

"Our First Gray Hair."

As the first big pattering drops that fall
With splash on our lattice pane,
Makes us shiver and start as we warm us all
Of a storm, or of coming rain,
So it is with life, when we are growing old,
And age steals unawares,
We shiver and start, if the truth were told,
At the sight of our first gray hair.

We mark not the light of our noonday hours,
Like the first streaks of dawn doth bring;
We hail not the birth of the summer flowers
As we do the snow-drops of spring;
On the bleak winter wind we look not with
grief,
Though it howl through the branches bare,
But we sigh when we witness the brown autumn
leaf
And behold nature's first gray hair.

Gray hairs may come when the beaming eye
Has none of its brightness lost,
When with buoyant heart we would deny
Youth's Rubicon has been crossed;
But the ivy clad tree looks young and green,
Though a sapless trunk may be there;
And naught of decay on our cheeks may be
seen
When we witness our first gray hair.

Come early, come late, like a knock at the gate
Is that first soft silvery thread;
And it joins with its silence the years that await
With the years forever fled;
It silently tells us we're journeying on—
It silently questions us—Where?
Oh! a faithful milestone, were the truth but
known,
Is seen in our first gray hair.

—Mrs. Charles T. Chickhaus.

DR. JEX'S PREDICAMENT.

It was the funniest thing that I ever
saw in my life. Cruikshank would have
gloried in it. I wish I had him here to
illustrate that scene with the spirited
vigor that only his dancing pencil gives.

It was in Kentucky that it happened—
that pleasant land of blue-grass and to-
bacco, and fine stock, with fine-toothed
girls. Mabel, my sister, had married
Dick Huckelstone, and they had begun
life in great contentment and a little
three-roomed house scarcely big enough
to hold the bridal presents. But they
were happy, hearty, healthy. They had
two cows, ice-cream every day, a charm-
ing baby, and Uncle Brimmer. Who
shall say that their cup was not full?
Indeed, they thought it full before Uncle
Brimmer added himself thereto—a very
ponderous rose-leaf. He was one of our
old family servants, who fondly believed
that Miss Mabel and her young husband
would never be able to get on without
him. He walked all the way from Mis-
sissippi to Kentucky, with his things
tied up in a meal sack, and presented
himself before Mabel, announcing af-
fably that he had come to "stay on."

"But I haven't any place for you!"
Uncle Brimmer, said Mabel, divided
between hospitality and embarrassment.
"Lor, honey, you kin jes' tuck me
aroun' anywhar. I don't take up no
room."

Mabel looked thoughtfully upon the
big, brown, gray-whiskered old negro,
whose proportions were those of a Her-
cules, and shook her head. "You are
not a Tom Thumb, Uncle Brimmer."
"No, ma'am," said he, submissively,
"but I've got his spirit. Couldn't I
sleep in de kitchen, honey?" he went on,
with insinuating sweetness.

"No, indeed," cried our young house-
keeper; "I put my foot down on any-
body sleeping in the kitchen."

Aunt Patsy, the cook, stood by, bal-
ancing a pan of flour on her hand. I
suspected her of a personal interest in
the matter, and indeed she afterward
acknowledged that she thought Uncle
Brimmer's coming would prove a "bless-
in" to her feet. "Those feet of hers had
been saved many steps through the ser-
vice of her ten-year-old daughter Nancy
Palmira Kate—called Nanky Pal, for
short. But of late Nanky's services had
been called into requisition as a nurse,
and Aunt Patsy, who was fat and scan,
of breath, thought she had too much to
do; and so she viewed with evident de-
light the stalwart proportions of our
good-natured giant from the South."

"Dar's de lof, Miss Mabel," she sug-
gested.

"It's too small, and is cluttered up
with things already."

"Oh, sho, chile, dar ain't nothin' in
dat lof 'cep' de 'laters, an' de peppers,
an' de dried apples, an' some strings o'
terbacker, an' de broken plover, an' some
odds an' ends o' de chillen's an' Lucey
Crittenden's pups. Lor, dar ain't nothin'
ter speak of in de lof."

