

Although 97,700 people die every day on the globe, yet there are 100,800 born, so there seems little reason to fear that the supply of voters for future elections will run short.

An American who happened to see a man murdered in Havana was detained ten months in jail as a witness, and the judge then decided that it was a case of self-defense. Cuba, observes the *Detroit Free Press*, is one of the places where a blind man gets along the best.

Drummers practice a scheme to circumvent that clause of the Inter-State law relating to charges for excess of baggage. When the drummer's baggage exceeds 100 pounds he buys several tickets to his place of destination. On these he checks his baggage. Then he sells the tickets he doesn't want, and of course he is all right.

"Long John" Wentworth, the noted Chicagoan—ex-Congressman and ex-Mayor—who is erecting a \$20,000 monument for himself in Rosehill Cemetery, has decided to put no inscription on the stone. "Everybody will want to know who is buried there if they see no name," he says, "and my memory will thus be kept green by the curiosity of future generations."

The King of Corea has become tired of the cares of royalty, and has sent a memorial to the Chinese government asking it to abolish the kingly office and substitute a Governor-Generalship in its stead. The noble families are constantly engaged in plots with Japanese and Chinese adventurers, and the King is said to be in fear of assassination. Besides this, the country is so poor that there is no profit in ruling it.

Money is now abundant for speculation in railroads and lands, but the supply must gradually diminish under the present prodigality. When the pinch and rump come, as they most assuredly will, men look out for the crash. The vast real estate speculations of 1836 were the cause of the smashup of 1837. Like the breakdown of 1857 was caused by the wild real estate speculation of 1856 and 1858. In many cities and many towns the brake should be put on at once.

The survivors of the Greeley expedition are now six in number. General Greeley was chief of the Signal Service; David L. Ingham is Second Lieutenant of Cavalry; Fort Walla Walla, Washington Territory; Julius R. Frederick is sick and crippled at Ft. Fome in Indianapolis; Henry Biederbeck is a messenger in the Agricultural Bureau at Washington; Maurice Connell is a private in the Signal Corps at San Francisco, and Francis Larz is a sergeant in the Signal Corps at New York.

The freaks of lightning are inexplicable and apparently irreducible to any sort of system by science. A thunder storm passed over Binghamton. Two boys were in the same bed. One was instantly killed, the other not injured. At Stamford, Connecticut, twelve or fifteen years ago, three boys took refuge in a barn. They sat close together in a row. The centre one was uninjured, the others killed. In a tent—a side show to a circus—were a number of persons, black and white. The tent was struck, every negro was killed and not a single white person.

There has been received at the Interior Department from the Philadelphia Mint, the first of the peace medals struck for the use of the Indian Bureau. It has been a custom since Buchanan's Administration to present these medals to deserving and faithful Indians who have aided the Government in suppressing outbreaks or by influencing their friends to carry out the wishes of the Government. The medal is oval in shape, half an inch in thickness, and three inches in its longest diameter. It bears on one side a representation of a very trustful settler shaking hands with an Indian, with a tomahawk and pipe crossed underneath. The reverse side bears the bust of the President, who is supposed to present the medal. The medals are bronze, costing the Government fifty cents apiece, and silver costing \$1 apiece. The latter are given to chiefs and head men. Up to this time the Indian Bureau has been presenting Indians with medals bearing President Arthur's likeness, thus economically using up an old batch of medals on hand. The new ones received from the Mint bear an excellent likeness of Mr. Cleveland, whose somewhat robust neck and rounded head make him an excellent subject for medallion work. The view is, of course, a profile, and his head, a Washington correspondent says, seems to fill out the medal more symmetrically than that of any other President. Grant's head upon these medals was the next best, and President Garfield's follows a close third. President Arthur's profile was too refined for a medallion artist to do it justice upon a die for a mint, while Lincoln's head was the most unfit of all. In the latter's time a ring was passed through those medals so that they could be suspended from the neck.

