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## VOL. XI.

## RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1881.

NO. 22.

## "Who Shall Sing Freedom's Song ?" "Who shall sing Freedom's Song ?" Not any man, nor won an fair;

They have been thralls to Pain and Care, They have been thralls to Wrong. For song so glad and free No voice that's learned a note of pain Can ever touch the proud, glad strain Worthy such minstrelsy.

"The birds, swift-winged and free?" Ah! no. So many captives sigh In gilded prisons, sing and die Longing for liberty. "Let drums and trumpets shout," Alas! they have but hireling tones;

For marching bosts or tyrants' thrones

Their noisy notes ring out. Who shall sing Freedom's Song?" Oh! Winds of Heaven, that ceaseless blow: Oh! mighty, unbound Winds! you know The strain so fresh and strong! No one shall silence you; Not the blue blade, nor flood, nor fire

Shall stay your course; you cannot tire,

Running the whole world round, Oh! Winds of Heaven! Sing out! Sing in the boundless forest trees, Sing in the scented summer breeze, Among the wild waves shout! Sing on the hills and plain-You that have never owned control, Sing Freedom's Song from Pole to Pole, Until Earth learn the strain. -M. B. Burnet, in the Independent,

## UNDER THE MIDNIGHT LAMP.

I am a doctor, a busy professional man, whose time is money; whene er, therefore, I can save it, I do. Many and many a night have I passed in the train, counting the hours thus gained as a miner does his gold. Upon this point, unfortunately, my little wife and I do not agree; and it is, I think, the only point upon which we do not. Eight hours in a comfortless railway compartment, rolled up in your plaid like a snake in its blanket, instead of in your comfortable sheets, stretched over a comfortable spring mattress-no. she cannot be made to see the propriety of the exchange, nor will she believe that I sleep quite as well, if not dis-turbed, in the plaid as in the sheets.

The train was just off as I sprang in, and the shock of the start landed me in my seat Being of a slow, placid nature, I was in no hurry to recover from the shock; and we were fairly off, speeding away as only an English express can speed, before I locked round. I had not the carriage to myself, as I had at first supposed; a lady occupied the further end; and at the first glance, spite of the dim light and the fact of her veil being down, I saw that her eyes, unnaturally large and intense in their expression, were fixed upon me. I at all times prefer a carriage to myself, and if a companion I must have, let it be a gentleman, not a lady; but there was there and moreover, she was looking at me "So she may," I said to myself; "that shall not prevent my making myself as comfortable as circumstances will allow." Slowly and deliberately, therefore, I removed my hat, substituting for it a cloth cap, which I drew well down over my ears; then I folded my arms and composed myzelf to sleep. But in vain; the eyes of my fellow-passenger haunted me; I saw them as distinctly as if my own were open. Was she watching me still? Involuntarily looked up and round, and my look met hers, full, burning, intense, with far more meaning in it than I could at all | London?" fathom. It was getting decidedly unplea-ant, and I was growing decidedly uncomfortable; try as I might I could or her husband is a brute," was the not keep my eyes closed; hers were on mental exclamation. me and meet them I must.

In her attidade too, as well as in her look, there was something strange and mysterious. Huddled up in the corner, she seemed to be holding something twice, her eyes still fixed upon mine, I and hidden away beneath the long saw her shiver; but for that slight con- | mourning cape. vulsive movement, she sat perfectly still and motionless.

Was she cold? I offered her my plaid, glad of an opportunity to break in words. When, taking her aside, I the ominous silence. If she would but speak, make some commonplace remark, the spell might be broken. "I am not cold."

the spell was broken. The mystery that lay in her eyes lay also in her

What should I try next? I looked at at a furious rate, no chance of a stoppage | bosom. for some time to come, and the full, wide-open gaze of my motionless comher and her look which I preferred mother's comfort, meeting to shirking, knowing that it was on me all the time.

