

Woman's Voice.

Not in the swaying of the summer trees,
When evening breezes sing their vesper
hymn—
Not the minstrel's mighty symphonies,
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,
Is earth's best music; these may have awhile
High thoughts in happy hearts and iking cares
beguile.
But even as the swallow's silken wings,
Skimming the water of the sweeping lake,
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings—
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake
To brave the danger and to bear the harm—
A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chief-
est charm.
An excellent thing it is! and ever lent
To truth and love, and meekness; they who
own
This gift, by the all gracious Giver sent,
Ever by quiet step and smile are known;
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have
sorrow'd.
An excellent thing it is—when first in glad-
ness—
A mother looks into her infant's eyes—
Smiles to its smiles, and saddens to its sad-
ness—
Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries;
Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys—
All these come ever blent with one low, gentle
voice.
An excellent thing it is when life is leaving—
Leaving with gloom and sadness, joys and
cares—
The strong heart falling, and the high soul
grieving
With strongest thoughts and wild, unwonted
fears;
Then, then a woman's low, soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to
die.
But a most excellent thing it is in youth,
When the fond lover hears the loved one's
tone
That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth—
How their two hearts are one, and she his
own;
It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells
That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed
maiden tells. —Edwin Arnold.

"A Desperate Character."

AN ADVENTURE IN LONDON.

I went to Covent Garden theater one night last season. We were let out at 12, and set off to my lodgings. I knocked; there was no answer. I knocked again; a window was thrown up and my landlady's head appeared. "Who are you?" she screamed. "Let's in, please; it's me!" I answered. "Then, Mr. Me, if you don't come home before 10 you may still out till mornin'. I never wait up for my lodgers—my door is closed at 10!" and then the window closed with a bang. "No go!" thinks I. "I have no money, I'll go to a railway-station and wait in the waiting-room till morning;" which resolution I proceeded to carry out by walking briskly for the bank. I turned into Moorgate street, and was just thinking whether I should go to London, Brighton and South Coast or the London Bridge station. I stopped to think. There was a confectioner's shop just in front of me. Oh! that it were open! I had three-pence left. Just at this moment a tall, broad-shouldered man came up to me and viewed me from top to toe. I looked at him. He was dressed in dark clothes; a pea jacket and clap-trap cloth hat, with a peak lying level on the forehead, gave me a feeling of awe. The thought forced itself upon me that he was a garrotter. He spoke first. "You're Mr. Sam?" and he laid his finger on his nose. "You've guessed it," said I, thinking it best to agree with him, although my name was Tom. "Then come along!" and away we went. "Did Butler give ye e'er a pistol?" he asked. "No," said I, beginning to tremble. "He said he wanted them himself." "Just like him. He told I'd find you standing at Moorgate street, between 12 and 1, opposite the confectioner's, with your right hand in your pocket." "I'm in for it," thinks I, "but I must go through with it. But whatever will it come to at all, at all?" He led me through a labyrinth of streets, walking rather fast, till we emerged upon the city road. Then he made straight for the Angel, and from thence took a cab for Fleet street. What object he had in doing this I cannot say. He did not offer to explain; in fact, not a word passed between us till we got out at the top of Ludgate hill. From thence we went into a back street, and out of that into another, no matter which, and suddenly stopping opposite a shop, he exclaimed: "That's our crib!" "Is it?" says I. Whereupon he produced from his pocket a rule. The shop was evidently a tailor's, as it had bars standing out like the rungs of a Jacob's ladder, from each side of the door, to exhibit stock upon. My friend stepped on the first of these, which was three feet from the ground, and speedily measured the height of a large glass fanlight over