THE PRAIRIE FIRM.

Over the undulate prairie
I rode as the day was done;
The west was aglow—but to northward
A glare like the rising sun—
Seen through the eddy smoke-mists,
Broke on the darkening night,
And a cloud of smoky blackness
Shut out the stars dim light.
I felt the sweep of the northern
But a deeper, deadlier chill,
Struck to my heart from an instant
With its presage of death and ill.
Then I drew the rein tighter
And looked to the sky above,
As the northern glare grew brighter
And the gusts gained strength again.
Then, as we hurried southward
Brighter, nearer and higher
Like lambent serpents heavenward
Writhed up each flaming spire;
Leaping across the benches
Where the grass was thin and dry,
Rolling in fiery surges
Where the reeds stood rank and high.
A drifting whirl of cinders,
A chorus of hissing smoke,
A roaring sea of fire—
Across the plains it broke!
From the pools the wild fowl darted
To circle the lurid sky;
From the hills the scared deer started,
And swept like a phantom by.
On, toward the distant river,
Wasted by weeks of drought,
Like a shaft from the sun's quiver
We sped toward the murky south.
To halt was death; and far distant
Lay life and safety and rest;
The air grew hot and each instant
The foam fell on counter and breast.
Nearer each moment the fires swept,
Thicker the red sparks fell;
Higher the roaring flames leapt
With the blast of that fiery hell!
I felt that we soon must stifle
In the rock of that merciless hail,
And I dropped my heavy rifle
In the midst of the narrow trail.
But bravely my trusty courier
Kept on in his headlong flight—
Through his labored breathing grew hoarse—
Till the river gleamed in sight,
A plunge through the thickest border
Of withered grass and reed,
And the waters of the river
Laved the heaving flanks of my steed.
Up to the brink of the river
Swamp: the waves of that fiery sea,
With pulses and limbs a-quake
I could neither stand nor flee!
I saw the flames tower heavenward
With wild eyes and falling breath;
Then all around was darkness—
A faintness and gloomlike death!
When I woke the flames were racing
Far westward over bluff and hill;
My faithful steed was grazing—
On the banks of our guardian river.
And I owed thanks to heaven,
Where the stars above clear and bright,
For the safety and mercy given.
To us on that fearful night.
—Captain C. W. Hall, in *Dakota Bell*.

MULLIGAN'S GHOST.

"You, Muldoon, you'd better hitch up the critters, and take them bags of corn to mill. I just want you to remember that old Lytle ain't got any call to take his toll out of this here lot. He owes me for a barrel of meal since last grinding. It's mighty late it is to go to mill now, Mister Bell." Pat Muldoon answered. He was a tall, gowky Irish lad, with none of the national quickness and humor visible in his long, solemn face. "It's purty high the sunsetin' now, I'm thinkin'." It's four mile to mill, and I'll be comin' back long after the dark."
"It ain't long past four o'clock," said the farmer, "and I'd jist like to know what's the dark goin' fer doin' you? It saves time to send late; and then I reckon you'll come back a heap quicker fer old Mulligan's ghost at yer heels."
Farmer Bell laughed derisively as he spoke, for in all that neighborhood he was probably the only individual who did not believe implicitly in Mulligan's ghost.
"Any way, Muldoon," he laughed, "if he does come up with you, you'll understand his lingo, for he was Irish too, as well as you, and ghosts always talk in their mother tongue. Maybe, too, as you're a countryman, he'll be willin' to tell you what he hid all his money, fur not a dime has turned up. Ask him, Muldoon, when he comes floatin' up ter you."
Muldoon shivered, and could not even smile at the farmer's uproarious mirth. "And I'll be after takin' Lion, sur," he said, as he turned to obey the orders of his employer.
"You'll be after doin' no such thing, Old Lytle complained of the dog last time you took him. He raised Cain among the old woman's chickens. You'll not untie the dog."
Muldoon's heart sank as he hitched up the mules, with Lion's impatient bark and howl as a discordant accompaniment. He was an immense mastiff, and accustomed to follow the boy wherever he went. Muldoon felt that the dog would be company and protection in the dreary ride he was about to take through the ghost-haunted forest, for he believed fully in the ghost.
"I wish I was back in old Orliland," Muldoon muttered, as he neared the dreaded spot. "The Banishes are daft and spirit, and jist cry out. They don't try ther choke the loife outer a poor innocent lad, as they say the ghosts do in Ameriky. Howly Moses! What is that?"
He was opposite the house. There was a loud rustle, and something heavy seemed to strike the ground, and then a panic-stricken car came a sound of heavy breathing. He glanced back, and saw a lone, dark figure bounding across the door-yard from the house.
"The ghost, the ghost!" he yelled; and what with blows raised upon them, and the boy's terrible yell, the astounded Brandy and Whiskey, for once in their lives, ran away; but looking back, Muldoon could see a dark figure bounding after the car. It leaped up behind, sprang upon him, and the poor lad lost consciousness.
Brandy and Whiskey a-gallop came to the door as if Ole Scratch had been on their heels, and the next