"He can't get in at the window," said
Mabel, shifting her ground.

"Lemme try," said Uncle Brimmer.
The kitchen was a small log cabin
some distance from the house—"in good
hollerin' reach," to quote Aunt Patsy.
Above it was a low room, or loft, crowded
with the miscellaneous articles enumer-
ated. The only way of getting into it
was from the outside. A ladder against
the side of the cabin admitted one,
through a little window, no larger, I am
sure, than that of a railway coach, into
this storehouse of treasures. Nanky
Pal, who was as slim as a snake, was
usually selected to fetch and carry
through the small aperture. But Uncle

Brimmer!

"Prety sho I kin do it," he said,

squinting up one eye, as he took off his
coat and prepared to try.

We stood in the doorway as he cau-
tiously went up the ladder; and after an
exciting moment he pushed himself
through the window, and turning, smiled
triumphantly.

This settled the matter. A cot bed
was procured for Uncle Brimmer, and he
soon became the mainstay of the family.
Cheerfully avoiding all the work possible;
indifferently as an ostrich eating all he
could find in cupboards or highways
grimly playing hobgoblin for baby;
gayly twanging his banjo on moonlight
nights—memory recalls thee with a
smile, Uncle Brimmer! I can close my
eyes and recall him—big, shapeless, in-
distinct in the semi-darkness, as he sat
under the mulberry tree singing.

After a time Uncle Brimmer fell ill,
and we sent for a doctor.

Dr. Trattles Jex was the medical man
of our county. He lived at Middleburn,
seven miles away, and he came trotting
over on a great bay horse, with a pair of
saddle-bags hanging like Gilpin's bot-
tles, one on either side. He looked as
diminutive as a monkey perched on the
tall horse's back, and indeed he was "a
wee bit pawky body," as was said of
Tommy Moore. But, bless me! he was
as pompous and self-important as though
he had found the place to stand on, and
could move the world with his little
lever. A red handkerchief carefully
pinned across his chest showed that he
had lungs and a mother. His boots were
polished to the last degree. His pink
and beardless face betrayed his youth;
and his voice—ah! his voice! What a
treasure it would have been could he
have let it out to masqueraders! Whether
it was just changing from that of youth
to that of man, or whether like reading
and writing, it "came by nature," I can't
tell. One instant it was deep and bass,
the next, squeaking and soprano. No
even tenor about that voice!

He held out his hand with "Good-
morning, Mrs. Huckelstone. I hope the
baby has not had an attack?"

I popped into the dining-room to giggle,
but little well-bred Mabel did not
even smile.

"Oh, no," she cried; "it is Uncle
Brimmer."

The doctor offered to see him at once.
Mabel got up to lead the way. Up to
this moment I warrant it had not struck
her as anything out of the way that she
must invite Dr. Jex to climb a ladder
and crawl through a window to get at
his patient. But, as she looked at him
speckless, spotless, gloved, scented,
curled, then at the ladder leaning against
the wall in a disreputable, rickety sor-
of-way, a scene of incongruity seemed
borne in on her soul. To add to her dis-
tress and my hilarity we saw that
Uncle Brimmer had hung out on the
window some mysterious under-rigging
that he wore. Long, red and ragged, it
"flaunted in the breeze" as picturesque-
ly as the American flag on a Fourth of
July.

"I am afraid, doctor, it will be a little
awkward," faltered Mabel, "Uncle
Brimmer is up there;" and she waved
her lily hand.

"An' you'll have to clime de ladder,"
put in Nanky Pal, with a disrespectful
chuckle.

I thought the little doctor gasped;
but he recovered himself gallantly, and
said:

"As a boy I have climbed trees, and
think I can ascend a ladder as a man;"
and he smiled heroically.

