

The Stopping of the Clock.
Surprising falls the instantaneous calm,
The sudden silence in my chamber small;
I, starting, lift my head in half alarm—
The clock has stopped—that's all.

The clock has stopped! Yet why have I so
found
An instant feeling almost like dismay?
Why note its silence sooner than its sound?
For it has ticked all day.

So may a life beside my own go on,
And such companionship unheeding keep;
Companionship scarce recognized till gone,
And lost in sudden sleep.

And so the blessings heaven daily grants
Are in their very commonness forgot;
We little heed what answereth our wants—
Until it answers not.

A strangeness falleth on familiar ways,
As if some pulse were gone beyond recall—
Something unthought of, linked with all our
days;
Some clock has stopped—that's all.
—George H. Coomer, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE STORY OF A SCREEN.

The level beams of the mellow May
sunset were revealing every flaw and
crack in the cheap papering which cov-
ered the walls of the little garret-room
where Mabel More sat busily at her
sewing machine, and a single pot of
blue, velvet pansies in the high, nar-
row window made a spot of color for
poor Mrs. More's weary eyes to rest
upon, as she toiled at the floss-silk em-
broidery which was her whole occupa-
tion. The room was small and scantily
furnished, but there was within its walls
one relic of vanished days—a black
satin screen, mounted on a standard of
gilded bamboo, and painted in deep
rich oil-colors, with a scarlet flamingo
floating upward against a background
of reeds and grasses, while in the dis-
tance flamed a stormy sunset sky.

"Mamma did it herself, when she
was a girl at boarding-school," said
Mabel More, to those who sometimes
asked the history of this one remaining
token of luxury. "We have kept it
through everything. I would not part
with it for its weight in gold."

And then she would laughingly tell
the tale of how half a dozen collectors
of antiquities and esthetic furniture
had, at different times, endeavored to
purchase the old satin screen.

"One man wanted to buy it with a
pair of tongs and a brass coal-scuttle,"
said she; "another one offered a broken
set of Thackeray's novels and a fender;
and a third bargained with a tete-a-tete
set of china, and a broken-nosed alaba-
ster statue of Psyche."

For Mabel was a bright-eyed, sweet-
faced girl, who had a very keen sense
of the ridiculous, and lived through the
hard realities of her life with the quiet
fortitude of an inborn heroine.

But after all the second-hand dealers
were nothing in resolution and persist-
ence as compared with Miss Ann Azalea
Harper, the daughter of the landlord
from whose leaky and badly-drained
premises they had removed a few weeks
previously. Miss Ann Azalea had a
very fair idea of bric-a-brac treasures
and she had cast her fine eyes upon
this very screen.

"It's worth a deal of money," said
Ann Azalea to herself. "And it was
only this morning that Aunt Hepsy was
wishing for just such an old-fashioned
screen."

Now Aunt Hepsy was a rich old maid
shrewd, crusty, elderly, and full of dis-
trust of all the smooth-tongued rela-
tives whose professions of love and re-
spect were so extreme.

"A screen?" said Aunt Hepsy. "Yes,
I want a screen."

"I'll paint you one, dear aunt," said
Ann Azalea.

"Much of a screen you could paint!"
said the old lady, disdainfully.

"I improved a good deal at board-
ing-school," said Ann Azalea, meekly.
"And I'll stretch it upon an antique
bamboo rack; and really I think it will
please you."

"I don't!" said Aunt Hepsy.

"May I try, dear aunt?"

"Yes," said the old lady, grudgingly;
"you may try!"

And Ann Azalea, who had already in
her mind appropriated poor Mrs. More's
antique screen, set diligently about the
work of getting possession of the same.

"You owe my pa ten dollars of rent,"
said Ann Azalea, spitefully, as she sat
panting for breath in the little garret-
room, after having toiled up the three
long and narrow flights of stairs. "You
can't deny it."

"It is quite true," acknowledged
meek Mrs. More, who, in her daugh-
ter's absence, was absolutely defense-
less; "but—"

"You ought to be ashamed to owe so
much money as that," said Ann Azalea.
"We have been very unfortunate of
late," said Mrs. More. "But we fully
intend to repay all our indebtedness as
soon as my daughter—"

"Oh, that's all nonsense!" brusquely
interrupted Ann Azalea. "Pa ought
to have put an execution—that's what
he ought to have done!"