day, "and when they come up ther was that young liot a-lyain in the bottom of the cart like dead, and ole Lion he wor a sittin' on top of him."
"You see, the dog broke his chain somehow, and I reckon he got tired when he run as fur as Mulligan's, and thought he'd stop ther the porch and wait till Mulligan got back. He's got some like a human being, Lion has."
"Well, Muldoon he says as how he seed fire-eyes in a hole in Mulligan's hearth, and he's sure it was the ghost. I aint scared of ghosts, and I reckon ther's a nest of wild-cats ther. I'm death on them varmints, sence they killed my chickens, and I'm goin' this very mornin' to rout 'em out."
Farmer Bell did not find the wild-cats, though it was evident some wild animal had made its lair in the hole, but in searching under the fallen bricks and carth, was found a metal box. Forcing it open he found a large amount of bank notes, little injured by the damp.
Farmer Bell gave Muldoon a part of the sum, as he had drawn attention to the place where the treasure was found.
"Ould Mulligan's ghost, he gave me two stars," he said the other day. "One kill me entirely, and took my sines away, but t'other has give me a start in a good business. Ef I'm ever a rich man it'll be thanks to Mulligan's ghost."
—*Youth's Companion*.

Making Music-Boxes.

The chief industry of Geneva, Switzerland, is the manufacture of music-boxes. Thousands of men, women and children are employed in the factories, one of which was visited by a young American, Mr. Seaworth. An attendant invited him to take a seat. He did so, and strains of delightful music came from the chair. He hung his hat on a rack and put his traveling bag in the stand. Music came from both rack and stand. He wrote his name in the visitor's register, and on dipping his pen in the ink, the music burst forth from the instrument.
The manager of the factory explained the process of making music-boxes, a business which requires patience and nicety. The different parts are made by men who are experts in those parts, and they do nothing else, year in and year out. The music is marked on the cylinder by a man who has served several years of apprenticeship. Another man inserts in the marked places pegs which have been filed to a handsome angle. The comb or set of teeth, which strikes the pegs, and makes the sound, is arranged by a man who does nothing else. The cylinder is then revolved to see that every peg produces a proper tone. The most delicate work of all is the revising of each peg. It is done by a workman who has a good ear for music. He sees that each peg is in its proper place, and bent at the correct angle. When the instrument is in its case, an expert examines it to see that the time is perfect and good. The best workmen, those who mark the cylinder and adjust the pegs, earn a dollar and eighty cents a day, after serving an apprenticeship of ten or twelve years. An ordinary workman earns a dollar a day.

The Use of Paper Bags.