the door; then, stepping down again, he measured the breadth of the door, and as the fanlight was square he muttered to me by way of giving me its dimensions: "Three and a half by two high" and chuckled quietly. Then he crossed the road, and I followed, he explaining that we must wait till the policeman passed. He hove in sight about ten minutes afterwards, while we walked past him. Then we waited till he returned. This time we did not pass him, but watched from a corner at a distance. "Twenty minutes and a half between going and coming," exclaimed my companion. "And a handy beat; for he comes up the corner there"—pointing to one a little beyond the shop—"and goes down this street next ours." The impression began to steal over me that I was committing, or helping to commit, a felony, and that if caught I might get into trouble. I thought of running for it; but the remark my companion made at that moment, to the effect that it would be a short run if I deserted him (for he seemed to see I didn't like the job), deterred me. I dared not explain that he had made a mistake, for I felt sure that he must have mistaken me for some ally of his own. "I must go through with it," thinks I. "He'll leave me outside to watch, and I'll hook it then?" So I went on. He crossed the street again the moment the policeman was past interfering with us, and producing a piece of stout black cloth he applied the rule thereto, I holding it against the shutters, while he set out "three and a half by two" thereon. This done, he cut it within two inches of the measurement all round, and then producing a treacle-pot from his pocket, he smothered one side of the cloth with treacle, and, desiring me to hold it, he mounted the shop-door, so to speak, again; and I gave him the cloth, which he immediately clapped on to the skylight, the treacle making it adhere firmly to the glass. Then, looking at his watch, he cried: "By jingo! he'll be here this minute!" and away we walked. A glance behind us, as we turned the next corner. Not yet in sight! We stopped and waited, but the policeman came not. My friend muttered an oath, adding, "I'll go. Come along; but keep your weather-eye open!" And off we went. "Perhaps he is watching us," I suggested. But the idea was discarded as not in the nature of a policeman "like that one we saw." We arrived at the shop. He mounted again, and drove a string through a hole in the cloth. Then he ran a diamond round the edge of the glass. A gentle pat, and it gave way. Now I saw the use of the cloth and string. He could hold the glass by the string; and he slowly let it down into the shop, and, producing a long-shaped pad, he laid it along the bottom of the fanlight to cover the glass edge, and threw one leg into the opening and got astride of it! "Follow me," he muttered, and ducked his head under the door-head. But before he could draw in the other leg I mounted the ladder, and, seizing it, gave him a pull that kept him from going in, at the same time yelling, "Police! Thieves! Murder! Police!" at the top of my voice. And, lo and behold! the policeman appeared at the corner at that moment. A horrible oath from within, a pistol-bullet whistling past my head, and I ran for death and life. I did not stop till I found myself in Broad street. In the next day's papers I saw the account of the capture of a burglar by one policeman, who had watched two burglars from the corner, and saw one enter the house, and the other leap up the wall like a cat, grab at a disappearing leg, and yell "Police!" and run. The one that was caught got seven years' penal servitude, and "the police are searching vigilantly, though as yet unsuccessfully, for the other, who, it appears, is a desperate character!" They never caught him.—Cassell.

Bachelor Life in Turkey.

Both state and church combine to make the life of a Turkish bachelor miserable. As long as his parents are alive, he can live with them without much trouble. As soon as they die he must get a permit from the civil and religious authorities before he can be admitted to any household. Then the proprietor thereof, in the interest of public morals, must see to it that other persons than females wait upon his boarder. If the bachelor be rich enough to occupy a house or to rent unfurnished chambers, he cannot possibly obtain that simple privilege unless he shows that a woman of good repute lives with him therein. A mother or sister or aunt removes that difficulty. But a man without kindred may go an indefinite period without a home.

HOME LIFE IN PARIS.

