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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1888.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL XXII, NO 44
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL LII, NO 31

MESSRS. PROCTER & GAMBLE, CINCINNATI, O.

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There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL.

A SAD CITY WITH A STRANGE LACK OF LIFE.

First Impressions of St. Petersburg—Its Unhealthy Position—Coarseness of the Lower Classes—The Droska and Its Reverent Driver—At Church.

The first impression of the traveler on approaching St. Petersburg is of wonder at its size and its position. On every side stretches of what is apparently a low, flat marsh, covered with innumerable buildings; the strangest place for a city ever chosen by the obstinate will of man, seeking to dispense with all natural advantages. Peter the Great chose it, it is said, as being "a window looking out upon Europe," but surely a site might have been found with an equal outlook and a less desolate and fatal position. Unlike Stockholm, which is likewise surrounded by water, but which sits on her rocky thrones like a queen above the dangerous element, St. Petersburg lies helplessly at its mercy. In autumn, when the Neva is rough and stormy, and in spring, when the ice is breaking up, the danger is greatest. The waves rise to the level of the streets, the numerous canals overflow; guns from the fortress are constantly fired to warn the people of their peril, while the inhabitants seek the upper stories of their houses and the police prepare boats for rescue. Another consequence of this marshy situation is its unhealthiness. The sewage is not properly carried off, the water is undrinkable, and dysentery and similar diseases prevail whenever the friendly frost is not present to turn everything to ice. Peter the Great did not build his capital in ignorance of what he was doing. He laid its foundation upon human lives. For many years 40,000 men were annually drafted from all portions of his empire to work in this poisonous marsh. Every cart and vessel entering the port was obliged to bring a certain number of stones to pave its streets, and hundreds of thousands of wooden piles were buried in its depths. Soil was also brought in in great quantities to raise the level of the place, and massive granite quays built along the rapid river; but nothing has availed to prevent disastrous inundations, seven or eight of which are particularly mentioned since the foundations were laid in 1703. At one time the river rose thirteen feet.

But it is not only the want of elevation and of picturesqueness that is depressing to the visitor; it is no less the wide desolation of the vast open spaces of the city. From the busy moving multitudes and crowded quays of Stockholm we have come to quiet and deserted squares, endless rows of immense buildings, monotonous grandeur and regularity. It is evident that there are not enough people to fill its streets, and it is a positive relief to enter the few thoroughfares where business and life is centered, such as the Nevsky Prospect. Of course, in winter, when the court is here and the richest citizens come in from their summer homes in Finland and the islands, when the sleighing is lively and all the gayeties of the season in vogue, St. Petersburg would show to much greater advantage.

We had been told that the contrasts of luxury and poverty on the streets would be most painful, and we expected to meet beggary on every hand, but such has not proved to be the case. There are always beggars at the church doors, but seldom elsewhere, and poverty is by no means so obvious and distressing as in many cities. It is not the poverty, but the coarseness, almost brutality, in the lower classes that impresses you most vividly. The men that you meet in their sordid rags or their undressed sheepskins seem not to need nor desire any better raiment. It is suitable to them. Wild of face, with long, tangled hair, and inexpressibly dirty, often half drunk, but never scringing, you shrink from rather than pity them. The pictures drawn by Tolstoi are seen to be fearfully realistic. The women are less forbidding, but with little intelligence or good humor. Actually I have never seen a smile nor heard a laugh in the streets since we have been here. Nobody understands or wishes to understand you; the poor are sullen, the well-to-do careless or insolent. And then there is so much that is strange and utterly foreign. For some, to us, unexplained reason the days of the month are changed. You thought it was the 20th of August—you find it is the 8th. The Russian alphabet is very different from ours, and the names of the streets and the signs over the shops might as well be written in Runic. As very few of the natives, however, are better off than yourself in this respect, the shopkeepers do not trust to the alphabet for setting forth their wares.

