THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Paregoric.

If I were disposed to curse any mother, by the "crossness," of her children, I might advise the free use of this fashionable article. It is used with the false idea that it will aid the mother in keeping her babe asleep, or in quieting. Now, it will do no such thing, on the whole, but the contrary. No one ever saw a babe that had taken much of it, that was not unusually "cross," fretful, peevish and very unamiable! To give it, is like borrowing money at an exorbitant rate, then at a higher rate to pay the first, and so on till one is bankrupt. The sleep supposed to be obtained, is not sleep, but stupor, which must so "unstring the nerves" as to increase the irritability and wakefulness. It constipates, locks the whole powers up, so to speak, so that natural action is impossible. It produces general disorder in the system, including costiveness, which is relieved by physic, which as certainly aggravates the difficulty, growing worse and worse by each application. (How long will it take to recover at that rate?)

But, what shall be given? That depends on what is the disturbance. If the babe is wakeful from pain in the stomach, let that organ rest for a time. If there is a pain in the bowels give an injection of warm water. If it is hungry—and you are sure, very sure of it, which may be doubtful, as children cry from pain as well as hunger—nurse it. Remove the cause of unrest but do not stupefy a babe just for the purpose of having quiet, a chance to work! It is better for the mother to sleep. If the babe has common sense, it need not sleep all of the time. It has a right to play and look about a part of the time, as well as adults.—*Dr. J. H. Hanaford.*

Scrofula.

Mrs. E. N. L. writes to know what is the trouble with her little daughter six years old. The glands about her neck are swollen and very red and tender, she has several abscesses in other parts of the body, and behind the ear, her eyes and nose are running all the time, she catches cold very easily, the eyelids are red and thickened, her head is covered with dandruff, there is a greenish discharge from the ears; has been affected this way for several months.

The disease is undoubtedly scrofula and is to be treated by feeding the child on the most nutritious diet possible, giving plenty of nourishing food, milk, graham bread, Indian meal bread, fresh vegetables, rare tender meat, fruit, etc. For medicines a little sulphur will be found to help her.

Put a spoonful of sulphur in an ounce of alcohol; shake it up and allow the sulphur to settle, then pour five drops of this into a glass of water, and take a spoonful three times a day. This treatment must be kept up for a long time.—*Dr. George H. Talbot.*

To Flood Sahara.

Count de Lesseps has explored the route for himself, and he declares that the construction of a canal to flood the great African desert with the waters of the Mediterranean is feasible. There has been doubt as to whether the surface of Sahara is higher or lower than the surface of the sea, but his triumphant communication from Tunis indicates that he has obtained information that to perform his feat it will not be necessary to make water run up-hill. It is proposed to cut a channel through the narrow neck of land which separates the salt marshes south of Tunis from the gulf of Gabes, and thus pour an ocean into the vast basin of sand whose farther rim is the border of the Soudan—a land of the riches of India and the population of the United States. France has been eager to bring the heart of Africa to the light of civilization and the wealth to the pockets of Frenchmen, and Colonel Flatters expended three years of toil and $100,000 of treasure in the attempt to fulfill his ambitious prediction: "I will cross Africa with a railway." Since his slaughter by Arabs the scheme to penetrate the heart of the "dark continent" with a railway has dropped from public attention, and Count de Lesseps, the great uniter of the earth's waters, has laid his stupendous project before his admiring countrymen, with sublime confidence in his ability to secure $15,000,000 for the work by merely asking. The count is now nearly eighty years of age, and in his long and romantic career he has accomplished prodigious achievements, but if he restores to the burning sands of Sahara the waves which in a remote age rolled over them, the creation of an ocean and the civilization of a continent will be the climax of his career and the chief marvel of his fame.—*New York Mail and Express.*

SMOKING OPIUM.

A Writer's Vivid First Experience with the Terrible Drug.

The boss—"Smokee, John?" (John is the Christian name of all pale faces, so far as the Chinaman is concerned.)

The writer—"Yes, if you'll give me a moderate dose."

The boss—Evel smokee sometime alleady!"

The writer—"Once. A long time ago."

The boss—"Allee lightee. Fixee you."

The writer—"Don't put more than a pound and a half in."

