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Johnstein advance.

Job work, cash on delivery.

The Priceless Things.

Those are vulgar things we pay for, be they stenes for crowns of kings; While the precious and the peerles are un priced symbolic things.

Common debts are scored and canceled, weighed and measured out for gold; But the debts from men to ages, their account is never told.

Always see, the noblest nations keep their highcet prize unknown; Cherones's marble lion frowned above unlet-

tered stone. Balaklava-Marathon and who shall meto the worth of these?

Shall we huckster with our lifeboate that defy the leaping seas?

Ah, the Greeke knew ! Came their victors honored from the escred games, Under arches red with roses, flushed to hear their shouted names;

See their native cities take them, breach the wall to make a gate ! What supreme reward is theirs who bring such

onors to their State? In the forum stand they proudly, take their prizes from the priest;

Little wreaths of pine and pareley on their naked temples pressed!

We in later days are lower? Ay ! a manful

siroke is made, And we raise a purse to pay it-making manli-

Bacrifice itself grows venal-surely Midas will aubscribe; And the shallow souls are satisfied when worth

nocepte the bribs! But o'n here, amid the markets, there are

things they dare prize: Dollars hide their sordid faces when they meet anointed eyes.

Lovers do not seek with jewels; flowers alone can plead for them; And one fragrant memory cherished is fa

dearer than a gem. Statesmen steer the nation safely; artists pass

the burning test, And their country pays them proudly-with a ribbon at the breast,

When the soldier saves the battle, wraps the flag around his heart, Who shall desecrate his honor with the values

of the mart? From his guns of bronze we hew a piece, and carve it as a cross;

When the poet sings the love song, and the song of life and death,

When he gilds the mill and mine, inspires the slave to rise and dare; Lights with love the hopeless garret, tells the

tyrant to beware; When he steals the pang from poverty, with meanings new and clear,

Reconciling pain and peace, and bringing blessed visions near: His reward? Nor cross nor ribbon, but all

others high above, They may wear their splendid symbols -he has earned the people's love!

-John Boyle O'Reilly.

Mrs. Symington's Bargain.

All women we are told have their weaknesses, and Mrs. Stanhope Symington was a china maniac, as are most people to some degree in this sesthetic nineteenth century of the world. But Mrs. Symington excelled in the matter. She would prowl in second-hand stores, penetrate into the cavernous recesses of penetrate into the cavernous recesses of tenement-houses, drive long distances into the country to old homesteads where she had heard vague rumors concerning "flaring blue," "old green glaze," "butterfly yellow" and "genuine old India wares." She would remorselessly turn the choicest pieces of modorn brica-brac from her tables to make orn bric-a-brac from her tables to make way for spontless tea-pots, cracked bowls and noseless jugs. She crowded her drawing-room with brackets, shelves and cabinets for the accommodation of ancient plates, which she called "plaques," and pitchers, which she re-christened "vases."

Mr. Symington, a meek little man with limp yellow-white hair, a flat nose and colorless eyes like dim glass mar-bles, began to flud it no slight task to make his way through his own house without breakage or misfortune.

"I wish there was not such a thing as old china in the world," he lamented upon one particular occasion, after he had knocked a handleless cup from a triped draped in olive velvet.

"Stanhope," reproved his wife, not without severity, "would you retard the progress of modern civilization? This cup, fragile as it may seem, represents an era in decorative history.

"Well, it won't represent it much longer," observed Mr. Symington, as he gathered up the fragments with something very like vindictiveness in

"But, Stanhope," cried his wife,

"Throw 'em into the ash barrel, jo But Mrs. Symington rescued them from his grasp with a shrick of appro-

"Well, my dear," said the luckless iconoclast, looking dolefully at his finger which had been cut with one of the pieces of broken crockery, "what

have you been thinking?" "That I should like to go up into Maine next week," said the lady, insinuatingly.

"Into Maine? In midwinter?" echced her amazed spouse, opening the

dim eyes very wide indeed.
"To see Aunt Grizzel," explained Mrs. Symington—"my Aunt Grizzel Grumpton, you know, at Wild River." "Humph!" remarked Mr. Syming ton, bandaging his finger with his pocket handkerchief. "I didn't know

that you cared so very particularly about your Aunt Grizzel." "My dear," said Mrs. Symington,

merging her speech into a mysterious whisper, "I've just remembered, all of a sudden as it were, that she has a set of very old flaring blue china. She must have. It belonged to her mother before her; and how I've forgotten it all these years I'm sure I can't imagine. Even now I shouldn't have recalled it to my memory, I suppose, if I hadn't chanced to see, at Mrs. Hepburn's afternoon tea yesterday, the darlingist little egg-shell cups, with bridges and pagodas and willow trees all over 'em, exactly such as Aunt Grizzel's mother used to have. Then it came to me like a flash of lightning—Aunt Grizzel's china!

