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Lines.

A maiden is soon to be married;
Her beauty would dazzle your sight,
Oh, the brightest star in the heaven
Is neither so soft nor so bright
As the eye of this glorious maiden,
This queen—this angel of light!

Her soul flows on like a river—
A placid but deep-toned stream—
Where sunbeams linger and quiver,
And shadows most beautiful dream.
Oh! her soul is deep as the river,
And mild as the shadows that dream.

May the choicest blessings of Heaven
Oh! liveliest maiden entwine
Their strong, loving tendrils around thee,
Forever around thee and thine;
And like that on the eve of thy bridal,
May the star of thy future life shine.

Where is Thy Treasure?

The merchant sends his heart to sea,
And there, together with his ship, 'tis lost;
If this by chance miscarry, that is lost—
His confidence is cast away;
He hangs the head,
As he were dead.

The plowman furrows up his land,
And sows his heart together with his seed,
Which both, alike earth-born, on earth do feed,
And prosper or are at a stand;
He and his field
Like fruit do yield.

The broker and the scrivener have
The usurer's heart in keeping, with his bands;
His soul's dear sustenance lies in their hands,
And if they break, their shop's his grave;
He and his field
His only bliss.

The money-hoarder in his bags
Binds up his heart, and locks it in his chest;
The same key serves to that and to his breast,
Which of no other heaven brags,
Nor can conceit
A joy so great.

Poor wretched muck-worms, wipe your eyes—
Uncase those trifles that beset you so;
Your rich-appearing wealth is real woe,
Your death in your desires lies;
Your hearts are where
You love and fear.

Oh! think not, then, the world deserves
Either to be beloved or fear'd by you;
Give Heaven these affections as its due,
Which always what it hath preserves
In perfect bliss
That endless is.

OUR BABY.

I write as a son, as a husband, and as a man of family. My subject is one of the utmost importance to the married and child-raising community. I believe in writing to the papers upon subjects of family interest. It is a good thing.

We are married. By we I mean Iphigenia and I. I call her "Pheegie" for short and as a pet name. But mother doesn't believe in pet names, and calls her plain Iphigenia.

Mother lives with us. I think it is quite an advantage. But somehow Pheegie don't seem to think so. I am the youngest of seven sons. When father died and I was married, my brothers said as they were older than I, and had had more of dear mother's care, it would be only fair to me to have mother spend the rest of her life in my family. I thought that it was real affectionate and self-sacrificing on their part. But somehow Pheegie don't seem to think so.

Dear mother is very sensitive about being in the way. If she says it once a day, she does a dozen times, that if we feel she is trespassing in the little room she occupies we have only to say so, and she will find a humble cot in some retired spot, and there pass her widowed days praying for the welfare of her children. I think this is very touching and sweet on her part. But somehow Pheegie don't seem to think so. She says: "Suppose we take her up some day—how much cot do you suppose she would retire to?"

I don't like the sentiment. How could I endorse it and have the assurance to look for the length of days promised in the fifth commandment?"

But this is not my subject. What I want to ask you about is our baby. We have got a baby. I mean Pheegie and I. Mother didn't have anything to do about it. And yet, if it had not been for dear mother I don't know how we could have got along. Just as soon as the little thing was a month old mother took it to sleep with her. She declared that never would a wink of sleep come to her eyelids if she left that child for young and inexperienced parents to roll on and smother.

But when she took our little darling in this tender way to her grandmaternal bosom, dear mother said, in just so many words, that if her affection for the infant was misconstrued, or if we grudged her the playful caresses which the child might inadvertently bestow upon her, we had only to say as much, and she would find a humble cot in some retired spot and then pass her widowed days praying for her beloved children and grandchildren.

Pheegie said, "Oh, bother the humble cot!" But I don't think, my dear wife understands mother. I thought there was something very touching in this display of a grandmamma's devotion. But somehow Pheegie don't seem to think so.

As I said, however, we have got a baby.

He is a boy. He is also a very bright child, indeed. For that matter the worthy nurse told Pheegie that she did not know as she had ever nursed a brighter young one. Our own baby is six months old now, and is very healthy. Dear mother says that she don't exactly like the way in which it shakes its head every now and then. I think it is queer, too, for its head certainly does shake at times without the slightest occasion for it. I sometimes feel quite serious about it. But Pheegie don't seem to feel so, and when I said I thought I ought to speak to the doctor about it she said that I might also tell him that the child's toes wriggled peculiarly. I didn't like her saying that, and I noticed that dear mother didn't laugh. I agree with her that God gives us the precious wards to take care of. Pheegie says that she supposes that God also makes the precious ward's head shake. There is something in that. But I wonder if Pheegie really loves the child? Mother often says she hopes she does.

We keep a nurse. She is a young Irish girl. I confess I don't like her much, and I doubt whether she feels very deeply for the child. Often and often the little thing cries at night, but never yet has that girl come down to see what the matter was. If she would only do so once in a while, at least, it would be showing a little interest in her charge.