I have complained of the want of life in the streets. I must make an exception in favor of the droskas. These little carriages fly about in every direction, for everybody rides. You look down one of the long quays perhaps and see no walkers, no loungers, but you are sure to see droskas. They are small, low vehicles, each holding two passengers, with a driver on a high seat in front clad in a long blue blouse, with a leather girdle and a peculiar cap on his head. The horses, with their huge arched collars, are active and gentle and apparently well treated, and if you know enough Russian to make a bargain, you will find this method of transit a cheap and convenient one. It is certainly convenient; you have only to raise your hand and droskas sweep down upon you like vultures on their prey, sometimes jostling each other in their endeavor to reach you the first; but as none of the drivers know a word of anything but Russian, you may not find it very easy to make them comprehend where you want to go. This difficulty overcome, however, you will soon be spinning at a rapid rate over the badly paved streets. You will probably soon notice the driver snatch off his cap, wave it in the air, and, replacing it, make a hasty sign of the cross by touching the forehead, breast and each shoulder in succession. This is when a church is passed, and such recognition of the sacred edifices and shrines is common among both walkers and riders.

There is no nation probably so devoted to religious forms as the Russian—certainly none which believes so implicitly in the value of signs and genuflexions. It is strange enough to watch the crowd which fills the church during service time. There are never any seats; all, rich and poor, stand together; but in place of standing quietly, or, at most, kneeling occasionally, like the congregation in a Catholic church, the whole body of worshipers in a Greek church are in motion; bowing, prostrating themselves, waving the arms up and down, continually making the sign of the cross described above, they resemble a garden tossed by a great wind.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

There Was a Little Boy.

Tommy is fond of sugar and asks his mother for some to eat with his bread and butter. She refuses. He appears resigned, but adds gravely: "You know, mamma, what happened round the corner. There was a little boy, and his mother would not give him any sugar on his bread and butter, and—and—and next day he fell into the well."—Chicago Journal.

The Frenchman's Compliment.

A Frenchman of this city having received the photograph of a lady asked a friend what was customary under the circumstances. "Compliment it," replied the friend. "Tell her its beauty is very rare." "I beg to make zee acknowledgmong, madam," he said to her at their next meeting; "Zee beauty of madam is vair scarce."—Binghamton Republican.

Where He Got It.

Magistrate—You say your name is Napoleon Bonaparte Pancko? Witness—Yes, sah. Magistrate—Where did you get that name? Witness—I wuz named arter my poo' ole fadder. His name was de same as mine. Napoleon Bonsparte, I 'spect, sah, am a family name.—Utica Observer.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

The Story Told of Two Canadian Trappers. A Narrow Escape.

Once or twice he showed a curious reluctance about allowing a man to approach him suddenly from behind. Altogether his actions were so odd that I felt some curiosity to learn his history. It turned out that he had been through a rather uncanny experience the winter before. He and another man had gone into a remote basin, or inclosed valley, in the heart of the mountains, where game was very plentiful; indeed, it was so abundant that they decided to pass the winter there. Accordingly they put up a log cabin, working hard, and merely killing enough meat for their immediate use. Just as it was finished winter set in with tremendous snow storms. Going out to hunt, in the first lull, they found, to their consternation, that every head of game had left the valley. Not an animal was to be found therein; they had abandoned it for their winter haunts. The outlook for the two adventurers was appalling. They were afraid of trying to break out through the deep snow drifts, and starvation stared them in the face if they staid. The man that I met had his dog with him. They put themselves on very short commons, so as to use up their flour as slowly as possible, and hunted unweariedly, but saw nothing.

Soon a violent quarrel broke out between them. The other man, a fierce, sullen fellow, insisted that the dog should be killed, but the owner was exceedingly attached to it, and refused. For a couple of weeks they spoke no words to each other, though cooped in the little narrow pen of logs. Then one night the owner of the dog was wakened by the animal crying out; the other man had tried to kill it with his knife, but failed. The provisions were now almost exhausted, and the two men were glaring at each other with the rage of maddened, raving hunger. Neither dared to sleep, for fear that the other would kill him. Then the one who owned the dog at last spoke, and proposed that, to give each a chance for his life, they should separate. He would take half of the handful of flour that was left and start off to try to get home; the other should stay where he was, and if he tried to follow the first he was warned that he would be shot without mercy. A like fate was to be the portion of the wanderer if driven to return to the hut. The arrangement was agreed to and the two men separated, neither daring to turn his back while they were within rifle shot of each other.