"Probably it's all broken by this time," gloomily suggested her hus-

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Symington, briskly. "Aunt Grizzy never broke anything in her life. She is carefulness itself; and up there in Maine, you know, they don't have clumsy waitresses to fling things about. No, no; you may depend that she has it all safe and sound in one of those odd little threecornered cupboards of hers. A treasure, Stanhope, a perfect treasure. Money wouldn't buy such a set as that; a hundred years old, if it's a day. So, if you won't mind, my dear, I'll just run up to Maine, and see about it."

"Do as you please, Arabella," said Mr. Symington, resignedly. He knew that Mrs. Symington generally did as she pleased, and he saw no especial advantage in debating the question.

"Thanks, dear; so kind of you!" uttered Mrs. Symington. "And of course I can't go to the polar regions entirely unprotected, so I'll order one of those comfortable seal dol-For the gain he gave was priceless, as unpriced mans that everybody is wearing now, would be the loss. other people; and if you can give me twenty-five or thirty dollars I dare say song of life and death,

Making millions cease their weary toil and wait with wondering breath;

twenty-five or thirty dollars I dare say Aunt Grizzy will let me have the set for that (she don't know the value of if you like, Niece Arabella."

song of life and death,

"Sartinly," said Aunt is china, and to as another."

And Mrs. Syn old china, poor thing!) and the jour-ney won't be more than thirty dollars both ways, if I go by sea, including a

"It appears to me," said Mr. Symington, discouragingly, "that this is a good deal of a wild goose chase, going dancing up to the northern boundaries of Maine at this time of year for an old set of trumpery china which probably didn't cost ten dollars to start with."

"Oh, Stanhope, it did!" cried the lady, indignantly. "It was real India ware, imported, without paying a dollar

if you must go, you must go, I suppose; and of course I shall have to give you a check for what money you are likely to

And Mr. Symington sighed deeply and went upstairs to get a piece of court-plaster for his cut finger.

Mrs. Symington went to Wild River, in the northern boundaries of Maine, where the pine forests were thatched with snow, and the icicles tinkled in the woods of a moonlight night like so many castanets gone mad. She made the greater part of the voyage by sea, and was consequently very seasick, for the water was rough and the gale tem-

"I will come back by land," she said to herself, as she sat in the little hotel at Portland, and viewed her green and yellow complexion with a shudder. Money wouldn't induce me to risk my life again in that horrid steamer, where one is buffeted and seesawed about on waves that are as high as a house. The palace-car fare will be something of an extra expense, and I shall lose my return ticket by steamer, but I'm sure Mr. Symington won't grudge it to me when he hears how I've been pitched and tumbled about on the ocean in peril of

And she put on her black brocaded silk, her new plumed hat, and the seal dolman, and took the northward-bound train, resolved to present an imposing appearance to Aunt Grizzy Grump-ton when she should reach Wild River

It was very cold-adull, bitter, leaden cold—with the ground frozen like a "But, Stanhope." cried his wife, rock, the streams bound in fee, the mean?"
"what are you going to do with those gloom. Aunt Grizzel Grumpton lived from its in a little one-storied house on the top course," said Mr. Stanhope, spiritlessly, of an uncompromising hill, where a solitary cedar tree was twisted around tea chromos, gaudy lithographs and like a corksorew with the force of the salesmen of the Hebraic persus ion hension.

"Are you mad, my dear?" she sized buddled behind the rocks in shivering lated. "I can mend them with a little groups, picturesque, but far from companies and a great deal of time; and fortable. And even after they had come in sight of the old building whose the properties. The boy who brought the first about the smallpox, at once interrupted around each piece, and a coarse flower pair was sent back to have the left boot stretched, and the boy who carried the second pair was sent back with the second pair was sent back to have the left boot are second pair was sent back to have the left boot are second pair was sent back to have the left boot are second pair was sent back with the second pair was sent back to have the left boot are second pair was sent back to have t

well-nigh a century, Mrs. Symington had serious doubts whether the onehorse sleigh in which she was jerked and jolted up the incline would not be blown sheer away by the rush of the tempest before they could reach their destination.