We watched him. He was incum-
bered by the saddle-bags, but he man-
aged very well, and had nearly reached
the top when suddenly Uncle Brimmer's
head and shoulders protruded, giving
him the look of a snail half out of its
shell.

"Here's my pulse; doctor," he cried,
blandly, extending his bare arm. "Tain't
no place for you up here. An' here's my
tongue." Then out went his tongue
for Dr. Jex's inspection.

The doctor settled himself on a rung
of the ladder, quite willing to be met
half way. Professional inquiries began,
when

"A deep sound struck like a rising knell."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mabel;
"what is that?"

Nanky Pal sprang up, with distended
eyes, almost letting the baby fall.

Again,

"Nearer, clearer, deadlier than before."

"Sakes alive! Miss Mabel," cried
Nanky, "ole Mr. Simmon's bull's done
broke loose!"

She was right. A moment more and
in rushed the splendid angry beast, bel-
lowing, pawing the ground, shaking his
evil lowered head as if Satan were con-
tradicting him.

Dr. Jex turned a scared face. My
lord bull caught sight of the fluttering
red rags, and charged. The next in-
stant the ladder was knocked from under
the doctor's feet and he was clinging
frantically round the neck of Uncle
Brimmer.

Fearful moment

"Pull him in, Uncle Brimmer—pull
him in," shrieked Mabel, dancing about.

"I can't honey—I can't," grasped the
choking giant; "I'm stuck."

"Hold me up," cried the doctor.

"Send for help."

Uncle Brimmer seized him by the
armpits. The saddle-bags went clattering
down and about the head of Master

Brimmer.

Dip the tip of nails in grease and they
will easily drive into hard wood.

Bull, a cloud of quinine, calomel, Dover's
and divers other powder and pills broke
in blinding confusion.

"Aunt Patsy, go for Mr. Huckelstone
at once," called Mabel.

Aunt Patsy looked cautiously out
from the kitchen door. "Yer don't ketch
me in de yard wid ole Simmon's bull,"
she said, with charming independence.

"Then I shall send Nanky Pal."

"If Nanky Pal goes outen dat house
I'll break every bone in her body."

Then Mabel began to beg: "Aunt Pat-
sey, let her go, please. I'll give you a
whole bagful of quilt-pieces, and my
ruby rep polonaise that you begged me
for yesterday."

Aunt Patsy's head came out a little
further. "An' what else?"

"And a ruffled pillow-sham," said Ma-
bel, almost in tears, "and some white
sugar, and I'll make you a hat—and
that's all. Now!"

"I reckon dat's about as much as the
chile is wuth," said the philosophic
mother. "Let her go."

"Fly! fly!" cried Mabel.

"I ain't skeered," said Nanky. "I
ain't dat sort. Mammy ain't nuther. She
was jes' waitin' ter see how much you'd
give."

Nanky's bare legs scudded quickly
across the yard. The bull took no
notice of her. He was still stamping and
bellowing under that window. Uncle
Brimmer and the doctor clung together,
and only a kick now and then testified
to the little man's agony.

"Suppose Uncle Brimmer should let
go?" I suggested, in a hollow whisper.

"Oh, hush," cried Mabel. "The doc-
tor's blood would be on our heads."

"Or the bull's horns."

It was not far to the tobacco field, and
in an incredibly short time brother John
came riding in, followed by half a dozen
stout negroes. With some delightful
play that gave one quite an idea of a
Spanish bull-fight, his lordship was cap-
tured, and our little doctor was assisted
to the house.

Gone was the glory of Dr. Trattles Jex.
His coat was torn, his knees grimy, his
hands scratched, and he looked—yes—
as if he had been crying.

"Can you ever forgive us?" said Mabel,
piteously. She hovered about him like a
mother. She mended his coat; she
asked him if he would not like to kiss
the baby. And finally a wan smile shone
in the countenance of Dr. Jex. For me,
I felt my face purpling, and leaving him
to Mabel I fled with brother John to
the smoke-house, where we roared.