give up all hope of sleep, and make the best of my position and companion, whom I now observed more closely. That the was a lady there could be but liftle doubt; there was that in her dress lids had drooped together, the small, and appearance that was unmistakable. pale face had drooped downward upon That she was pretty there could be little doubt either; those great dark, intensely dark, eyes, the thick coils of warm, burnished hair, the small, pale said, resolutely, when we found ourfeatures, seen dimly beneath the veil! yes, she was young, pretty, a lady, and at an envelope I had taken from the in trouble. So far I got and no farther. stranger's pocket: How came she to be traveling alone at that time of night and with that look on | Grantley. her face? What could it be that she was holding pressed so closely to her and yet so carefully kept out of sight? From the size and uncertain outline I you would not be so cruel! She seems could have guessed it to be a child; but, then, there was not the faintest motion, nor could she have held a sleeping infant even long in that position. I think that something of curiosity must been betrayed in my look, for her own darkened and deepened into a perfect

agony of doubt and fear. Ashamed, I withdrew my gaze at

was about to make a memorar dum, when, with a sudden forward movement, she fell at my feet, arresting my hand by the agonized grasp of her own, its the agonized grasp of her own agonized grasp of her own, its the agonized grasp of her own, its the agonized grasp of her own agonized grasp painful thrill.

frightened !"

It was but a whisper, breathed out rather than spoken, yet it shuddered through me like a cry.

"I cannot always hide it! I cannot

always bear it about with me; it breaks my heart, and I-am so tired." And letting the band which still held, pressed closely to her, the mysterious burden that had so raised my curiosity,

drop heavily to her side, there lay her feet and mine a little dead baby, a tiny creature evidently not many weeks

Then the woman threw up her veil, and, withdrawing her eyes for the first time from mine clasped her hands before her, her figure thrown slightly back, and looked down upon it. A pretty picture—the poor young mother, with her pale child's face and deep up; you wouldn't be so cruel." mourning dress; the wee baby, gleaming so white in its death and baby-robe against the heavy crape skirt on which it lay, a pretty picture certainly for a railway carriage, and lighted by its dim midnight lamp. "Dead!" was my involuntary excla-

She stretched her clasped hands down toward it with a despairing gesture,

speaking with low, wild, rapid utter-"It was not his look that killed it, but my love. He hated it—my baby, my first-born; for all the love I gave him, he hated it; and that his look might not kill it, I held it in my arms, so close, so close, till it was dead. Oh, my baby, n.y baby."

The outstretched hands had reached it now, and raised it from the floor to the seat, folding it around until the inclosing arms and the down-bent face hid it once more out of sight.

Was ever luckless passenger more awkwardly placed? the dead child; the prostrate woman; the scene, a public railway carriage; the hour, midnight. am of a blunt nature. Mrs. Merton ften scolds me for my blunt, straightforward speeches; but then she has such a pretty way of beating about the bush, which it would be as absurd for me to imitate as it was for the ass to mimic the tricks of his master's lap-dog. I must go straight to the point as soon is ever I see it. I did so now.

" How come you to be traveling alone, and with a dead child? Are you going

The question seemed to rouse her once more to a perfect frenzy of fear. She turned to me as before, clinging to my hand with small hot fingers, and

the old heartbroken cry:
"Don't betray me, don't give me up to him! His look would have killed meet it. She is safe, for I killed her, and she is dead; and he hates me and I

have no home-no home !" I was in a perfect maze of doubt Could the pretty soft young creature at my feet be indeed a murderess? and could it be her husband of whom she eemed in such abject terror? My blood boiled; I felt ready to defend her gainst a dozen husbands. But how?

It was midnight now; we could not be far from London; the guard might be popping his head in at any moment. I jumped to a sudden conclusion. "Were you going to any friend in

" I know nobody in London." "The poor little thing is either mad

"Then you must come home with me to my wife; she will see after you." An upward glance of wild, agonized supplication:

"She won't betray me, or-take baby close pressed to her beneath the long from me?" And once more the wee loose mourning cape, bending low over | dead thing was lifted up into the arms it in a cronching posture. Once or that seemed almost too frail to hold it,

I took her home. Mary received her with a look of amazement that made me smile, but that found no expression told her all I knew, she wrung her

hands in sheer sympathizing pity. "Mordered her own baby-her first born! Oh, how sad, how dreadful!" A commonplace remark enough; but | And involuntarily she glanced toward | more resist the pleading of those handthe door that hid from us our own little ones, safely cradled and asleep. Then she went back to our strange guest, who sat huddled up in my own my watch-11:30; our train speeded on | big easy-chair, the dead baby still at her