Peculiarities of the Parisians.—How People Live in the French Capital.
This picture of home life in Paris is given by a writer in the *Decorator and Finisher*: Wherever one sees a yellow bill upon the door of a Parisian house he may be tolerably certain of discovering within a neat apartment, well furnished, having at least a bed-room, a parlor, a dining-room, a kitchen, and usually an ante-room into which the entrance door opens. The windows, extending to the floor, are hung with lace and stuff curtains; the doors have portieres upon either side, rugs, as a rule, take the place of carpets, the bed is under the protection of a canopy, even if it be no more than muslin, and a heavy wardrobe, with a full length mirror in the door, is often the point de resistance in the room. A showy silk down quilt is thrown over the bed, and a bolster of huge proportions rests at the head. The top of the mattress averages three or four feet from the floor, and suggests the advantage of step ladders and the utter discomfort of little people. The peculiarity, however, of the French bed is its restful quality, for it is so whether it be found in the Palace of the Elysee or a third-rate apartment house on Montmartre, in the Hotel de L'Athence, or the most provincial of pensions. The elasticity of prices in the renting of apartments is wonderful. A Frenchman pays \$30 a month for a nicely furnished flat in the Palais Royal, or, we will say, in the neighborhood of Trinity church, taking the two extremes of localities, and an American tourist gladly pays \$50 for the same accommodations. If the lessee is fortunate and rents from a family that may be going to Vichy for a few months, he possibly can arrange for silverware, linen, and crockery, but if this is denied him, he will find a most agreeable company organized for the very purpose of supplying the transient resident with all the necessary appurtenances of housekeeping, at a price that allows one to display a magnificence approaching royalty at the most economical outlay. A bonne may be had at \$7 per month, one of those smart French girls that does everything from cooking the meals to dressing her mistress, and who insists upon doing it. Seven dollars, he it understood, is not starvation pay, it is munificence, and one may expect from such a girl all the esthetic cooking of the French repertoire—peas, not as we have them in this country, yellow and hard, but deliciously sweetened, tender as cream. The bonne does all the marketing, wrangles with the trades people, and hands in her account every day or week. Of course she has a percentage from the stores, but who would begrudge that to get rid of the intolerable nuisance of shopping? A stroll on the boulevards, a visit to the Jardin d'Acclimation, a ride to the Bois de Boulogne, by the way of the Champs Elysee, all these are pleasures, and combine with the attractive furnishings of the house to make one forget the annoyances he is subjected to and the crude and primitive domestic surroundings he is called upon to endure. He is induced to forget that on his way home he may be run over by a vicious cab driver and then arrested for being in the way of the horses, for, of course, in Parisian streets vehicles have the right of way. The concierge is an important factor in French life. If one fails to "come down" with the proper amount of subsidy in the shape of "pour boire" the concierge, whose place is at the entrance to his building, takes very good care that his close-fisted tenant does not receive his mail, certainly until one day after its delivery at the door, and his visitors are informed that he is "not at home," when in truth he is awaiting their coming in his rooms. Should the tenant protest to the landlord, his life will thereafter be miserable, a succession of ills and terrors that will finally drive him from the house, to look for other apartments. But he is known to every concierge in the city, and, despite the flaming yellow poster that announces from the outer wall there is an apartment to let, he meets everywhere the one reply, "There is nothing here sir," and if, perforce, he does get into the building the price is placed at such a figure as to put it beyond the reach of the tired and discouraged searcher. After one experience of this sort the traveler either succumbs to the inevitable and pays up like a man, or else, with what courage he has left, he goes off to Switzerland and freezes on Mount Blanc, or to Rome and gets the fever. Of course, where there are few carpets the floors must be kept in good condition, so a man comes every week and waxes the boards, and skates about on them with stiff brushes tied to his feet. A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