Mother don't like the girl. She thinks she is a Jesuit, and believes that she would murder the baby quick if she was told to do it. I am inclined to think so, and kind of wish we had a Protestant. But somehow Pheegie don't seem to think so.

But what I want to ask you is this: What is the reason that doctors never think that babies are sick? They never do unless the poor little things are far gone with scarlet fever, cerebro-spinal meningitis, or something dreadfully fatal. Let the child be teething, or have colic, or wind on its little stomach, or anything of that kind, and doctors never seem to be interested in the patient's case. They say that the little things will "outgrow it," or something of that sort. Now, that is absurd.

I put it to you, Mr. Reader, as a man of feeling. Suppose you had a pain in your person and were really suffering a great deal, and a doctor should come in and grin at you, chuck you under the chin, pinch your legs, and say that you would "come out all right," or "outgrow it," or something of that kind! Would you like it? Of course you would not. It would not be natural.

Now, I don't know why it should, but our baby suffered a great deal from abdominal trouble. Mother thinks he inherits it; she says that all her children were that way. I think this a very satisfactory explanation. Why shouldn't a child inherit things of that kind, just the same as hair, teeth, and things of that sort? It looks reasonable to mother and me. But somehow Pheegie don't seem to think so.

But, upon my word, I have written so much that I have but little space left to tell you about a little matter in our own baby's tender experience, which illustrates how little doctors care for other people's children. Mother says she thinks they get hardened. But one would think they wouldn't. I have been after the doctor a good deal for our own baby, but he never seems to come with alacrity. Mother generally tells me when to go. She thinks that one cannot show too much good care for a child—it is such a grave responsibility. I think so, too. But somehow Pheegie don't always seem to think so. I wonder if she really does love our own baby? I spoke to mother about it the other night, and she said she hoped so, as it was an awful thing to throw one's own child into the teeth of Providence; and I thought so too.

But now I certainly must tell you what happened the other night. Our own baby was sick, and mother wanted me to go for the doctor. Pheegie didn't think there was any use in going for him, but mother thought there was. However, mother very frankly owned up that the child was Iphigenia's. She said that her solicitude sprang entirely and only from love for the little one, but if that affection was irksome to us we had only to find her a humble cot in some retired spot, where she would pass her widowed days praying for her children and their child, and thanking God that its death did not lie at her door. Pheegie rolled over in bed and said, "Oh! good gracious!" But I went for the doctor.

It was not a good night to go. It was one of those freezy kind of nights when the rain becomes ice on the pavement. It was real hard work to go for the doctor. It was impossible to run. I tried to walk fast, but I slid and slipped and slipped and slid. And then I would manage to catch hold of a fence, and my legs would slide from under me and I would find my face in precisely the contrary direction from that in which I wanted to go. I tried the middle of the street, but it was very little better, and when I tried to get back to the pavement I thought I might as well give up going. But, then! there was our own baby perhaps at the point of death, and I hastened, slipped up, and hastened again.

It must have taken me a good half-hour to reach the doctor's house, and it is only half a mile away from mine. However, I got there at last and rang the bell. I rang several times. Finally somebody opened a window, and a masculine voice wanted to know who the mischief I was, and a feminine voice wanted to know if I was "Horace." I was amazed and bewildered. The tone of the masculine voice was not familiar to my ear, and I could hardly account for the feminine voice, as the doctor is a widower. But I nevertheless asked if the doctor was at home. At that the masculine voice suggested that I had better ring the doctor's door-bell and find out. It certainly was very stupid of me to make the mistake, but I was somewhat confused after my difficult walk, and then I was nervous as I thought of baby at home.

However, I apologized and explained, but while I was doing it the parties at the window slammed it down. I did not feel called upon to make any further explanation, but sprang up the doctor's steps and pulled his bell.

They seemed to be sleeping pretty soundly in that block, for I had to ring four times before I roused the doctor. He opened a second story-window at last, and, after suggesting that if I was trying to jerk off his bell-pull I had better say so, he asked who I was. The doctor is getting old and peculiar; and then I don't suppose it is pleasant to be called upon to answer a bell at two o'clock in the morning. But, then ain't he paid for it? However, I overlooked the reference to the bell-pull, and said that I was "me."

"'Me!' who the mischief's me?" said the doctor.

I supposed that he knew my voice; but he alleged that he did not, and so I said that "me" was Smith.

"Smith! what Smith?" says the doctor.

Now that was absurd! I know that the name of Smith is reasonably common; but the doctor needn't try to make out that he has nobody but Smiths on his list of patients.

However, I answered that I was "T. Adolphus Smith." And how like a fool I felt! Only think of having to holler out "T. Adolphus Smith!" at two o'clock in the morning. I felt certain that somebody was listening at every window in the block.

But the doctor, satisfied whom I was, then said:

"Well, what do you want?"

From the way he said it one might think that he had been patiently waiting up there, and giving me a chance to tell.

