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The total area directly or indirectly under the authority of the British empire may be taken at nearly 10,000,000 of square miles, or about one-fifth of the 50,000,000 of square miles composing the habitable globe. Out of the grand total not less than 2,500,000 of square miles have been topographically surveyed, and of this nearly all has been surveyed minutely, field by field. This cadastral survey, presenting the details of every field for a vast area, is to be reckoned among the largest operations ever known in the annals of administration.

An eccentric farmer at Hartford, Ind., is engaged in the task of endeavoring to walk many miles each day upon an improvised track, to wear away three layers which he imagines have been added to his feet. He began his tireless walk about two years ago, and keeps upon his feet eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. Instead of being made weak by the exercise he is growing stronger every day. His limbs are firm as iron and his tendons like whipcord. He has now walked some 60,000 miles and his pace is increasing daily. He is rational on all other subjects.

The landed property of England covers some 72,000,000 acres. It is worth \$10,000,000,000 and yields an annual rent, independent of mines, of \$300,000,000. One-fourth of this territory, exclusive of that held by the owners of less than an acre, is in the hands of 1,200 proprietors, and a second fourth is owned by 6,200 others; so that half of the entire country is owned by 7,400 individuals. The population is 35,000,000. The peers, not 600 in number, own more than one-fifth of the kingdom; they possess over 14,000,000 acres, worth over \$2,000,000,000, with an annual rental of \$60,000,000.

"King Consumption," said a New York physician of reputation lately, "who has put so many in a decline, is at last on a decline himself in this city. He has not lightened his hold upon those upon whom he has once fastened, but the number of his victims is steadily diminishing. The progress of the disease, after it is once seated, is pronounced by physicians to be more rapid than it was when this generation was young, and there is much more rapid transit from its inception to its culmination. A score of years ago persons suffering from hacking, wasting coughs for many years were common, but now the disease generally does its work in a briefer period, usually in two or three years. Consumption has done more to enrich quack medicine manufacturers than all other diseases combined."

Bathers' cramp is made the subject of an article in the Popular Science News. The conclusion is reached that although the intimate nature of muscular cramps and the precise mode in which they are established are still unknown, sufficient data on the subject enables us to recognize the chief conditions of their causation, which are as follows: A peculiar individual susceptibility; the shock of cold applied to the general surface of the body; prolonged muscular exertion, and forcible and sudden muscular exertion, especially in the direction of the extremities. The disorder is very apt to rise in persons of irritable temperament, attacks persons of middle age oftener than the young, men oftener than women and the robust oftener than the weakly, and occurs oftener in hot climates than in cold. Its most powerful and avoidable cause is the immersion of the body while heated in water of a relatively low temperature.

King Otto of Bavaria, successor to the late King Ludwig, resides, or is kept rather, in the Chateau of Furstentried, about one hour's ride from Munich. The castle is wholly isolated and situated in the heart of the forest. It was a convent in the thirteenth century, and was purchased by King Louis I. The garden and park are traversed by a grand avenue shaded by elms and surrounded by a high wall. The guards and servants are stationed in little houses. Patrols of honor are posted at the entrance to the castle since Otto's elevation to the throne. The King has lucid moments, and then he devotes himself mainly to reading the newspapers. But these moments are of brief duration. He smokes cigarettes incessantly, and often takes a promenade. The mad monarch sometimes takes a notion to visit the imperial family of Austria, to which, in his sane moments, he appears very devoted. He spends whole hours in picking berries and making them into little pyramids in the park. An alienist physician in black coat and white cravat always walks a certain distance behind him, and he is followed in turn by three gendarmes.

IN HARVEST TIME.