For two days the one who went off toiled on with weary weakness through the snow drifts. Late on the second afternoon, as he looked back from a high ridge, he saw in the far distance a black speck against the snow, coming along on his trail. His companion was dogging his footsteps. Immediately he followed his own trail back a little and laid in ambush. At dusk his companion came stealthily up, rifle in hand, peering cautiously ahead, his drawn face showing the starved, eager ferocity of the wild beast, and the man he was hunting shot him down exactly as if he had been one. Leaving the body where it fell, the wanderer continued his journey, the dog staggering painfully behind him. The next evening he baked his last cake and divided it with the dog. In the morning, with his belt drawn still tighter round his skeleton body, he once more set out, with apparently only a few hours of dull misery between him and death. At noon he crossed the track of a huge timber wolf; instantly the dog gave tongue, and, rallying its strength, ran along the trail. The man struggled after

At last his strength gave out and he sat down to die, but while sitting still, slowly stiffening with the cold, he heard the dog baying in the woods. Shaking off his mortal numbness, he crawled towards the sound, and found the wolf over the body of a deer he had just killed, and keeping the dog from it. At the approach of the new assailant the wolf sullenly drew off, and the man and dog tore the raw deer flesh with hideous eagerness. It made them very sick for the next twenty-four hours; but, lying by the carcass for two or three days, they recovered strength.—Theodore Roosevelt in The Century.

Should Recognize the Adornments.

I hope people will not become perfect. I hope there will always be weaknesses for us to smile at and sorrows for us to sympathize over. Weaknesses are the humor, the "badinage" of the Creator, and a perfect man is often a rather dull sermon. Now, madam, you are 50 years old, you have daughters who are mothers and sons who are fathers, and yet you take your little peep in the glass and fix your curls as you used to do thirty years ago, as you will do, I sincerely hope, thirty years from now. It is pretty, it is agreeable, is human and a compliment to the Creator that you should recognize the adornments he has placed within your reach.

You, sir, you ought to be taken home and fixed up. You are 50 years old, and your shirt front is all spotted, your waistcoat is not buttoned, your necktie is away round at the back of your head and your coat is covered with dust. Go home and put on a clean shirt and go down to the tailor's and order a suit of clothes that will fit you, and get your beard trimmed and look like a thing of taste if you can't be a thing of beauty. I think many men associate independence with dirt and think they would be losing some of their manliness if they wore decent clothes. But I don't want to reform those people. Well, I might wear better clothes myself, but that tailors have to pay rent and other little expenses.—San Francisco Chronicle "Undertones."

In the Exposition Gallery.

Said an old time resident of Chicago not long ago: "I have attended the exposition year after year since the first opening. During the first two or three years I used to go regularly and make one lap around the gallery, but until the other day I had not set foot in the exposition gallery for many moons. After this I shall never miss the trip, as it is well worth a visit. It is the territory of the gentedl fakir. In a brief walk of half an hour I had my catarrh completely cured five different times, and nearly choked myself on a piece of 'dog bread,' thinking it a sample of a new water cracker instead of a patent food for animals. I rested my weary arms by trying my son and heir on six different baby jumpers, and then I had my clothes soiled by three patent flour sifters. I had sixteen campaign badges offered to me at disgustingly low prices, and was weighed four times, losing about a pound each time. Seven times did I drop in a nickel to 'see it work,' and when I went down stairs I had my overcoat pockets chock full of samples of yeast cakes, baking powder, hair oil and liver pills. The man who visits the exposition and misses the gallery loses half his life."—Chicago Herald.

How Old She Was.

Old Friend (to old maid)—Didn't I understand you to say you were 28 years old?

Old Maid (indignantly)—No, sir; you did not. I never said it.

