Fleck of sky you are, Dropped through the branches dark, O, my little one, mine! Outpour of the lark; Beam and song divine.

See this precious gift, Steeping in new birth All my being, for sign Earth to heaven can lift, Heaven descend on earth, Both in one be minel

Life in light you glass When you peep and coo, You, my little one, mine! Brooklet chirps to grass, Daisy looks in dew Up to dear sunshine.

### ONE TRUE HEART.

Isca Arlington is coming down stairs the morning sunshine, her beautiful

ace full of eager expectantcy. A slight childish figure in white cashhere morning, dress the masses of her aut-brown hair worn low at the back of he head in a soft loose knot, a great red ose in one small white hand. She has paused upon the landing to

luck the rose from the uplifted gilded asket held by a marble Flora, and thich is kept replenished always. All about the girl are warmth, light

nd color. A lovely home this mansion, which is he property of her guardian, Arthur

Isca has lived there ever since she ame from school, some two years preious-a "finished" young lady-cut pose from all bonds and ties of girlhood nd school-days. Rich and beautiful, hers seems an en-

riable existence stretching out beyond er in the untried future. An orphan-her fortune had been

vell invested and guarded by Arthur Dinsmore, who stands in the position of ounselor and best friend to the lonely ittle girl.

He has never married; but his widwed sister, Mrs. Lyell, superintends is house and makes a home for Isca. She comes slowly down the stairs, a ight in her beautiful brown eyes, which leepens and brightens at the sight of

ver guardian. Tall, dark, and grave, Arthur, Dinsnore stands at the foot of the stairs to eceive her.

"Good-morning, ma petite," he cries righly, but his eyes hold a deeper meaning than his words. "So this is your sirthday, and to-night is your birthday

She smiles sweetly as she returns his norning greeting. "Yes-I am twenty years old to-day,"

he says gayly. "I begin to feel the veight of years. And what a ball it is joing to be, to be sure!" He smiles.

"Heaven grant that your whole life may be as cloudless as now," he says very tenderly.

"No guardie"-the girls eyes are upray rather that I mabled to bear my burdens bravely, whether there be clouds or sunshine. Pray that I may always have one true riend in whom to trust-one true leart.

"Amen!" he says fervently. That night is a gala night-a red-leter night in the annals of the neighbor-

The Dinsmore mansion stands upon a doping hillside not far from a big busting city, and the inmates enjoy the leasures of both city and country life. nosphere of pride, and she puts great aith in an unsullied family name, long ineage, and illustrious ancestors,

Her father had died five years pretious; her mother was drowned at sea, shen Isca was but a babe. The name of Arlington stands among

he first in the land. To-night at her birthday-ball, she is ovely beyond compare.

All in white, a costly robe of lace like nasses of soft brown hair, dressed in ecoming fashion.

Arthur Dinsmore seen her promenaling down the long vista of brilliantlyighted rooms leaning on the arm of gistocratic banker from the neighborng city.

A strange wistful expression steals nto Dinsmore's dusky eyes. How handsome they are-that wellaatched pair.

Lee Grosvenor, slight and graceful, 71th his blonde smiling, high-bred face; naughty face it is, for the Grosvenors re among the first in the land.

Arthur Dinsmore checks a little sigh hat hovers near his lips, and turns uietly away, a look of patience growng in his eves

"It is well," he says softly to himself. She is so fair and young, and life lies sefore her full of glorious possibilities. am old-old compared with her for be is twenty and I thirty-five. But ah! wonder if he will ever love her as-I o? I wonder if his love would stand he test of clouds and adversity? If his vill prove the one true heart on which o lean-of which she spoke to me this norning?-Darling Isca-if she were to !ream of my secret, would she turn from ne-my proud dainty darling?"

Yet he looks stately and handsome as e stands watching her, whirling now brough the sweet "Mon Reve" waltzter partner Lee Grosvenor.