Poor Mrs. More shuddered.

"And it ain't too late now," added

the young lady, ignoring the code and
all its provisions.

"Oh, Miss Harper!"

"But we don't want to be exorbitant,"
graciously went on Ann Azalea. "So,
sooner than be at the expense of a law-
suit, I'll take some trifle or other in
pay. That screen, for instance," with her
greedy eyes fixed on the pictured flight
of the scarlet flamingo. "Ten dollars
is a deal of money, and the screen is an
old-style thing, but I wouldn't mind
calling things even, just to ease your
conscience, if—"

"I couldn't—oh, I couldn't!" cried
poor Mrs. More, the tears coming into
her eyes. "It was work I did as a girl.
My own poor mother sketched in the
green rushes and grass with her own
pencil, and—and if any one is to have
it, it is already promised to an old fam-
ily friend, who is to pay twenty-five
dollars for it."

"Very well," said Miss Harper, rising,
with an ominous toss of her head.
"Then, if you really mean to swindle
us—"

"Miss Harper!"

"If you really mean to swindle us,"
severely repeated Ann Azalea, "I may
as well stop at the constable's on my
way back and put on the distrait at
once."

Mrs. More clasped her thin hands in
a sort of nervous horror.

If poor Mabel, who had gone out so
buoyantly to carry home her little parcel
of finished work, should return and find
the minions of the law in possession!

"I am a selfish creature," she told
herself, "to prefer my own inclination
to dear May's happiness!"

And so she told Ann Azalea, with a
burst of tears, that the screen should
be hers.

"I will send it to you—in the even-
ing," said she, piteously.

"It you'll just wrap a bit of brown
paper around it, I'll take it now," sug-
gested Miss Harper, who believed firmly
in the ancient adage of the "the bird
in the hand being worth two in the
bush."

And so the scarlet flamingo was car-
ried away in the triumphant arms of
Miss Ann Azalea Harper.

"After all," soliloquized she, "I got
it for absolutely nothing. For pa said
the old mahogany bookcase he took off
them was worth a third more than all
the rent they owed; any one but a
fool like that whimpering little Mrs.
More would have known it perfectly
well. And I'm sure it'll suit Aunt
Hepsy to a T!"

While poor Mrs. More, sobbing bit-
terly before the empty place where her
beloved screen had stood, felt as if all
the sweet associations of her early youth
had been wrenched away.

"Mother—dear mother! why are you
crying?" questioned Mabel, hurrying
into the room. "Is your neuralgic
headache worse? Oh, mother! where
is the old screen? I have brought Miss
Milman to see you about it. She says
she will give you thirty dollars for it,
if—"

"I have sold it," said Mrs. More;
"for ten dollars. To our landlord's
daughter. Or rather I have let her take
it away in payment for the balance of
the rent we owed them."

"She has deceived you, mother!"
cried Mabel, coloring up with honest
indignation. "We owed her not a single
cent! Oh, dear, mother, if I had only
been at home!"

Miss Milman, a stout, short, grizzle-
headed lady, stood still in the center of
the room, looking sharply about her.

"Don't fret, Alice More," said she.
"Tears never yet did any good. You
may depend upon it, this woman's de-
ceit will yet recoil upon her own head.
What is your landlord's name?"

"Harper," said Mrs. More. "Eben-
ezer Harper."

"Oh!" said Miss Milman.

And then she went away.

"I think she grows more eccentric
every day," said Mabel, looking after
the retreating figure of the stout lady.

"Rich people have a right to be ec-
centric if they please," sighed Mrs.
More, still looking at the empty place
where the screen had once stood.

"Dear Aunt Hepsy," said Ann Azalea,
radiantly, "I've come to wish you
many happy returns of your birthday.
And here's a little present—the satin
screen I promised you."

"Eh?" said Aunt Hepsy.

"My own work," said Ann Azalea.

"And I do so hope you'll like it."

"Humph!" commented the old lady.

"I've worked day and night to get it
finished," said Ann Azalea, fervently.

"Ann Azalea," said the old lady, sud-
denly becoming inspired with some de-
gree of animation, "where do you ex-
pect to go when you die?"

"Dear aunt," said Ann Azalea, "I
don't in the least understand you!"