Old Friend—Never!

Old Maid—No, sir; never?

Old Friend (persistently disagreeable)—Think a moment. Don't you remember one morning, just fifteen years ago, you told it to me in a moment of confidence?—Washington Critic.

With Their Shoes On.

Five Kansas young ladies were recently caught in the middle of a long railroad bridge by a passenger train and forced to jump twenty feet into the water to save themselves. It would also be correct to state that it was a jump of ten feet.

Nature Is Kind.

People who eat garlic and smoke cigarettes, it is said, will never be attacked by yellow fever. Nature doesn't believe in piling on the agony.

Nobody has invented a contrivance whereby a man at the theatre can drop a cent in the slot and get a clove.

Cases of Homicidal Insanity.

"Have you had much experience with this form of insanity, doctor?"

"Many and many a case. I remember once being visited by a gardener. He told me that his niece kept house for him, and that as he had raised her he was very fond of her. One day he was filled with an impulse to drive a pitchfork through her neck. He was talking to her at the time and had the pitchfork in his hand. By a tremendous effort he refrained. Several times afterwards he felt the same desire coming over him, and each time it grew stronger, and at last he made a figure, with the neck and bust of straw. Whenever the desire to stick his niece in the neck with the pitchfork came over him he would rush out and stab the figure. I got him into an asylum and he was eventually cured.

"I remember another case where a man in Arkansas wrote me saying that one day while he was digging in the garden his little child came running out to play. As soon as he saw her a sudden desire to kill her with the spade came over him. He said the feeling was so strong that he had to tell the child to leave the garden. Afterwards he declared that he feared he would kill his family. I wrote him to go to an asylum immediately, because if he did not the mania would grow and he would certainly kill some one, in which event he would be morally as guilty as if he had planned the murder in his sober senses.

"The case of De Mallard, the Frenchman, is a noted one, and from the fact that the victims were all women it is peculiarly interesting. He used to advertise for servant girls. When they came he would lead them off to some secluded spot and murder them. There was no other object than a mad thirst for human blood. He is known to have murdered six women in this way, and is supposed to have killed many more whose bodies were never discovered. He was executed. The books are full of such cases, and they are not confined to men, either. Women have figured quite as prominently. One French-woman, between 1838 and 1857, murdered over twenty people. She used poison in every instance, and her victims included relatives, neighbors, physicians and nuns. She attended a number of her victims while they were on their deathbeds and gave every evidence of being deeply affected. Perhaps she was. Of course she had no object except an insane desire to see people die.

"This mania is but one of a number, all of which are of the same general family. In some cases it is kleptomania, in others a mania for suicide, in others for murder, and so on."—Dr. William A. Hammond in New York World.

Paris Leads No Longer.

London, not Paris, now leads in matters of fashion both for men and women. When the Empress Eugenie left Paris and the republic took the place of the empire, the reign of the French as leaders of fashion ended. Mrs. Leslie is of this opinion, and her opinion is entitled to respect. She is a woman of fashion herself, although deeply immersed in business affairs, and is a close and keen observer. Moreover, she visits the European capitals annually, and thus has peculiar opportunity to form an opinion. She says: "The reign of Paris as fashion queen is over, and in my opinion will never return. Why? Because London and New York have obtained a supremacy which they will never relinquish. Finer dresses are made for court wear in London than anything now called for in Paris. For street wear who can equal an English ladies' tailor? And for gay attire, where harmony of colors is made a feature, American dressmakers and milliners take the lead of all others. Some charming bonnets, greatly admired in aristocratic London drawing rooms last spring, were made in Washington."

As to the "dowdy" appearance of Englishwomen in the public streets which some hypercritical writers have noticed, Mrs. Leslie explains: "It is deemed bad taste, immodest even, to display rich costumes to the common eye in public. Only to their peers in society do English high born ladies reveal the wealth and magnificence of their wardrobe. On a visit to a friend's house they appear each evening in a different toilet with jewels to match, and, favored by exceptional physiques that lend majesty to costliest costumes, and with a bloom and vigor far past the turning point in other women, our English aristocratic lady cousins are by no means second to the French."—Home Journal.