The boss (with a grin that looked as if the side of the house was coming in)—"Me fixee all lightee. Gettee up."

The writer took possession of a private stateroom, while the bias-eyed son of the sun manipulated the gummy mass and filled the pipe.

"Now, smokee," said he; "blow through nosee."

The writer inhaled several—more or less—puffs, and then began to experience a heavy, depressing sensation across the chest.

At this commencement the ears were thrilled by softly wierd strains of such music as no mortal ever heard before, and at the same time the writer was led to a large gilded or golden platform, which towered aloft in the upper portion of the room, and was reached by stairs that dazzled the eye at first, but afterward soothed it and seemed to entrance the visitor. Ascending, the summit was reached, and, looking down to the floor he had just left, a sight presented itself which the writer must acknowledge himself unable to portray. It was a hundred thousand fairy lands combined in one vast picture of loveliness and supreme beauty. Seated on a divan, and surrounded by a bevy of bewildering beautiful minxes, whose angelic voices and merry laughter made the brain whirl, the writer prayed that he might never again see the outside world, but that he might live to eternity amid those scenes. His every wish was gratified on the instant. A request was scarcely made but it was fulfilled. He hesitated to give voice to his wishes lest they might offend, his every thought was interpreted even before it matured, and his desires were answered,and the rare wine and costly jewels were brought him and laid before him before he had dared even hope for their possession.

Below me was a scene of dazzling beauty. Fountains of golden waters gladdened the eye at intervals about the room, while the perfume of rare exotics filled the atmosphere and enervated the brain. Thousands upon thousands of pretty girls in Oriental costumes flitted here, there and everywhere, and came and went at the writer's command. No wish was ungratified, no desire unfulfilled. It was a paradise on earth. There was no male present but himself. The Chinaman had disappeared and the writer was alone in his glory. Oh, for the pen of a Dante! Oh, for the descriptive powers of a Byron!

Suddenly a shadow came across the room, and the pretty girls disappeared one by one. Even those upon the dias withdrew. The Chinaman reappeared and informed the writer that a terrible storm was approaching, and that they must return at once. Even as he spoke, the distant mutterings of thunder could be heard, and then the lightning flashes darted across the room. It was a terrible storm. The attendant tore the costly lace from the writer's body, and at his command a hundred or more hideous looking creatures gathered around and aided him in tormenting the writer. They took off the top of his head with hammers and chisels, and picked his brain out piece by piece, grinning hideously the while. Then they began to tear the flesh from the bones, and one more vicious than the rest grasped his tongue and kept pulling it out inch by inch, foot by foot, until he could feel the very soles of his boots give way and start on their upward journey through his marrow. They then placed his head between two large revolving stone cylinders, and he heard the skull being crushed, as he was drawn into and between the grinding wheels that appeared to be turning at the rate of one revolution in a million years. Each inch of diaphragm was subjected to years and years of this crushing process, and the prayers to be put to instant death brought forth maniacal laughter and jeers from the torturers. If the first scene was paradise the second was worse than Hades. Not for 100,000 worlds would the writer pass through the horrors of that torture again. Then came a noise like the bursting of hundred thousand bombs.

"Look there!" said one of the monsters, pointing to a corner of the room.

The writer slowly opened his eyes, looked in the direction pointed out, and saw—the man with the 'cross country grin and the banjo head features, sitting by the fire, sewing a button on his trousers.

It was not until after the expiration of nearly half an hour that the writer could find tongue to speak, and then the words came thick and husky.

Upon asking how long he had been there, the man pointed to the clock. It was twenty minutes past 10. When he began smoking it was a few minutes past 8. Rolling from the shelf, the floor appeared to shelve upward, and he became impressed with the idea that he was in danger of being cut in twain by the sharp corners of the room, which whirled about him with a dizzying speed. It was some minutes before he trusted himself on his feet, and then his head pained, and the very blood in his veins seemed boiling. Bidding the proprietor of the place good-night, he left the den, determined never again to participate in the luxuries of the bowl.

Taking Tea with the Japanese.