"Because you are telling a perfect
tissue of lies, each one more outrageous
than the other," said this painfully
frank old lady. "The screen isn't
your own work at all. The satin was
painted by an old school-friend of
mine, fifty odd years ago. You cheat-
ed her out of it, the day before yester-
day, by a regular piece of swindling
that would have disgraced a mock auc-
tioneer. And now you may go and

carry it back to her—Mrs. More, No. 7
Lilac court—with my compliments.
And, Ann Azalea—"

"Yes, aunt," said the dejected young
lady.

"You needn't trouble to come back
here again. If I adopt an heiress it
must be some one who is pure and
good and truthful—not such a one as
you! And I'm rather disposed to
think that it shall be Mabel More."

And so Miss Ann Azalea Harper's
grand scheme resulted in utter failure.
The screen was borne ignominiously
back, and Mabel More is now her
aunt's adopted darling. And Papa
Harper, instead of tenderly consoling
his daughter, says, gruffly:
"It's all your own fault!"

Indian Holy Fairs.

In sailing down the Ganges during
the month of Katik, our October, one
may pass in the course of a single day
half a dozen holy fairs, each with a mul-
titude of pilgrims equal to the popula-
tion of a large city. All of them are
rendered picturesque by the tents and
equipages of the wealthy, the variety of
the animals and the bright coloring in
which the natives delight—those de-
scendants of the ancient Aryans of In-
dia, "in many respects the most won-
derful race that ever lived on earth," as
Professor Max Muller calls them.

At night all these tents and booths are
illuminated, so that the scene is hardly
less animated by night than by day, and
all without tumult and disorder.

Every one of these localities is hal-
lowed by some mythological tradition,
and the firmest faith is reposed by the
pilgrims in the truth of those traditions.
Ingratified for hundreds, nay, thousands
of years in the minds of the people,
they have grown up with them articles
of faith, strengthened with their
strength. "Your words are good,"

Sahib; your teaching is excellent,"
said some native head men of villages to
a Christian missionary in Oudh, "but go
and preach elsewhere. We do not want
it. Our fathers' faith is enough for
us. What should we do in your
heaven? You want us to go there when
we die. We had rather be with our
fathers who went before us. What
should we do in the heaven of the
Sahibs?" This is no fanciful picture.

These are the very words spoken in
Hindoostanee to an enthusiastic mis-
sionary by the simple villagers. And
what could he say in reply? He
felt the force of them, although he did
not allow them to paralyze his efforts.

The religious melas are attended by
thousands of devotees on the same prin-
ciple that prompted the villagers' words
to the missionary. They were observed
by their fathers. Generation after gen-
eration has attended them. Hindoo, or
Moslem, or Christian the rules may be,
but the melas are still the same, and
looking back into the vista of van-
ished centuries, we still see the same
crowds, the same devotions, the same
amusements, food, clothing and
attendant animals. When Britons were
painted savages it was so, and now that
Victoria, queen of England, is empress
of India, it is so still.—*Nineteenth Cen-
tury*.

"Trancevoyance."

Some interesting scientific experi-
ments demonstrating the truth of the
disputed phenomena of clairvoyance
have recently been made by Dr. G. M.
Beard, of this city. The "sensitive"
was a lady, the wife of a lecturer on
mesmerism. A first experiment failed,
but on a second trial the lady, whose
eyes were covered with cotton and
closely bandaged, was able to name
actually cards drawn at random from a
pack and held by the doctor upon her
forehead. She also read the title-page
of a volume which the doctor took from
his pocket. Other experiments with
coarse print were equally successful,
but she was unable to read fine print.

Dr. Beard calls the faculty trance-
voyance, and thinks that it may be de-
veloped to such a degree that the per-
son gifted with it can read entire pages
of ordinary print held against the fore-
head. The lady, describing her sensa-
tions when in the trancevoyant state,
says that an electric light seemed to be
thrown forward from the back of the
brain upon the object held upon her
forehead, illumining it and enabling
her to see it distinctly. A further study
of this curious power of reading without
eyes will no doubt be of great
value to the development of the
still rudimentary science of brain
and nerve action. Such ex-
periments as those of Dr. Beard are
heavy blows at the theories of the mat-
erialists who claim that all mental action
is a physical phenomenon depending on
the organs of sensation. What power
is it, will they tell us, that reads coarse
print when the eyes are practically
blinded? There must be a faculty of
perception in the brain quite independent
of the organs of sight, which under cer-
tain rare conditions comes into play.
What is it that sees without the aid of
optic nerve or retina? Here is a ques-
tion which opens a wide and interesting
field for speculation.—*New York Tri-
bune*.