Dudes Among the Crows.

In personal appearance the Crow Indian men are fine looking—tall and well formed. The women are small and inferior in appearance, and are not as virtuous as other plains Indians. Their vocal language is coarse and harsh, and does not seem to have a rich vocabulary. They are poor in tradition. The men cut the hair squarely off round the forehead, leaving this bang from four to six inches in length, which, when in full dress, is made to stand upright by dressing it with clay, which is sometimes made more adhesive by admixture with a sticky substance obtained by boiling gummy weeds and bushes. The side hair is at times braided and the hair on the back of the head separated into several "strips," which are held in place by glue placed at regular intervals. To give them the appearance of very long hair, of which they are extremely proud, that which has been cut off in mourning, or that taken from their ponies' tails and manes, is glued on to lengthen it out. They do not pull out eyebrows or lashes. In dress the men wear the hooded coat made of blanket. At the shoulder, wrist of the coat and down the leggings a coarse fringe is fastened. The women wear short skirts made of raw material, and care little for colored ribbons or trinkets.—Fort Keogh (M. T.) Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Was Perfectly Satisfied.

The officer at the Third Street depot found two men jawing, and after sending one away said to the other:

"You are very foolish to get up a wrangle here."

"But he threatened to hit me on the snout!" protested the stranger.

"Yes, but what do you care?"

"I don't care about his threat, but it was his language. I protest against the term 'snout!'"

"He meant nose, I presume."

"I presume so, but why didn't he say so? That's what I was asking him, and that's what I want to know. He could have just as well told me in a quiet, genteel way that he would hit me in the nose, and he might even have hit me."

"Well, you'd better let him alone."

He didn't, though. He slipped away and renewed the controversy, and ten minutes later he came back with his nose knocked into the middle of last week and one eye closing.

"I told you," said the officer. "Are you satisfied now?"

"I am, sir. It's snout, and a mighty bad one!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Commodore's Chief Concern.

Commodore Vanderbilt was driving one day in Harlem lane, and as usual took the road, turning out for nobody. A very fast team came behind him, and the driver called on him to give room. Vanderbilt urged his horses forward and went straight on, believing he could not be passed. The other wagon dashed by, taking him on the wheel and throwing him out on his head. He was picked up insensible. It was feared at first that his neck might be broken. But he recovered in a few minutes and inquired of the anxious bystanders: "Did any of you boys notice whether that 'ere hoss was trotfin' or runnin'?" His chief concern was to know if the horse that had gone by him had kept his gait.—Paul R. Cleveland in Cosmopolitan.

Not the Case Now.

Mrs. Suburb (reading)—"The really efficient laborer," says Thoreau, "will be found not to unduly crowd his day with work, but will saunter to his task surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure."

Mr. Suburb—Humph! Thoreau never lived where he had to catch trains.—Philadelphia Record.

IMAGINARY DISEASE.

ILLS INTENSIFIED AND MORBID FANCIES HARD TO CURE.

Sufferings of the Confirmed Hypochondriac—Cancer and Heart Disease in the Mind—A Case in a New York Hospital. Cured in Fifteen Minutes.

The writer called on a number of prominent physicians and asked them if, among their patients, they had many who imagined they had diseases which they did not have. Some very interesting information was obtained. The doctors said it was found to be a very common trouble, and that the chief diseases these people imagine they have are cancer, heart disease and Bright's disease. In the language of the profession, the complaint is known as hypochondriasis.

It was found that the disease is often epidemic. At the time of Gen. Grant's sickness and death from cancer of the throat, and during the illness of the late Kaiser Friedrich, hundreds of people with nothing serious at all the matter with them called upon Dr. Shrady, who attended Gen. Grant, and told him they had cancer of the throat coming on and wished to be treated for it.