Uncle Brimmer got well and went in
to see the doctor. He returned with a
new cravat, a cane, and several smart
articles of attire, from which we in-
ferred that in those trying moments
when he supported the suspended doctor
that little gentleman had offered many
inducements for him to hold fast. When
questioned he responded chiefly with a
cautious and mysterious smile, only
saying:

"Master, Dr. Jex is a gentleman;
starch in or starch out, he's de gentle-
man straight."

And brother John, who is somewhat
acquainted with slang, said, with a
great laugh: "Well, old man, you had a
bully chance to judge, so you must be
right."

Ravens in Finland.

A correspondent from Finland writes
respecting a terrible evil which is now
besetting the country in which he lives
and to suggest a remedy. The woods
about fifty English miles from Hango
are the haunts of a great number of
wolves, which of late have been so au-
dacious as not to be contented with tear-
ing cows and sheep but are now con-
stantly attacking even human beings.
In less than two months eleven chil-
dren have been carried away and eaten
by the beasts. Very recently a little
boy aged nine years was overtaken on
the high road by a single wolf and
dragged into a neighboring field. The
lad escaped with his life only by the
approach of a stalwart peasant. An-
other case of very late occurrence was
that of a man who, while driving a
sledge, was attacked by a wolf, which
sprang up from the ground and tore his
arm. The animals are especially num-
erous in the southern and most popu-
lar parts of the country, where they
come down to the very thresholds of the
houses; and in some instances children
have been carried off under the very
eyes of their parents. Seldom more
than one wolf is seen at a time; and the
belief is that, like the man-eating tigers
of India, these beasts are either embold-
ened by hunger or have been rendered
daring by impunity and the acquired
zest for human blood. A price on the
head of each wolf killed or captured
alive has been fixed by the Finnish gov-
ernment; but the peasantry appear to
be incapable of coping with the in-
vaders. Hunters are now being ap-
pointed and sent into the woody districts
frequented by wolves; but hitherto
with small success. Our correspondent
is of the opinion that English gentle-
men fond of sport and adventure would,
if accompanied by a number of bull-
dogs and shepherd's dogs, and properly
equipped for a winter campaign, do
wonders at wolf-stalking for the Fin-
landers.—London Telegraph.

Dip the tip of nails in grease and they
will easily drive into hard wood.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

FELON.—A certain cure for a felon is
said to be to wear a cloth loosely about
the finger, leaving the end free. Pour
in common gunpowder till the afflicted
part is entirely covered. Keep the whole
wet with strong spirits of camphor.

CATARH.—A health publication says
one of the most prominent causes of
catarrh is the excessive use of salt and
heaters, such as sweets, fats, condiments
and starch. This excess of carbonaceous
food excites and inflames the mucous
membranes of the throat, nasal passages,
bronchial tubes, etc. It is also caused
by indigestion and constipation. Head-
aches and neuralgia proceed from the
same causes.

SANITARY ERRORS.—1. To believe that
the more hours children are at their
studies the faster they learn. 2. To be-
lieve that the more a person eats the
stronger and fatter he will become. 3.
To believe that if exercise is good for
one it should be taken at all hours and
seasons, the more violent the better
the result. 4. To imagine that the
smallest room in the house is large
enough to sleep in. 5. To eat without
appetite. 6. To eat a hearty supper the
last thing at night.

CURE FOR HICCUGH.—A medical journal
gives the following safe and simple
means of relieving this troublesome dis-
order: "Inflate the lungs as fully as pos-
sible, and thus press firmly on the agitat-
ed diaphragm. In a few seconds the
spasmodic action of the muscle will
cease." This may be true of ordinary
hiccough, but this symptom occurring in
advanced cases of disease, accompanied
with great prostration, is almost invari-
ably an indication that death is very near.