Low wind-ghosts flutter through the rustling corn, A locust drones in yonder whispering tree, And where dissolves the misty veil of morn, The lazy ships sail slowly out to sea, In harvest time. The scarlet poppies cluster by the road, The sweeping scythes flash in the falling grass, And lumbering wagons, with their heavy load, Along the dusty highways lingering pass, In harvest time. The radiant sunlight slants among the leaves, As though no hidden covert it would miss, Bearing the gold sheen of the garnered sheaves To all the ripening apples 't may kiss, In harvest time. The honey-suckle by the porch is sweet, And noisy bees wing on from bloom to bloom, Full loath to leave, for yonder wind to beat, The shade and coolness of the fragrant gloom, In harvest time. The undulating wheat along the hills, That shimmers in the sun's refulgent beams, Its bearded kernels to completeness thrives, And in contented splendor brightly gleams, In harvest time. When high the sun in noon-day glory rides, Where willows keep the lake's green margin cool, The speckled trout amid their shadow hides, And dragon-flies haunt every shaded pool, In harvest time. The crows are silent in the sombre pines, And drowsy cattle pace with listless tread The shallow brooks that run in silver lines, Where meadow-blossoms flaunt their banners red, In harvest time. Where, clothing all the crumbling wall of stone, The wild grapes show their purple globes of wine, The butterflies hold carnival alone, And brilliantly their iris colors shine, In harvest time. The oriole, above his swinging nest In the garbled pear-tree, plumes his orange coat, And as the sun sinks slowly down the west, Croons to his mate a low, melodious note, In harvest time. The moths make feast where pendulant blossoms sway, In woods that ring with shrill nocturnal songs, And while the shadows change to deeper gray, Some dreaming bird day's jubilant voice prolongs, In harvest time. Beside the garden path, serenely fair, Clothed in her garment of odoriferous white, That wins fresh perfume from the heavy air, The lily shines a star amid the night, In harvest time. Oh, bounteous season, rich through every hour In gifts that make our souls with joy atune, The fruitful earth is lavish of her dower, From morning's flush till glows the mellow noon, In harvest time. —Thos. S. Collier.

HER FIRST WARD.

"There ought to be a law against it!" said Alice Hawkes. "Yes, there ought." She was a tall, handsome girl, with great dark eyes, hair of lustrous brown, all lighted with changing gleams, like satin when it lies in folds. "Well, then," said Kate Jennings. "You have no business to be left an heiress, with no one to look after your rights and privileges. It is natural enough that you should become the prey of your needy relatives." "But this Mrs. Whyte-Wayte was the most disagreeable of them all!" cried Alice. "Then let us be thankful that she has departed to a better world," observed Kate. "Yes, but to leave her great clumsy boy to my guardianship—I that always detested boys. Kate, its actually fiendish!" "Oh, well, Alice, I wouldn't take such a gloomy view of it as all that," suggested Kate. "He may be an infant chump for all you know. You can send him to boarding-school." "He is not old enough for that." "How do you know?" queried Kate. "I don't know; I have only a dark presentiment. Oh, dear, what do people want to die for? Or, if they must die, why couldn't it have been Alexander Adolphus instead of his mother?" "Then does he arrive?" asked Kate. "To-morrow," was the mournful rejoinder. "And what are you going to do with him?" "I've fitted up the north room as a nursery, with tops and balls and all that sort of thing, and old Hannah has promised to have an eye to him at night, in case of croup or diphtheria, or any other of those merciful dispensations. And I've bought a sled and a pair of skates for him, and perhaps he may break his neck without much further trouble on my part." Alice Hawkes laughed as she spoke; but there was a sigh mingled with the mellow ring of her mirth, and thereby Katherine Jennings knew that her fair friend's soul was inwardly troubled at the unwelcome prospect. "Poor, dear Alice!" thought Kate. "But she'll make the best of things—she always does! And perhaps it won't be so bad after all."

Miss Hawkes' countenance was very dejected, however, the next day, when, wrapped in sables and velvet, she drove to the depot, about a mile and a half distant from Hawkes Hall, to take possession of her new treasure. But the horses were fat and the roads were heavy with the mud following on a January thaw, and the noise of the retreating train had long since ceased to echo among the hills when the carriage drew up in front of the station. "I knew we should be too late, Ralph," said Miss Hawkes, sighing, as she descended from the carriage, with a little sugar dog—the result of a last sudden uncertainty whether her future charge were three or thirteen years of age—in her gloved hand.

There was but one inhabitant of the waiting-room as Alice Hawkes swept in—a tall, fine-looking man, somewhere in the twenties, with hazel eyes, a nut-brown mustache and a valise. Alice looked dubiously at him. He looked with a puzzled air at the fair apparition in blue velvet and ermine. For one minute—and then the whole situation seemed to flash, as it were, upon Alice Hawkes' mind. Mrs. Whyte-Wayte had never mentioned the age of her son. Could it be possible that this young man was the charge? She felt her cheeks grow scarlet as she dropped the sugar dog into the depths of her pocket.

