

The Two Ages.

Folks were happy as days were long
In the old Arcadian times;
When life seemed only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,
As the pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the golden age,
And come to the age of gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon Thebes's plains of yore,
In the nineteenth century lams at play
Mean mutton, and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one lived of old;
So they couple the crook of the golden age
With a hook in the age of gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
Heard news of his latest flame;
And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Daphne's name.
They kindly left us a lasting gauge
Of their musical art, we're told;
And the Pandean pipe of the golden age
Brings mirth to the age of gold.
Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
From shepherdess up to queen—
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls,
And nothing for ermine.

But now simplicity's not the rage,
And it's tummy to think how cold
The dress they wore in the golden age
Would seem in the age of gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old regime;
And—pite of Lempreire's dazzling gaze,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the golden age
For a year of the age of gold.

—Henry S. Leigh.

IN A POCKET.

A HOLIDAY STORY.

"Well, well," said good Adonijah Courtney, raising his eyes heavenward. "Providence has indeed afflicted us; but should we mourn as those without hope? Nay, surely not, since all flesh is weak and unable to meet and withstand temptation in its own strength; and our dear boy, Lionel, still gives us hope of his repentance. All is not lost, sister Keziah," and he pressed his spinstress companion's withered and trembling hand reassuringly, as he bade his pretty, tearful niece (the culprit's sister), to re-read the letter of confession that had that evening burst like a bombshell in their midst and caused the good and simple-minded people great sorrow and anxiety of mind.

Lily Courtney held her brother's singularly jerky and illegible-written epistle open before her. Indeed she had never closed it since it came, but continued to pour over its shabby characters in the vague hope of gleaming a ray of light to illumine the murky record. At her uncle's request, she tried hard to swallow the painful lump that had been apparently growing in her throat ever since her startled mind took in the wretched tidings. She was a gentle, shy-mannered girl, of great personal beauty and equal modesty; but her strong, and as yet untried trait of character was unselfish devotion. She loved the dear old pair who had received her brother and herself in their early orphanage, and who had given every energy and thought to the education and moral training of the otherwise friendless children. Without ever having being outside of Greenville—since she came there a little girl ten years before—Lily knew quite well that her aunt and uncle were singularly innocent and unworldly people, and, though she could not help but fall into many of their primitive ways and illogical views, she was quite sure that neither of them was fitted to start out in winter and travel to the great city where her poor dear brother was in trouble. She had quite resolved from the first that she would go to him herself, and when her voice trembled and he choking sensation oppressed her most as she read on, it was when the conflict between her native timidity and courageous sense of duty occurred.

The note was dated a day or two before Christmas and written in pencil so badly that it was difficult to read. Its style, too, was unlike Lionel's; in fact, there was no way to account for its abrupt and uneven character except the true one. The dreadful snares and temptations of that frightful city, against which the elder pair, who had never passed a night in its polluted air, who had so faithfully warned him—had seized him in their illusive grasp. He had succumbed; he had strayed and fallen from grace; some evil being had robbed him, and now, contrite and helpless, he called homeward for relief. His scrawling epistle ran thus:

"MY DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT—I don't want Lily to be alarmed (it was she who had opened the note), so I do not include her. I have had a misfortune—I trusted to myself in these slippery ways. I was a fool not to listen to counsel—but I thought I knew it all; the result is, I became lost, grew confused and fell. Do not alarm yourself, dear aunt and uncle; I might have been much worse. As it is, in the confusion, I lost my pocketbook. The people among whom, on coming to myself, I proved to be, are not of the class for me to remain dependent on for a single day. Please send or come. I enclose address. Regret to alarm you. With love,
LIONEL."

In a different hand was a complicated direction, which Lily carefully detached and put it in her pocketbook.

That was the first step taken—the rest followed quickly:

"Uncle and aunt, I am going to the city. My mind is made up, and please do not say No. You, dear uncle, are suffering with one of your worst attacks of rheumatism, and aunt's head is threatened with her regular January neuralgia. Martha is needed to look after you both, and Simon can't leave the barn, poor old man. As for me, I was nine years old when I was there last, but I remember the streets perfectly. I could even go to this place"—she pointed to the direction in the pocketbook—"after a little studying of the localities."

