

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A German scientist proclaims that "the chewing of cloves will kill all the microbes that happen to get into a man's mouth." What does it profit a young man, however, to kill his character and his microbes at the same time?

Captain James in a recent address at the Royal United Service Institute in London declared that modern military development would inevitably shorten the period of war. Moreover, he asserted, while at the actual point of battle the destruction of life would be vastly increased, the aggregate loss of men in an entire war would be really reduced by the improved means of treating the wounded.

An investigator has discovered that there are 238 lawyers in Congress, 41 farmers, 27 editors, 28 manufacturers, 1 railroad manager, 2 steamboat owners, 14 teachers and college professors, 25 bankers, 20 merchants, 1 house-builder, 3 clergymen, 7 who say they are "engaged in business," 8 doctors, 1 architect, 1 music teacher, 1 owner of oil wells, 5 miners, 2 insurance agents, 1 theater manager, 1 manufacturer of ice, 3 civil engineers, 9 lumbermen, 2 owners of stone quarries, 2 real estate agents, 1 pharmacist and 1 steamboat captain.

It has been calculated that if the world keeps on developing as at present—orses, cattle and sheep will become extinct and man will be differentiated into two distinct animals, an upper world of "feeble prettiness" and a most repulsive subterranean race reduced to mere mechanical industry. In the course of a few millions of years the motion of the earth on its axis, which is supposed to be growing slower every year on account of the friction of the tides, will have ceased entirely and the earth will present a constant face to the sun.

The Atlanta Constitution call attention to the valuable advertising that has been given to the South by the Exposition. "Twenty-five governors," it says, "twenty-four State press associations, the chambers of commerce of perhaps forty leading cities, hundreds of mayors, scores of senators and congressmen, the President and his cabinet, the New England Manufacturers' Association, the bankers of the country, the National Farmers' Convention and dozens of other big organizations have come and gone, and in every quarter of the Union they have sung the praises of the Exposition and of the South."

Uncle Sam puts photography to a unique use in the far of seal islands. These he has photographed annually. The views, taken in sections, are afterward fitted together in Washington, where, by means of a strong glass, the seals are counted. Thus a sort of census is taken, and the increase or decrease of the herds approximated. It will be a good day, in the opinion of the Pathfinder, when our decennial census enumerator comes to our door, armed with a kodak, instead of voluminous schedules of irrelevant questions, and says, simply, "Ole button does it all."

The United States Fish Commission Ship Albatross, has just returned to San Francisco, after a cruise of seven months in far northern waters. During this time she has been engaged in deep sea fishing, and has made many important finds of new fishes. One specimen totally unlike anything yet described in the books was taken at a depth of 1700 fathoms, or nearly two miles. It was physically constructed so as to stand the enormous weight of water at this great depth, a weight that would crush to death any ordinary fish. When drawn to the surface its stomach had been filled out of its mouth, and both eyes were popped out of their sockets. It was unable to live in the shallower depths.

A curious case of protraction of life comes from Piedmont, Cal. Pneumonia had attacked a man and closed up so much of his lung that he could not inhale enough air to sustain life. Oxygen, of course, was the element that was wanted, and the physician in charge procured a number of receivers full of this gas and administered some of it to the patient every fifteen minutes. For a week the man not only kept alive but showed marked improvement. But suddenly paralysis set in, resulting in death. About 3,200 gallons of oxygen was given within the week. Small quantities of the life-giving gas have been frequently administered. This case tends to show that its use in large quantities would be beneficial in some cases.

According to a Los Angeles (Cal.) paper, a number of Los Angeles men have received a concession from the Mexican Government of the Island of Tiburon, in the Gulf of California. A company of 300 men is being organized under the command of J. H. Polk. Each man is to receive \$250 and a hundred acres of land, after the island is conquered. The money for the expedition is being put up by Colonel Bradbury, who inherited a million or so a few years ago. There are only about 100 male Indians on the island, but they are said to be such valiant fighters that the Mexican Government despaired of subduing them, and has offered the island to Bradbury and his companions, if they would undertake the work. It is the intention of the Tiburon Conquest Company, as the new corporation is called, to establish a republic of its own and have the United States establish a protectorate. It is stated that Mexico has consented to this. One of the objects of the company is to establish a great resort, and lines of steamers will be put on from both Yuma and Guaymas.