Says a traveler: "The great peculiarity of this tea drinking ceremony consists in the exactness with which everything is done. A spoon, cup, or whatever is handled, has to be taken hold of in a particular way, set down in a particular place, and touched in a particular part, and everything is done with the same strange precision. What I saw was part of the ceremony of 'thin tea drinking,' and part of the ceremony of 'thick tea-drinking,' but the whole is simply a lesson in those laws of politeness which were formerly so rigidly exacted in every mansion and on every state occasion; and which are still largely kept up in the houses of the old aristocracy. Originally, the ceremony was of a secret character, and no servant entered the house in which it took place—the master kindling the fire, boiling the water, making the tea, and, in short, doing everything for the guests; but in later years it has become a mere ceremony of an extremely fashionable character. One or two things in this service struck me as especially strange. Thus, both host and guests knelt from the time they entered the building till the time they left it; and even when the master had to go to a little back room to fetch water, cups or whatever else he might require, he shuffled on his kness to the slide which served as a door, and then, having opened it, shuffled through the opening till he was well on the other side, when he rose to his feet; but this he must not do while in the presence of his guests. The chief guest, moreover, is the spokesman for the company, and no word is uttered save by the chief guest or host during the service, be it ever so long. The chief guest also demands everything—thus he asks for tea and refreshments; but the particular moment at which each request has to be made is arranged by the code of etiquette. At opportune moments the chief guest also asks if he may look at the tea-caddy, a spoon, a bowl, or the teapot. Receiving the necessary permission, he shuffles on his knees to the place where the object demanded is, takes it, bows his forehead to the ground, then rising, touches his forehead with the object received, and begins to examine it. Looking at the tea-pot, he asks if it is silver; then, who made it; then opening it and smelling the tea, what tea costs per pound; after which inquiries he passes it to the next guest, and makes a remark to the host which should, if possible, be at the same time a compliment and a pun. After each guest has duly inspected the object, the chief guest shuffles again across the floor, and returns it to its place. Object after object is brought, examined and returned in the same manner."

Prophecies for the Credulous.

Hardly had people recovered from the nerve-shattering soothsaying of Mother Shipton when the weird words of wind-compelling Wiggins is well rubbed from recollection, two ancient prophecies have been unearthed for the present year. One is from the writings of Nostradamus, a French astrologer of the sixteenth century, which may be thus rendered:

"In eighteen hundred and eighty-three,
When woods in vernal green shall be,
Against misfortune and mischance
A lame man shall protect our France."

The Comte de Chambord is lame, and may be taken to represent the "boiteaux" or "boiteux."

The second blood-curdler is:

"When Easter falls in our Lady's lap
To England shall come a great mishap."

Now, Easter Sunday this year fell, for the first time in about a hundred years, on "Lady Day," March 15.

We now manufacture another prophecy:

When in one week fall Sundays two,
Prophetic rhymes may chance come true.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Oscar Squelched.

A Washington letter says that Miss Bayard is not only very pretty, but extremely bright. She was the young lady who astonished Oscar Wilde by her keen repartee to his patronizing remark: "Are you going to the German, Mr. Wilde?" "Yes," drawled the esthete, "if my lecture doesn't fatigue me too much. Are you going, Miss Bayard?" "Yes, if your lecture doesn't fatigue me too much."

Court Etiquette.

A Rome correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* writes: "But which of us escape criticism? I hear now that the fact of Mrs. Astor's having sent cards of invitation for her reception to certain diplomatic and noble ladies, whose acquaintance she has not been able to make personally on account of her delicate state of health, instead of it being taken as it was meant, as an act of courtesy and civility, was resented as an insult. Strictly speaking, I am assured that Mrs. Astor has complied with the ordinary forms observed by people in her position; but say that it were otherwise, and that some trifling lapse of strict etiquette had been necessitated by her delicate health, it is quite evident that she evinced courtesy and offered hospitality to these scornful ladies. I regret to add that those who complain the loudest and make the most fuss about these minute points of etiquette are Americans, married either to Italian nobles or persons in an official position about the court. It should be very gratifying to their husbands to observe how completely they cast aside their nationality and all old habits when they choose the occasion of Washington's birthday to mark their contempt for a gathering not regulated, as they assert, by the strictest court etiquette."

Old Lace.