She spoke so confident, looked so brave, and withal so hopeful, that the good couple could only accept her strength of purpose as providential, and "sent" for the trying occasion.

It was over. On Christmas day she sat in the center of the middle car—the safest place in case of accidents. The cold air had frozen the tears on her cheeks; she looked through the blurred window at the dark outline of the old family carriage which Simon was driving up the lane homeward, and sent the venerable occupants a silent kiss pressed against the unsympathetic glass.

The train was a full one; at every station new people came in, and at the second place from Greenville, a gentleman of excellent appearance and pleasing manner came in and found no vacant place except the one beside Lily.

He wore a handsome sable collar round his overcoat; in Lily's startled eye it seemed like a partial mask to his face, and when, pointing to the seat, he bowed his request to be allowed to share it, she assented with a start and immediately placed her hand protectively over her coat-pocket where her money was. She had merely turned her face once toward the newcomer; that once, however, was quite sufficient to show him a pure, oval outline, eyes soft as velvet and lovely brown in color, a straight nose and a mobile, red-lipped mouth—a little compressed and formal in its set—but sweet as an opening bud in June.

Apparently the stranger was susceptible to female loveliness; he threw off his fur wrapping, adjusted his coat-collar and gave a becoming touch to his hat. He was young and good-looking, and seemed decidedly drawn toward the face that had been quickly averted from his view.

Lily looked steadily out of the window and tried to think of her dear, but unfortunate brother, who had left home to enjoy a brief holiday before choosing a profession and so soon fallen into life's "slippery ways."

"What a pity it is that evil lurks under the most pleasing exteriors," she said to herself, with a sigh, and then she took a furtive peep out of the corner of her eye at her handsome companion, which caused her to sigh again.

Yes, he was very prepossessing, but it was of just such as he that she had always been told to beware. Evil delighted to put on an alluring guise; but it was to entrap the unwary, and a charming, smiling exterior was too frequently the mask of the tempter.

These solemn warnings all recurred to her mind faithfully, but somehow they gave her no great pleasure.

"It is a pity!" she said, and looked out on the wintry prospect, with a fine sharp snow sifting through the gray air and the bare tree-boughs shivering in the wind.

The shawl that Aunt Keziah's thoughtfulness had added to her niece's wrappings slipped off her knee upon the floor; the observant stranger quickly stooped to lift it. Lily bent down also; their faces nearly met and both were forced to smile.

"I beg your pardon?" said Lily, mechanically. Oh, how her face flushed the minute after! She had been the first to speak, and had actually addressed herself to a stranger?

"I am the one to apologize! I am very awkward, I am sure!" cried the young man, elaborately replacing the wrappings.

Lily recovered her self-possession, bowed coldly, and again took refuge in peering into the gloomy outer world.

Suddenly, without a note of preparation, they shot into a huge dark tunnel. The transition from day to night was so swift that Lily almost screamed, and do what she would to recover from the shock, her heart kept beating so that she could scarcely breathe.

Here was a situation totally unlooked for. Neither her aunt nor her uncle had prepared her mind for this—alone in the darkness, at the mercy of this deceptive and wily stranger, who had, no doubts many subtle mechanical contrivances at command for extracting pocket books from the possession of country victims!

Her breath came shorter; she fancied she already felt something touch her pocket. She was no coward—no, she would defend herself—she would not submit to lose her treasure—those crisp green notes of large denomination that were to save Lionel, and put him straight in the paths of rectitude once more. The thought gave her courage; she slipped her hand softly along the thick beaver cloth, plunged it quickly into the pocket and caught a man's hand firmly in her own! Ah! well, it was done, and she had it in a strong tight grip, from which, strange to say, it made no effort to free itself; but, though triumphant, no one could ever tell what that act of justice, that defense of right, had cost her!

As she held the guilty member prisoner, her tender woman's heart softened and plead for the offender against her sterner judgment. It was a struggle and a hard one—he might be young in crime, the victim of temptation, of untoward circumstances; she would not give him over to punishment; she would rather shield him from retribution; but she must protect her money.