"I—I beg your pardon," said Miss Hawkes, laughing and coloring, "I expected to see a much younger person." The stranger rose and bowed. Alice Hawkes was a well-proportioned girl, but the gentleman towered a head and shoulders above her. "And I beg yours, ma'am," he said, "I was prepared to see quite an old lady!" "It is Mr. Whyte, isn't it?" hesitated Alice.

"That is my name." "I am sorry we are so late—it is all my coachman's fault. The carriage is waiting. Will you allow Ralph to take your checks?" He smiled as he touched the valise and color-box that lay on the floor at his side.

"I have no other luggage than this!" Old Ralph, with eyes like full moons, bestowed the two boxes on the seat beside him, and held open the carriage door for his mistress and her guest to enter. "Ma'am," he could not forbear whispering, with a slight giggle, "there won't be no call for them there sleds and marbles and the kite, shaped like a man."

Alice pretended not to hear, but she knew that her cheeks were as red as the scarlet feather in her hat. "Is this the old place?" he asked, leaning out of the window, as they neared the graystone portico in front, every column draped in glossy green ivy. "It will make a beautiful picture." "Do you think so?" said Miss Hawkes, smiling. "Wait until you see the southern elevation; it is still prettier and more picturesque."

The housekeeper, old Hannah, came smiling and courtesying to the door; but she stared a little at Mr. Whyte, springing first from the carriage, assisted her young mistress to descend. "If you please, mem," quoth she, "where's the young gentleman?" "This 'ere's the young gentleman, Hannah," cried Ralph from his box, converting a laugh into a very explosive species of cough.

And Hannah remembered the little cranberry tart she had just baked on an "A. B. C." tin platter "for the dear little orphan boy." "The blue room, Hannah," said Miss Hawkes, biting her lip, to repress her amusement at the old woman's face of astonishment. "Yes'm—to be sure, um," said Hannah. "Dear, dear! how strange things does turn out!"

How much pleasanter was the tete-a-tete dinner than anything Alice had dared to anticipate—the long, confidential chat in the drawing-room afterward. And the young man himself evidently enjoyed it as much as she did. "I did not expect such a reception as this," he said, when the evening was well advanced, and they began to feel quite like old friends. "Why not?" "One reason is that you are rich and I am poor."

"No reason at all," said Alice, coloring hotly. "And I am destined to earn my livelihood as an artist." "Well, what then? I would like to be an artist, were I a man. It seems to me one of the most beautiful and poetic occupations one could choose." "Of course I do."

Alice's eyes sparkled—her mind was electrically roused by contact with one riper and richer than herself. "It will be very pleasant," she thought, leaning back in her chair, her crocheted needle idly threading its way through the meshes of colored wool. "He is so handsome and so gentle—though I wonder why he don't speak more of his mother's recent loss. Perhaps the wound still bleeds. What will Kate Jennings say?"

But, just as these thoughts passed through her mind, there came a prodigious jerking and pealing at the front door bell. "It can't be Kate at this time of night," thought Miss Hawkes. "It was not Miss Jennings, but the station-master of the depot, a clumsy, loose-jointed chap, with saucer-eyes, and a square chin, which he was perpetually feeling, as if not quite certain of its locality." "If you please, Miss Hawkes, I've brought him," said Jabez Slades. "His trunk'll be sent round to-morrow morning."

"Whom?" gasped Alice.

"Him—and glad enough we be to see the last on him! Like to set the depot a fire, snow-balled a hole in the windy and tied a tin pall to old Bose's tail!"

And as he spoke he pushed forward an ungainly boy of about twelve green springs—a freckled, sullen-eyed, heavy-looking lad, with both paws thrust into his trousers' pockets and his chin sunk on his breast. "Alexander Adolphus Whyte, mum—that's the way he was labeled on his trunks. 'To be called for by Miss Hawkes,' was the very time you were there I was a larruping' him down in the cellar for a comin' that there game on Bose, as has been station dog these three years. And I calculate that ere was the way I missed ye."

Alice gazed hopelessly from the gawky boy to the stylish young artist opposite. He rose. "I thought there was some mistake," he said, reluctantly. "You are Miss Hawkes? I supposed you to be Miss Glenfield, who has sent for me to paint a picture of Glenfield Hall."