But I didn't answer curtly. On the contrary, I said: "The baby is sick." "What baby?" says he. Now, how absurd! As if I would go poking down there at that hour, and through rain and ice, for any baby but our own baby. But I nevertheless replied, with perhaps a touch of vexation in my tone, that the baby under consideration was my own baby.

"What is the matter with it?" says he.

Now I began to wish that he would come down to the door. I didn't want to be hollering out what was the matter with our own baby, so that the whole neighborhood could be informed as to its ailments. And just then a policeman came along, stood in front of the house, and looked at me as though he felt sure I contemplated burglary. People are so apt, you know, to stand at the front door and ring the bell, when their designs are burglarious.

As a matter of precautionary explanation, but perhaps injudiciously, an said to the aforesaid policeman that I was "all right." And then he said: "What!" and then the doctor said: "What!" And the policeman, who evidently didn't see the doctor, said: "How's that?" And then the doctor, who evidently didn't see the policeman, said: "What the thunder are you talking about?" And then I said to the policeman that "I said I was all right." And then he wanted to know "who said I wasn't?"

It was getting dreadfully mixed up. But just then the doctor, who evidently saw the policeman, hallooed: "Go about your business!" The policeman evidently saw the doctor, and "moved on," after first striking the lamp-post a most unnecessary blow with his club.

But I thought that the doctor had addressed his last remark to me, and being pretty well worked up by this time, I said: "Not at all, sir! I have told you that our own baby is sick and needs your professional attention!"

"Well," says he, "haven't I been trying to make you tell what is the matter with it?"

I saw I had made a mistake, and so I said:

"Oh," says I, "I thought you were speaking to me."

"Well, for Heaven's sake, ain't I speaking to you!" said, or rather roared the doctor.

"The baby is sick," says I. "Its little stomach kind of sticks out, and mother says she thinks she feels a lump inside."

"His what does what, and who feels which?" roared the doctor.

How stupid! "Its stomach sticks out," says I; "and when I press it hard the little thing wakes up and cries."

"What the deuce do you press it for, then?" says the doctor.

By this time I had lost all patience, and so, with considerable vehemence I said: "Doctor, our own baby is very ill! Will you be kind enough to come to the door?"

At that he slammed down the window.

I remained some minutes at the door, and then heard the doctor's heavy tread in the hall. By this time I had recovered my temper, and was prepared to meet my own medical friend very pleasantly.

As soon, therefore, as he opened the door I said:

"Ah, how are you, doctor?"

If he made any answer at all I did not catch it.

"As I was saying," says I, "about our own baby, its little stomach sticks out, and mother thinks ——"

While I had been saying this, the doctor, acting as though he was the only individual on the stoop, and apparently without seeing me, and even less hearing me, had slammed the front door and turned to go down the steps.

But unfortunately he had shut his coat-flap into the door, whereupon he turned around, glared fiercely at me, said, "There, then, you see!" and proceeded to find his night-key.

I really could not see the force of his remark. I was not responsible certainly for the trifling inconvenience to which he had been subjected.

The coat-tail extricated, the doctor ran down the steps. In my confusion I had forgotten to tell him of the ice-covered pavement, and the next thing I saw was the doctor, with legs wide spread apart, sliding towards the gutter. He saved himself from falling by jumping into a snow-bank.

Again he turned upon me, and again rid himself of the ridiculous ejaculation, "There, then, you see!"

How perfectly absurd! There was no sense in it. Suppose I did see. What then? How could I help it?

With my usual forgiving disposition, however, I ventured to offer the doctor my arm. But all he said was something about "a darned sight!" I did not apprehend the whole of the sentence.

We then walked along; each by himself, as best he could. At last I thought that, inasmuch as I had gotten the doctor out at that unseemly hour, it was only fair that I should make his difficult walk as pleasant as possible, and so I essayed to converse with him.

Thinking that he might be willing to discuss topics of national interest, I said:

"What do you think of the Carpenter bill?"

"Whose carpenter bill?" said he.

"Why his, to be sure," said I.

"Very well! who is *his?* I didn't catch the name! I suppose I am not to blame for that, young man?" replied my certainly not over good-natured friend.

"If," continued he, "you or anybody else owed a carpenter's bill, I should advise you to pay it. As for its correctness, how the mischief can I form an opinion?"

I deemed it wise to drop issues of national interest, and ventured to try a new topic.

"What will this woman's movement amount to?" said I.

"Who is the woman? What is the matter with her?" said the doctor.

Now, how very stupid! Could not any intelligent person know that I was alluding to the great temperance crusade?

At this point the doctor fell again, sprawling over the pavement. I picked him up, and we tried the middle of the street as somewhat safer.

After giving the doctor time to recover his temper, I ventured once more upon conversation. I certainly wanted to break a silence which was very tedious and unpleasant.

"That Bismarck is engaged in a great work," said I. "When man once puts Church against State his finite intelligence can never predict what the end will be."