Many ladies do not know why old lace is often so much more valuable and generally so much more beautiful than new. The fact is that the valuable old lace is all woven in "lost" patterns. It is frequently as fine as a spider's film and cannot be reproduced. The loss of patterns was a severe check to lace-making in France and Belgium, and was occasioned by the French Revolution. Before that time whole villages supported themselves by lace-making, and patterns were handed down from one generation to another. They were valuable heirlooms, for the most celebrated weavers always had as many orders as they could execute in a lifetime, and they were bound by an oath taken on the Four Gospels to work only for certain dealers. When the Reign of Terror began, all business of this sort was interrupted for a time. After the storm subsided the dealers and workers were far apart—some dead, some lost, and some escaped to foreign lands; and such of the women as remained were bound by their oath to work for but one. And this oath, in spite of Robespierre's doctrines, was held by the poorest of them to be binding, and there are instances where they suffered actual want rather than break their word. Some, however, taught their children and their grandchildren, and many patterns were in this way preserved. Some of the daintiest and finest patterns were never recovered, and to-day specimens of these laces are known to be worth their weight in diamonds.

Fashion Notes.

Chip bonnets are worn.

Mitts have very long wrists.

Spanish laces are no longer fashionable.

Every kind of plaid and check is worn.

The newest coiffures show more of the forehead.

Long jersey gloves of finest wool are much worn.

In millinery flowers are almost superseded by leaves.

Chenille bids fair to hold its own as a popular trimming.

All the Oriental laces and darned laces are much worn.

A new shade of velvet is called "Hight of Fancy Blue."

Pongees, plain, printed, and embroidered, are worn again.

New hosiery comes in all the new colors to match the dress goods.

Handkerchiefs are knotted about the throat in the "Pretty Peggy" style.

Lace and embroidery is as much the rage this season as it was last summer.

As many as forty-two different colors and shades appear in the new spring gloves.

Cock's-comb ribbons of two contrasting colors are used for corsage and neck bows.

Ombre or shaded effects appear in some of the new French millinery and dress goods.

The long wrists of mitts and gloves have a fanciful finish of shirring, puffs and ribbon.

The loveliest shades of salmon, rose, corn blue and water green are seen in the new China crapes.

Cheviots come in plaids, checks, hairlines, stripes and mixtures. The colorings are fine and subdued.

Bustles and crinolettes grow larger, while skirt draperies are made more ample to accommodate them.

As many as eight different colored ribbon cockades with cock's-comb ends are seen on some new bonnets.

Jet sequins form the ornamental fringe of black tulle tabliers and draperies on black evening toilets.

The mingling of two or more laces in one fichu, ruche or collarette for the neck has become quite common.

Black silk stockings with gold thread clocks and embroidery are among importations of fancy hosiery.

Cockades of ribbon in two contrasting colors, the ends of the loops cut into cocks' combs, trim many bonnets.

A late fancy is to use many jet gold, silver, or jewel-headed pins to decorate bows of lace or muslin for evening wear.

Not a Model Witness.

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"I never knew him sick," replied the witness.

"No levity," said the lawyer sternly. "Now, sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him at the bar."

"Answer my question, sir," yelled the lawyer. "How long have you known the prisoner?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten inches."

"Will the court make the—"

"I have, jedge," said the witness, anticipating the lawyer; "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy two feet long and a man five feet ten."

"Your honor—"

"It's fact, jedge, I'm under oath," persisted the witness.

The lawyer arose, placed both hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table, and said:

"Will you tell the court what you know about this case?"

"That ain't his name," replied the witness.

"What ain't his name?"

"Case."

"Who said it was?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this case. His name's Smith.

"Your honor," howled the attorney, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness," said the judge, "you must answer the questions put to you."

"Land o' Goshen, jedge, hain't I been doin' it? Let the blamed cuss fire away. I'm all ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat around the bush any more. You and the prisoner have been friends?"

"Never," promptly responded the witness.

"What! Wasn't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir; I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us was ever Friends. He's an old-line Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him."

"Stand down," yelled the lawyer, in disgust.

"Hey?"

"Stand down."

"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up—"

"Sheriff, remove this man from the box."

Witness retires, muttering: "Well, if he ain't the thick-headedist cuss I ever laid eyes on."

How Boa Constrictors are Fed.