The days of the market baskets are numbered," said a basket dealer to a New York *Sun* reporter. "The paper bag is running it out for good. There used to be a time when every family had a market basket, which was carried on whenever supplies were to be purchased. When a man goes to market now he doesn't take a basket along. At the first stall where he makes a purchase the marketman asks, 'Large bag or small bag?'"
If the man is on a regular marketing tour, he says, "Large bag," the dealer puts a big bundle of paper bags, which hold three or four feet long, which will hold as much as any ordinary market basket. The bag is made of exceptionally strong paper, and will hold the weight of anything you can put into it, including a half a peck of potatoes. When the last purchase has been deposited in it the dealer frames the bag with the teeth of a grinder. In such a manner that a nice cord handle is furnished, and no one would ever guess that the bag contains marketing. It looks more like a bundle of dry goods. Every Saturday evening you can see men going home on the cars with these nice bundles which would never dream of carrying market baskets. One day I saw an aristocratic carrier turn pale with grief as he saw a handsome set of grinders, for it was through the paper and fell on the floor of an elevated car. The fish dealer had neglected to wrap the wet fish up in brown paper before putting it in the bag, and the water had weakened the bag until the shad broke through. Market baskets are very cheap now."

Origin of Honeymoon.

It may not be generally known that the word "honeymoon" is derived from the ancient Teutons, and means drinking for thirty days after marriage of metheglin, mead, or honey wine, a kind of mead made from honey. Attila, a celebrated King of the Huns, who boasted of the appellation, "The Scourge of God," is said to have died on his nuptial night from an uncommon effusion of blood, brought on by indulging too freely in hydromel at his wedding feast.
The term "honeymoon" now signifies the first month after marriage, or so much of it as is spent from home. John Tobin, in "The Honeymoon," thus refers to it: "This truth is manifest—a gentle life; it still the sterling comfort of a man's life; To foils a torment, but a lasting boon To those who wisely keep their honeymoon."
—*The Epoch*.

Farming Under Difficulties.

In a narrative of Lord McCartney's Embassy to China, it is related that his lordship's attendant, in passing through a part of that empire, saw a man cultivating the side of a precipice, and on examination they found he had a rope fastened around his waist, which was secured at the top of the mountain, and by which he let himself down to any part of the precipice where a few yards of valuable ground gave him encouragement to plant his vegetables and his corn. The whole of the cultivated spots, which were at some distance from each other, appeared to be not more than half an acre, and near the bottom of a precipice, on a hillock, he had a little hut.

Spoke From Experience.

"Don't you think," observed Richelieu, "that it would be a source of improvement to have a friend who would tell us of our faults, and at the same time allow us to point out our own defects?"
"No, I don't," said Araminta, decidedly. "I speak from experience, too, for my best friend and I once tried it."
"Why, what was wrong about it?"
"Well, you see, we haven't spoken to each other for two years!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

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ALL ABOUT THE TEETH.

A DENTIST'S TALK ABOUT HUMAN MOLARS.