"Who told you to come after me to-night?" said the doctor, by way of reply. I could hardly see what our own baby had to do with the ecclesiastical commotion in Europe. I think that I judged correctly in thinking that the doctor did not care to converse further on the subject.

"Dear mother sent me," said I, "and I am afraid she regards the case as a critical one."

"Humph!" said the doctor. "How long is that mother of yours going to live in your family?"

This nettled me somewhat. I did not like "that" saying; "that mother" evidently implied something more than was disclosed.

However, I said, "Of course, sir, my dear mother is welcome to a place by my fireside as long as she sees best to occupy it. She will leave the moment she thinks we wish her to do so. She has often said that whenever we become tired of her we have only to find her a humble cot in some retired spot——"

"Had that baby been sick during the day?" said the doctor, without giving me a chance to finish my sentence.

That baby! Still another offensive "that!" But I was patient, and replied:

"No, sir! Our own baby woke up with the peculiar sticking out of the stomach to which I have referred."

Fortunately at this point we reached my door-step. "Here we are," said I, with a cheerfulness that was somewhat forced. Those "thats" still burned in my memory; and then in a few moments competent medical opinion was to decide whether our own baby was as seriously sick as I feared.

As luck would have it, I had forgotten my night-key. I had, of course, to ring the bell. I did so, and then again, and then thrice, and even four times. I did not pull hard for fear of exciting or startling our own sick baby.

Suddenly the doctor caught hold of the bell-pull, and jerked it as though he was afraid somebody was going to run away with the other end of the wire.

Soon a window was opened, and I heard dear mother's voice:

"Who is that?" says she.

"It is me," says I.

"Who is that?" says she.

"It is me, dear mother," says I.

"Is that you, T. Adolphus?" says she.

"Yes, dear mother," says I.

"Where is your night-key?" says she.

"In my breeches pocket, dear mother," says I.

"Would you like to be let in?" says she.

"Why, of course! dear mother," says I.

"There are two of you," says she.

"Yes, of course," says I.

"Who is the other?" says she.

"Why, the doctor, dear mother," says I.

"Oh! I had forgotten," says she. "Thank God, there is no present need for his services."

You cannot think how my heart thrilled with joy as dear mother made this announcement.

"Doctor!" said I, grasping his hand, "our own dear baby is better?"

All he did was to pull away his hand and make some reference to the infernal regions and future punishment. I really think he was disappointed in not finding our own dear baby in its last sleep.

Just then the door opened, and there stood Pheegie in her beautiful blue wrapper. She always looks sweetly in that wrapper.

I kissed her forehead and whispered, "Our child!"

"Don't be a fool!" said she; "it is too bad to have kept you on the step so long. And, doctor, I am sorry, really sorry, that you should have been brought up here this dreadful night."

"But our child," said I.

"It's sleeping sweetly," said she.

"And it's little stomach," said I.

"Nonsense!" said she; "there has been nothing the matter with its stomach."

"Ah, indeed! Iphegenia!" said dear mother, from the top of the stairs, "perhaps my intense love for my own child's own offspring may have exaggerated the actualities of its abdominal ailments. Perhaps I am a burden here! if so, Titus Adolphus, you have only to find me a humble cot in some retired spot, and there I will pass my days—"

"Oh! good Heavens!" said Pheegie.

Before dear mother had finished her sentence the doctor had gone out and slammed the door with a tremendous noise. Immediately I heard him falling down the ice-covered steps. I sprang to the door, and asked if he was hurt? He picked himself up and walked off without reply.

The next day he sent in his bill.

This was curious, as I thought; for I had paid him in full only eight months before.

Pheegie says that he, of course, intends me to see that he does not want my patronage.

Dear mother very truly says that "the issues of life and death are not for man's will to determine."

I think that a very appropriate remark. But somehow Pheegie don't seem to think so.

But here I come back to my original proposition:

Why is it that doctors are so loath to believe that babies are sick?

Why is it that they show so little alacrity in flying to the infant cradle-side?

Fork Swallowing.

Every one, says a Paris letter, will recall the case of the Italian, Cipriani, who swallowed a fork, and who has been going from faculty to faculty exhibiting himself ever since, and probably many like himself are anxious to know the end of the adventure. The last we heard of Cipriani was, that he was dying slowly, and was now a living skeleton. When this news arrived a young man, who is employed as a clerk in one of our large commercial establishments, expressed the opinion that Cipriani was nothing but a bungler. The œsophagus was large enough, he said, to receive substances of considerable size, and the only thing needed was the will to control the muscles. A nervous man had a sort of spasmodic movement which renders such experiments dangerous; but to a calm, phlegmatic person the thing was uncommonly easy. "For example," he continued, sitting at a table after dinner with some twenty persons, "you see that I push this fork down into my throat, beyond the constricted point." He did so, in fact, but a spasmodic action of the muscles made him loose his hold upon the tines, and the fork disappeared. He was taken to the hospital, and since that time has had a score of doctors about him all the time. Yet he was very gay, and suffered no pain for some time after. A little sickness of the stomach was attributed to the action of metal poisoning, the fork being, in composition, lightly plated, and antidotes were administered. A number of attempts were made to draw out the fork in the presence of the leading physicians of Paris, but all failed. The patient begins to suffer, and the doctors say that he will soon die unless the fork is removed. At the hour I write he is under the influence of chloroform, and his stomach is being opened. Whether the young man will survive the operation or not I must tell you another day.