"I must get her to bed," said Mary, with a quick, determined nod; and she panion not for one moment removed really did contrive to do so by soft, tenfrom my face. It was unpleasant, der, cooing words, and solemn assur-certainly. If I changed my position, ances of safety for herself and baby, face the window instead of her, she must whom she kissed and cried over, and remove her eyes from my face at last. | considered as she might some living But there was a sort of fascination about object of solicitude, much to the little

"And you won't betray me; and he won't come and take her from me, or There was nothing for it, then, but to hurt us with his angry look? Oh, dear, how nice it is to lie down! I am so tired, and baby is so cold; but I think

I can sleep now a little and-forget.' She was half asleep already; the heavy the little downy head that Ly against

her bosom. "Her husband must be sent for," I selves once more alone; and I glanced at last.

"Mrs. TREMAYNE, Grantle Lodge,

Mary stared at me aghast "Her husband, who hates her, and would have killed her baby! Oh, John, may be sure he is some horrid, wicked tyrant. And if she really killed her tented sigh, her arm stole round his baby—oh, dear, how sad it is. What-neck.

ever will become of her!" "But, my dear, if she has a husband or friends, we must restore her to them. Why, she is little more than a child! now to fear;" and, unnoticed, I left the It's very strange, very, and sad; but the room.

once, and drawing out my note-book, mystery must be cleared and the baby

man who will murder her as soon as he "Don't betray me! Don't give me gets her into his hands. You know, up to him! Oh, don't! I am so John, that husbands are always murder-

ing their wives."
"Middle-aged wives, dear, or elderly, whose lives are heavily insured. I shall

telegraph at once." "Then her death will be at your door, sir-mind that!" And too indignant to waste upon me more words, away went Mary to take a last peep at our own sleeping babes, at the dead baby about which there was so much mystery and the poor young mother whom she had doomed to a violent death.

She was still bending over her, and had called me up to the bedside to notice the extraordinary length of the lashes and the beauty of the face in repose, when we were startled by a knock at the front door.

"It's the husband, I know it is. Oh. Nonsense, child; watch by her till I return. If she awakes say nothing

"Her husband. As if I should." Our household having long since retired, long, indeed, before my return, I myself opened the door.

The street lamp lighted dimly two

figures; one tall, stout and muffled. "Mr. Merton?"
I answered in the affirmative. You have kindly given shelter to a

ady?" The speaker nodded to his companion, who touched his hat and vanished. The other stranger had now entered

the hall, and grasped my hand.
"Mr. Tremayne?" I asked, hesitatingly "Captain Tremayne. How is she?"
"Asleep, under my wife's care; sleepg as peacefully as a child." "Thank God! So young-at such

an hour-in such a state-" I saw a long shudder run through the all, powerful frame.
"And the child?" he added, after

ause, in a horror-stricken whisper. She had it with her?" I hardly knew what to answer; but he had thrown off his heavy ulster and traveling cap, and now stood before

me, as handsome, as pleasant and honestlooking a young fellow as I ever saw, and my heart warmed to him. He was no assassin, or ruffian, or cowardly bully, whatever Mary might say. The hadow of a great horror, that lay in the blue, mellow eyes, had been laid there y terror, not crime.
"The child is dead," I said, softly.

"It died two weeks ago, died sud denly in convulsions in her arms, and the shock turned her brain. She was doing so well, poor little thing; but afterward she grew delirious, and in her ravings she accused herself and me. my baby; it would kill me if I had to I could do nothing; she would not have near her, but beat me off with he bands, as if she could not bear the sight of me. And I was so fond of her and she of ma!" Here the man broke down He walked to the window, then turned and asked, abruptly : "May I go to her?" I thought of Mary and hesitated.

"She is sleeping so peacefully just now; and if she awoke suddenly and saw you-

"She shall not see me," he broke in "I will be so quiet; but ; just see her. I nursed her through ong illness a year ago, and she would mye no one near her but me; and now--' Under the heavy military mustache I saw his lip quiver; he paused, then added: "I must go to her!" not in

command, but in yearning appeal, both in voice and eyes. "Will you wait here a minute? I will see whether she still sleeps." She still slept, the heavy peaceful

sleep of a tired child, Mary keeping a stern watch and guard over her. I beckoned her out of the room. "Well!" with fretful impatient eager-

"You have seen him? What is he like? Is he horrid?"

