of men. They took care of the firmness and looseness of men's flesh, and regulated the degree of fatness to which it was lawful in a free state to allow any citizen to extend his body. Those who dared to grow too fat or too lean for military exercises and the service of Sparta were soundly whipped. In one particular instance, that of Nearchus, the son of Polybius, the offender was brought before the Ephori and a meeting of the whole people of Sparta, at which his unlawful fatness was exposed, and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan standard, and give up his culpable mode of living, which was declared unworthy of a Spartan.

**Quite a Curiosity.**

A man in McDonald county, Missouri, has a natural kaleidoscope. It is a dark green stone, nearly transparent about the size of a turkey's egg and nearly that shape and somewhat rough. By holding it to the light and looking through it magnificent views of scenery can be obtained—Indians chasing buffalo, moving caravans of camels and of waving grass, mountain scenery, cities and villages, vast stretches of prairie, etc. It was found in Buffalo creek, near the home of its owner.

**Farm, Garden and Household.**

**Farm and Garden Notes.**  
Give your stock plenty of bedding.  
Keep farm accounts during the year 1881.  
Industry and economy lead to prosperity.  
Good shelter for stock is cheaper than fodder.  
Don't fail to institute improvements this year.  
Always give the soil the first meal. If it is well fed with manure it will feed all else—plants, animals and men.  
Add a little wood ashes to the flower pots of favorites, and see how quickly it will nourish and improve the growth.  
Cornstalks contain more potash than any other fodder fed to cows.  
The comb of a fowl is a sure indication of the state of its health. If it loses its bright, rich color it is diseased in some way, and as the disease approaches its worst stages the comb turns black.  
A piece of beef is much more tender and juicy when the animal has been fed on roots than beef made where no roots are fed.  
A large per cent. of food given to pigs is wasted when uncooked. Pigs will not assimilate raw food like older animals, and they can only be fed economically by cooking their food.  
All feeders who have studied the habits of the animals they feed, have discerned that they take special note of time, and are disappointed if the time is delayed only a few minutes.  
A French writer recommends a novel mode of enriching and promoting the growth of cereals, and other plants. Namely, watering the plants with a solution of 150 grains of glue in about two gallons of water.  
Professor Roberts says that fifty bushels of wood ashes per acre increased the yield of grass in a certain location more than any other manure, while ground bone improved the clover.  
Exposure to cold rains is very injurious to fowls. A few hours under the rigors of a storm of snow or sleet will kill a hen in a few days, and sometimes weeks in laying, besides the danger of their getting cold or becoming croupy.  
Hanging floral decorations in pots or baskets should be placed where they can have an abundance of light and sunlight, and not near a stove or radiator. If the light comes from one side, the basket ought to be turned every day.  
When the orchard is young it is best to cultivate thoroughly, and hoe crops, like potatoes, roots, etc., can be grown as a present crop, and the soil, as well as the trees, will be benefited by it, as nothing else but fruit should be expected from the orchard.  
Pumpkins are an excellent food for cattle, but if fed to milk cows great care should be exercised that the animals do not eat too many seeds, the best plan being to remove the seeds when cutting them up. The seeds have a diuretic effect, thus lessening the flow of milk.  
Last spring, J. N. Marden, of Baltimore, Md., tried the experiment of keeping the trees of an orchard near trees by building fires around them on severe nights. His orchard contains 15,000 trees, and those treated as above described yielded fruit that sold for more than twice the price of the orchard produced comparatively little.  
The following is said to be a remedy for rheumatism: Four ounces of saltpeter in a pint of alcohol; shake well and bathe the parts affected; wetting red flannel with it, lay it on. It does not cure, but it relieves the pain, reduces the swelling, and relieves the torment and agony.  
Beef omelet, which is good for breakfast or tea, is made of one pound of chopped beef, two well-beaten eggs, three small onions, one onion, and four tablespoons of milk or cream. Season to your taste with pepper, salt and sage. Make this into a roll, cover it loosely with a well-buttered cloth and bake in a low oven for one hour. A little water in it. When cold, cut it into thin slices.  
A little English word, "Sleep and how to obtain it," says that insomnia is not so dangerous as commonly supposed, for the author knows an eminent man of letters who has suffered from it for many years without injury. When a man begins to dream of his work he may know that he is under too great a mental strain. The author's plan of inducing sleep is to reckon the days and acquaintances whose name begins with a certain letter.  
Cabbage salad may be made with hard-boiled eggs chopped, or with raw eggs beaten into the dressing; for one small head, or half of a good-sized one, use three or four heads of cabbage, cut in light, then add six tablespoons of vinegar, two tablespoons of made mustard, a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Cook this dressing until it begins to thicken, when mix the cabbage over the chopped cabbage. When boiled eggs are used, chop the whites of the eggs with the cabbage, and after rubbing the yolks till they are fine stir them in, and season to taste. The eggs are cooked, the rest of the dressing does not need cooking.