Fifty Years a Pauper.

The Troy *Press* relates the following: "In midwinter, some forty-seven or forty-eight years ago, a man by the name of Loomis died in Pawlet, Vt., after a long sickness, leaving a wife and two children. Expenses of sickness and loss of the wages for daily labor made inroads upon the scanty stock of money and provisions, and the widow was compelled to ask temporary assistance from the town. The high official refused her request, took her little all and threw her and the children upon the town as paupers. In those days they were bid off by citizens to the lowest bidder, but they now have a town-house. Mrs. Loomis, with a broken heart, and worn out by attending to her husband during his long sickness, gave up long-cherished wishes, and remarked that the town of Pawlet should not want for a pauper for fifty years. She is now ninety-seven or ninety-eight years of age, and on her last birthday made her annual visit from the town-house to Pawlet, a distance of one and a half miles, on foot, to visit her old friends and neighbors, and she laughingly remarks she will make good her word, having to live only two years more to do it. Her children became respectable and good housekeepers, and oftentimes offered her a home, but she utterly refused to accept their assistance. She had many offers of marriage, but refused them all, saying that she would not swap off the town of Pawlet for any man living. On making the remark that the town of Pawlet would not be without a pauper for fifty years, she said she belonged to a family who never died short of 100 years, and the majority lived years beyond that.

Effect of Beef Tea.

In an article in one of the popular London journals, Dr. Kimmerich ascribes the effect of beef tea not to its aromatic and combustible ingredients, but to the potash salts which it contains, and concerning which it is well known that if given in larger doses an injurious effect is exercised on the organism; nevertheless, potash salts are an element of all articles of food, forming not only the chief ingredients of the salts of every sort of flesh, including that of fish, but likewise of all other food. In medical practice, says Dr. Kimmerich, ether, camphor, and musks are eminently invigorating and refreshing remedies, and compared to these beef tea occupies, of course, a subordinate position; if, however, it be necessary to preserve an exhausted body from protracted illness, then there is no other remedy in the whole rich storehouse of medicine which can afford such assistance for regenerating the diseased organism, as repeated doses of beef tea.

Limits of Nerve Force—Laws of Health.

I think, says Dr. Brown-Sequard, I have shown that the power of nerve force is exceedingly various; that nerve force can be transformed into chemical force, into motion, into electricity, into heat, into light, and so on. But what are the limits of the action of the nerve force? I may say that the limits of the action of the nerve force, except after it has been transformed into other forces, are our own body. Those persons who think that by an imagination, or by an act of will, or by the action of a mesmerizer, we can send in any part of our body an influence that can modify it, those persons make a great mistake if they think that this can take place by forces distinct from nerve force in the subject in which the action takes place. If we divide a nerve going to a part, never mind how much we may imagine that we can move the muscles to which it goes; never mind where we go to be the object of a muscle, we shall not have the least action in the muscles to which that nerve went. That nerve is absolutely outside of our control. Nerve force cannot be propagated to parts that are not in connection with the nervous centres. This fact is a death blow to the view that there are other forces acting in us than mere nerve force. To continue the illustration of this fact: if the spinal cord, which establishes communication between the brain and the various parts of the body, is divided, the parts of the body that are below that section are separated absolutely from any act of will, any act of imagination, any act coming from emotion, in fact, from anything that comes from the brain. There is, I repeat, no force in our system other than mere nerve force for the transmissions that may come from the brain, as the seat of the imagination, the seat of emotion and the seat of the will.

Nerve force is produced as you know through blood. It is a chemical force which is transformed there into nerve force. This nerve force accumulates in the various organs of the nervous system in which it is formed during rest. But if rest is prolonged, then it ceases to be produced. Alteration takes place in the part which is not put to work. On the other hand, action which is so essential to the production of nervous force, if prolonged will exhaust force also, but produce a state distinct from that of rest. Rest will produce a lack of blood, while over-action may produce congestion. The great thing, therefore, is to have sufficient but not excessive action.

There is another law which is that we should not exercise alone one, two, or three parts of the nervous system; since thus we draw blood to those parts only, and the other parts of the body suffer. In the due exercise of all our organs lies the principal rules of hygiene. This view, you know, comes from a physician. It is not in agreement with what the poet Churchill wrote:

"The surest road to health say what you will,
It never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow."

Unfortunately Churchill died a victim to this view that doctors were murderers. He died of a fever at the age of 34, and that because he had been too careless about calling in a doctor to help him. But it is certainly true that the great rule of health is not to lay imagination aside, and this is why I have quoted these verses. Imagination, on the contrary, is to be appealed to far more than we do, and this is one of the great conclusions that I hope young physicians will keep in mind.