Her eyes arefull of sweet light as they meet the blue eyes bent upon her face, and the long eye lashes drop in confu-

The music now sobsitself into silence and Lee Grosvenor, bending his handome, blonde head, says pleadingly. "Let us go into the conservatory, Miss Isca. It is so cool and very re-reshing there."

She knows what is coming, and that he is leading her hither for some pur-

She intends to let him speak, but her throbbing heart is not half certain of its answer.

There is a haunting look in a pair of

and Lee Grosvenor proceeds to tell his

It is done, and Isca Arlington has been asked in marriage by one of the proudest, haughtiest, most exclusive men of the great city, a man who can excuse sin and condone crime sooner

than any accident of birth or fortune. Her eyes droop, and she lifts them to his face with sudden resolution, and scarcely knows herself why she makes this unexpected reply:

"Give me until to-morrow, Mr. Grosvenor, I-really, I have thought so little upon marriage, and your words frighten

He presses his mustached lips upon the soft, white hand. "I will wait until to-morrow for my answer," he says passionately. "Hea-

ven grant, my peerless darling, that it may be yes!" And then the music wails forth again, and Isca remembers that she is to waltz

They have crossed the threshold of far away in a distant room, but the apartment into which the conservatory opens is thronged with gay guests,

Just as the two emerge from the atmosphere of flowers and plashing the entrance hall of the house; a mothe gaping, terrified servants into the long, bright, brilliant drawing-room. A gaunt, wild-eyed woman with a hard face, bearing the marks of dissipation; she wears a tattered gown and a gaudy, faded shawl, while a tawdry bonnet is

One swif, glance around, and she rushes forward and seizes Isca Arlington by the arm, tearing the soft, white lace of her dainty sleeve to tatters in her

rude grasp. The girl falls back, trembling violently, her large eyes lifted to the cruel down her close-fitting sacque, wholly face before her, as though too terrified to utter a word.

"My child!" cries the woman, tragically, "my own child!" I have found you adjusted her bustle, and during a brief the citizens of the state, at the alarm And while Isca stands trembling and

speechless, while Lee Grosvener is too with astonishment to find words, Mr. Dinsmore suddenly appears step, with her left hand on the iron rail upon the scene. He utters a low cry of attached to the car and her right on according to Mr. Cook, in the following surprise. "Isca! Good heavens!" he pants

wildly, "who-what is this woman?" The woman drops Isca's sleeve and wheels about, confronting the master of the house. "I am Marion Arlington!" she says

savagely; "the wife of Royal Arlington, this girl's father. She is my child, as I will soon prove.

Her words are wild-her manner rude -a terrible spectacle to the guests who crowd around-horror-stricken, speech-

She goes on: "We quarreled-he and I-and he sent me across the ocean. I swore to come back and punish him; but the ifted to his own, a solemn light in their years dragged by, and I—I only learned lepths "pray rather that I may be a few weeks ago of his death. I have come to claim my daughter."

There is a wild incoherency in her speech, and her bloodshot eyes gleam like a wild beast's. Isca shrinks away and creeps forlornly to her guardian's

She starts to see how very pale he has

"Arthur"—she slips her hand into his—"Could this thing be true? Can you-do you-believe it? Tell me-oh, I shall go mad!"

"There was some trouble between Isca Arlington is as proud as she is your father and mother, Isca," he re-ovely. She has been reared in an atsuming woman, I have been told; but I cannot imagine her such as this creature. My child, be brave, very brave; we will inquire into the affair."

The woman calling herself Marion Arlington, goes on to prove by means of payers in her possession that this beautiful proud Isca Arlington is really her own child; at least, no one can question her proofs-not now.

Lee Grosvenor has been standing cowairies' bandiwork, with pearls about ering like a whipped spaniel, at a little er white throat and arms, and in the distance from the scene; he goes to Isca's side and gazes coldly into her face.