There are surviving and upon the United States pensions rolls twelve widows and daughters of Revolution-

ary soldiers, while the war of 1812 is represented by twenty-one survivors and 3,826 widows. There are 12,586 survivors of the Mexican war. There are in the United States eighteen pension agencies. There are residing abroad 3,481 persons who draw pensions to the extent of \$695,000, 1,737 of these living in Canada, 664 in Great Britain, 573 in Germany. The names, Lovoy Aldrich, aged ninety-five, Los Angeles, Cal.; Nancy Cloud, eighty-two, Chum, Va.; Susannah Chadwick, eighty, Emporium, Pa.; Esther S. Damon, eighty-one, Plymouth Union, Vt.; Sarah C. Hubart, seventy-seven, Chatham Valley, Pa.; Nancy Jones, eighty-one, Jonesboro, Tenn.; Rebecca Mayo, eighty-two, Newbern, Vt.; Patty Richardson, ninety-four, East Bethel, Vt.; Mary Sneed, seventy-nine, Parkersley, Va.; Ann M. Slaughter, eighty-five, Mitchell's Station, Va.; Asenath Turner, ninety, Manchester, N. Y.; Nancy Weatherman, eighty-five, Lisleback, Tenn.

Instruction in regard to the laws of health and the effect of stimulants on the human system is now obligatory in many of the states of the Union. In view of this fact, a petition was recently sent to the trustees of the American University, at Washington, asking that there might be created in it a department for such original investigation, study and instruction as would furnish to the country the needed teachers of teachers in the new and almost universally mandatory branch of public school instruction above referred to. The Board of Trustees of the American University complied with this request on certain conditions, and appointed a committee, viz: Bishop John F. Hurst, LL.D.; the Rev. Chas. H. Payne, LL.D.; and Vice Chancellor Samuel L. Beller, Ph. D., to meet the Board of Counsel of the Temperance Educational Association to arrange all details. At a meeting just held in New York it was agreed that upon the payment to the treasurer of the American University of the sum of \$250,000, or such lesser sum as should be deemed by the Board of Trustees sufficient for the beginning of the work of said school, there should be inaugurated a department of the university to be called "The College of Scientific Temperance," which shall be a college of investigation and instruction in physiology, hygiene and pathology, with special reference to the nature of alcohol and kindred substances, together with their effects upon mankind.

CURED BY SWEATING.

Rheumatism Yields to the Air of an Old Cave in Italy.

There is in Italy a bath, a natural vapour bath, in a mountain grotto, where men and women sit in simple robes and give themselves up to the passive process of perspiration. If they have got it makes them better; if they have rheumatism it gives them great relief. Though not a fashionable resort, the Grotto of Giusti might well be one, so pretty is its situation at the foot-hills of the Apennines, not far from Luca. Garibaldi was cured there, and Ludwig Kossuth—just by sitting within it and letting the humors of the blood sweat themselves out through the skin's pores. More than fifty years ago, while working in a lime quarry on land belonging to the poet Giusti, after whom the grotto is named, the discovery of the hole was made. The strange stalactite structure drew many visitors. The astonishing perspiration brought on by the strength of the air in it reminded one of a Turkish bath. But it was more than a curiosity—it was a cure. Old sufferers from the gout left the grotto entirely well, or else greatly helped, till the grotto's reputation grew to such an extent that a building was erected by the owner for the accommodation of the patients.