A pale, grayish atmosphere about them lasts an instant, then out they flash into the clear, bright day, upon which the laggard, wintry sun has just poured a welcome flood of light, showing clearly to her own horrified vision, and the deeply meditative gaze of her companion her little right hand thrust deep into his coat-pocket, which closely adjoined her own, and clinched with all the force of its pretty pinkish fingers around his quietly imprisoned digits.

There are some things that happen in everybody's life of which the one most nearly concerned knows nothing. Lily Courtney never could tell till her dying day how her hand got out of her neighbor's pocket. She somehow came to her by-and-by in a dazed way, her forehead resting against the window-glass, and a succession of crimson blushes chasing each other over her burning cheeks. Covertly and by slow degrees she looked around. The seat was empty, the suspected pickpocket—of whom she would never think without heartfelt shame—had left her to her ruminations.

They were not very agreeable ones. She had been taught that we could not be too suspicious—she was ready henceforth to deny the assertion entirely.

"I wish I had been robbed rather than have put my hand—" she could go no further even in thought. A hot blush always interrupted her. "I hope I may never, never see that gentleman again!" she declared, energetically; yet even as she said so, she knew she did not quite mean it. There was time for no further mental conflict—thank goodness, there was the city! It was two in the afternoon.

Lily was just in that mood when one ceases to be confidential even with oneself. She would not acknowledge that she saw the stranger as she crossed the depot; she would not admit that she was dubious about the direction she should take to reach her brother; in fine, she was vexed and chagrined, uncertain and excited, and could not recognize herself as the resolute young heroine who had left Greenville that morning, relying on a store of good counsel, backed by her own sagacity.

At a little distance from the station she hailed a car, after hastily reading its lettered sides. When she consulted the conductor, she learned she was being carried out of her way, and with a shouted line or two of directions ringing after her she descended and took another with a varied but unsatisfactory result. She wished that she had not imbibed a prejudice against hacks and their drivers as being the accessories of mysterious disappearances she had read of in those awful city papers; but, tired and distracted as she was, after two hours' aimless car-charging and mistaking of points of the compass, she still could not trust herself, with night approaching to one of those conveyances. She resolved rather to go on foot, asking her way block by block, and she swallowed back her tears and set out sturdily despite the cold. She forgot to be hungry, and was at last fairly on her way.

Then she saw—she could not tell just with what feeling—directly in advance of her the gentleman with the sable collar going the same way. After a time she ceased to ask and followed him blindly. She was half-benumbed now, and she murmured to herself: "I began by suspecting him—now I am trusting him in the dark!" True enough, night was coming on; they were turning into mean little streets, having come back in the neighborhood of the depot.

A handsome carriage—whose driver seemed to have waited for the stranger—stood at the corner and received a gesture of direction from him. All three—he, Lily and the carriage, paused at a narrow door. It bore the number, and was in the street Lionel had sent to Greenville. The gentleman knocked then stood back for his companion to enter; the door opened into a close, dirty little room, where poor Lionel lay, on an untidy settee, in the act of being made ready for removal by a kind and genial old gentleman, a little hasty in temper, it seemed, for he called out at sight of the young man whose pocket Lily had explored: "Well, you've got here at last, have you, Frank Bentley! I've waited long enough, I should say, and this poor boy suffering from a fracture and fever in a place like this. The people who picked him up insensible off the ice out beyond in the next street, have been very kind," he added, to the German shoemaker and his wife who stood by. "You found him with his head cut by his fall, his pocketbook lost or stolen, and carried him here where he wrote home—and this morning got his senses sufficiently about him to send for me, which was what he should have done at first." The doctor—for he was the doctor with whom Lionel had it in mind to study by-and-by—talked on in this strain to relieve an evident embarrassment.

Young Dr. Bentley, his son, explained (while the sister and brother indulged in a singularly fervent embrace, considering that they had been but two days separated) that he had received his father's message per family servant on his arrival at the depot at two o'clock, but that he was detained by a pressing and most imperative engagement—he did not explain that said engagement was his own resolution to follow respectfully

and unseemly to her destination the pretty timid little Lily, of Greenville, who had, by the odd process of entering his pocket, stolen his heart: Such things will do to keep, as will also Lily's pleased amazement at the family misinterpretation of poor Lionel's letter, written in pain and fever. He, too, proud of his early recollections of the city ways, started on foot over its icy pavements and met with a physical, and a moral fall. That little mistake was explained and laughed over, but Lily did not want hers to share the same fate—to keep it secret she even bribed Frank Bentley. Once he threatened—"Oh, do not tell about my hand!" she whispered, entreatingly.