"And I thought you were my cousin Adolphus Whyte, left in my charge by his mother," stammered poor Kate. "My name is Whyte—Gerald Whyte—but my mother, thank heaven, is still living; and I thank you, Miss Hawkes, for your hospitality." "You are not going away to-night?" "I must; it is my misfortune to have already intruded too long. Miss Glenfield was to have met me at the cars. I wonder what has detained her?"

"I will send you over to Glenfield Hall to-morrow morning in the carriage," said Alice, resolutely. "To-night you are my prisoner-of-war! You will stay, just to teach me what to do with this creature." And she glanced at Alexander Adolphus, who was making preparations to besiege the cat behind her intrusions of the sofa-legs.

Mr. Whyte laughed and yielded. "If I can be of use!" he said. "He sketched the Hall next day—and the day after he sketched Alice herself, and then Kate Jennings. Adolphus behaved very badly, and it seemed an absolute necessity to have a gentleman about the place." "Alice!" cried Kate Jennings, a month afterward, "is it really so?" "Really how?" "Are you actually engaged to that young artist?"

"Yes, I am," said Alice. "How could I manage Adolphus by myself?" "How indeed?" "Pate de Foie Gras."

It is said that the American people will eat anything with a French name. A very popular dish here is thus prepared: A young goose is taken in the autumn and confined in a close cage which permits but little movement, generally in a dark place. The bird is fed with beans, or more commonly with maize. During the last three or four weeks it is "crammed" twice or three times a day with parboiled maize seasoned with salt, the crammer forcing the food down its throat with a stick. Under this unnatural treatment the bird's liver swells to an enormous size, attaining a weight of two or three pounds. The bird's throat is then cut, and after being drawn the body is hung in a cold, airy place until the liver acquires sufficient firmness to be taken out. A pastry cook seasons and spices it, adding truffles and other ingredients, bakes the contents in a tureen and pours over the sickening mass a layer of fresh hog's lard to keep it from contact with the air. The whole is put in a small porcelain dish like a saucer, hermetically sealed, and then becomes pate de foie gras. It is said that \$10,000 worth of this food is consumed in New York every year. Strasburg and Toulouse are the main sources of supply, and in the former place the annual production amounts to over half a million of dollars. It is difficult to see how diseased and congested liver can be a healthy food.—New York Graphic.

Long Island's Sand Industry.

Next to the oyster industry, and one that is rapidly growing on the north side of Long Island, is that of cutting sand from the beaches. The industry commences at Gardes Point and takes in most of the beaches to Stony Brook. The business is an immense one. There are several varieties of the gravel and sand. There are the big stones about half the size of hens' eggs, used for furnace bottoms at steel works, also for oyster beds and roadways. The soft gravel is used for asphalt works, roofing and paving gravel, and canary gravel. The highest price is six dollars per ton. The largest gravel pits are at Northport, Cold Spring and Stony Brook. They are owned by Mrs. Francis B. Spinola, Dr. Jones and N. W. Godfrey & Co. At Northport fifteen schooners are constantly in use carrying the sand to various domestic ports. The industry gives employment to over 500 men.—New York Mail and Express.

The Hair and Mental Diseases.

A mousing German—one Dr. J. Pohl Pincus, of Berlin—after twenty-five years of laborious research has established that by an examination of the roots of the hair incipient stages of bodily and mental disease may be detected before other symptoms are discernible. If the hairs that are combed or brushed out daily are examined microscopically, by polarized light, the enlarged bulbous end of the hair will show a white contour and a yellowish or brownish-red center, if the individual be in a healthy condition of body and mind. Various departures from these characters indicate approaching or existing diseases without any apparent bodily or mental symptom. Thus violet, blue, or bluish-green colors of the center points to emotional disturbance of moderate grade; while green, yellow, or orange warns of the onset of serious trouble.—Chicago News.

CHINESE PEARL-GROWERS.

NOTED GEMS THAT ARE OWNED BY ROYAL FOLK.

How Pearls Are Dived for—Valuable Turquoise Combined With Them in Making Fashionable Jewelry. "We handle more pearls than any other kind of precious jewels," said a New York importer. "The taste for them has been reviving rapidly during the last few years until they have become almost as popular a gem as the diamond. In one respect they resemble the diamond more than anything else we trade in, for them smallest of them are saleable and have always a market value."