However, it wasn't. And ones in Aunt Grizzy's cottage things were very comfortable. There was no widethroated chimney, filled with mossfringed logs, such as the fancy of city dwellers is apt to depict in the solitary farmhouse. People in Maine know better than that. But there was an immense cook stove, which heated the room to an atmosphere of eighty odd degrees; the cracks in the window sashes were pasted over with brown paper, and sand bags were laid on the top ledges, while a double rag carpet covered the floor, and a wood-box, heaped to the very top, stood in the angle of the chimney piece. Aunt Grizzy's dress was of blue homespun flannel, and she wore a worsted hood pulled over her ears, and a little plaid shawl folded over her breast, and she was addicted to the use of snuff, and said "Hey?" whenever any one addressed her.

"My cheeny?" said Aunt Grizzy. Well, I'm free to own that I think a deal of that cheeny. But I don't know, Niece Arabella, how you came to hear of

"It is an heirloom in our family, Aunt Grizzel," said Mrs. Symington, exerting herself to speak loudly. "Hey?" said Aunt Grizzy, with her hand placed sounding-board fashion

behind her ear. "Every one must have heard of it," sald Mrs. Symington, at the risk of breaking a blood-vessel in her throat. Aunt Grizzy's wrinkled face fairly beamed. "Well, I calculate it ain't absolutely ugly," said she. "But still, if you've really set your heart on it. Niece Arabella—But it ain't unpacked. I

there ain't no tea parties given."

"Oh, never mind that," said Mrs.
Symington, her heart leaping within her
at this easy conquest of the fort. "It will be all the more convenient for me to carry it. People always keep such treasures put away in secret places

always put it away this time o' year when

"Hey?" said Aunt Grizzy, and Mrs. Symington repeated her words. "Oh, there ain't no secret about it!" said Aunt Grizzy, as she turned the hissing sausages in the pan. "Only I hain't said you wanted her china, and she had time to overhaul it since you've you her china at your own terms"

"Naturally?" infarrupted Mrs. Symostrich tips. One must go dressed like ington. "But I suppose it is all in good condition?"

> "Oh, that is not at all necessary," said Mrs Symington. "But now as to point with him. - Bazar.

the price, Aunt Grizzy?"
"I ain't one to haggle with my relations," said Aunt Grizzy, giving the fry-ing pan a shake over the blazing sticks. "Set your own price, Arabella, and if I

don't like it I'll make bold to say so. "Do you think, Aunt Grizzy," hesitated the city lady, "that twenty-five dollars would be a reasonable compen-

sation for it?" "Well, yes," said Aunt Grizzy. "It never cost me that, because—" "No, of course not," hurriedly inter-

fairly with you in a matter like this."
"Well, I hain't no reason to com-

plain," said Aunt Grizzy. "Some folks fancies cheeny. I don't. A plate's a plate to me, and a cup's a cup, and you're kindly welcome to my set if you've took a notion to it."

Mrs. Symington went home the next day, through a whirlwind of snow, having been fed upon pork and sausages, sausages and pork, at every meal since her arrival, and retaining a very vivid recollection of the Maine winds and

tempests.

"I don't think I'd go back there again, even for a set of old china," said Mrs. Symington, as she seated herself on the velvet cushions of the palace-car and shrank shiveringly inside of her seal dolman and fleece-lined fur gloves. "Aunt Grizzel will never die a natural death; she'll be blown away, like Mother Hubbard."

But all these petty tribulations were forgotten as a thing out of mind on the brilliant January morning on which, in front of the sea-coal fire in her own cozy drawing-room, she unpacked the coarse wooden box wherein were concealed the priceless treasures of Aunt Grizzy Grumpton's china.