He is richly endowed who is cheaply diverted.
The weak sinews become strong by their conflict with difficulties.
He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.
To love is to admire with the heart; to admire is to love with the mind.
Fame comes only when deserved, and then it is as inevitable as destiny.
Unfriended indeed is he who has no friend bold enough to point out his faults.
Physical exercise and intellectual rest in due season should never be neglected.
A solid and substantial greatness of soul looks down with neglect on the censures and applause of the multitude.
The primal duties shine aloft like stars; the charities that soothe and heal and bless, are scattered at the feet of men like flowers.
He is a good man, people say, thoughtlessly. They would be more chary of such praise if they reflected they could bestow none higher.
The path of duty lies in what is near, and men seek for it in what is remote; the work of duty lies in what is easy, and men seek for it in what is difficult.
Is there one whom difficulties dishearten—who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That kind of man never fails.
Oh, there is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love—the first fluttering of its silken wings—the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul to purify or destroy.
A City in Two Hemispheres.
At Quito, South America, the only city in the world on the line of the equator, the sun rises and sets at 6 o'clock the year round. Your clock may break down, your watch get cranky, but the sun never makes a mistake here, says a correspondent. When it disappears from sight for the night it is 6 o'clock and you can set your watch accordingly. In one part of the city it is the summer season and in the other part it is winter. The present dwellings in Quito in architecture have degenerated and fallen far short of that old, gigantic race of Indians, who, with the Incas, of Peru, joined their city with massive and grandly constructed highways. There still exists vacant remains of colossal buildings on this roadway of palaces and fortresses with walls so finely cut and closely joined together that between these massive stone blocks there is not space sufficient to insert the edge of the thinnest paper. In one royal palace of the Incas, gold or silver was used for the cement. If the journey is long and difficult to reach this old Spanish town, there is much to compensate one's trouble in its interesting structure. It is 10,000 feet above the sea and contains some 60,000 buildings. I am almost afraid to say how old is this ancient city, for it dates far back in the dark ages when the "memory of man goeth not to the contrary." When you realize that everything of modern invention found here has been brought a six days' journey, through difficult mountain passes, on mules' backs, then you understand how highly luxuries are appreciated. In this way all the supplies from the outer world and all their exports are carried. There are in Quito scores of beautiful pianos brought by ships to Guayaquil that have been carried on Indians' backs this long distance of 300 miles, up through the mountain passes 10,000 feet above the sea to their rich owners in the city.
Leatheroid.
Leatheroid is a new article which is being made of paper. It consists of a number of thicknesses of cotton paper wound one upon another over a cylinder. The remarkable qualities of strength and adhesion it possesses are derived from a chemical bath through which the paper is drawn on its way to the cylinder. The effect of the chemical bath on the paper is said to be wonderful. Leatheroid, for the purposes it now serves, consists of about twenty thicknesses of paper; it is shaped upon or around molds, while wet, into the form it is to represent, and will hold that form perpetually when dry. When dried it is as difficult as rawhide to cut with a knife. Cans made from this material are about one-fourth the weight of tin cans of equal size; while tin cans are liable to get bent, cans made from leatheroid are entirely free from this objection. They have the elasticity of thin steel, and no amount of kicking and handling will break them.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*
Grain and Meat in Europe.
In a paper on agricultural statistics read before the British association, W. Botly gave some interesting facts concerning the food supply of Great Britain and the continent, as follows: "At present the food supply produced in Europe is equal to about eleven months' consumption, but in a few years the deficit will be sixty instead of thirty days. The present production and consumption are: Grain consumption in the United Kingdom, 607,000,000 bushels; continent, 4,794,000,000; total, 5,401,000,000 bushels. Production of the United Kingdom, 332,000,000 bushels; continent, 4,736,000,000 bushels; total, 5,068,000,000. Meat consumption in the United Kingdom, 1,740,000 tons; continent, 6,372,000 tons; total, 7,312,000 tons. It appears that the bulk of the deficit belongs to Great Britain; but as the continent is unable to feed its own population, we must in future look to some other hemisphere for the needful supply, rather than to the supposed surplus of Russia, Hungary, Holland or Denmark. Europe paid last year £35,000,000 for foreign meats and £85,000,000 for grain, a sum equivalent to a tax of £10,000,000 per month. In the United Kingdom the importation of meat, including cattle, has risen as follows: 1860, 91,230 tons, value, £4,390,000, per inhabitant, 7 pounds; 1870, 144,225 tons, value, £7,708,000, per inhabitant, 10 pounds; 1880, 650,300 tons, value, £26,612,000, or 40 pounds for each inhabitant.
A Curious Taste.
The Malagasy taste for tomb-building was another frequent cause of delay. Among the Hovas, the leading tribes of Madagascar, large sums are spent on their tombs, which are a kind of vault, made of immense slabs of undressed blue basalt rock. A man will live in a house which has not cost more than from ten to twenty dollars, but he will cheerfully expend two hundred or three hundred dollars upon his tomb. As soon as a young man marries and settles in life he begins preparations for building his family vault; and all of his spare time—and most of his spare money—are spent upon this work. The basalt slabs are often brought for two or three miles distance, dragged by hundreds of people, all the family connections going to assist. Although the portions underground in these tombs are of undressed stone, above ground a massive, often elaborate, structure of dressed stone is erected, with bold moldings, and sometimes with a good deal of carving.—*London Quaker.*

Life and Death in Nature.