Each day at a specified time the patients, clad in long garments and light slippers descend through a sloping passage to a cellar-like apartment. The air now is warm and damp. Guided by a bath attendant clothed in a single robe, they continue through the long, widening way, lighted by side lamps and swinging chandeliers. The space widens. On one side there is an abyss in which there is water. Rocks throw shadows over the gulf. Then the passage narrows again, the air grows warmer, and presently the patient enters a large lighted cavern.

With a "Perspire well," the guide disappears. Seating themselves upon the benches the patients await with high hopes the results of the heat. The air is saturated with dampness, yet light and easy to breathe. Crevices in the walls and ceiling provide fresh air to the cave. In a few minutes beads of perspiration cover the skin, and soon it runs off in drops. Patients remain in this state one or two hours or longer. Then they are rubbed off, and wrapped in dry woolen clothes, conveyed to their rooms, where they rest quietly another half hour.

Merely as a sensation this air bath is delightful. Men and women chat with one another while taking it, and so pass the time quickly. Its many cures, recently, have brought it into notice again throughout Europe.

From Finger to Foot.

Twenty years ago Mrs. C. S. Warner, of Whitson, Vt., broke off about a third of a fine cambric needle in one of her fingers. The needle was not extracted, and after a while ceased to trouble her. A few days she felt a pricking sensation in the bottom of her foot, and on trying to discover the cause she felt a sharp point sticking out of her foot. A doctor was called, and he drew from her foot the piece of needle that had entered her finger a score of years ago. The steel was as bright as though new.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Interesting Lecture by the Hon. Whyfore Jackson.

It was known to most members of the Lime Kiln Club that the Hon. Whyfore Jackson, of Louisiana, was in town, the guest of Brother Gardner, and no one was therefore greatly surprised to hear the president announce at the opening of the Saturday night meeting that the distinguished visitor would consume the evening in delivering his world-renowned lecture on the subject of "Human Man."

As soon as the meeting had been duly opened Giveadam Jones and Waydown Bebee escorted the orator into the hall. He looked to be a short, fat, one-story man of a faded raspberry color, but he had the dignity of a man who knows that he has \$5 in cash in his pocket, and his board paid in advance, and no visible signs of embarrassment were apparent as he surveyed the audience before him and began:

"My friends, de subject of my orashun to-night is 'Human Man.' It is an orashun dat I erected myself, widout any help. I didn't steal it from Shakespeare, an' I didn't hire no white man to write it. (Sensation.) I was ober ten yars gittin' dis orashun together. I went slow an' sure. I didn't propose to fall into any mistakes. I knowed dere was a heap to talk about, an' I wanted to git it all in whar' it belonged. I will now proceed:

"Man! Who an' what is man? What was man created for? Why was he created in de form of a man instead of a hyena? What use is he? What was he bo'n fur? In seekin' to answer dese qeshuns, my friends, you insensibly find yourselves delving into de regions of philosophy an' foilerin' de unknown paths of speculashun. In de first place, what was de use of all dis world widout man? It would simply be so much land an' water gwine to waste. (Cries of 'Heal! Heal!') 'Spose I dese yere rabbits an' possums an' chickens war' runnin' around widout anybody to make use of 'em—what a shameful waste of meat it would be! (Groans.) Dat's one reason man was put yere—to eat chickens an' sich. ('Yum, yum!')

"What is man?" continued the speaker, as he shifted his weight to his left leg. "He's a substance composed of skin, blood, bones, teeth, toe-nails, brains, hair, and so on. He was created fust, an' out of de best goods in de market. Dat's de reason he's a heap purtier dan a dog or a cat. (Sensation.) If he had happened to hev been created along about fifth or sixth he might hev bin a ground-hog or a whale. (Involuntary shivers.) Dar an' several different sorts of men, as moast of you probably know. Dey wasn't all made of de same color nor in de same shape, kase dat would hev bin monotonous. It would hev tried de eye, same as lookin' at a flock of white sheep. Dar an' no sort of qeshun in my mind dat black used to be de moast popular color in de beginning of things. (Heal! Heal!) De white man fo'ced his way in an' got hisself boosted up to de top by some sort of gum game. (Growls and mutterings.)