HOW TO TREAT A COLD.—When you
get chilly all over and away into your
bones, and begin to snuffle and almost
struggle for your breath, just begin in
time and your tribulation need not last
very long. Get some powdered borax
and sniff the dry powder up your nos-
trils. Get your camphor bottle and
smell it frequently; pour some on your
handkerchief, and wipe your nose with
it whenever needed. Your nose will not
get sore, and you will soon wonder what
has become of your cold. Begin this
treatment in the forenoon and keep on
at intervals until you go to bed, and you
will sleep as well as you ever did.

COIN SILK AS A REMEDY.—Who would
have thought that the silk on an ear of
green corn was a powerful and efficient
remedy for dropsy, for bladder troubles
and for the diseases of the kidneys? In
the Louisville Medical News we find an
account of the medical properties of
corn-silk and the cures that have been
effected by its use. The way to use it is
to take two double-handfuls of fresh-
corn-silk and boil in two gallons of
water until but a gallon remains. Add
sugar to make a syrup. Drink a tumbler-
ful of this thrice daily, and it will
relieve dropsy by increasing the flow of
the urine most enormously. Other
diseases of the bladder and kidneys are
benefited by the remedy, which is
prompt, efficient, and grateful to the
stomach. The treatment can be con-
tinued for months without danger or
inconvenience.

Old Hickory.

Speaking of President Jackson's life
at the "Hermitage," his home near
Nashville, Tenn., a correspondent of the
American Queen says: Here did the
General offer indiscriminate hospitality
and here, after dinner, did both hus-
band and wife sit down and smoke a
clay pipe; and yet, so perfectly con-
tradiictory were their life to our North-
ern ideas of consistency, that when
they drove out it was in a carriage
drawn by four handsome iron-gray
horses, attended by servants in blue
livery with brass buttons, glazed hats
and silver beads. When dinner was
served at the "Hermitage," all the
gentlemen went to the sideboard to
take a drink, and then to the dining-
room. The tables were loaded with
food, served indiscriminately; and in
all the rooms were two beds for pass-
ing strangers.

General Jackson was never handsome,
but he had two bright eyes, and what
Parton calls "that mysterious omnipo-
tent something which we call 'a pres-
ence,'" that he could look well in
uniform, ride a horse admirably, pre-
side well as a judge, fight well as a
general, and that he had a certain
chivalrous deference for women. We
have read that he also preferred whis-
ky, a corncob pipe, and that he waded
through many vices to the presidency;
that we also knew "his instincts were
better than his principles." His con-
ventionality was semi-occasional.

Yet he has stamped his individuality
upon the American name, and when in
1850 the elegant Prescott visited Eng-
land he found a lady at one of the
grand houses which he visited who
asked him if Boston ladies smoked a
pipe after dinner, and if they lived as
General and Mrs. Jackson did; and
also at Alnwick castle, the ancient
palace of the Percys, he found a pic-
ture of the general. It is a strange
circumstance, not speaking much for
the reading or intelligence of certain
English ladies, that they have as blank
an ignorance now, almost, of what
America really is; and that so late as
1869, an English lady asked her

American guest if New York did not
burn down constantly, as it was all
built of wood!

The calm, elegant manners of the
unpretending but scholarly Prescott,
Motley and Lowell; the simple, sol-
dierly bearing of our last soldier-pres-
ident and his wife—who does not
smoke a pipe!—have impressed those
who have seen them; and yet the wife
of a prominent clergyman in England
asked Mr. Lowell if he really did not
belong to a small minority of his
countrymen. "You are not like the
General Jackson class, for instance,"
said she.

And yet it took men of "the General
Jackson class" to make us a nation.

The Man Who Boasts.