The first cotton mill in California is
in process of erection.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Steam engines on the average do not
use more than ten per cent. of the
power represented by the coal they
burn.

The friction of two bodies, one against
the other, produces heat. By rubbing
together two pieces of ice in a vacuum
below zero, Sir H. Davy partially melt-
ed them.

Wave lengths of the sounds emitted
by a man's voice in ordinary conversa-
tion are from eight to twelve feet, and
that of a woman's voice two to four feet
per second.

The intensity of illumination on a
given surface is inversely as the square
of its distance from the source of light.
If the page of a book, held twelve
inches from a candle, be moved six
inches nearer, the light on the page is
made four times stronger.

The last application of the luminous
paint promises to be a very serviceable
one. Mr. Browning, the well-known
optician of London, has hit upon the
idea of coating compass dials with the
pigment, so that the belated traveler or
seaman need have no fear of losing his
way for want of light.

There were sanitarians in the days
of our ancestors. So long as eight hun-
dred years ago, in the time of Richard
II., an ordinance was enacted forbid-
ding the pollution of rivers, drains, etc.;
another in the reign of Edward II.
against selling "muzzled swine-flesh,"
etc.; and in the reigns of Henry VI.
and Henry VII. and Elizabeth, for the
inspection and cleansing of sewers,
against the slaughtering of cattle in
towns, and against the overcrowding of
dwellings.

Railroads, Steamboats and Telegraphs.

Little does the world think what tre-
mendous capital is required to carry on
its travel, traffic and commerce. The
railroad net, woven all over the globe,
consists of 200,000 miles. Asia, Aus-
tralia and Africa can claim only the
fourteenth part, the other thirteen-
fourteenths being nearly equally di-
vided between Europe and America.
The rolling stock in use over this rail-
road net consists of 66,000 locomotives,
120,000 passenger cars and 1,500,000
freight cars. The capital invested in
all the railroads is estimated at \$20,-
000,000. The commerce on the seas is
carried on by 12,000 steamers and over
100,000 sailing vessels. The tonnage of
these vessels amounts to over 20,000,000
tons. Telegraphic communication is
maintained by 500,000 miles of wire,
of which about five-eighths fall to Eu-
rope, two-eighths to America and
fully one-eighth to the subma-
rine telegraph system. There are
40,000 stations, from which 110,000 dis-
patches are sent annually, or on an aver-
age of 30,000 daily. According to popu-
lation, Switzerland does the most tele-
graphing, there being one dispatch sent
annually for every inhabitant. This is
undoubtedly due to the great annual
influx of travelers and pleasure-seekers.
Next comes the Netherlands and then
Great Britain. Russia stands last on
the list, as she sends only forty-five
dispatches for every thousand inhabi-
tants. The transmission of letters by
mail amounts in round numbers to
about 4,000,000. According to the
populations of the several countries, the
Americans write by far the most let-
ters; next come the English; then
Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands,
Denmark, Austria, France, Sweden,
Norway, Spain, Hungary, Italy, Por-
tugal, Greece, Russia, Serbia, Rou-
mania, Turkey.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A Chinese Hell.

A traveler thus describes a represen-
tation of the punishment of the wicked
after death, according to the Buddhist
theory, which he witnessed in the
suburbs of Canton:

After a walk of about a mile we came
to the temple of horrors. This is a hor-
rible place—that is, the scenes are
hideous. The intention is to represent
what a bad man would suffer after
death. It is composed of ten different
groups of statuary, of clay, and many of
them are crumbling to pieces. The
first group represents the trial of the
man; he is surrounded by his family
and friends, who are trying to defend
him; the second, where he is con-
demned and given over to the execu-
tioner; in the third he is under-
going a semi-transformation from
the man to the brute; the fourth, where
he is put into a mill head downward,
and is being ground up; his dog is by
the side of the mill licking up his
blood. In the fifth scene he is being
placed between two boards, and is
sawed down lengthwise; sixth, he is
under a large bell, which is rung until
the concussion kills him; seventh, the
man is placed upon a table, and two
men are beating him with large wooden
paddles; eighth, he is upon a rack, and
the executioners are tearing his flesh
with red-hot pincers; ninth, he is in a
caldron of boiling lead; the tenth
scene represents him on a gridiron,
undergoing the process of roasting. In
all these scenes the family are present
also large figures who represent the
judge, executioners, little devils, and
various instruments of torture.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

In the world there are so few voices
and so many echoes.