"I won't if you will give it to me," was the answer, in the same key.

Well—Aunt Keziah liked him, Uncle Adonijah found him suitable, and they were married on Christmas eve—a year after her adventure "in a pocket!"

Creosote for Bronchitis and Catarrh.

When going from Switzerland to Italy, via Mount Cenis, some years ago, the writer contracted a sudden severe cold, which, in the chill air of Udine, soon brought on a severe attack of bronchitis. We hastened over to the general air of Genoa, but it afforded little relief, and the advice of Dr. Paccioli, professor in the noted Italian medical college there, was called in. He prescribed a very simple remedy, which was at once effective, as it has been with many others to whom we have since recommended it. Put into a pint or larger bottle about three gills of water, and add two drops of good creosote. Shake very thoroughly, take a mouthful gargling it awhile in the throat, and swallow it. Repeat this frequently, so as to use up the mixture in the first twenty-four hours, always shaking well before taking. After the first day use three drops of creosote and the same amount of water during twenty-four hours, so long as it is needed.

The same mixture has often proved very useful in catarrh. In this case a handful or two of the well-shaken creosote and water is snuffed up through the nostrils until it reaches the throat and is spit out. A tablespoonful is also gargled in the throat and swallowed. As catarrh is an inflammation of the nasal passages, accompanied with a mucus deposit, the creosote, which is largely carbolic acid, would seem to be useful here, just as dilute carbolic acid is effective in cleansing any putrid sores. Catarrh is the result of weakness, and is promoted by a cold. A toning up of the system and any simple remedy like the above is effective, unless the catarrh is severe and of so long continuance as to have permanently disorganized the nasal cavities. It is folly to spend money for the much advertised catarrh remedies, which are usually the sheerest medical quackery.—*American Agriculturist.*

Words of Wisdom.

Report is a quick traveler but an unsafe guide.
A good book supplies the place of a companion.

Youth looks at the possible; age at the probable.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

He who thinks his place below him will be below his place.

A man cannot give a better legacy to the world than a well educated family.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

The moment man begins to rise above his fellows, he becomes a mark for their missiles.

Letters from friends are sunbeams on life's horizon that cheer our way and lighten labor.

Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

It is to be doubted whether he will ever find the way to heaven who desires to go thither alone.

Be courteous with all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence.

Don't get soured with the world; it does not mend matter for you, but it makes you very disagreeable to other.

A few more rapidly rolling years, flowing past like a river, vanishing like a dream, youth will be gone, and the world will look elsewhere, and reject those who have not already learned to reject it. Let us, then, love that eternal beauty which never grows old, and which endows its lovers with perpetual youth.

The czar's railway journeys are not the most agreeable ones in the world. As he was about to leave Livadia for St. Petersburg hundreds of menacing letters were daily received by members of the imperial family and other distinguished personages, threatening murder on the road. As on former occasions, the entire line of rail was watched by soldiers and peasants, and lighted up by torches at night. There were servant trains on parallel lines, the one carrying the emperor being unknown.

Did you ever notice the fact that if a girl has a sealskin sack to wear to an entertainment, she'll keep it on until she becomes animated oleomargarine, whereas if she has a new dress handsomely trimmed, and no sealskin, she'll dust out of her sack with the rapidity of a kerosene conflagration?—*Local Paper Union.*

ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

Interesting incidents in the Lives of Centenarians.

At a colored wedding in Barnesville, Ga., the groom was 110 and the bride had just passed her fortieth birthday.

John Bodette is the pride of Kalamazoo, Mich. Although 103 years of age, he is full of vitality, dances like a boy, and takes twelve-mile walks.

Mrs. Hawkins, aged 108, and Jennie Bradley, aged 100, still live at Charlottesville, N. C., do their own household work and read without the aid of glasses.