"Judge for yourself; he is in the dining-room. He says he must see her -he must come in. "That he shan't, the cruel wretch or it will be over my prostrate body!"

"Well, go and tell him so."
"I will!" And away, nothing daunted, went Mary. I smiled. She will no some blue eyes than did her husband. He will win her over with a look." I was right; she soon returned, and not

alone. "He will be very quiet, and she need not see him. I thought it would be better "-all this apologetically.

He crossed the room as noiselessly as silence, then sat down beside it. Mary shaded the lamp so that the room was in twilight, and so we all three sat

For more than an hour we waited. then Mary stole out. Captain Tremayne looked up as the door opened and closed; then, with a quick sigh, laid the brown curly head down upon the pillow as close as possible to that of the poor young wife without touching it, and his hand moved up toward hers, where it lay on the coverlet, but without touching that either, for fear of waking or disturbing her.

there was a slight stir; she was awaking hear about.

"Hugh!" she breathed-dreamily at first, then urgently-"Hugh!"
"Yes, dear."

She turned her face toward his where it lay beside her. She was only partially awake as yet, her eyes were still closed; but the hand on the coverlet crept up you would not be so crue! She seems softly toward him, fluttered over his suggestion Mr. Spoopendyke hunted of which so much is sold is usually unsupply the sure he is some horid, wicked the best of the sold is usually unsupply to him the sold is the brown curls, then, with a long, con-

> "Husband, kiss me!" "His presence has saved her," was my mental comment; "there is nothing

Chilled and cramped with the long sitting after the night's journey, I was not sorry to find the sitting-room bright with lamp and firelight, the kettle sing-ing on the hob, breakfast as comfortably laid out for two as if the hour had been 9 instead of 6, and Mrs. Merton as neat and fresh and trim as if that midnight tragedy had been all a dream. Let cavilists sneer as they may, there is nothing for a man like a wife, if she be a good one. I myself may have had my doubts on the subject—wives are but women after all, and must therefore be

trying at times, even the best of them.

But I certainly had no doubts what-

ever as I stretched out my feet to the blaze, and resigned myself cheerfully to being petted and waited on. "Well?" questioned Mrs. Merton, when my creature comforts had all b en attended to, and not before. I told her how matters stood; she was delighted.
"And so they are fond of each other,
after all? and his being unkind to her and her poor little baby was only a de-lusion. How dreadful!—how delight-ful, I mean! Poor fellow!—so young and handsome and nice! I felt so sorry

for him.' "He must have traveled down in the

same train as she did."
"Oh, no; he told me all about it. He had been summoned up to town on business, and left home yesterday morning. In the evening the nurse left her, as she imagined, asleep, to fetch something from the kitchen."

"Have a gossip there, you mean." "John, solemnly, you don't like nurses; you know you don't."

"My dear, I am a married man, and, moreover, an M. D. A well-balanced mind must hate somebody or some class of bodies, and, as a rule, medical men hate nurses."

"Nonsense, John! Well, Mrs. Tre-mayne got away from the nurse, went downstairs, and being traced to the station, where she had taken a ticket to London, Captain Tremayne was telegraphed to, and was stopped as he got into the train on his way home. Some one must have seen you leave the

"As he came to look for her here somebody must have brought him; two came to the door."

"It will be all right now that he has found her and is fond of her; she will get quite well, and he will only have to nfort her for the loss of her poor little baby."

I wipe my pen, blot the MSS, and My story is done, and as it is the it will probably be the last of

which I shall be guilty. Mrs. Merton looks up from the glove she is mending. "The story done! Why, all you have written is only the beginning of the end. You could not curely have the heart to break off in that unsatisfactory manner. Not a word about Captain Tremayne's gratitude, or the hamper they sent us at Christmas, or the birth of their little son last year, and the pretty way in which she coaxed you to be godfather, though her uncle, duke, was only waiting to be asked; r how she insisted upon our bringing aby and Johnny and Freddy, and how

But I seized my hat and gloves, Mary s, as I have said, the best of wives, if ust a little trying at times, and her aby the most wonderful of all created bables-but I have an appointment at twelve! — Tinsley's Magazine.