The man who boasts is twin born to a
liar, for neither of them can tell the
truth, except by accident, and yet it must
be very comfortable to feel that what
you do is always the very best thing that
can be done by any one, and that you
know just a little more than any living
man. We are acquainted with a tender-
hearted gentleman whose experiences
were always exceptional, and who has
seen thousands of things which no mor-
tal eye save his own ever looked upon.
When he went up the Rigi it was the
clearest day that had been seen for a full
century, and when he traveled over the
St. Gothard he went through a storm of
hailstones, the least of which was bigger
than a hen's egg, and the guide, who was
threescore years and ten, and had
been over the pass more than 2,000
times, declared that he had never in
his life witnessed such a spectacle be-
fore. The old gentleman crossed the
ocean in the greatest hurricane on re-
cord, and saw more icebergs than the
oldest sea captain in the service. His
children were all geniuses, and he
found a governess for them who proved
the most learned and accomplished
woman in the world.

One day the poor man was stricken
with paralysis, and we feared that his
happy boastfulness was over; but after
six weeks we met him on the street and
he told us he had been visited by eight-
een doctors, who all declared that that
particular kind of paralysis had never
before made its appearance. So he lives
on in the cheerful belief that he has the
best of everything and every time we
see him we envy him. Our toothache is
of the grinding sort, while his makes him
feel as though he had a music-box in his
mouth. When our leg is broken it is
only an ugly fracture, but his is a com-
pound fracture of a compound
fracture. We send for a doctor to
cure our ills, and he proves to be
only an ordinary M. D., but when he
seeks a physician he finds a man who
has taken every known degree in every
known science, and who cures the
worst cases ever heard of. When our
friend dies he will probably come back
through some medium just to tell us
that his death was the most wonder-
ful death in the world, and that he
found, when he got up yonder, that
they had saved a choice little corner
for him where he expects to be more
comfortable than anybody who ever en-
tered the celestial regions. If all this
is mere boasting and lying, then boast-
ing and lying are no longer gross
faults but very comfortable virtues.

The Desolate Moon.

There is nothing in astronomy more
impressive than the utter desolation and
death that reign on the chalk-like sur-
face of this dead planet. There are no
clouds to diversify the sky, no twilight
to prolong the day, no sound to break
the eternal silence. Immense craters,
deep fissures, rounded hillocks, and the
scars of mighty commotions are all that
remain of regions that were probably
habited like the earth in times gone by.
The view on the terminator was the most
interesting. Instead of the unbroken
line of light that marks its appearance
to the naked eye, the moon's rough edge
was formed of branching horns of radi-
ant light, like the antlers of a stag or
huge formations of coral. These were
the summits of lunar mountains, lighted
up by the sun, which was just rising to
this part of the moon. The bright moun-
tain-peaks were weird and wonderful as
well as beautiful, though their only ad-
mirers were observers 240,000 miles
away.

The Last Sweet Thing.

The latest eccentricity of fashionable
life is the sheep-fold drawing-room.
Screens of various kinds have been in-
creasing in numbers, but the drawing-
room screens top the lot. It is a low
wooden fence or palisade, painted in
that sad green that aesthetics love, which
stretches from one post of the folding-
door to another, and opens in the middle
with a real wicket gate and a real latch.
The sheep-fold does not pretend to be a
real division of the rooms so as to bar
the progress of intruders, for it is so low
that it can easily be stepped over, but
it is intended to signify that the purposes
of the divided apartments are different,
one division being for work and study,
the other for visitors and trifling con-
versation.—London Letter.

The ingenuity shown by cats in open-
ing doors is something admirable
They also show much ingenuity in
opening concert.—Binghamton Repub-
lican

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

America exported 5,885,834 barrels of
flour in 1879, while in 1880 it footed up
6,545,020 barrels. This encouraging
gain strengthens the oft-repeated op-
inion that the United States is destined to
become the world's feeder. The possi-
bilities of the wheat crop are almost
indeterminable.