The finest specimens are now, and always have been, taken in the eastern seas. The most favored locations are near the coast of Ceylon and in the Persian gulf near the Island of Bahrein. On the coasts of Java and Sumatra and near Japan there is a large production, and fine specimens are often found. There are large pearl fisheries near the Isthmus of Panama, and for more than a century pearl fishing has been a profitable industry in California.

"The Chinese and Japanese are said to aid nature in the production of pearls by carefully piercing the shells and introducing a particle of sand into the interior. By experiment it has been demonstrated that the period required for the formation of a pearl ranges from five to ten years." "How are the pearls brought to the surface?" asked the Chicago News correspondent to whom the dealer was talking.

"By diving principally. In South America and Australia modern appliances, such as the diving-bell and air receptacles, are used, but in the East the old method is still in vogue. I have myself visited the principal fishery in the East, on the west coast of Ceylon, in the bay of Manar. I was present during the busiest season, when there were about 200 boats at that station. After numberless ceremonies have been performed by the superstitious divers each boat sets out the command of these divers, the recruiting ten manipulating the oars. In addition to the crew there is always a 'pillal kumar,' or snake-charmer, on board, as no diver would descend without his presence. Several of these gentry are also stationed on the shore, whose duty it is to pray and mumble incantations until the boat return. At each side of the boat is a stage from which the divers descend. They go down in shifts of five, and by this method of alternately diving they give each other time to recruit themselves for a fresh plunge. The serious effects of this continual submersion are shown in the discharges of water, and occasionally of blood, from the diver's mouth, ears and nostrils. But this does not hinder the men from going down again in their turn. They will often make from forty to fifty descents in one day and at each plunge bring up a hundred oysters. Some rub their bodies with oil and stuff cotton in their ears and noses to prevent the water from entering; the greater portion use no precaution whatever. Instances are known where divers have remained under water for four, five and even six minutes."

"The oysters are generally sold unopened and as their contents are alike unknown to both buyer and seller the transaction is practically a lottery. Many oysters contain not even a seed pearl, while another may produce one worth from \$1,000 upward. The finest, perhaps, at present known is in Spain, and was brought from the Indies by a French merchant in the reign of Philip IV. of Spain and purchased by him. Its weight is 126 carats and its value uncomputed. Another fine pearl, once among the crown jewels of Spain, but now in the possession of the Russian Princess Youssof, is the 'Peregrine' (the incomparable). It was purchased by Philip II. and is now held at \$125,000. The Shah of Persia has two pearls the peers of any of the world. The first is described by Tavernier, who saw it. It was found in 1653 by an Arab, and some years afterward it was purchased by the King of Persia for \$200,000. He also owns another about three-quarters of an inch in diameter valued at \$60,000. There are some very fine pearls in the English, French and Russian crown jewels, ranging in value from \$30,000 downward. The ruler of Muscat has a colored pearl for which the sum of \$150,000 has been offered and refused. Mrs. Mackay owns two very fine pearls, and others of immense value are at present among the possessions of American millionaires."

During the last twenty years the setting of pearls and turquoise together has been practiced extensively. All the large manufacturers of jewelry throughout the world, and more especially in America, use on the average 50 per cent. of turquoise to 100 per cent. of pearls. The turquoise, like the pearl, owes but little to art, and like the pearl, also, the smaller sizes are very cheap. The turquoise is composed of earthy matter in combination with protoxide of copper, phosphate of alumina and iron. It has no transparency, and when broken its color is uniform.

In the middle ages this gem was well known and most highly valued. But few ornamental stones had such wonderful gifts and virtues ascribed to it. Even to this day such proverbs as the following are current: "A turquoise given by a loving hand carries with it happiness and good fortune." "The color of a turquoise pales when the well-being of the giver is in danger."

It has been demonstrated at Pittsburg that for broiling meats natural gas has not proved a success.

WHERE PATRIOTS SLEEP.

In dreams I stand beside the tide Where those old heroes fell; Above the valleys, long and wide, Sweet rings the Sabbath bell, Where patriots sleep.

I hear no more the bugle blow, As on that fateful day; I hear the ring-dove fluting low, Where shaded waters stray, Where patriots sleep.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A stage coach—The prompter. Father (irascibly)—"Who's got my boot-jack?" Cora (smiling archly)—"The cat."—Puck.