"Miss Arlington," (how his voice cuts the silence) "I-I never dreamed of such a-a disgrace as this. I am forced to withdraw all pretensions to ee Grosvenor, the son of a wealthy and your hand for the Grosvenors are stainless, our honor, our family name is paramount to all other considerations. She flashes upon him like a proud

> empress. "You are an honor to your name, sir!" she assents scornfully. "Goodevening, Mr. Grosvenor!" bowing coolly by way of dismissial

Arthur Dinsmore takes her hand in his own and leads her away to a deserted I must speak or I shall die!" he cries

wildly. "Isca I love you so. Am I too "The best-the dearest of true hearts!" woman claiming me as her child? Think

ors. And-"'Kind hearts are more than coronets: And simple faith than Norman blood."

the sweet, upturned face. His promised wife; and the one true heart is found at last,

Then the silence of that happy scene is broken by the entrance of strangers- in the assembly were damsels who Arlington. She is an escaped lunatic-the most

desperate, most cunning case in the institution, so the keepers go on to ex-She proves to be late Marion Arling

ton's maid, who has been with that lady through all her journey. The secret of the misunderstanding

between Isca's parents will never be leep, dark eyes which follow her in riage certificate and other papers, keep-

worthy of a madwoman, to claim the girl who might (so the maddened brain had plotted) save her from the insane

It is all explained, and the poor, de mented creature is taken away; and old friends crowd around Isca with congratulations.

She listens with sweet smiles; then she returns gently: Out of all evil some good may come. Had it not been for to-night's occurrence, I might have missed the happiness of my life-I might never have known the real value of one true, tender

## She Eats Beans.

heart!

with her guardian and she rises with and placed it firmly on its rough sur- They keep their dwellings just as This done, her hand was braced | cleanly. against the dasher to overcome the sudthe conservatory; the music is surging den momentum given to her body. There was a brief vision of a little the car, moved up on the platform and an ant community, which I kept impris-still holding to the rail with her right oned, died and could not be removed. fountains, there is a subdued bustle in hand, she lifted her left foot from the those remaining seemed to be affected ment later a woman makes her way past admiring conductor looked on without insects ran about seeking a way out, so much as offering to help her.

"It is no use," said he to the reporter who jumped on the platform the moment the girl was seated. "I tried to threw them into a water pail, which help her twice, and she looked mad enough to eat me, so I let her alone. narily, though, the ants are said to treat pushed back from her straggling, dark You just wait and see her get off. their dead with more reverence. They har, revealing that hard, sullen, crafty She's going over to the Alhambra to even possess their own graveyards, supper, and she'll jump off as pretty as she got on."

"The car moved on down Washington street, through Temple place, down Tremont street and on past Tremont ow, and that girl sat there, tapping her thumb on her knee and pulling unconscious that she was watched. stop in front of the Cambridge car ofit started again she went on the platform, and a moment later stood on the that which is fastened to the rear dasher. Here she stood, swaying a moment, let go the iron supports and pressed in she went tripping to the Alhambra, while her yellow bag hung by a strap from her shoulder jumped up and down like a dog that is glad to see its master.

"Wasn't that done beautifully?" asked the conductor. "I've seen a good but she beats them all. She knows how, and does it gracefully."

ing baked beans and coffee

# The Stores of Paris.

Paris beautifies herself as much for the rest of the world as for her own people. She lives off her visitors, and her store windows are put up to catch the eye of the passer-by. These great boulevards are lined with stores which at night are illuminated brilliantly, both outside and in. Lines of gas-jets with reflectors are placed above the windows played. Nearly all the goods of the store, as a rule, are in the windows, and the interior is not to be entered except for purchase. Small stocks are carried. I judge, and as a general thing a firstclass Paris store is not more than twelve feet square on the inside. I except, of course, the grand establishments of the 'Magazin du Louvre," and the "Bon Marche."