"Did you ever stop to think why man didn't grow to be ten feet high an' to weigh a ton? You probably never did, an' yit de explanashuns ar' right to hand. If he was ten or seven feet high he couldn't walk around no back yard widout sawin' his neck on a clothesline, an' if he weighed a ton, an' de roof of his hen house sprung a leak, how'd he ever git up dar to fix it? (Great sensation.) Man was bo'n to walk uprightly. Why wasn't he bo'n to go on four legs like a dog? Dis philosophical qeshun probably nebber occurred to your Intellect, but de reason is plain. You couldn't hev crowded ober ten of him into a street kyar to once." (Cries of 'A-h-h-h!')

The speaker here paused to wipe his heated brow and moisten his throat with a potato tablet, and after a brief rest continued:

"While man is de highest order of creatshun, he has at de same time got de moast low traits of character about him. While on my way from Canada some man stole my umbrella from under my very nose. (Decided sensation.) An' on two odder occasions efforts war' made to despoil me of my satchel. Dat was de work of man. Would de lion, de tiger, de elephant, or de grizzly bear descend to sich petty meanness? (Cries of 'No! never!') Wolves lib together in harmony, but man is allus in a fuss. De hyena knows when he's got a good thing, but man is allus wantin' better. Take an old hoss or a mewl, an' you kin depend upon him every day in de week. Take de average man an' you needn't expect to find him twice alike de same day. (Applause from Elder Toots, which was broken short off by Giveadam Jones giving him a kick.) Of what use is man? He thinks he's a heap of use, but he's dun mistaken 'bout dat. De world was heah befo' he cum. It would hev bin right heah now if no body had eber bin bo'n. Man jist comes, sloshes around, kicks up a dust, an' departs, an' de blackberry crop of de next y'ar is jist as large as if he had libed on." (Samuel Shin sheds tears.)

"My friends," continued the orator as he tightened his left suspender by an inch, "man is a pore, useless, misguided critter. He's generous one day an' stingy de next. He's away up on de pinnacle of greatness at 10 o'clock in de mornin', an' at 3 in de afternoon he'll dodge around a corner to git shot of givin' a blind man a cent. (Cries of 'That's so, old man!') One day he'll put his hand into his pocket an' give an orphan asylum a hundred dollars, an' de next he'll see a pore man fur de value of two shillin's. (Yes! Yes! It ar' my candid opinion, based upon ten y'ars of observashun, dat man ar' a failure as a man. (Sensation.) He would hev made a fust-rate animal or a bird, and would hev bin a decided success as an alligator. I hev no recomends to make. Man is as he is,

an' he can't be no different. (Groans.) After de meetin' is out a colleckshun will be taken up fur de benefit of de undersigned, who's mighty sorry he wasn't bo'n a rhinoceros. Thankin' you fur your interest an' courtesy, I will now bid you a percolated good-night an' stand at de doah as you go out."

There was a roar of applause which should have made the orator proud of his talents, and he stepped down with a patronizing smile and took a position where he could shake hands with each member as he passed out. The collection figured up nine cents in cash, and when he had counted it over three times the Hon. Mr. Jackson tossed the pennies in the wood-box and walked down stairs with his toga wrapped about him and disappeared in the darkness.

A Rheumatic's Museum.