May an artist who sketches a heap of edibles be said to be "drawing rations?"—St. Paul Herald-Journal. Deacons wear squeaky boots on Sundays in order to wake up sleepers when they land around the contribution boxes.—Picaque.

Cyclone insurance companies are being organized. Although why any man wants to insure a cyclone we can't understand.—Call. "I know what the nights of labor are," said the mother of six boys as she sat down to repair the pile of pants and jackets.—Boston Courier.

The barbers were once professional blood-letters. They still give occasional reminiscences of their old business. "Did I cut you, sir?"—Boston Budget. It doesn't take a woman long after she is married to learn that a man can muss up a bureau drawer more in three seconds than she can put it in order again after an hour's patient work.—Somerville Journal.

"Grandpa," said Teddy, as the old gentleman woke up from a loud snoring after dinner nap. "If you would give your nose a spoonful of paregoric, don't you think you could put it to sleep too?"—Burdette.

It does make a letter carrier howling mad, this blistering, breathless hot weather, to pick up his favorite paper for a few brief minutes on the sultriest morning of the week and light the first thing on a long, able editorial, entitled: "We do not walk enough."—Brooklyn Eagle.

HER LITTLE RUSE. She had a pretty hair. And she had a little cough. And her little cough it is no harm to mention. When in the church she sat, Shook the plumes upon her hat. And to its many beauties called attention.—Boston Courier.

Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Late Mrs. Null," is accused of giving his heroine gray eyes on one page and blue eyes on another. Quite as remarkable cases as this have frequently occurred. Men have left home with cold, gray eyes in the morning, and returned home at night with a beautiful pair of black-and-blue-eyes.—Norristown Herald.

The Care of Babies.

The following directions for the care babies in summer, issued by the New York Board of Health, are applicable to any locality:

NURSING OF INFANTS.—Over-feeding does more harm than anything else; nurse an infant a month or two old every two or three hours.

Nurse an infant of six months and over five times in twenty-four hours, and no more. If an infant is thirsty give it pure water, or barley water; no sugar.

FEEDING OF INFANTS.—Boil a teaspoonful of powdered barley (ground in a coffee-grinder) and one-half part of water, with a little salt, for fifteen minutes, strain, then mix it with half as much boiled milk; add a lump of white sugar, size of a walnut, and give it lukewarm from a nursing bottle. Keep bottle and mouth-piece in a bowl of water when not in use, to which a little soda may be added.

For infants six or six months old, give half barley water and half boiled milk, with salt and a lump of sugar.

For older infants, give more milk than barley water.

For infants very costly, give oatmeal instead of barley. Cook and strain as before. When your breast-milk is only half enough, change off between breast milk and this prepared food.

In hot weather if blue litmus paper applied to the food turns red, the food is too acid, and you must make a fresh mess or add a small pinch of baking soda.

Infants of six months may have beef tea or beef soup once a day, by itself or mixed with other food; and when ten or twelve months old, a crust of bread and a piece of rare beef to suck.

No child under two years old ought to eat at your table.

Give no candies, in fact, nothing that is not contained in these rules, without a doctor's orders.

SUMMER COMPLAINT.—It comes from over-feeding and hot and foul air. Keep doors and windows open.

Wash your well children with cool water twice a day, or oftener in the hot season. Never neglect looseness in the bowels in an infant; consult the family or dispensary physician at once, and he will give you rules about what it should take and how it should be nursed. Keep your rooms as cool as possible, have them well ventilated, and do not allow any bad smell to come from sinks, garbage-boxes or cutters about the house where you live. When an infant is cross and irritable in the hot weather, a trip on the water will do it a great deal of good, and may prevent cholera infantum.

A Cure for Corns.

A Berlin gentleman who was greatly tormented with corns found in a paper an advertisement promising a certain and speedy cure of this particular affliction. "Apply by letter, inclosing 1.10 mark in stamps, to A. X., Poste Restante, Geneva." Our friend applied accordingly. In a few days he received the following reply: "If your corns have grown full size and sit four and with woe, My remedy you'll surely prize. 'Tis this: Paw off your toes." For this purpose I recommend my bone saws at prices varying from ten to twenty marks. Dr. Eisenbart.—Frankenblatt.