Your average Parisian merchant begins business at about 8 and closes at about 9 in the evening. At noon he takes a recess for two hours for his business is done all over the city. The keeps the cash account, and the books of Paris may be said to be kept by women. There are no smarter women in the world than these Parisiennes. They are not beautiful, but they are intensely practical, and they make excellent wives and good mothers. The love for family the contrary notwithstanding, and no nation has more loving fathers and doting mothers than this,

# Small Feet of Southern Women.

A lady of medium height may have a she intervenes tenderly. "Oh, guardie, would you marry me with that—that mor gives to Mrs. Cleveland, but in the woman claiming me as her child? Think of the disgrace, the shame, the humiliation to your proud name. And the Dinsmores are as noble as the Grosven-who frequent southern ballrooms and summer resorts comment upon the fact that extremely small feet, feet incased in slippers running from 1 to 24 are He is holding her close to his heart largely in the majority. Not many years now with tender kisses showered upon since this subject was discussed in a ballroom in Macon and experts were able to discover out of eighteen pairs present and twinkling in the mazes of the dance but three numbers larger than 21, and

## HABITS OF CERTAIN ANTS

How Almost Human They Appear to be in Their Passions.

In spite of the multifarious duties and tasks that are imposing on these tiny. burghers they still find time to clean and adorn their worthy little persons. No spot, no atom of dust or anything else uncleanly will they tolerate on their bodies. They get rid of the dirt with the brushy tufts on their feet or with their tongue. They act, for all the world, like domestic cats when they clean and lick themselves, and they assist one another at the toilet precisely like monkeys. Their sense of cleanliness goes so far that the naturalist often As the car hove in sight she raised her finds, to his unpleasant surprise, the right had, took hold of the iron rail on colored marks that he had applied with the car with a firm grip, and then, as so much care on his "trial ants" rethe step came along, lifted her left foot moved by their dirt hating friends.

But the conveying away of their deceased brethren, whose dead bodies they appear to regard with the greatest anbronze boot framed in the ruffle of a tipathy, gives them more trouble than white skirt, and that boot swung on to anything else. When some members of step and walked into the car, while the | with the greatest horror. For days the and ceased only when completely exhausted. The ants belonging to the camponotus species seized the dead and they converted into a sepulchre. Ordiwhich lie in the vicinity of their nests. They convey their deceased companions thither, where they lay them down in

orderly little heaps or in rows. It is from a life full of labor, hardship and strife that death releases these active little animals. When not engaged in labor they are busy in defense. tinels posted in commanding positions When opposite the Bowdoin Square guard them from surprises of every Baptist church sherose to her feet and kind. As soon as danger is threatened signal of the pickets, dart out of their fice she walked out to the door. When habitations, From nocturnal dangers their houses protect them, since they barricade the entrances with leaves and little sticks. And that is accomplished, manner: The large workers first drag up heavy material, and, having placed it in like a bird on a limb; then her hands position, disappear in the inside of the nest. Then the ants of medium size against the sides of her skirt, her right follow with material corresponding to heel dropped to the pavement, and off their strength. And finally the smallest members of the community bring up grains of sand and fragments of earth to

complete the barricade. The doors are closed behind them until the dawn of the next day, and then the exit occurs in reverse order. The many girls jump off cars when going, small ones are the first and the large

ones are the last of the column. But ants are not merely acquainted Five minutes later the reporter walk-ed back up Green-st., and looked in at susceptible to its joys and amusements with the earnest side of life; they are the Alhambra doorway. There at a as well. Just as kids in the wantonness table near the wall sat the heroine eat- of youthful spirits challenge one another to mimic combat in the meadow, so do the else so industrious enments. feelers and feet the combative individuals urges on its companions until they accept the challenge. Standing on their hind feet they grasp each other with the front ones and apply rapidly both head and jaws. Then they let go, turn round and take hold again, like boys wrestling. After having satisfactorily tested their respective strength they separate peace-