One celebrated physician, who made a special study of the disease, said that it was worthy of note that in all these cases the patient reasons correctly—that is, he draws just inferences from the error. Thus the Prince of Bourbon, when he supposed himself to be a plant, reasoned justly when he insisted upon being watered with the rest of the plants every day. In like manner, the hypochondriac who supposes himself to be dead reasons with the same correctness when he stretches his body and limbs on the bed or a board and assumes the stillness and silence of a dead man.

The following is from the records of one of the New York hospital's house surgeons:

"It was on July 6 that a man of small stature, who was found afterwards to be a shoemaker by trade, who was apparently about 40 years of age, escaped from his home and was running at large in the streets of the city, lacerating his flesh and beating his head against the sides of houses. A number of citizens managed to capture him, and they brought him to the hospital, followed by a big crowd. With his arms tied behind him, and in the greatest agony, his face bruised and swollen, his lips torn to pieces and streaming with blood, he was ushered into the hospital by those who had him in charge. I met them at the door and inquired into the case. The man was eager to tell his own story, but with difficulty collected words to convey it. His language was copious, but his agitation so great that he could hardly utter a sentence, being interrupted by constant efforts to tear his lips to pieces. Those with him knew nothing except that they had prevented him from beating out his own brains. At length he conveyed the information where his distress was, and upon which his mind was deluded. In his upper lip he said there was a worm gnawing his flesh and penetrating into his body, and unless he could tear it out the worm would soon be beyond his reach and inevitably destroy him. This was the cause of his misery. He was assured of the possibility of relief, and with a smiling countenance I patted him on the shoulder and bade him no longer be uneasy, for I would cut out the worm. His eyes sparkled, and in an instant he replied, 'Will you? Do it then. Do it, quick, for God's sake.'

"He was urged not to despair, for I was now ready to remove the insect preying upon his flesh. Accordingly, we went to the cells of the maniacs. When being seated he fixed himself for the operation. I paraded six lancets on the table before him. By making a display of this and other preparations and sending for assistance he became composed, waiting with patience the result. In the meantime I had sent in search of the worm. The person sent, being unsuccessful, stayed too long and I hurried out the door and picked from the ground one of the large worms or caterpillars which infested the poplar trees at that time and had fallen from the trees by the door. One end of the insect had been trodden upon, and it was nearly dead. This I got, and on returning found my patient's uneasiness increased. But upon seeing me take the instruments he fixed himself in the chair and requested my assistants, the apothecary and the orderly man, to hold his hands lest he should start while under pain of the cutting instrument.

"With a lancet the operation was begun. I pricked his lip with it, which made him flinch a little. He accordingly leaned back his head firmly against the person who stood behind him, and shut his eyes tightly, and thus fixed he bore the repeated pricks of the instrument with steadiness and fortitude. After pinching his lip with one hand and wounding it with the other, I cut off a portion of the upper lip which he had torn with his nails and which was pendulous. I now assured him that the operation was nearly completed, for the head of the worm could be seen. The bystanders cried out: 'There it is! there it is!' He raised eyes to see, but was cautioned to be still for one minute longer, at which he again shut his eyes. I then gave him a severe pinch, drew the edge of the lancet across the lacerated lip, and exclaiming, 'I've got him,' opened my hand and exposed the great worm.

"The man rose from his seat and gazed at the worm with astonishment beyond utterance. At length he spoke and requested me to preserve it, for, he observed with tranquillity, his friends had said he was crazy, but this would be an evidence to the contrary.

"The result of this deceptive operation was a perfect cure, and this remarkable change was effected in less than fifteen minutes after the patient entered the hospital."

The best doctors say that the causes of the disease lie in conditions usually obscure, which lower the tone of the general health or depress the vitality of the brain, either by physical wear or mental worry. Disappointment, bad habits, want of proper mental occupation, often cause the trouble. The treatment consists in measures to improve the general health, especially a full diet, carefully selected; hydro-therapeutics, massage, gymnastics, horseback riding, walking, rowing, abundant and agreeable exercise in the open air, and the management of the patient's surroundings so as to lighten the mind and relieve from worry, perhaps by travel or sea voyage.