How to Fish. "What's the matter with my stick? Let go, you nesty thing! Here's another one! Quick!"

· Pull him in, can't ye? You've got bite. Haul up!" cried Mr. Spoopenlyke, trying to untangle himself from is line and help his wife. "Lift him out of the water!"

"He won't let me," squeaked Mrs. Spoopendyke, holding both arms out at full lengt' .. " Take him off! Scat! Go 'way, you monster!"

"Lift your pole straight up in the air!" shouted Mr. Speopendyke. "Hoist the dod gasted thing right up!" Mrs. Spoopendyke exerted herself and

disclosed an eel, dangling.
"It's a rattlesnake!" she yelled. Don't go near him! Fire! fire! murder! police! police-e-e!

"Hold your yawp, will ye? bawled r. Spoopendyke. "Get him over the Mr. Spoopendyke. so I can catch him! What yer holding him out there for! Waiting for him to dry? Stick that pole straight up in the air, I tell ye!"

Mrs. Spookendyke threw the pole over her shoulder and flopped the ee into Mr. Spoopendyke's countenance. "Dod gast the measely eel!" he howled as he spit it out. "Stop waving that slam basted lightning rod like a flag, will ye? Hold it still, I say!

Think you're a tree?" "Don't touch him! Throw him overboard! He'll sting you to death!" gurwoman, stooped over the bed in gled Mrs. Spoopendyke, and, forgetting that the pole still exercised an influence over the cel, she gave it a jerk and it slipped through Mr. Spoopendyke's fin-That gentleman made a spring

for it, and swashed into the water. "Heu! blab! baa! waggle, gin, hic, ga, gaggle!" sputtered Mr. Spoopendyke, as some lightermen fished him out. "Did you catch cold, dear?" inquired

Mrs. Spoopendyke, with solicitude, as they made their way home. "If I did I landed it," growled Mr. Spoopendyke, blowing mud like the ex-

haust of a tug. "Anyway, I caught an eel, didn't I?" It was not until the first gray streaks of daylight were struggling in through the window beside which I sat, and there was a slight stir; she was a salight stir; she was a s

> Spoopendyke. "You're a fish woman, All you want now is glass sides and some bubbles running through you to be an aquarium! Another time we both go fishing you stay home! You hear?" And with this novel mathematical

sweat.-Brooklyn Lagle. If the English language was divided into 100 parts sixty would be Saxon, thirty would be Latin (including, of the Latin that has come to us so stiff that it is unwieldy; hence it is

FOR THE LADIES.

Hair-Dressing. Both low and high coiffures are worn. with a preference for the former, but the style depends entirely on the wearer. With long faces the hair is dressed low behind and very broadly, reaching from ear to ear, so that it may be seen from the front. With a broad face and short neck, and also for a very short person, the hair is drawn to the top or rown of the head, and massed there

The stylish low coiffure is made of two small switches twisted together in a sort of coil, having a narrow curve at the top, and being broad below, with a curve reaching close behind each ear; this gives the effect of many small soft puffs, and is completed by placing a short, very thick curl on each side quite near the ear. This is meant for full dress, and looks well with the front hair arranged in the fluffy English way that is again in fashion; instead of rings or curls or waves, the short hair above the forehead is picked apart, and almost each separate hair allowed to stand outward, and this fluffiness is confined, though not flattened, by an invisible net. newest false fronts provided to save a lady's own hair are now prepared in this fluffy style, with some long hair attached to pass over the back of the head into the back hair in the most natnral way. Ladies who have a good suit of hair, and do not use switches, tie their back hair about the middle of the back of the head, and make a figure toward each ear. For morning and plain occasions the hair is twisted else the plait of three tresses is passed back and forth between the ears quite down on the nape of the neck, and the ural-looking waves. The water waves close to the face are abandoned, and ladies who want to wear the hair parted