The feeding of boa constrictors at museum is thus described: Two rabbits were placed in the cage, or were thrown rather upon the mass of snakes coiled up in one corner. There were a few moments of uncertainty; then with wonderful rapidity one of the snakes coiled its folds around the animal and crushed it to death. A few seconds later and the second animal shared the same fate. The monsters held their prey tightly in their folds; then, turning their heads around and distending their jaws, began to swallow their prey whole, inch by inch. In less than a quarter of an hour the last trace of the rabbits had disappeared. Only two of the reptiles were fed.

A German at a hotel had some Limburger cheese sent to him. A little boy who sat beside him turned to his mother and exclaimed: "Mamma, how I wish I was deaf and dumb in my nose."

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Texas has a million acres of land fit for sugar culture.

A large number of Nashville boys and girls are going into silk culture.

The national debt of France, ($4,683,840,000,) is three times as large as ours.

Twenty-eight mining explosions occurred last year, of which fifteen were fatal.

The winner of a corn-raising contest near Rome, Ga., raised thirty-seven bushels on a half acre.

The Romans began their day at midnight, the Athenians and Jews at sunset, and the northern nations at dawn.

Figures were used by the Arabian Moors about 900, and were introduced into Spain in 1050, and into England in 1253.

The pension list of the United States is eight times as large as that of England and ten times greater than hat of France.

The first systematic attempt to instruct the deaf and dumb was made by Pedro de Ponce, a Spanish Benedictine monk, about 1570.

A chicken ventriloquist is one of the curiosities of Concord, Ky. He crows with clarion notes, and then makes echo-like repetitions of them, gradually dying away as if at an increasing distance.

William Campbell, a young farmer of Mexico, Mo., won a wager of $100, and received 2½ cents a bushel besides for his labor, at a corn-shucking bee. In eight days he threw over his shoulder 542 bushels of corn.

Tin is frequently mentioned in the Iliad, and it would seem that the Greeks were very familiar with it. It was used for the raised work on shields and for greaves, and it was also employed for domestic purposes.

It has been said that a blind man named Benson, who has been an inmate of the Wethersfield (Conn.) town house for more than fifty years, has such a remarkable memory that he can repeat almost every word of any sermon he hears.

The demise and obsequies of a Brunswick (Me.) cat gave a hint to the long-named society. The family physician nursed the animal in its illness, the undertaker composed its remains in a $12.50 casket, and its mistress cabled her husband in Europe that the end had come.

Catechisms were compiled in the eighth or ninth century; Luther's were published 1520 and 1529. The catechism of the Church of England at first contained only the baptismal vow, the creed, the ten commandments and the Lord's prayer with explanations, but an explication of the sacraments was added by the bishops in obedience to an order made by James I.

Trained horses have shown in England that they are capable of jumping great distances. Chandler cleared thirty-nine feet over a break at Warwick; Calverthorpe, thirty-three feet over hurdles at Newport Pagnell; King of the Valley, thirty-five feet over the Wissedine brook, Leicestershire; Lottery, thirty-four feet at Liverpool; Peter Simple, thirty-seven feet at Boston.

A Honest Man.

A gentleman stopped his horse at a tollgate, and not seeing the gate-keeper, went into the house. Finding no one, he began a general search and finally discovered the gate-keeper out in the field at work. Although the old man was quite a distance away, the gentleman went into the field, approached the old man and said:

"You are the tollgate keeper, I believe."

"Yes, sir," the old man replied, turning and leaning on his hoe handle.

"Well, I want to go through the gate."

"Ain't the gate open?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you go through? It's my business to be there."

"Because I wanted to pay you."

"And you came all the way out here to pay me five cents?"

"Yes, sir," said the gentleman, proudly looking the old man in the eye.

"Couldn't you have left the money on the table?"

"Yes, but I wanted you to know that I paid you."

"You are an honest man."

"Yes, sir," replied the gentleman, while a pleased expression spread over his face.

"You would have walked three times as far to have paid me that five cents, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir, I would."

"Here, John," the old man called to a boy that lay in the shade, "call the dog and go along and watch this feller till he gets away. Bet a hundred dollars he steals something 'fore he leaves the place."—*Arkansas Traveller.*