"Don't touch them, Stanhope," said she, with a small shrick of dismay. "Men are so dreadful careless. Oh, here they are on the top, all wrapped in separate pieces of paper."
"Eh?" said Mr. Bymington, stand-

brandished in either hand. "Are these "Good gracious me!" gasped Mrs. Symington. "What can this possibly

ing by with a hammer and screw-driver

For the china which she unwrapped from its coverings of coarse brown paper was a cheap and common style, such as is associated in the mind with

pushing the hideous atrocities away with a force which cracked two plates. "I'll write to Aunt Grizzy at once, and this misunderstanding shall be cleared

In the course of time an answer came from Wild River, stiffly written in pale ink, and conveying in its tout ensemble the general impression that Aunt Grizzy had wrestled with it as if it had been a

fit of the Asiatic cholera. "DEAR NEIGE" (it said),-"With Love and duty I take up my Pen to inform You that the China is all right Bo't from Snefly & Pipkin, in Boston, last November, at Eight (\$8) the Set, to be transported at my own Dammage. As for my Mother's old Set, witch Captain Babcock bro't from Calcutta in the Year 1796, I Gave it to his Neice Helen Hosmer two Yeres ago for a Pare of Gold Spectackles and a Fur Muff, being so Cracked and Old-fashioned that it wasn't worth no more. But I am told that she puts it on Ebbony Shelves in her Best Parlor. But Helen never was more than Half-Witted, and your Set witch you took home with you is worth a Deal the most Monney. So you have the Best Bargain. With love, I remain, Your Aunt to Command,

"GRIZZEL GRUMPTON." "Ahl" said Mr. Symington, who had been listening intently to the contents of this much blotted and besmeared piece of manuscript, sealed with Aunt Grizzy's thimble top, and still retaining a subtle odor of fried sausages and griddle cakes. "A seal dolman at three hundred dollars, a thirteen-dollar hat, a pair of fifteen-dollar fur gloves, a fifty-dollar journey and a twenty-fivedollar investment, all for a set of china which you can buy anywhere on the Bowery or Grand street for ten dollars! How does that look, my dear, as viewed in the light of political economy?" And Mrs. Symington answered only

by her tears. "There, there, Bella, don't fret," said her husband, kindly. "Let the thing go for what it is worth. Forget it." "ButI can't help f-f fretting," sobbed
Mrs. Symington. "One thing is quite
certain, however—I never will be such
a fool again. I will not spend another
cent for ceramics until I have economized enough to pay for this outrageous

"Gently, my dear, gently," said her husband. "Now you are going too far. Aunt Grizzel was honest enough. You said you wanted her china, and she sold "But I didn't mean this china," said

Mrs. Symington. "How was she to know what you meant?" said Mr. Symington. "China is china, and to me one piece is as good

down and spiritless even to argue the

Cloves. Cloves grow on trees from twenty to

thirty feet high, having a handsome pyramidal shape, with leaves that are large, glossy and evergreen. It is a dian ocean, the larger part of the crop coming from Amboyna, in the island of Ternate. Many years ago the Dutch undertook to control the production of ware, imported, without paying a dollar of duty, by an old sea captain in the India trade, expressly for my grandmother Grumpton. And besides you are so groveling and prosaic in your ideas. As if the original cost of a thing of this nature signifies! It is the esthetic of the clove trees in the other spice islands, but the high prices which they demanded gradually led to its cultivation in territory outside of their jurisdiction, and they afterward abandoned that should wish you to feel that I had dealt policy. Still, most of the cloves now produced are grown in Dutch territory, produced are grown in Dutch territory, produced are grown in Dutch territory. and the high prices which have pre-vailed during the last year or two have been attributed partly to a failure in the crop at Ternate and partly to the Acheen war, which has considerably interfered with the supply usually derived from Sumatra. The cloves of commerce are not, as many suppose, the fruit of the clove tree, but are the flower buds. The ripe fruit in shape resembles a small olive; it is of a dark red color, with one or two cells containing as many seeds, and it is also aromatic to a certain extent, and sometimes appears in commerce in a dried state under the curious name of "mother of clives." It is not nearly so pungent, however, as the flower stems. Indeed, the whole tree—leaves, bark and wood-seems to be impregnated in some degree with the strong, dis-tinctive clove flavor; but the flower buds are the principal commercial product of the tree. When first gathered they are of a reddish color, but in the drying process, which is generally partly done by wood fires and partly in the sun, they turn a deep brown color, as they are when they reach us in America. Although the tree grows wild to some extent, it is regularly oultivated in plantations, the plants being some ten or fifteen feet spart and carefully pruned and cared for. The Game of Rights and Lefts.