Argument is commonly worse than useless, but there should be a decided impression given that the generally morbid state is due to ill health. The risk of suicide is so small that restriction of liberty directed to its prevention does more harm than good.—William Henry Hawley in Boston Globe.

Fancy Leathers of Commerce.

The morocco leather of commerce is either goat or sheep skin. Goat skins are treated differently from the skins which make the thicker leather, being tanned with sumac, and all thicknesses of the leather being used. The skins of wool bearing animals, like the sheep, are commonly soft and spongy, and therefore unsuitable for shoes designed for rough wear, so the sheep skins are generally used for facings and linings. For our sheep skins we are indebted to Australia and South America, and they come to us by the way of England, where the wool is taken from them and the skin shipped to us as raw material. The various fancy leathers, such as alligator, seal and the like, are very often sheep and goat leather stamped and pressed to imitate the genuine article, and kangaroo leather, so far from gracing the back of the kangaroo, generally has no higher origin than the Spanish donkey.—Globe-Democrat.

Decrease of Indians.

A recent official publication estimates the average annual decrease of the Indians at nearly 2,000. Their present total number in the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is about 243,000.

MY GRAVE.

If, when I die, I must be buried, let
Me rest by myself; no lone grot
Where the great palpitating world comes not,
Save when, with heart bowed down, and eyelids wet,
It pays its last and melancholy debt
To some out journeying pilgrim.

May my lot
Be rather to lie in some much used spot,
Where human life with all its noise and fret
Throbs on about me.

Let the roll of wheels,
With all earth's sounds of pleasure, commerce, love,
And rush of hurrying feet, surge o'er my head.
Even in my grave I shall be one who feels
Close kinship with the pulsing world above
And too deep quiet would distress me, dead.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Pittsburg Bulletin

Tooth Pulling by Electricity.

Boston people nowadays have their superfluous teeth drawn by means of electricity. Inasmuch as all new ideas in the arts and sciences are spread from this enlightened metropolis originally, and from hence extended over the country, there is little doubt that sooner or later this new method will supersede laughing gas and ether in other big cities of the Union. The process in question is very simple, scarce any apparatus being required beyond an ordinary two cell battery, with vibrator attachment. This attachment is a thin strip of metal, fastened at the ends, which is made to vibrate a thousand or more times per second by the electric current. At each vibration the circuit is cut off and renewed again, the effect being to give a perfectly steady flow of the mysterious fluid. In order to make sure that the flow is quite satisfactory the operator tunes the machine—assisted by a little reed tuning pipe—until the strip of metal sings "A." So far, so good.

Now to the battery are attached three wires. Two of them have handles at the ends, and the third is hitched to a forceps. The patient in the chair is given a handle to hold in each hand, and the current is turned on gradually until it becomes painful. Then he is told to grasp the handles as strongly as possible, the electricity—having been switched off for a moment—is turned on again suddenly, and the dental surgeon applies his forceps simultaneously to the tooth. The instant the molar is touched, it, as well as the parts surrounding, becomes electrified and absolutely insensible to pain. When it is withdrawn from the socket, the subject of the operation feels not the slightest disagreeable sensation. A jerk and the tooth is out, the patient drops the handles and the affair is over.—Boston Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Making Fine Grade Candies.

The process of making the "cream" is identical in both wholesale and retail establishments. Confectioners' sugar is first boiled until it becomes a thick and waxy syrup. It is then turned out on slabs and allowed to partially cool. In the retail establishments it is then worked with wooden paddles until the grain is so stretched that the mass is resolved into a soft, snowy compound, ready for the flavors or to be mixed with fruit or nuts. In the wholesale factories 160 pounds of clear syrup is turned out on a slab at one time. When it has cooled enough to work a candymaker stations himself at either end. He holds a common garden spade. Together the two workers turn and turn the hardening sugar until it is white. Then it is packed away in big iron receptacles and covered with heavy, wet cloths to keep it from hardening.

This cream is the basis of all the finest grade candies in the market. It is in the manuf