Did you succeed in solving the fifteen
puzzle? The inquiry may seem a little
tardy, but if you did not solve it Pro-
fessor Proctor says you need not feel
bad about it. He has been investigat-
ing the puzzle, and he finds that the
blocks are susceptible of 20,922,789,888
different positions. Supposing a per-
son made two moves a minute, working
twelve hours a day all the year, with-
out holidays excepting Sundays, it would
take him over 48,000 years to complete
the different changes, and these busy
times it is not every man that has that
much time to spare on a puzzle.

While the area of land under tillage
in Ireland has suffered a considerable
decrease since 1850, the area of
grass lands has undergone proportionate
increase. In 1855 there were, accord-
ing to a recent return to the house of
lords, 19,872,968 statute acres under
grass and 4,436,035 of tillage lands. In
1860 the number of acres under grass
was 11,078,152; of tillage, 4,411,454.
In 1865 the grass area showed 11,501,205
acres; the tillage, 3,998,968. In 1870
the grass had risen to 11,749,706 acres,
while the tillage had fallen to 3,885,-
945. In 1875 the grass was 12,354,005
acres; the tillage, 3,399,001. In 1880
12,168,933 acres of Irish soil went lit-
erally to grass, while only 3,186,665
acres devoted to tillage.

Joseph Burger, member of the Min-
nesota legislature, is a curiosity. He
enlisted in the Second Minnesota regi-
ment of volunteers when only four-
teen years old. He was shot seven
times, losing his left arm and most of
his right hand, and is one of the seven-
teen men in the United States who
hold a gold medal for bravery, and
was discharged as a captain at the age
of eighteen years. When twenty-two
years of age he was elected to the Mis-
souri legislature, and served five years
in the house and senate of that State,
beside one term as sergeant-at-arms of
the Missouri house. He was postmas-
ter at Burger, Mo., a town named after
him, and now at the age of thirty-two
is sent, after a ripe experience, to the
Minnesota house. He was born in Aus-
tria and draws a pension of \$600 a year.

The fifteenth annual report of the
American Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals makes a very credit-
able showing of the humane work per-
formed during 1880. The society has
now fourteen branches and 207 agencies
in the State of New York. During the
past year Arkansas, Mississippi and
Louisiana have joined the humane con-
federacy, and steps are being taken to
place the work on a legal footing in
Alabama, Kansas, Nevada, South Car-
olina and Texas. The parent society in
1880 prosecuted 701 cases of cruelty to
animals in the courts, destroyed 1,519
animals rendered unfit for further use,
and answered 192 calls for its ambu-
lances to remove disabled horses from
the streets to the veterinary hospitals
and elsewhere. The income from all
sources, including a small balance from
the previous year, amounted to \$16,-
742.15, and the expenditure to \$16,-
500.82.

During Mr. Gladstone's recent illness,
resulting from accident, traffic was
stopped in Downing street, in which
his official residence is situated, in order
that he might not be injured or dis-
turbed by the noise. Mr. Gladstone is
premier of England, but what was done
for him is done for almost anybody
whose illness is of a nature to demand
it, when application is duly made to
the police. In case one is suffering
from some brain disease, in which every
sound produces fresh agony, and in-
volves new danger to the patient's life,
the authorities will bed the street deep
with tanbark, or, if necessary, as in the
case of Mr. Gladstone, shut vehicles
away from the sufferer's block altogether
temporarily. Commenting on this cir-
cumstance the New York Graphic re-
marks that the custom is so sensible
and humane that some practicable mod-
ification of it ought to be adopted in
every large city or town—the noises and
racket of which are so terrible and fatal
to persons ill from nervous disease.

Marriage in Russia.

It is said that in Russia matrimony is
under the rigid surveillance of the police.
No man is permitted to marry out of his
class, and even within his class his choice
is very limited, indeed. A priest, for
instance, must marry a priest's widow or
daughter; a deacon must marry into a
brother deacon's family; a sexton into a
brother sexton's, etc. But the chance of
choice is narrow, for each marriageable
man must marry the eldest eligible
orphan in the district of his class; so a
man of twenty frequently finds himself
"elected" for a spinster of fifty.