To conclude with these great rules of hygiene, I should say that we should not spend more than our means allow us. Many commit this fault. As before said, we should make an equal use of all our organs, and of the various parts of the nervous system. Those who employ the brain suffer a greal deal from inattention to this law.

Lastly, there should be regularity as regards the time of meals, the time and amount of action, the time and amount of sleep—regularity in everything. It is very difficult indeed to obtain it. But there is in our nature more power than we know, and if we conform ourselves to the law of habit things will soon go on without our meddling with them, and we come to be pefectly regular, although we perhaps had naturally a tendency not to be.

How They Drop Shot.

A reporter of the Baltimore *American* thus describes one of the many processes of making shot in one of the shot towers of that city: One of the "secrets" of the manufacture is the mixing of the lead with a certain proportion of a combination of mineral substances called "temper." The "temper" is fused with the lead, and gives the molten metal that consistency which makes it drop. If it were not for the "temper" the lead would be moulded by the seive, and would form little pencils instead of round shot. When "BB" shot, for instance, are to be made, the lead is poured into a pan perforated with holes corresponding to that size. The little pellets come pouring down in a continuous shower, and fall into a tank filled with water on the ground floor. In their descent of two hundred feet they become perfect spheres, firm and dense, and they are tolerably cool when they strike the water, although the swift concussions make the tank form and bubble as if the water was boiling furiously. The shot must fall in water, for if they would strike any firm substance, they would be flattened and knocked out of shape. To get the little pellets perfectly dry after they have been in the "well," is the most difficult and troublesome process of the whole manufacture. An elevator with small buckets (very much like those used in flour mills) carries the shot up as fast as they reach the bottom of the "well," and deposits them in a box 60 feet above the first floor. The water drips from the buckets as they go up, and not much is poured into the receiver above, although it is intended to be a sort of dripping machine. From this receiver the shot runs down a spout into a drying pan, which greatly resembles a gigantic shoe, made of sheet iron. The pan rests at an angle which permits the wet shot to roll slowly down to the chamber below, and the pellets become perfectly dry as they pass over the warm sheet-iron.

Haunted.

Sam Weaver, tax collector, in Lawrenceburg, Tenn., stepped into the office of Roger Green, Justice of the Peace, and said: "You're the man that burnt up a widow's house over in Eagle Factory." "You're a liar," replied Green. Weaver at once drew a revolver, and, in spite of the other's protestations that he "wasn't prepared," fired, and inflicted a mortal wound. Before dying Green swore that, to punish his murderer's meanness in refusing a fair fight, he would never cease haunting him day and night. This was about two weeks ago, and ever since then Weaver has believed that the ghost of Green is constantly at his side. The hallucination is so strong that the conscience-stricken wretch is nearly demented, and has twice tried to kill himself.

San Francisco expects five thousand Chinamen within the next six months.

CALIFORNIA LIONS.

A Traveler's Account of his Encounter with Seven Wild Beasts.

A correspondent of the Arizona *Miner* gives the following curious account of an adventure in the wilds of that Territory: "On my way from Prescott I stopped for the night at Old Camp Huslpai. In the morning I started early, in order to take advantage of the little frost on the ground, which made it better traveling over the clay flats that are found near Anvil Rock. I reached the summit of the Aztec Pass quite early; the wind was blowing cold and the air was full of snow, and I put a blanket about my face and urged my horse forward as fast as I could. I had not traveled one mile from the summit of the Pass when my horse stopped; I looked forward, and in the road not fifty yards from me I saw two cougars, (commonly called California lions.) One of them turned around so as to show to the best advantage possible, The ether, a smaller one, got down close to the ground, and acted as though he intended to spring at my horse. I lost no time in getting out my pistol, and as soon as my horse became quiet enough, fired at the creeping monster. I undershot my mark. The ball struck a rock about one foot in advance of the creeping lion, and glanced off with a sharp whistling noise. At this moment I observed five other monsters of the same species rise up from the dry grass close by the road side. All seven hopped off about twenty paces to the right of the road and stopped on open ground, within sixty yards of me. Now, this was the first hop of the season, and here was I, an uninvited guest; but I hastily took items, and, as it is customary to describe dress and appearance at fashionable hops, I will record items as I took them; three of the lions were very large, in fact, monsters of their species, and would weigh at least 300 pounds; the others were smaller, but I should judge the smallest to weigh at least 100 pounds. It being midwinter, furs were all the rage. The three largest of these fellows wore a dark gray bordering on a brown coat, being a little lighter on their sides; in front and under their bodies was white and appeared like white lace or down. The fourth was a little smaller, and his dress was a little darker in color. The three smaller ones were dressed in a dark chestnut coat; on the sides it bordered on yellow with the same lace of downy trimming. The dresses glistened as they turned, and resembled changeable silk; their movements were with much grace and ease. They all wore tails at least four feet long, and full three feet more than a lion had any use for, but, I presume, long tails are fashionable in these parts, if not each lion or lioness had to carry his or her own tail, and it was not for me to say how long a tail a lion should carry. One of the larger ones, which I took to be a mother of part of the group, sat down like a cat; she raised her great paw and licked it, and then rubbed her ear and side of her head as a cat would. The movements were awkward but easy. If she was washing her face she should have done so before coming to the hop. The second large one sat very quiet and looked on. The third large one, which I took to be a male, kept a little in the rear, and appeared to be uneasy, as though he expected reinforcements from another direction, and I earnestly hoped that no others would appear, as there were already enough for the occasion.