**Venezuelan Bell-Ringers.**  
How these bells are rung! Surely out of no other bells is there so much clangor got out of these Venezuelan church bells. The ringer is a stalwart fellow, who clambers up close beneath his awful instrument, braces his feet firmly on two cross beams, grasps with both hands a sort of handle on the bottom of the clapper, and sets to work. His head is in the bell, and the spot he hits is the only one he doesn't manage to strike. He pounds on the sides with fury; his blows are delivered with frightful rapidity in a sort of rhythm to which a very active jig-dancer could keep step well; he exerts himself with the tempest of onset, of which he is the center, and seeks to reduce his efforts; only when exhaustion forbids the prolongation of his wild delight does he stop and mop his brow. His only rival in musical action is the tambourine man of a minstrel troupe, but his instrument discounts a myriad of tambourines.

An educational exchange asks the question: "Is one language enough?" As a general thing it is, but there are times when it isn't. When a man goes to throw a couple of coals on the fire, for instance, and strikes the stove two inches below the door, and the coal flies nine ways for Sunday, he feels that one language to express his feelings is meager indeed.

**'A Snow-Flake.**  
Once he sang of summer,  
Nothing but the summer;  
Now he sings of winter,  
Of winter bleak and drear;  
Just because his fancy's fallen  
Especially if you are sane in bed,  
He must go there?  
'Tis winter all the year!  
—T. B. Aldrich.

**HUMOROUS.**  
Man is naturally a teacher—he always has a pupil in his eye.  
How is it we often see men of good habits so poorly dressed?  
Josh Billings declares that the man who gets bit twice by the same dog is better adapted for that kind of business than any other.  
A "slight" mistake: Jilting the girl you thought to be poor, and afterward discovering that she is worth a cool \$10,000.—*Leuk Galt, City.*  
They haven't settled on the price of board at New York's proposed million-dollar hotel, but the head steward is to wear yellow kids and speak four languages.  
At Paris, recently, M. de Lesseps was asked what his own-born heir. He remarked that it was a very precocious infant, as it already very distinctly said "Pa-pa-na-ma!"  
The scientists say that shutting the eyes improves the hearing. This is probably a mistake, for when you are ways wim at you when you talk politics to them.—*Buffalo Express.*  
The New Haven Register ejaculates: What a merry sound the scrape of the snow shovel has upon the morning air. Especially if you are sane in bed, and somebody else is doing the shoveling.  
A lawyer's brief is very long.  
A man and Mr. White is black.  
A man is dry when he is green.  
A fire is hot when it is cooled.  
A lamp is heavy though its light.  
A shoe is bought when it is sold.  
A man can see when out of sight.  
**Man's Natural Food.**  
Before entering upon those points I must premise a few words on the main question: What is the natural food of man? As an abstract truth, the maxim of the physiologist Haller is absolutely unimpeachable: "Our natural diet should consist of vegetable and semi-animal substances which can be eaten with relish before their natural taste has been disguised by artificial preparation." For even the most approved modes of grilling, boiling, roasting, cooking, spicing, heating and freezing our food are, strictly speaking, abuses of our digestive organs. It is a fallacy to suppose that hot spices aid the process of digestion; they irritate the stomach and cause it to discharge the ingesta as rapidly as possible, as it would hasten to rid itself of carbonized antimony or any other poison. The very precipitation of the gastric functions prevents the formation of healthy chyle. There is an important difference between rapid and thorough digestion. In a simple case of indigestion, the stomach facilitates deglutition, but, by dispensing with insalivation and the proper use of our teeth, we make the stomach perform the work of our jaws and send every particle of our food, even the air we inhale contains azotic gases, to the stomach. In the case of the life-sustaining principle by the action of our respiratory organs—not any inorganic process. We cannot breathe pure oxygen. For analogous reasons the normal type of our physical constitution dates from a period when the digestive organs of our (frugivorous) ancestors adapted themselves to such food—a period compared with whose duration the age of aristocracy and the age of yesterday.—*Panther Science Monthly.*  
**Not Equal to the Emergency.**  
He looked a bit hard up, but he had a pleasant face and smooth address as he began to talk in the office of a railroad agent West and asked for the superintendent. Who, conducted to that official's desk he began:  
"I want the favor of a pass to Buffalo." "Can't have it," was the prompt reply.  
"I expected that answer, and am prepared for it. I did not come here with a tale of woe. I have not been robbed."  
"Not a rob. I did not lose my money on the street. I am not obliged to rush home to see my wife. I am not a consumptive who is anxious to get home and die among his friends. All these pleas are unavailing."  
"Yes, very old and thin."  
"And yet I want a pass to Buffalo. I feel that I have a right to ask it."  
"On what grounds?"  
"This morning I saved the life of a passenger on one of your transfer boats. He was a big, red-whiskered man named Clark. Had he gone overboard it would have cost you perhaps \$50,000 to settle the claim."  
"Clark? Big man with red whiskers? Wretched man, you know what you did! That's the man who has already got a claim for \$30,000 against us for breaking his leg. If you had only let him go overboard you could have settled with his heirs for less than a quarter of the amount. Go out—go away. You have taken thousands of dollars out of our pockets by your meddling case."  
The boat walked out without a word, but as he reached the door he was heard to grumble:  
"I thought I was the best liar on the Atlantic coast, but I might as well hang up from this deal."—*Wall Street Daily News.*