into a very flat coil close against the head, and this is placed very low; or front hair is simply waved in loose, natin the middle put it up on pins at night to make loose waves. If perspiration takes out these waves they provide two or three little pieces of natural curly hair made up on foundation, and thrust these under their own front hair on the forehead; the wearer's own hair may ome out of crimps by moisture, but the additional locks will not, if made of hair that waves naturally. For high ciffures two soft, loose-looking coils ire twisted across the top of the head, and the front hair is arranged in the fluffy way already described. fluffiness does not suit all faces, and is apt to suggest at once Du Maurier's caricatures of English æsthetes; and many ladies retain the becoming Mon-

tague curves and waved bangs, although the most fashionable hair-dressers say there shall be no rings, no curls, no locks upon the forehead. The elaborate coiffures reported from Paris are not yet adopted here, and the most fashionable women wear the simplest styles, appearing at ceremonious entertainents with merely a small low coil and fluffy front hair, with the sole ornament a low comb that has a riviere of diamonds for its heading. have lost their front hair conceal baldless by one of the excellent front pieces that are now made on self-adjustable foundations, held in place by a spring, that can be put on without hairpins, and are easily kept in place; these are made up with hair that waves naturally, some of which falls forward from a cross parting, and the remainder goes back on the Phose who have so little back hair that

they cannot wear a switch, or are not successful in arranging the hair stylish, buy the self-adjustable chignon, formed of curls or braids, and also held in place by a spring, or else the multiform which serves for both front or back hair, and may be arranged in the simplest or most elaborate manner, and which is very light, weighing only three ounces. Ladies with gray hair wear loose waves in frent, with twisted coils or low braids behind, or else they retain the Pompadour roll so becoming above a low, broad Greek forehead. All dyes are happily out of use for old and young alike, and though young people have a preference for tawny and reddish gold hair, the of the present day, and contends that it still better fashion for being natural prevails in hair as in many other things. from ear to ear, as they have been, but are | London. He estimates that over twelve of life, our recreation? If there is one morely across the forehead, and any side bangs not yet grown out are brushed is combed straight back, and tied by a ribbon that passes around the head. a horse which is now worn out at twelve

it makes bald spots back of the ears or

on top of the head. It is then allowed

hang behind. Further hints about hair .- Hair spiration; hence, in selecting false hair, The hair on the temples and forehead is lighter than that further back, and tional hair than that chosen for a switch. Brushing is the best stimulant for the hair and should be done twice a day; fifty strokes in the morning, and again in the evening, passing the hand over the hair occasionally between strokes, is commended by ladies who have retained handsome hair beyond middle age. The ends of the hair should be clipped once a month to keep it thick and even. To do this thoroughly, the hair should be taken up in tresses, and a comb drawn through each tress, beginning at the roots, and doubling the Paris estimated that three "Oh! you caught it!" ripped Mr. hair around the comb, so that in passing the short ends will be seen, and can be clipped. To prevent the hair falling out after an illness, six inches should be cut off, and after this for three or four months half an inch should be cut off each month. The cheap hair wholesome stuff; it is not always real clean, easily mats and snarls, and is so brittle that it does not wear well, or elso

switch between the fingers, and if good it will fall away out of the hand en-tirely; but if of inferior quality, it will snarl and mat together. A microscope may also be used to show if the ends of the hair are turned the wrong way .-

> Fashion's Fancies. Bustles increases in size.

Overdresses are shirred from belt to

The pointed shoe is again returning to favor.

Small Roman pearls are braided in the hair with fine effect. Children's dresses are again cut with low necks and short sleeves

Dresses of tinted mull, over princesse lips of pale pink, light blue, or creamwhite batiste are stylish and becoming. Jersey bodices of ciel blue, rose color r mauve-tinted silk stockings are worn with white surah skirts trimmed with

tinted Spanish lace, corresponding with the color of the Jersey. The small, old-fashioned shawls of white china crape embroidered with

are again in vogue. Evening dresses for young ladies are I India muslin or gauze, elaborately rimmed with lace, and garnished with loops and knots of ribbon or clusters of

charming flowers.