No conflict is so severe as his who
labors to subdue himself.

True merit is like a river—the deeper
it is the less noise it makes.

Favors of every kind are doubled when
they are speedily conferred.

In love there are no treaties of peace,
there are only truces. A grand safe-
guard for doing right is to hate all that
is wrong.

The happiness of the human race in
this world does not consist in our being
devoid of passions, but in our learning
to command them.

In this world, says Chamfort, you have
three sorts of friends—those who love
you, those who don't care a penny for
you and those who hate you.

Three things too much and three too
little are pernicious to man: To speak
much and know little; to spend much
and have little; to presume much and
be worth little.

If you lose a gold piece there is a cer-
tain number of chances that you may
find it again; but if you lose your char-
acter it is easier to build a new one than
to recover the old one.

An Indian philosopher being asked
what were, according to his opinion,
the two most beautiful things in the
universe, answered: The starry heavens
above our heads, and the feeling of
duty in our hearts.

The highest thing in nature is man;
the highest reach in man is his moral
sentiment, and the highest reach in
moral sentiment is benevolence. Bene-
volent disposition is the very center
of Christian character. It ranks men as
perfect or imperfect.

How to Detect Adulterated Coffee.

Ground coffee affords a field for adul-
teration, and for this purpose chicory
carrots, caramel, date seeds, etc., are
the substances most commonly used.
The beans have of late years been skill-
fully imitated, but as coffee is mostly
purchased in the ground condition, the
chief point for the consumer is to be
able to form some idea as to the charac-
ter of the latter article, and the follow-
ing are a few simple and reliable tests:
Take a little of the coffee and press it
between the fingers, or give it a squeeze
in the paper in which it is bought; if
genuine, it will not form a coherent
mass, as coffee grains are hard and do
not readily adhere to each other; but
if the grains stick to each other and form
a sort of "cake," we may be pretty
sure of adulteration in the shape of
chicory, for the grains of chicory are
softer and more open, and adhere
without difficulty when squeezed.
Again, if we place a few grains in
a saucer and moisten them with
a little cold water, chicory will
very quickly become soft like bread
crumbs, while coffee will take a long
time to soften. A third test: Take a
wineglass or a tumblerful of water and
gently drop a pinch of the ground cof-
fee on the surface of the water without
stirring or agitating; genuine coffee
will float for some time, whilst chicory
or any other soft root will soon sink;
and chicory or caramel will cause a
yellowish or brownish color to diffuse
rapidly through the water, while pure
coffee will give no sensible tint under
such circumstances for a considerable
length of time. "Coffee mixtures" or
"coffee improvers" should be avoided.
They seldom consist of anything but
chicory and caramel. "French cof-
fee," so widely used at present, is gen-
erally ground coffee, the beans of which
have been roasted with a certain amount
of sugar, which, coating over the bean,
has retained more of the original aroma
than in ordinary coffee, but this, of
course, at the expense of the reduced
percentage of coffee due to the presence
of the caramel.—*The Sanitarian*.

Suicides at a Gambling Resort.

The present proprietor of the notori-
ous gambling establishment at Monte
Carlo holds a lease of this lucrative
privilege which will not expire till 1916.
The prince of this anomalous little state
receives as ground rent 50,000 francs
per annum and a tenth of the profits of
the tables, besides which his little army
of forty soldiers in light-blue uniform
and his twenty gendarmes in cocked
hats are clothed and maintained from
the same source. The number of sui-
cides last year traceable to losses at the
gambling tables is officially reported as
forty only, and the number of delin-
quencies attributable to the same cause
as forty-seven. According to Mr. Pol-
son, however, a gentleman of high of-
ficial position at Nice estimates the real
number of suicides at about three a
week. It appears that the local jour-
nals, for obvious reasons, do not encour-
age the publication of these distressing
details, and that it is not unusual to re-
gard a suicide by means of a revolver
as a lamentable example of the incau-
tious use of firearms.—*London Tele-
graph*.

It will save many sleepless nights to
know that the Russian of it, for
"knout" is "connoot," and not
"nowt."

A BONANZA KING.