The fourth, a lively fellow, put his big paws on a large pine root that protruded above the ground, and raked it down as though he was springing a little bluff. The bark flew in every direction. As a scratchist this fellow was a decided success. At the same time the three small ones lay down close to the ground and riveted their eyes on me or my horse, and commenced crawling up as though they would like a more intimate acquaintance. I had heard that if one looked a lion in the face it would turn away; but how could I look three lions in the eye at the same time? Impossible. Now I would like to have compromised this whole matter by giving a horse, but my horse was trembling with fear, which plainly told me that he would not stand to any bargain of this kind. I looked for a sapling, but they do not grow in this part of Arizona; none but large pines were in sight, and all the lions in Arizona could not frighten me up a tree four feet in diameter. To dismount I would make a dead shot, but then there would be six lions left, and I afoot. This would not do. I resolved to try another shot, so I got my horse to face the game and again I fired. As my pistol cracked the foremost crawler jumped about six feet in the air and struck on his feet, and bit his side as though he had been stung by a bee. At this the large ones moved on toward a brushy thicket and the smaller ones followed. As I turned my horse to go on I saw approaching me three horsemen. They came in time—none too soon, I assure you. They had seen the large tracks in the road and heard my shots and hurried up. I told them of what had happened, and, as they were well heeled and appeared to be men that had seen something of frontier life, I suggested that if it was game that they wanted they could find it in that thicket. But they all most emphatically denied having lost any lions. They hardly waited to hear my story, but passed on. As I started on my way my horse wanted to run and appeared very fresh; previous to this he seemed a little 'played' and tired, but he would now and then look back and then 'git.' For the last twelve days my horse can see a lion whenever he wants to. The fact is, he has got what is called lion on the brain. If he does not recover soon I will sell him or trade him off for a mule."

Newspaper Advertising.

Newspaper advertising is now recognized, by business men having faith in their own wares, as the most effective means for securing for their goods a wide recognition of their merits.

Newspaper advertising impels inquiry, and when the article offered is of good quality, and at a fair price, the natural result is increased sales.

Newspaper advertising is a permanent addition to the reputation of the goods advertised, because it is a permanent influence always at work in their interest.

Newspaper advertising is the most energetic and vigilant of salesmen; addressing thousands each day, always in the advertiser's interest, and ceaselessly at work seeking customers from all classes.

Newspaper advertising promotes trade, for even in the dullest times advertisers secure by far the largest share of what is being done.

SUFFERERS.—At an English temperance meeting one woman introduced herself as "no far-away bird, but the daughter of old Joe Blank, the drunkenest man in Deansgate;" another speaker, also locally connected, said she "had been twenty-one years drink-cursed, having for a husband the greatest drunkard that ever walked the streets of Manchester." This woman's husband, who was at one time never without an excuse to thrash her, was now a reformed character. At the close of the speeches a number of persons took the temperance pledge.

THE ARKANSAS TROUBLES.

The Capture, Imprisonment, and Escape of the Judges---The Officer who has them in Custody Aids in their Escape.

A special dispatch to the St. Louis *Democrat* from Little Rock gives a long account of the capture, escape, and return to Little Rock of Associate Justices Bennett and Searle. After being taken from St. John's College, they were moved, under the escort of Lieut. Summerhill and a squad of men, to a retired field on the outskirts of the city, where orders were received from Gen. Blocker, and the party then marched to a point 14 miles distant, where a dispatch from Brig.-Gen. Crawford, ordering the party to proceed to Benton, was received. Two miles from that place the party was met by Gen. Crawford, with a squad of men. Gen. Crawford was drunk, and gave Lieut. Summerhill entire charge of the prisoners, in whose custody they remained until their escape.

Lieut. Summerhill states that Gen. Crawford received orders from Gen. Blocker that he should protect the lives of Bennett and Searle to the fullest extent, provided he could do so and prevent a rescue, but at all hazards he was not to permit them to be rescued. Lieut. Summerhill also states that he met a man at the depot in Benton, who told him that he saw written orders at Baxter's headquarters for the prisoners' summary disposal or assassination, and that he (Summerhill) replied that such an act would not be permitted by him while he was alive and the prisoners remained in his custody. Being convinced that violence was intended to Bennett and Searle, and determined not to be a party to it, he conferred with those gentlemen, told them the facts, disavowed any complicity in the matter, and proffered his services to them to aid in their escape and safe conduct to Little Rock.