John Debois took a great deal of trouble to get a good pair of boots in St. Louis for nothing, but he achieved success. He was a traveler staying at the Grand Central hotel. He went to a store and ordered the finest pair that could be made. He was exact in his stipulations as to the material and style, and wished them sent to his room at a certain time. Then he gave the same order in another store, except that the delivery was to be made half an hour even then I wouldn't take twenty dol-lers for this exquisite cup. And I have been thinking, Lanhope—"

on with a miniature whitewash brush.

one coat of red paint had long ago been growth and long ago been have been thinking, Lanhope—"

on with a miniature whitewash brush.

one coat of red paint had long ago been growth and long ago been had not paid, and playing her knowledge,—Port Jervis Crumpton's old china," said Mrs.

Second pair was sent back with the call it? said the little one, proudly displaying the had not paid, and playing her knowledge,—Port Jervis Crumpton's old china," said Mrs.

Symington, bursting into tears, and caught the next out-bound train.

Shops and Shopping in Mexico.

Shops and shopping, of the upper sort, in Mexico follow French or European traditions more than American. Fanciful titles over the doorway are adopted instead of a firm name. A "The Springtime," "The Explosion;" a jeweler's the "Pearl" or "Emerald;" a shoe store, "The Azure Boot," and "The Foot of Venus," The windows or, now, wild huntamen of the air are tastefully draped and a large force In hollow chase their bugles blew, of clerks is seen shoulder to shoulder within. These clerks are more democratic in their manners than Americans would venture to be. They shake hands with their patrons if they have enjoyed a slight previous acquaintance and inquire after the health of Miss Lolita and Miss Soledad. There are those of superior social position among | And still would tell, if I might hear; them, however-some who are met with at the balls of the Guatemala minister, for instance. The explanation may perhaps be found in the limit ed choice of occupations open, which leaves to many who desire to work no more important places.

Until of late it has not been etiquette for ladies of standing to shop except from their carriages a considerable part of the shopping, as for furni-ture and other household goods, is still conducted by the men of the family just as it was not etiquette for ladies to be seen walking in the streets. The change in both these respects is ascribed to the horse-cars. The point of ceremony, it appears, was founded somewhat upon the difficulty of getting about. The American touch appears in the streets with increasing frequency, in signs of dealers in arms, sewing machines, and other of our useful inventions, and of the insurance companies, a novel idea, to which the Mexicans seem to take with much readiness. The principal shopping hours are from 4 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon. From 1 till 3, or even 4, little is done. There is a general stoppage of

affairs for dinner. It is bot a short time since that interesting person, the commercial traveler, has been known in the country. The profits of favorably situated houses, in the absence of keen competition, have been very large, and methods of doing business in some instances correspondingly loose. The Mexican merchant does not necessarily go into a fine calculation of the proportionate value of each detail of a foreign invoice, but "lumps" the profit he thinks he could be received as the he thinks he ought to receive on the whole. Some articles, in consequence, can be bought at less than their real value, while others, in compensation, are exorbitantly advanced. It is the smaller trade, however, and

that most removed from metropolitan entertaining as a spectacle. How many picturesque market scenes does one linger in! Each population has its own market-day, not to interfere with any other. The stone flags of the plaza or the market-houses, which are plentiful and well built, are hidden under a native of Malacca, but is now grown in complication of fruits, grains, cocoa nearly all the spice islands of the Inrebozos, sprawling brown limbs, em-broidered bodices and kirtles, as if with an excessively thick, richly col affections, simple salt and water as a ored rng. A grade above this is the gargle or douche, is a most efficacious application. The chief virtue of minshops, in which goods, sales-people and the same important city of Puebla, called "The City of Mexico," has a facade entirely in glazed till an all springs recommended for healing. The unmistakable benefits derived from sea bathing and sea air proceed from that great strangillarity. facade entirely in glazed tiles upon an unglazed ground of red, with allegorical figures larger than life between the pilasters as part of the pattern,-Harper's Magazine.

Graves in China.

In every direction, as far as the eye can reach, little billocks of earth, from three to six feet high, are scattered promiscuously over the country. These being covered with grass, now dried by the antamn and scattered as they are over the cultivated fields, makes one think of haycocks after a harvest of timothy or red-top in America. They are the tombs or graves of past generations of Chinese. And, as the leading religion or superstition of the country is ancestral worship, these mounds are never disturbed or plowed over, but stand for indefinite ages. It would seem to a stranger that this sentiment over the resting place of the dead must, to a material extent, reduce the productiveness of the land. For there seems to be no system of cemeteries as in other countries, but the owner of the field at death is buried, as have been his ancestors before him, in his own soil at some spot at a respectful distance from the graves of his predecessor. And thus these tumuli go on increasing in number and closeness of proximity till it would seem to be only a question of time when the dead will possess all the soil and starve out the entire nation .- Letter from China.