A Fifteenth ward man who has been a life-long sufferer from rheumatism has a queer collection of alleged "cures" arranged in a neat cabinet. One shelf is devoted to a series of small, wrinkled objects, which look and feel like large pebbles. They are not pebbles, however, but potatoes which have become almost petrified through being carried a long time in the pocket of the rheumatic gentleman. Each potato is marked with a small label bearing some such inscription as this: "Carried from November 12, 1878, to May 18, 1880. Very efficacious." The collector claims that the potato carried in the trousers pocket has proved to be the best of the many remedies he has ever tried. He carries one potato until the return of his rheumatic twinges seem to testify to the decline of the tuber's curative properties. Then he takes a new potato, and locks the old one up in his cabinet. On the other shelves of the cabinet are several shrivelled horse chestnuts, a string of amber beads, a dried-up rabbit's foot, the right foot of "an Eastern Sho' Crow," a number of iron finger rings, a few horseshoe nails, and several other odds and ends. "All these things seem to have given me more or less relief," says the collector.

The Seasons in Iceland.

The Icelanders divide the year into the light and dark seasons. It is a strange sensation to a foreigner who goes to the far North between the months of March and August to find that he is beyond the region of night. To one accustomed to wait for retiring until shut in by the darkness, the continuous light soon becomes wearisome. With the sun above the horizon and a singularly rare atmosphere an evening walk may be unconsciously continued until midnight, and an interesting book may cause one to forget the hours for sleep until the maid enters the room with the morning coffee. After a few days of this activity, nature begins to assert her claims, and instead of the sun dial, the watch is entrusted with nocturnal registration. A nap in the middle of the day may be restful and pleasant, but regularly to retire in broad daylight seems unnatural.

During June and a part of July the sun does not set, though for a few hours about midnight it is visible only from the mountain top, while in the valleys is seen all the glories of a regular sunset, and no Italian sky can boast of greater splendor. At times the colors are intensified, as if each would claim by contrast the richest beauty; then, by hands invisible the scene is shifted, until all is enveloped in a calm-fulness, betokening the rest and harmony of an unseen world.

The Lava of Idaho.

Ages ago a vast river of fire poured down the centre of the State of Idaho. This river consisted of molten lava, was 400 miles long, 100 miles wide, and from 300 to 900 feet thick. Across the course of this mighty river of fire a river of water has slowly cut a channel in several places. Born in the melting snow of the majestic Tetons, this river has cut its way for hundreds of miles through lava beds, in its course tumbling over numerous precipices until the great climax is reached at Shoshone Falls, where this mighty river makes an awful leap of 210 feet, a magnificent spectacle, in marked contrast to the desolate country on either side.

She Wasn't "Cross, Bertie."

The directory canvassers have some odd experiences. In making their rounds it is customary for them to note the surname first, and follow it with the christian name. One of the canvassers had occasion to call at a Pine street residence several days ago. A bright, cheerful looking young girl came to the door. He asked her name. "My name?" she answered, with a little wonder in her tone. "My name is Bertie Cross." She watched closely as he wrote "Cross, Bertie." Then she exclaimed, "Don't you dare to put my name down that way. That's my nick-name here at the house, but I want my name put in the directory as Bertie Cross or not at all."

Treatment of Electric Burns.

According to the authority of Dr. Thierry, if a burn is treated by the external application of a saturated solution of picric acid the pain ceases at once, no blisters will form and it will heal in four or five days; the yellow color which this acid gives to the skin may be removed with boric acid. He suggests that a small quantity of picric acid should always be kept on hand wherever workmen are subjected to the possibility of being burned. Although not so stated, it may be inferred that the treatment will be effective for burns caused by electric currents.

The London jam trade provides employment for 16,000 people.

Five Miles Down.

The deepest spot in the ocean has been found. More than five miles of wire ran out without the bottom being reached. Then the wire broke. This spot was recently discovered by the surveying ship Penguin, near the Friendly Islands, in the South Pacific. Commander Balfour, of that ship, reports that this remarkable discovery was made in latitude 23.40 south, longitude 175.10 west. When he first discovered this extraordinary hole, which so far as we know now is bottomless, Captain Balfour attempted to take the depth and the sounding line was run out.

After 4,290 fathoms had run out over the side of the ship, the wire broke, and a rising sea and wind prevented any further attempt of the kind being made. Upon the second attempt he managed to pass 4,900 fathoms, of 29,400 feet of the wire over the ship's side before the wire broke, and put an end to the experiment.