John W. Mackay, One of the Wealthiest
Men in the World, Who Once Worked for
\$3 a Day.

"Here," said the speaker, as he stood
with a friend near a windlass by which
ore was hauled out of a mine on the
Comstock; "here I used to stand and
turn for \$3 a day. Seth Cook was my
partner, and he was paid \$3 a day. Seth
Cook is now a large owner in the Stand-
ard mine and one of the rich men of
the Pacific coast." The speaker was
John W. Mackay, the bonanza king, one
of the richest men in the world. He is a
slender, tallish, well-knit man of
forty-seven, with a clean, well-marked
face, showing decision and frankness.
His hair and mustache are brown,
tinged with gray. His eye is keen and
penetrating, his skin is ruddy, whole-
some and vascular, tanned with Nevada
sunshine and steamed in the
Turkish-bath temperature of the
lower level of the Comstock lode. What
impresses one about the man is that
there is nothing wasted in him; he is all
muscle and nerve, and shows temperate
and careful habits. When he walks it is
with the sure, agile tread of the leopard
or the lynx—like one who may spring at
any moment. There is a joyous element in
the man, which would be winning were
it not only a cab-driver instead of the
master of millions. He speaks with a
half stammer, which at first impresses one
as being the slowness of a man who delib-
erates while he speaks. This is the bon-
anza king as he stands at your side,
looking out over the brown Nevada hills.
The miners come up and speak to him
and call him John, and there is between
them a sense of command, blended with
comradship, which appears odd to
metropolitan eyes.

Forty-seven years ago, or thereabouts,
John W. Mackay was born in Dublin.
He came to New York in his youth, and
gambled around the City Hall park in
its pastoral days, and was not unhappy
when a blase theater-goer gave him a
check for the Park theater. Among
other sights he used to look with won-
der upon a famous man striding up
Nassau street from the old postoffice
with a bundle of newspapers under his
arm. This was James Gordon Bennett,
then a curiosity even to boys, and the
work which he was doing was building
up the New York Herald. Cali-
fornia came in enticing golden
splendor out of the sluces of
Swiss Sutter's mill, and young
Mackay went with all the world to El-
dorado. About this time there went
two others on the same errand. One
was an Irishman named O'Brien—
"Billy" O'Brien, as all California came
to call him. Billy had a partner—a
strong-headed, resolute New York lad,
who came from the Broderick section
of New York, and had in him all that
immense capacity of doing and daring
which gave Broderick national fame.
Billy's partner is now known as James
C. Flood, of the "Flood & O'Brien
firm," whose phenomenal success was to
make all the world wonder.

Mackay went his way, as everybody
did in those feverish days. He lived in
mining camps, he slept on the ground,
he picked and scratched and washed the
gravel in running streams; he had his
ups and downs; he had all that was gay,
all that was golden in Eldorado life, and
then he came with his pick and his
blanket to the Nevada mountains. In
the meantime Billy O'Brien and his
partner had tired of the sage-brush.
Giving up mining they went to San
Francisco and into business. The young
Irishman made their acquaintance. He
had found some good prospects and
they had some money. A hard-headed,
smooth, discreet engineer became known
to them, by name Fair. He was a man
to be considered, and the result was
that four men—Mackay, Flood, O'Brien
and Fair—made that business compact
known as the Bonanza firm, which is
now a ruling power in our Pacific em-
pire. In the firm Mackay owns two-
fifths, and as head of the Bonanza firm
is known as the Bonanza king.—*Wash-
ington Capitol*.

Chinese Patients.

The Chinese make, on the whole,
very good patients. Occasionally some
of them try our patience not a little.
One gets a four days' supply of medi-
cine away with him, the recipe bearing
on it, "a spoonful three times daily
after each meal." He comes back next
morning for more, thinking to flatter
you by stating that he drank the former
quantity at one dose! Another has his
arm carefully put up in splints, and on
his next visit he brings his dressings in
a separate parcel. They are great be-
lievers in internal administration, and
although he have only a cut finger, it is
difficult for a Chinaman to see why he
should not get some medicine to "eat."
They have peculiar palates, many of
them, and can drink castor oil ad nau-
seam—a stage which is not so easily
reached in their case as it is in ours.
Here, as elsewhere, the medical has all
along been found to be a valuable aux-
iliary to the general mission work.—
Lancet.

A scolding wife is not a "joy for
ever"—she's only a temper-ary affair.