For 105 years Melohlah, a Choctaw princess, had been addicted to the inordinate use of tobacco. She died recently at Hoyt City, in the Indian Territory, at the great age of 114 years.

The son that was born to an old man in Athens, Ga., at the age of ninety two is of ordinary size and strength, but is entirely destitute of teeth, although he is now a young man. His father died recently at the age of 112.

Old Betz, a Sioux squaw, had been successively the wife of an army officer, of an Indian chief, of a border highwayman and of a Methodist missionary. She died recently just as she had closed a century of life.

Peter Hazzard's great joy was his violin. He had immense feet, but he could beat all, far and near, at cutting "pigeon wings" and the old-fashioned styles of dancing. He died recently at Groton, Mass., aged 101 years.

For the modest salary of \$50 per annum, Abraham L. Dickstein, of Heringen, in Limburg Germany, is still teaching school at the age of 104. He is the oldest acting teacher in the world, and has been a pedagogue for sixty years.

The greatest comfort to Asen Ward during the last years of his life was the relating of events in which he took part in the war of 1812. He fought under General Jackson in the battle of New Orleans. Mr. Ward died at Fort Scott, Kansas, recently, aged 103.

In Delaware county, N. Y., lived Prudence Larkin, who was never outside the country but once. She was 106 years of age when she died, but had been anxious for the change for fifteen years. A son eighty years of age, a preacher in the South, came to visit his mother just before her decease.

Robert Walcott, of Philadelphia, is a centenarian who claims under oath to have fired the fatal bullet that killed Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, the illustrious British commander, who captured General Hull's army at Detroit in the war of 1812, and fell at the head of his troops in the battle of Queenstown, November 13 of that year.

The Rev. Father George Brophy, of Davenport, Iowa, was on terms of intimacy with Presidents Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Buchanan, Pierce and Lincoln. He was proficient in the French, Spanish, Italian and English languages. He knew Danton, Robespierre and Marat, central figures in the reign of terror of 1793 in France, and spoke of them as human fiends without parallel in history. He died in October, aged 105 years.

A Woman's Terrible Experience.

Mrs. Lucy A. Still, of Sharon's Mills, Pa., has passed through a most thrilling experience. She started from her home in that place to visit a sick son who lived near Darney Swamp, about seven miles from here. Mrs. Still is sixty years of age, but as spry as a cricket, and she determined to walk the entire distance through this dismal swamp to her son's house, a feat she had frequently accomplished. She started at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and before she got half the distance a violent snow-storm set in, and in a short time the road was hidden from sight. Dark ness, too, soon came, and the old lady straggled from the road and became fast in a deep mire. The more she struggled the deeper she sank, until at last, weary from exertion, she gave up all attempt to extricate herself, and prayed for help. She remained in this mire for a whole day and night. Then, after almost superhuman efforts, she extricated herself, and made her way to a small hemlock tree, which she climbed. She kept alive by continually moving her hands and arms. No food passed her lips for upward of 165 hours, except a few crackers she had in her pocket and some whisky which she was taking to her son. She was compelled to quench her thirst by eating snow and drinking the vile water of the bog by which she was surrounded. She was rescued from her perilous position on the seventh day of her captivity by a party of hunters who had heard her faint cry of distress. She was taken to her son's house, where her mental faculties gave way, and a serious illness followed. The doctors say she will never regain her mental powers. While fast in the mire Mrs. Still saw several bears and scores of deer, and was attacked at one time by a panther. She gave terrible screams as the animal approached her, and he ran away.

Jenny is a' wair pat boddie;
Jenny's seldom dry;
She drag't a' her petticoats
Comin' thro' the rye.

Longfellow's Home.