The deepest hole in the ocean previously known was close to the coast of Japan, where a sounding had been made of 4,655 fathoms. This is 245 fathoms, or more than 1,400 feet shallower than the deep hole which has now been discovered.

How much deeper it goes than 4,900 fathoms no man can know. It is a piece of water more than five miles deep. What the pressure must be at the bottom no scientist has yet been bold enough to conjecture. There is no glass instrument that could resist this pressure. It would be impossible with the most approved scientific appliances to take the temperature at this enormous depth.

No living thing that is known to science could exist at a depth so great as this, where the pressure must be equal to many hundred or thousand foot tons, sufficient to squeeze the life out of any fish. Even brass and iron instruments lowered to this enormous depth would be twisted and distorted. The most painstaking work in lowering a piano wire to sound a depth such as this will not suffice to keep it from breaking. This is because of the friction of the water against the wire.

In spite of every appliance of balance and spring in the machinery on deck, designed to counteract the motion of the vessel, the increase and decrease of pressure caused by rising and falling on a wave will snap the strongest wire when it has been lowered to so great a distance.

All of the water at the bottom must support the weight of the water on top of it. The consequence is that the water in the lowest depths is compressed under enormous pressure.

The theory has been advanced that some strange unknown creatures may live in this highly compressed water. There may be fish of a kind so peculiar that they cannot exist closer to the surface, where the water is thinner and the pressure less.

Through countless ages of living in the darkest, deepest depths of ocean these fish may have evolved forms and natures unknown to men of science, because hitherto such vast depths have been unexplored. What the bottom of such a place may be like is only a matter of conjecture.

It may support a fauna and flora of its own. It may have its own plant and animal life, which some daring scientist will bring to light to astonish and amaze the scientific world.

Here, where there can be no light, the fish, if fish there be, must be eyeless, like that queer brood of fish which Darwin cited existed in the rivers of the Mammoth Cave, but still, under the scalpel of the scientist disclosing what is known in biology as a "rudimentary eye." The fishes of these deepest depths may have rudimentary eyes and rudimentary lungs.

They may have been pressed hard and flat like a pancake by the enormous weight of the water above them and may indeed move about by a method as strange and curious as was that of the kangaroo when first brought to the attention of Europe. These are questions for the scientific world to solve. They have been brought to the front by the discovery of the Penguin of a spot in the ocean deeper than any that has been known hitherto.

Raising Muskrats for Profit.

Back of Afton, Va., in the mountains there lives a queer old man, who is a born trapper and hunter. He owns a little farm at the foot of the ridge, on which he raises corn and other produce, but it is chiefly valuable to him because it has a number of running brooks which furnish homes for myriads of the little fur-bearing animals, the muskrats, better known as the muskrat. The trapper carefully protects the little animals, and will allow no trespassing on his preserves. He has fenced off, in many places, wet spots in the swaley meadows, so the rats can build their nests undisturbed by the poacher or neighboring dogs. His furs he carefully cures and markets in person to Staunton in the Northern trade, which pays well for good skins.

War On Cats.

It is sad to see what a great prejudice exists against pussy in most parts of Germany, where the people are otherwise, as a rule, kind to animals. In Munich there is an Anti-Cat Society, which gives a reward for every cat's tail brought to its members. The society says that cats are of no use, that they kill the singing birds, spread contagion and never kill a mouse if they can catch a bird.

The tea plant may be grown anywhere in the Southern States of this country.

In London 201 streets are named after the Queen.

WHY IS THE SEA SALT?

It Has Been So Ever Since the Creation of the World.

The sea at present contains 90,000,000,000,000,000 tons of salt. If this salt could be gathered in a solid form and compressed into the shape of a cube, it would contain 10,173,000 cubic miles. Each edge of such a cube would measure somewhat more than two hundred miles. This is enough to cover all the land on this globe with a uniform layer of salt to a depth of one thousand feet.