A charming little baby frock is made of pale blue surah, low-necked and trimmed with a shirred plastron edged with a little sait and water. Where with Valencies we which is not would be sured by the sait and water. with Valenciennes lace, which is set up he entire front of the dress. A broad sash edged on the ends with lace is carried around the waist and knotted

loosely at one side. Ombre weddings are actually in order; that is, the bride wears, of course, the whitest of roses; and then, out of six bridemaids, the smallest or the youngest wears pale pink rosebuds, and the tallest or the eldest wears the deepest crimson roses, while the four intermediates shade upward. This novel effect is repeated in flowers of

other color and form. Care of the Ear. People who are inclined to deafness should live apart from the loud noises of railroads, factories, iron mills, etc. They should avoid with great care exposure to cold and damp, and especially should not wear thin shoes in walking the hand, even in sport; sudden deafness results sometimes from boxing the ears, as well as the rupture of the tympanum. Often the sudden jar or shock with the concussion of air on the ear drives in the stapes or inner bone, destroying its function and diminishing the sensibility of the nerves. A snow-ball thrown with force on the ear, or an accidential blow with a ball or bat, may casily cause deafness. As a cold increases deafness, it should be avoided if exertion. Pity those who must exert possible. Delicate persons should avoid draughts on the ears, sitting in wet dothes, sudden changes from the eated atmosphere of crowded rooms to old winds, and other similar exposures Tobacco smoke is injurious to sensitive nerves and sometimes induces a peculiar liseased condition of the custachian tube. Smoking in the open air should be especially avoided by persons whose hearing is impaired, as it injuries the throat, and the opening between the throat and ear. No instruments should be introduced into the ear, as you. the delicate lining membrane is apt to become irritated.

Is Horseshoving Useless? A recent issue of Frazer's Magazina contains an article by Sir George W. Cox, in which he estimates that the 000, which might be saved if the horses authorities from Xenophon, who marche Trebizond, down to the "free lanciers is safer, cheaper and better to let the | willfully neglecting it. horses go unshed over the hardest roads. Bangs for children's hair are not now cut and especially in the slippery streets in and, as yet, so little understood phase million dollars would be saved in the thing more than another to be encoufarriers' bills alone; and he calculates up, and put in with the back hair, which | further that the working life of a horse would be trebled by the change, so that Tying the hair in a bunch behind or on | years would live to twenty-six. The top of the head has been abandoned, as figures seem somewhat startling and have hardly been sufficiently proved to be trustworthy. Meanwhile, it is said to value natural aspirations. to hang, flowing straight without that a medical man in Waterbury, Conn., crimps If it is inclined to curl, it is has not put shoes on his horses for two

out in about five loose soft curls that years, driving them winter, summer, ing and autumn with bare feet without any trouble. The doctor's theory wears lighter, and is changed by per- is that nature has provided for the horse; that a horse can travel over all it should be dark enough to begin with. kinds of roads; that the hoof will be moist, and that the frog coming to the ground keeps the hoof properly spread, to be well-matched requires lighter addi- and free from founder and other dis-

To Prevent Diphtheria. To prevent diphtheria and finally exterminate it, every man, woman and child throughout our land and the world should be brought to obey the laws of life and health. Parents should regularly feed, properly clothe and duly restrain all children, before they come to the years of understanding and accountability. This alone would do much. A late prominent physician of children had died in that city, during the thirty years of his practice there, from short sleeves, short pants, and other kindred imprudence in the dressing of children. And I am really convinced that as large a portion is eacrificed, in towns at least, in this country, from the same cause-all for a wicked fashion. And from careful observation, hair, and if genuine, is not taken from in this country and abroad, I am confident that at least as many more are the heads of living persons; finally, it dent that at least as many more are does not prove to be cheap, for it is unlarity in taking it, together with poisonous candies, and other unwholesome and indigestible trash, that no child or other person should est .- Dr. Edwin through the French), and five parts not cheap at any price. To test the other person should est.—I would be Greek.

| To test the other person should est.—I quality of the hair, rub the ends of the R. Maxson, in the Sanitarian,

HOW TO LIVE IN SUMMER.

me Judicious Advice from an Authority It is as yet a point of dispute whether cotton stuffs are the best wear, many approving of light woolens. For women, nothing is sweeter in summer than a linen dress; it is a pity we do not pattern and the control of the contro rouize linens more for adults; for children, cottons; for workingmen, worsteds. The heavy suits of men are weighing them down in summer, and clothes of serge are far preferable to those of thick works cloth. those of thick woolen cloth. Verythin silk is a cool wear. The heavily laden skirts of women impede the free action of movement much, and should be sim-

plified as much as possible for summer. so also the headgear. Infants, if at all delicate, should not be allowed to go with bare feet; it often produces diarrhee, and they should always wear a dannel band round the stomach. Another important matter is the changing of night and day linen among the poerer classes. It is terrible to think that a workingman should lie down in the shirt in which he has per-spired all day at his hot work. Let men accustom themselves to good washes heavy silk floss in each corner, and every evening before they sit down to edged with white nettled silk fringe, their meals, and to changes at night, that they may take up a dry shirt when going to their hard day's work.