For some inscrutable reason, which she has as yet given no hint of revealing, nature is wondrously wasteful in the matter of generation. She creates a thousand where she intends to make use of one. Impelled by maternal instinct, the female cod casts millions of eggs upon the waters, expecting them to return after many days as troops of interesting offspring. Instead, half the embryotic gadi are almost immediately devoured by spawn eaters, hundreds of thousands perish in incubation, hundreds of thousands more succumb to the perils of attending ichthyic infancy, leaving but a few score to attain to adult usefulness, and pass an honored old age, with the fragrance of a well-spent life, in a country grocery. The oak showers down ten thousand acorns, each capable of producing a tree. Three-fourths of them are straightway diverted from their arboral intent, through conversion into food by the provident squirrel and the improvident hog. Great numbers rot uselessly upon the ground, and the few hundreds that finally succeed in germinating grow up in a dense thicket, where at last the strongest smothered out all the rest, like an oaken Othello in a harem of quercine Desdemonas. This is the law of all life, animal as well as vegetable. From the humble hyssop on the wall to the towering cedar of Lebanon—from the meek and lowly ameba, which has no more character or individuality than any other pin point of jelly—to the lordly tyrant, man, the rule is inevitable and invariable. Life is sown broadcast, only to be followed almost immediately by a destruction nearly as sweeping. Nature creates by the million, apparently that she may destroy by the myriad. She gives life one instant, only that she may snatch it away the next. The main difference is that, the higher we ascend, the less lavish the creation, and the less sweeping the destruction. Thus, while probably one fish in a thousand reaches maturity, of every 1000 children born 604 attain adult age. That is, nature flings aside 999 out of every 1000 fishes as useless for her purposes, and two out of every five human beings.—*Popular Science Monthly.*
Bad Teeth and Disease.
Had we the means we should endow a charity the great aim of which should be to prevent disease by establishing an institution for the treatment of decayed and imperfect teeth. There are more cases of disease of various kinds and various degrees of severity emanating from bad teeth than from almost any other cause. The trouble is easily remedied if taken in time; but those who suffer most are they who have not the means to employ competent dentists. It is pitiful to see the children of the poor as they grow up, gradually losing their teeth by decay and neglect and becoming dyspeptic at twenty and old and haggard at thirty. If there is a nobler charity than that which would supply free dentistry to the poor, and dentistry at cost to those who are able to pay no more, we know not what it is. But there are persons of ample means who pay no attention to their own teeth or those of their children. They should be taught the importance of attending to this matter, and, if they then refused, they should be punished for the neglect of an important duty toward their families. There is no excuse for any person having bad teeth. A child can be taught the importance of attending to the teeth, and every child that has his second front teeth should be provided with a tooth-brush and be required to use it at least once every day, using castile soap. Once in six months at furthest, a dentist should be employed to examine the teeth and properly fill any that may be decayed. Were this plan generally adopted we should see no more toothless men and women.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*
Overtaxing the Brain.
In a recent lecture on "Brain Health," at Edinburgh, Dr. J. Batty Tuke said that, as a matter of fact, it was not an easy thing to overtax the energies of the brain by work. It was not work, but worry, that killed the brain. But break down from overstrain did occasionally take place, and the first really important symptom was sleeplessness; when that set in there was cause for alarm. Loss of sleep was brought about thus: When the brain was being actively exercised, there was an increase of blood in its vessels—this was spoken of as "functional hyperemia." If they continued the exercise of the brain power too long, there was a tendency of the blood to remain in too great quantity, from the cells becoming exhausted and not being able to control the vessels. In sleep the amount of blood was diminished, and sleep could not be procured if this functional hyperemia persisted. In the absence of sleep, the cells could not recover themselves, and their activity became impaired. Headache, loss of appetite, and general listlessness followed. As soon as a child or young person develops continuous headache, work should be discontinued at once. Forty years ago a man worth \$60,000 was accounted wealthy; now he must have his millions to be so regarded.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Fasting as a Cure for Rheumatism.
Dr. Tanner's heresy may yet become the creed of regular practice. Tanner claimed that fasting was a good hygienic cure for many forms of blood disease, and now Dr. Wood, of the medical department of Bishop's college-Montreal, reports fasting as a cure for acute rheumatism. Plenty of water or lemonade was allowed but no medicines were given, and from the good results obtained in fasting from four to ten days Dr. Wood is inclined to believe that rheumatism is only a phase of indigestion.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*
Remedy for Erysipelas.
At the recent congress of German surgeons, Dr. Fisher, of Strasburg, drew attention to the value of naphthaline as an antiseptic. For some skin diseases, and especially in the treatment of erysipelas, it is almost specific. The application is made in the most simple manner possible by rubbing gauze in the powdered material, or dipping any suitable fabric in an ethereal solution diluted with alcohol. Naphthaline being very cheap, this preparation will be less expensive than anything of the kind now in the market. It is extensively used in Strasburg, where it is regarded as a perfect preventive of erysipelas; and it is hoped that if this valuable property can be substantiated, it will be used for the same purpose in this country. Dr. Fisher does not state whether its use in the manner stated is attended with any inconvenience or pain to the patient; but persons employed in gas works and elsewhere who have suffered from scales of naphthaline entering the eyes, etc., would be disposed to regard the remedy with very considerable suspicion.