When they fight in earnest the result of the duel is quite different. As with on the outside so that they may cast a the heroes of antiquity, the single comstrong blaze down upon the goods dis- bats take place under the eyes of the opposing armies. Otherwise and especially when far away from the nest, the hostile ants avoid each other, or the weaker surrender at discretion. face of the embattled armies, however, where they find support, the adversaries rush upon each other furiously. The antennæ are thrown back and the jaws widely opened. Amid biting and stabbing the desperate struggle goes on. Then there is a pushing against one another, a shoving backward and forward, a hurling to the ground and a rolling over one and another, until at breakfast, and between 1 and 2 little last one of the combatants succumbs, or the duel remains undecided, ending with man and his wife, as a rule, work to- the complete exhaustion of the antagogether, and the wife here is the better nists. The secretion of the poison glands, half in a business way. It is she who the well known formic acid, serves as missile weapons in battle, the jaws for gripping and striking and the sting for

stabbing. These battles of the ants are obstinately fought and bloody in the extreme. Differences in regard to territorial boundaries, thievish forays and invasions for is strong in France, general reports to the purpose of procuring slaves are generally the casus belli. While the battle is in progress columns of troops are constantly coming and going, transporting prisoners or bringing up re-enforcements. It is not rare for a battle to last an entire day, and whole armies are sometimes annihilated, so that innumerable bodies of the dead and wounded cover the field.

## "Pure, Cheap Wines."

A great deal of eloquence is wasted in attempting to show the utility of the pure cheap wines of France. The fact is a pure cheap wine is a rara avis which the common people on the fur-ther Celtic side of the English channal seldom see in these days. During this last summer a gentleman of American birth, but living in Paris, collected ten specimens of vin ordinaire, or the red wine from nearly as many different two rough-looking men, who prove to be keepers of an insane asylum, in quest of the woman calling herself Marion the south among ladies of high social wine from hearly as many different shops, and had them tested by a competent tent chemist, with the result of finding out that only one specimen of all the ten standing has been accounted for on had a single drop of grape juice in it. many theories, the most natural one, we All the other nine had been manufactuthink, being the explanation that these red of various drugs and sold for wine. ladies do not use their feet with the To this may be added the testimony of freedom and constancy that may be a German physician, who said that out observed in other sections. They are of 440 specimens of Bordeux wines not walkers, in the first place. It is a rare which had been analyzed, only 22 conthing to find in southern cities ladies of tained the ingredients belonging to real the class described who average two wine. The reason of this lies primarily miles per day the year round. Climate in the fact that the phylloxera has been known.

The madwoman had planned a desperate game. When Mrs. Arlington was lost at sea, she had stolen the maroped by use, Of course, we speak in a general sense, because, there are families in which small feet are clearly an lies in which small feet are clearly an great as in that of wines. Moral: If memory always; she can not shut out ing them in her possession, the liability to fraud so memory always; she can not shut out ing them in her possession.

Afterward, losing her reason, she had inheritance and continue small despite exercise continuous and severe.

In no trade is the liability to fraud so great as in that of wines. Moral: If you don't relish being cheated let them exercise continuous and severe.

#### SCIENTIFIC TRUTH. Regarding the Functions of an Important Organ.

OF WHICH THE PUBLIC KNOWS BUT LITTLE, WORTHY CAREFUL CONSID-

ERATION. To the Editor of the Scientific American: Will you permit us to make known to the public the facts we have learned during the past 8 years, concerning disorders the human Kidneys and the organs which diseased Kidneys so easily break down? You are conducting a Scientific paper, and are unprejudiced except in favor of TRUTH. It is needless to say, no medical Journal of "Code" standing would admit these facts, for very obvious

H. H. WARNER & Co., Proprietors of "Warner's Safe Cure."

That we may emphasize and clearly explain the relation the kidneys sustain to the general health, and how much is dependent upon them, we propose, metaphorically speaking, to take one from the human body, place in the wash-bowl before us, and examine it for the public benefit.

You will imagine that we have before us a body shaped like a bean, smooth and glistening, about four inches in length, two in width, and one in thickness. It ordinarily weighs in the adult male, about five ounces, but is somewhat lighter in the female. A small organ? you say. But understand, the body of the average size man contains about ten quarts of blood, of which every drop passes through these filters or sewers, as they may be called, many times a day, as often as through the heart, making a complete revolution in three minutes. From the blood they separate the waste material, working away steadily night and day, sleeping or waking, tireless as the heart itself, and fully of as much vital importance; removing impurities from sixty-five gallons of blood each hour, or about forty-nine barrels each day, or 9,125 hogshead a year! What a wonder that the kidneys can last any length of time under this prodigious strain, treated and neglected as they are?