He gave each a revolver, provided horses, and under the pretext of removing them to a more secure place dismissed the guard, induced continued intoxication by Gen. Crawford, decoyed him to another house, and with Sheriff Thompson he departed with his prisoners. Sheriff Thompson had no knowledge of Lieut. Summerhill's real purpose. Messrs. Bennett and Searle were suspicious of Lieut. Summerhill, but being armed and each having a horse, concluded to trust him, relying upon themselves, however, and future probable opportunities.

Arriving at a point where the roads diverged, Judge Bennett presented a revolver at Summerhill's head and said, "You are now our prisoner," and Searle, drawing his pistol, demanded Thompson's arms. Bennett's revolver was accidentally discharged, which frightened Thompson's horse, and he and his rider dashed away into the darkness. Bennett and Searle, with Summerhill as prisoner, then continued, and shortly after came upon a squad of United States infantry, under Lieut. Morrison, who had been sent out to effect their rescue if possible. Not recognizing the men, Bennett jumped from his horse and broke for the woods, and could not be found. After their true character was ascertained, Searle and Summerhill were taken to the United States garrison and afterward to the State House. In about an hour Bennett was brought in by another squad of soldiers who had been sent out to search for him.

Prognostications by Leeches.

That there is a sensitiveness to atmospheric changes in the leech, is generally admitted; and that the idea of utilizing this little creature as a sort of weather-glass arose long ago, we have evidence, in one of the early volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. A correspondent of that venerable journal stated that if a leech be kept in a phial or bottle, partly filled with water, it will indicate approaching changes of the weather. He placed on a windowledge an eight-ounce phial containing a leech and about six ounces of water, and watched it daily. According to his description, when the weather continued serene and beautiful, the leech lay motionless at the bottom of the phial, rolled in a spiral form. When it began to rain at noon, or a little before or after, the leech was found at the top of its lodging, where it remained until the weather became settled. When wind was approaching, the leech galloped about its limpid habitation with great liveliness, seldom resting until the wind became violent. When a thunder-storm was about to appear, the animal sought a lodgment above the level of the water, displayed great uneasiness, and moved about in convulsive-like threads. In clear frost, as in fine summer weather, it lay constantly at the bottom; whereas, in snowy weather, like as in rain, it dwelt at the very mouth of the phial. The observer covered the mouth of the phial with a piece of linen cloth, and changed the water every week or two. He seems to have had faith in the correctness of his own observations and conclusions; but went on further in the attempt at explanation to say: "What reasons may be assigned for these movements, I must leave philosophers to determine; though one thing is evident to everybody—that the leech must be affected in the same way as the mercury and spirit in the weather-glass; and has doubtless a very surprising sensation, that change of weather, even days before, makes a visible alteration in its manner of living." Cowper, the poet, the celebrated Dr. Jenner, Dr. Merryweather, and many others, were believers in this leech-philosophy.

Digestion and Paradise.

Ah, talk of blessings! What a blessing is digestion! To digest! Do you know what it means? It is to have the sun always shining, and the shade always ready for you. It is to be met with smiles, and to be greeted with kisses. It is to hear sweet sounds; to sleep with sweet dreams; to be touched ever with soft, warm hands. It is to be in paradise. Adam and Eve were in paradise. Why? Their digestion was good. Ah! then they took liberties; ate bad fruit—things they could not digest. They what we call ruined their constitutions, destroyed their gastric juices, and then they were expelled from paradise by an angel with the flaming sword. The angel with the flaming sword, which turned two ways, was indigestion. There came a great indigestion upon the earth because the cooks were bad, and they called it a deluge. Ah! I thank God there are to be no more deluges; all the evil comes from this. Macbeth could not sleep. It was the supper, and not the murder. His wife talked and walked. It was the supper again. Milton had a bad digestion, because he was always so cross; and your Carlyle must have the worst digestion in the world, because he never says any good of anything. Ah! to digest is to be happy. Believe me, my friends, there is no other way not to be turned out of paradise by a fiery, two-handed, burning sword.

The Postmaster of Delta, Iowa, wrote to the Postmaster-General: "If you don't git some one to run this 'ere post offus purty soon it'll be throwd in the river, for I'm going off an bear hunt and can't fool any more."

A PERSIAN STORY.

A Man is Bastinadoed and then has his Teeth Pulled Out in the Presence of a Mob.

A terrible story comes to us from Persia. In one of the districts a laboring man had been sentenced to be bastinadoed for some offense, receiving one hundred and fifty blows on the soles of his feet. As he sank down on his knees after the sentence had been carried out, and it was believed that his injuries were of a serious character, he called the judge to his side, intimating that he had a terrrible secret to reveal. As he could only speak in a whisper, the judge placed his ear to the lips of the fainting man, when the latter seized it with his teeth and in his agony bit it completely off.

In Persia the loss of an ear, no matter under what circumstances, is considered a lasting disgrace, and the judge