A correspondent of the Nashville American writes as follows of a visit to the home of Longfellow:

He received me cordially, and invited me immediately into his study, a room of comfortable dimensions, a large table in the center, an old-fashioned hearth with andirons, and two windows opening upon the lawn. On either side of the fireplace was a large, comfortable chair, one being that recently presented to him by the children, made from "the spreading chestnut tree." There were books to the right, to the left, behind, and in front of me, and the walls were covered with pictures. A thousand objects, each with its own interesting history, crowded the corners of the room, busts of Shakespeare, Goethe, and Dante. In a small glass box was a piece of the coffin of the greatest of Italian poets; near the door an excellent crayon drawing of Mr. Lowell, and a painting of a scene on the coast of Maine, the work of an artist friend, illustrating the poet's beautiful lines:

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said "O, mist! make room for me."
It hailed the ships and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

On the table was Coleridge's inkstand, and a volume of his poems, owned and used by himself. Along the margin are notes in the author's own handwriting, corroborating Lamb's statement that when you loaned a book to Coleridge it returned with additional value. The two familiar verses in "Ancient Mariner"—

The game is done! I've won! I've won!
Quoth she, and whistled thrice.

are followed by the stanza:
A gust of wind stert up behind
And whistled through his bones;
Through the holes of his eyes and the holes of
his mouth,
Halt whistles and halt groans.

There is a marginal note opposite, in pencil, "To be struck out, S. T. C." and according to his wish it has been omitted in subsequent editions. After showing me these treasures we passed into the adjoining room. A piano, a *quene*, stood in the center, with Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" open upon it, as if some one had just left the instrument. Everywhere the eye was pleased and the attention arrested by some curiosity or work of art—the armless Venus of Milo, the mutilated Psyche, a bust of Emerson, a statuette of Sumner, who was a warm friend of the poet, a fine bust of his wife, an oil painting of his three daughters.

Comin' Thro' the Rye.

A New York pictorial published an illustration of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," and blunders into what we presume is the popular misconception of the ditty, giving a laddie and a lassie meeting and kissing in a field of grain. The lines—
I laddie meet a lassie
Comin' thro' the rye,
and especially the other couplet:

A' the lads they smile on me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Seem to imply that traversing the rye was a habitual or common thing, but what in the name of the Royal Agricultural society could be the object in tramping down a crop of grain in that style. The song, perhaps, suggests a harvest scene, where both sexes, as is the custom in Great Britain, are at work reaping, and where they would come and go through the fields indeed, but not through the rye itself, so as to meet and kiss in it. The truth is, the rye in this case is no more grain than Rye Beach is, it being the name of a small, shallow stream near Ayr in Scotland, which, having neither bridge nor ferry, was forded by the people going to and from the market, custom allowing a lad to steal a kiss from any lass of his acquaintance whom he might meet in the mid stream. Our contemporary will see that this is the true explanation, if he will refer to Burn's original ballad, in which the first verse refers to the lass wetting her clothes in the stream.

Jenny is a' wair pat boddie;
Jenny's seldom dry;
She drag't a' her petticoats
Comin' thro' the rye.

—Albany Argus.

A Fatal Snow Slide.

One Monday a short time ago four men left Georgetown, Col., for Tyner, in the North Park. They traveled over the snow without mishap until Wednesday morning, which found them climbing up a very steep and rugged mountain a few miles from Tyner. The snow covering on the mountain was about six feet thick. As the men were toiling up the height the great carpet of snow suddenly began to move down. The slide was comparatively slow at first, but within thirty seconds it had become a thundering avalanche, and the four men were hurled at lightning speed to the foot of the mountain. James Nelson one of the party, fastened his boots into an icy crust, and clinging with all his strength was not hurt seriously, though his body was bruised and his flesh torn in various places. When the slide stopped he was within a few inches of the surface of the mass and was able to thrust his arm through to the surface, thus securing air. Ten minutes later William Sandels, who had escaped unhurt, dug Nelson out and they together searched for their companions. They found Charles Eston several feet beneath the snow and not far off was Thomas Gray, both black in the face from suffocation and both dead. Searching further they found John Fraser, who had been buried twenty feet. He was purple in the face and blood flowed from his mouth, but he soon regained consciousness. His left leg was broken in two places.

A "drop" is a variable quantity, although many people never think about this fact. The *Journal of Chemistry* says that the largest drop is formed by syrup of gum-arabic, forty-four to the dram, and the smallest by chloroform, 250 to the dram. As a general rule, tinctures, fluid extracts and essential oils yield a drop less than one-half the size of water, and acids and solutions give a drop but slightly smaller than water.

A man writes to ediantor for \$4 "because he is so terribly short," and gets in reply the heartless response: "Do as I do; stand up on a chair."