We slice this delicate organ open lengthwise with our knife, and will

roughly describe its interior. We find it to be of a reddish-brown color, soft and easily torn; filled with hundreds of little tubes, short and thread-like, starting from the afteries. ending in a little tuft about midway from the outside opening into a cavity of considerable size, which is called the pelvis or, roughly speaking, a sac, which is for the purpose of holding the water to further undergo purification before it passes down from here into the ureters, and so on to the outside of the body. These little tubes are the filters which do their work automatically, and right here is where the disease of the

kidney first begins. Doing the vast amount of work which they are obliged to, from the slightest irregularity in our habits. from cold, from high living, from stimulants or a thousand and one other causes which occur every day, they be-

nerve force, What is the result? Congestion or stoppage of the current of blood in the small blood vessels surrounding them, which become blocked; these delicate membranes are irritated; inflammation is set up, then pus is formed, which collects in the pelvis or sac; the tubes are at first partially, and soon are totally, unable to do their work. The pelvic sac goes on distending with this corruption, pressing upon the blood vessels. All this time, remember, the blood, which is entering the kidneys to be filtered, 18 passing through this terrible, disgusting pus, for it cannot take

any other route Stop and think of it for a moment, Do you realize the importance, nay the vital necessity, of having the kidneys in order? Can you expect when they are diseased or obstructed, no matter how little, that you can have pure blood and escape disease? It would be just as reasonable to expect, if a pest-house were set across Broadway and countless thousands were compelled to go through its pestilential doors, an escape from contagion and disease, as for one to expect the blood to escape pollution when constantly running through a diseased kidney.

Now, what is the result? Why, that the blood takes up and deposits this poison as it sweeps along into every organ, into every inch of muscle, tissue, flesh and bone, from your head to your feet. And whenever, from hereditary influence or otherwise, some part of the body is weaker than another, a countless train of diseases is established, such as consumption in weak lungs, dyspepsia, where there is a delicate stomach; nervousness, insanity, paralysis or heart disease in those who have

weak nerves. The heart must soon feel the effects of the poison, as it requires pure blood to ing to a neighboring village. We rekeep it in right action. It increases its stroke in number and force to compensate for the natural stimulus wanting, in its endeavor to crowd the impure blood through this obstruction, causing pain, palpitation, or an out-of-breath feeling. Unnatural as this forced labor is, the heart must soon falter, becoming weaker and weaker until one day it suddenly stops, and death from apparent "heart disease" is the verdict.

But the medical profession, learned and dignified, call these diseases by high sounding names, treat them alone, and patients die, for the arteries are carrying slow death to the affected part, constantly adding fuel brought from these suppurating, pus-laden kidneys which here in our wash-bowl are very putre faction itself, and which should have

been cured first. But this is not all the kidneys have to do; for you must remember that each adult takes about seven pounds on our shment every twenty-four hours to supply the waste of the body which is censtantly going on, a waste equa to the quantity taken. This, too, the kidneys have to separate from the blood with all other decomposing matter.

But you say, "My kidneys are all right. I have no pain in the back."

Mistaken man! People die of kidne disease of so bad a character that th organs are rotten, and yet they have never there had a pain nor an ache! Why? Because the disease begins

kidney, where there are few nerves o feeling to convey the sensation of pain Why this is so we may never know. When you consider their great work

the delicacy of their structure, the east with which they are deranged can you wonder at the ill-health of our men and women? Health and long life cannot be expected when so vital an organ if impaired. No wonder some writers say we are degenerating. Don't you see the great, the extreme importance of keeping this machinery in working order? Could the finest engine do ever a fractional part of this work, without attention from the engineer? Don't you see how dangerous this hidden disease is? It is lurking about us constantly, without giving any indication

of its presence. The most skillful physicians cannot detect it at times, for the kidneys themselves cannot be examined by any means which we have at our command. Ever an analysis of the water, chemically and microscopically, reveals nothing definite in many cases, even when the kidneys are fairly broken down.