A gentleman of this village has a family of three or four little girls. Not long since the children were talking about a pair of twins. One of them, an elder one, turned to her father and said: "Papa, what do they call it when three babies come at once?" A little one, who was much interested in the conversation, and who had heard talk

The Night-Wind. Once, when the night-wind clapped its wings, And shock the window-bars and roof, I heard the souls of battle-kings Drive by in clashing proof!

Sometimes a runic strife it kept, Of winter nights, in sleeted trees; Or underneath the caves it crept-A swarm of murmuring bees,

While swift o'er wood and hilltop bare The shrill-voiced quarry flew. Sometimes I heard of lovers flown,

Safe, under ward of storm and night, To where, in sylvan lodge, there shone A taper kind and bright. These things the night-wind used to tell.

But sorrow eleeps too sound and well To lend a dreamful ear. - Edith M. Thomas, in the Century,

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A good prophet-One hundred per

"The simple utterance of joy is pos-try," says Oscar Wilde. That settles it. We shall allow no joy in our family. It will be tossed into the waste-basket.—
New Haven Register.

A fashion writer says "raised figures" produce excellent effect. Well, that depends; if they are on a check they sometimes produce the effect of sending the raiser to State prison.

"The difference between a marriage and hanging," said an old bachelor, "is that in the former a man's troubles commence, while with the latter they end."-Philadelphia Chronicle. It is said that the only obstacle in the

way of transporting live hogs from this country to England is the difficulty of feeding them on the passage. Why not feed them from the trough of the sea? -Somerville Journal.

Said Mrs. Ragbag: "At table, while the servants are present, Mr. Ragbag and, myself always talk of the large amount everything costs us. It gives the neighbors such an excellent impression of our liberality."-Boston Post.

HEALTH BINTS.

To remove freckles take lemon juice, one ounce; quarter of a dram of powdered borax and one dram of sugar. Mix them and let them stand till ready for use, then rub it on the face coca-

sionally. Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight influences, that is the gayest and most | degree of exercise; and always avoid standing upon the ice or snow or where the person is exposed to a cold wind .-Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

The curative qualities of common salt are not as freely impressed upon the public mind as is expedient. Inflammation can be rapidly reduced by a solution of salt, and for a weak or diseased membrane local applications of salt and water act as magic. In cases of sore throat, sore eyes or catarrhal eral waters is salt, which forms a concustomers are all to be put upon the can-vas with the most vivid hues. The tions in all springs recommended for medium—common salt. A goblet of well iced salt and water is not a disagreeable beverage before breakfast, and is highly beneficial as an aperient. If "salt should lose its savor" a most important lever of the pharmacoposia would be destroyed.

Concerning the treatment for diphtheria, the Food and Health says: To us it appears that fresh air is the first necessity; we should allow a diph-therial patient to be near an open window. Next, we should use hot malt vinegar for flannel wraps round the throat, gargles of the same diluted with water, and the most tonic diet pessible. Neither quinine nor mineral tonics, but hot, strong wines, yolks of eggs beaten up in strong beaf tea; warm baths made of chamomile flowers; feet placed in mustard and water, and flannel wraps seaked in hot vinegar around the stomach. The juice pressed from raw beef, heated in a farina boiler and given constantly, but, above all, hot red wine. Inhalations of the fumes of vinegar with open mouth and pencilings of the same within the mouth. The use of lemons is also to be recommendod. Diphtheria is a preventable disease, and when we know more of the conditions under which the health of human life can exist and are inclined to listen to it and act accordingly to it, we shall have fewer epidemics such as those of diphtheria.

"Well, my son," said a father to his eight-year-old boy the other day, "what have you done that may be not down as a good deed?" "Gave a poor boy five cents," replied the hopeful. "Oh, oh! that was charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan, was he?" "I didn't stop to ask," replied the boy. "I gave him the money for licking a boy, who prest, my dinner licking a boy who upset my dinner basket."

An iron chess-board provided with magnetic chessmen is a Berlin novelty. The small magnet concealed in the figures cause them to adhere to the iron board and retain their place in spite of considerable shocks, such for instance as received on shiphoard or on railway trains.