**What Diphtheria Is.**  
Dr. James M. Kerr, of Pittsburg, has published an article on the cause and cure of diphtheria which is attracting wide attention. He declares that the disease is not a result of sewer-gas, he says it is local in its first stage, and constitutional in the next, as a result of blood poisoning, and recommends treatment of a simple and effective kind. So effective is his treatment that out of forty cases he has lost but one, and that one through the negligence of the patient's attendants in regard to diet. The false membrane to the throat attention upon the disease can be removed by local applications. For this a rather powerful solution of hydrochloric acid and glycerine is recommended. But the moment the membrane forms the patient is threatened with a fatal result, and the danger is increased. While the process is going on in the tonsils a virulent poison is distilled in the neighborhood, a very small portion of which, if it passes into the system, will produce a fatal result, and this poisons the blood. The system becomes much depressed, the action of the heart and brain is lowered, ordinarily to the verge and sometimes to the point of paralysis, and the patient dies in some quarters, from asphyxia, but from the presence of virulent poison in the blood. After removing the false membrane Dr. Kerr puts into the stomach a simple chemical preparation, containing phosphoric acid, and a little of the diphtheria toxin, and gently removes them through the proper channels. Meantime he supports the patient with nutritious food, and if the crisis arrives, when wine, or, if necessary, whisky and brandy are copiously used to aid in throwing off the clutch that threatens to choke the life out of the patient, and to break up the coagulum in its commonest form. Malignant diphtheria is incurable.

A reporter of the *Engle* has interviewed a number of eminent Brooklyn physicians, and is glad to learn that the leading medical professor of the city has begun to prevail as to the main characteristics of the disorder. He is in that the sewer-gas theory has been abandoned. The dangerous miasma of blood poisoning, the system is inoculated by some specific virus, whether bacteria or something else, whose tendency is to promote putrefaction of the system, and to excite the system. The mode of treatment, therefore, has become more nearly uniform. The parts first and most tangibly affected, namely, the throat, fauces and nares, are treated by the application of astringent applications, or by washes laid on with a brush, to destroy the false membrane. How the poison is introduced from the throat into the system, if indeed it is, is a matter of opinion; but one of the best authorities interviewed, Dr. Childs, who had great experience in the matter, gives it as his opinion that Dr. Kerr has hit upon an accurate solution of the process, and that the course of treatment he has adopted is very plausible. It differs in essentials in a way from that suggested by the Brooklyn doctors, namely, to check the membranous growth with strong antiseptic treatment, containing iodine in the stomach and remove it naturally, and by tonics and stimulants to fortify the system and assist it to throw off the poison that has already found its way into the circulation.