Then look out for them, as disease no matter where situated, to 93 per cent., as shown by after-death examinations, has its origin in the breaking down of these secreting tubes in the interior of the kidney.

As you value health, as you desire ong life free from sickness and suffering, give these organs some attention. Keep tehm in good condition and thus prevent (as is easily done) all disease, Warner's Safe Cure, as it becomes

year after year better known for its wonderful cures and its power over the kidneys, has done and is doing more to increase the average duration of life than all the physicians and medicines known. Warner's Safe Care is a true specific, mild but certain, harmless but energetic and agreeable to the taste.

Take it when sick as a cure, and never let a month go by if you need it, without taking a few bottles as a preventive, that the kidneys may be kept in proper order, the blood pure, that health and long life may be your bless-H. H. WARNER & CO.

### Dietetic Fallacies.

1. That there is any nutriment in bee tea made from extracts. There is nonwhatever.

2. That gelatine is nutritious. It wil not keep a cat alive. Beef tea and gela tine, however, possess a certain repara tive power, we know not what. 3. That an egg is equal to a pound o meat, and that every sick person can ea eggs. Many, especially those of nervou

or billious temperament, cannot ea them; and to such eggs are injurious. 4. That, because milk is an importan article of food, it must be forced upon : patient, Food that a person canno

endure will not cure. 5. That arrowroot is nutritious. Iti simply starch and water, useful as : restorative, quickly prepared.

6. That cheese is injurious in al cases. It is, as a rule, contra-indicated being usually indigestible; but it is con centrated nutriment, and pairer, and often craved. 7. That the cravings of a patient ar

whims, and should be denied. The stomach often needs, craves for, and digests, many articles not laid down in any dietary. Such are, for example fruit, pickles, jams, cake, ham or bacor with fat, cheese' butter, and milk.

8. That an inflexible diet may b marked out, which shall apply to ever case. Choice of a given list of article

allowable in a given case must be deci

ded by the opinion of the stomach. The stomach is right and theory wrong, and the judgment admits no appeal. A diet which would keep a health; man healthy might kill a sick man; and a diet sufficient to sustain a sick mar would not keep a well man alive. In creased quantity of food, especially of liquids, does not mean increased nutriment, rather decrease, since the diges tion is overtaxed and weakened. Strive to give the food in as concentrated a form as possible. Consult the patient's stomach in preference to his cravings and if the stomach rejects a certain

## Shrewd Buffaloes.

article, do not force it.

The tame buffaloes of India are said to possess an unusually intelligent nature, notwithstanding their rough exterior. An English traveller, who has made the passage up the Brahma-pootra. relates an instance of mathematical calculation on the part of these animals such as must have been amusing to witness, as it is entertaining to read.

"Once," he says, "while our party were awaiting the arrival of a steamer coming down the river, wanting something wherewith to occupy our minds we became interested in watching the behavior of a herd of buffaloes belongmarked that each morning, about six o'clock, the whole herd swam across the river from the opposite side, the bull considerably in advance leading the way, followed by the matrons with their

calves by their sides. "Entering the water about half a mile farther up on the opposite bank, the strong current washed them down to the village where they wished to land. This was as judicious a calculation of distance and power of the current as could have been made by the most able mathe-

matician, "The river at this point was fully a mile broad, but as there was better feeding-ground, on the other bank, the animals preferred the swim. After they had reached the bank safely there was a halt for a few minutes to rest and re-

cover breath. "It was a pleasing sight to watch the natural anxiety of each matron for her young one towards the end of the swim. when they were beginning to tire; the repeated turn of the head to see how the youngster was getting on, and the satisfaction when at length, wearied with the long journey, the little one rested its head upon its mother for sup-

port. "SMITH," said a Court street lawye to his young clerk, "why weren't you at the office earlier this morning?" Beg parden, sir, but I am a reformer. I believe that the office should seek the as we have shown, in the interior of the