Frequent changes of linen is abso-Intely necessary—anyhow, a night and day change. This change alone would tenements are very close wet sheets placed against walls will aid to revivify the air and absorb be 1 vapor in rooms. All children's hair should be cut short; boys' hair may be cropped, and girls' hair so arranged by nets or plaits that air passes freely round the neck.

Light head coverings are essential in summer, for the head must be kept cool. The most serviceable dress is that which allows air to pass freely around your limbs and stops neither the evaporation of the body nor the circulation of the refreshing atmosphere. In summer you must breathe freely and lightly; you cannot do so with your stomach full of undigested food, your blood full of overheated alcohol, your lungs full of vitjated air, your smell disgusted with nauseous scents, your system unable to carry out the natural process of digestion. All the sanitary arrangements in the world will do no good if we eat and drink in such a on damp ground or saturated brick good if we cat and drink in such a pavements. Children ought never to fashion that we are constantly putting be struck on the car with the palm of on fuel where it is not needed, and stuffing up our bodily draught, as we would that of a heating appliance. Our ig-norance and our bad habits spoil the

summer, that delightful season of the year—nothing else. Activity, rest and recreation are weighty matters in influencing our health in summer. We are not so well inclined for activity, and yet nothing themselves to the utmost in this horrid weather, and feel gratified if you need

only moderately use your strength. Activity keeps the system going, the blood in healthy circulation, the divestive process free from costiveness, the skin open for evaporation, and prevents all clogging of the machine. If not forced to work in some way or other be active anyhow; occupy your mind and exercise your limbs. Stagnation will bring about lethargy and altow the atmosphere a greater influence upon

On the other hand, full rest is as necessary. The exhausted frame wants more recuperation, the brain less strain, the system more gentle treatment. Things look often darker in hot weather; heat weighs upon the upper portion of the head, communicating it English custom of horseshoeing costs self to the perceptive powers, and in-the nation annually as much as \$45,000,- fluences the senses. We see pictures before us, and fancy we have were allowed to go unshed. He quotes | power to combat difficulties. It is said that more suicides are committed in his horses unshed from Cunaxa over the hot than cold weather. A healthy Armenia Highlands to the walls of sleep in this hot season is worth a great deal to us; try to court it, and never play with your life and health by

And what shall we say of that precious, raged in summer, it is reasonable recre ation; that exercise between body and mind which brings about barmony between both; that periodical abstaining from incessant labor which renders us fresher for it; that intercourse with beautiful Mother Earth which leads us

Never pass a day in summer without some calm half-hour for quiet and enjoyment; life has only so many years, and during their space we should live, not vegetate. The time will come when sanitary measures and means for enjoying a higher phase of life will be thought

of more than laying up things that rust. We cannot here enter upon the meaning of recreation in a wider sense; but it is not recreation to rush out of town and stop at some place to drink beer and smoke all the time; it is not recreation to push on in crowds for excitement out of doors; it is not recreation to overheat yourself and feel more fatigued the day after than the day before. For recreation you want leisure, moderate movement, happy thoughts, kindly company, some pleasant talk, cheerful music, refreshing food and drink, and, above all, a thankful heart that you are able to enjoy these; then no one could say that such recreation would be against the highest religious rules of living. Food, drink, dwelling, clothing, activity, rest and recreation, all are modified by the social circumstances under which we are living-Food and Health.

M. J. B. Humbry of New Hope, Va., a graduate of the Staunton institute for the blind, was born blind, but has been given sight by a successful operation performed by a Baltimore surgeon. The Baltimore Gazette says he can now read small type by sight, while formerly he could read only by passing his fingers over raised letters. His delight upon seeing his aged mother for the first time was naturally very great.