This statement as to the saltiness of the sea is interesting enough in itself, but it is also suggestive. The questions may well be asked, where did all this salt come from and what is the use of it. Several scientific gentlemen have attempted to give an idea of the chemical conditions of the atmosphere which surrounded this planet in the course of its formation, and describe an early period in the existence of the earth as follows:

"The surface of the earth was covered with lumps of molten rock (probably resembling furnace slag). The depressed parts of the surface were filled with highly heated solutions of hydrochloric and sulphuric acids, which ate into the surface and decomposed it. In this way the silicates were changed to pure silica, taking the form of quartz as the atmosphere cooled, and the composition of the vaporous atmosphere produced sea water, holding in solution plates of sodium, calcium and magnesium, and salts of ammonium. The atmosphere, thus freed of its noxious elements, became pure and fit for man."

It is therefore evident that the sea has been salty from the creation of the world. The salt does not come, as is generally supposed, from friction of the ocean against salt "rocks" in the bed of the ocean. This, then, answers the first question. Where did the salt come from? The second question is pretty well answered by Mr. G. W. Littlehales in Popular Science Monthly.

"It seems," he says, "that the sea was made salt in the beginning as a part of the grand design of the Creator to provide for the system of evolution which has been going on since the creation. Many distinct species of living organisms exist in the sea as a result of its salinity, and their remains have largely contributed to the growth of continents."

The minute creatures that have lived in the sea for ages past have left enduring monuments in the shape of islands, rocks and continents. If the sea had not been salty these marine animals could not have existed and secreted hard substance known as a "calcereous skeleton" which has largely contributed to the growth of continents. Among these earlier inhabitants of the sea were corals, crinoids, sea urchins and star fishes.

The saltiness of the sea has also much to do with the ocean currents, which distribute the heat of the tropics over the colder regions of the earth. Currents are largely due to the difference between the specific gravity of sea water and the fresh water of rains. Thus when rain falls on a certain part of the ocean the effort of the heavier salt water of the ocean to establish an equilibrium causes a current.

An Easy Headache Cure.

A good cure for headache lies in the simple act of walking backward. Just try it some time if you have any doubt about it. A correspondent says: "I have yet to meet a person who didn't acknowledge its efficacy after a trial. Nobody has yet discovered or formulated a reason why such a process should bring certain relief."

"Physicians say that it is probably because the reflex action of the body brings about a reflex action of the brain, and thus drives away the pain that, when produced by nervousness, is the result of too much going forward. As soon as you begin to walk backward, however, there comes a sensation of everything being reversed, and that is followed by relief. The relief is always certain and generally speedy. Ten minutes is the longest I have ever found it necessary. An entry, or a long, narrow room makes the best place for such a promenade. You should walk very slowly, letting the ball of your foot touch the floor first, and then the heel—just the way, in fact, that one should, in theory, walk forward, but which, in practice, is so rarely done. Besides curing nervous headache, there is no better way to learn to walk well and gracefully forward than the practice of walking backward."

Oysters Embedded in Coal.

Patrick Haggerty, 20 years old, of Hoboken, is employed by George M. Sinclair, plumber, of that city. "In March last," said Haggerty, "I found in the kinders taken from the kitchen stove a piece of coal as big as my fist, which seemed to have been charred, and thinking it might burn better in the range if made smaller I broke it with a hatchet."

"It split like a nutshell in two equal parts. It had burned about half way through. Imbedded in the very heart of the coal was what resembled a small oyster. The coal, in breaking, parted so that a shell was left set firmly in each of the two pieces. In the centre of the shell was a hat or pearl."

The coal was kept as a curiosity for some time, but when the family returned from the country after the summer vacation it could not be found. The hat is now just as it was when discovered. A small speck on it is probably due to a flaw or seam in the coal, which allowed the intense heat to enter.

The coffee plant is a variety of the chechona family.