Construction of the Teeth—Women's Teeth More Delicate Than Those of Men—Care of the Teeth.
A leading Chicago dentist has been talking about human teeth to a *Tribune* reporter. He said: "To begin with, the mouth is by far the most important, because into it goes the food by which we sustain life. Of all the constituent parts of the mouth the teeth play the most important part in preparing the food for the nourishment of the body. In mastication different teeth are employed for different purposes. The front ones, or incisors as they are called, are to bite or tear of the mouthful of food. The back teeth, the bicuspids and molars, or teeth posterior, are to grind the food into the pliable mass ready for swallowing. Now the teeth, as a rule, are neglected even by the most careful persons—that is, neglected from a standpoint of pure science—and the reason of this is that they don't seem to understand that the strongest of outer substances will give way to persistent friction. The construction of the teeth is made up, in gross, of two parts—soft solids or animal tissues and calcareous salts, such as carbonate and phosphate of lime, magnesia, and traces of other earthy salts. The portion of the tooth above the gum consists of a dense substance known as enamel, which is at first tough within four per cent of being as hard as stone. The philosophy of caring for the enamel of the teeth is very simple. It amounts to this: that if this enamel—this strong substance—is by persistent cleaning prevented from becoming perforated by the acids left from the food, the bone of the tooth cannot possibly decay, and if the dentine remains sound the nerve chamber cannot be reached by air, food, acids, or other foreign substances—all of which are prime causes of that fearful infection, the toothache. Not tried yet? Well, the dentine is the principal body of the tooth, containing about seventy-two per cent of calcareous matter, and being just so much softer than the enamel decays much more quickly once it is reached. The next resistant of the tooth is the cementum, which covers the root. In the interior of the tooth is an artery, which contains the mass of soft tissue known as the nerve. The idea entertained by so many people that the slaying of the nerve of a tooth will put an end to all pain is as false as that the particular grinder is concerned in rheumatism. A exposed pulp of course will ache, and to stop it, it must either be killed or shut out from the air and all foreign substances. The latter effect is secured by filling up the cavity. But of course the nerve cannot stand this, and that is the reason why many dentists kill it. This course is not to be commended, however, because it is so apt to lead to ulceration, which will bring on more pain than ever for the patient. The more workmanlike plan is to construct a bridge at the cavity and seal the filling up in after that. The nerve will then be allowed free play beneath the bridge.

The teeth of women are much softer than those of men, there being less calcareous matter interspersed about the soft solids. Nearly two-thirds of my patients are women and children. The teeth of the young decay faster than the old, because of the smaller amount of lime salts they contain. For this reason too much care cannot be given to the teeth of children. Every child should be taught to hold its teeth of the first importance, and the proper care of them should be instilled into its mind contemporaneously with the habits of brushing.

"It is just as possible to build up the teeth by nourishment as any other part of the body. The simpler the diet the better for the teeth. It is the outside of all the grains, of all the cereal foods that contains the carbonate and phosphate of lime and traces of other earthy salts which nourish the bony tissues and build the frame of the teeth up. If the teeth of children are not furnished with the pabulum that they crave they cannot be built up into a permanently sound and healthy condition. The teeth of each generation are weaker than those of the preceding one, which makes the outlook for the future an exceedingly gloomy one. Fine sets of teeth are nearly always inherited, and you will very rarely see a parent who owns a handsome set of grinders who has not thoroughly imbued his or her children with the principle that their molars are of the first importance to them. The consequence is that the teeth of the entire family are objects of wonder to the entire neighborhood. Oatmeal is one of the best foods for supplying the teeth with nourishment. It makes the dentin and enamel strong, and is able to resist all forms of decay. The same beneficial lime-salts abound in wheat-meal. Baked beans, also, contain much excellent nourishment for the teeth, and for this purpose cannot be partaken of too often. No; I have not heard that the people of Boston are famous for their grinders, but I shouldn't wonder if they were. A man who eats baked beans four or five times a week isn't likely to have much the matter with his teeth."

"The teeth should be thoroughly cleaned, not less than three, and if possible, five or six times a day,—more if you like. Without this, the particles of food will adhere and their acids eat into the enamel. Good soap is about as good a dentifrice as I can recommend, and in brushing the teeth the movement should be up and down from the gum and not across, as is the customary manner. Care should be taken, too, to brush carefully the grinding surfaces of the teeth."

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Scientific and Industrial.

Unusually low water in Lake Constance has been bringing to light many valuable and interesting relics of the prehistoric lake-dwellers.
A Russian engineer says that he has discovered a process of reducing petroleum to the form of crystals, which may be easily and safely transported to any distance and then reconverted into liquid form.
The addition of sugar to mortar greatly increases its strength. It is supposed that the wonderful Roman mortar, hard after 2,000 years had passed, owed its excellence to the addition of saccharine matter.
The steam power of Great Britain is estimated to perform the work of more than 400,000,000 able-bodied men, which must nearly represent the labor capacity of the entire human race without the aid of machinery.
Dr. Vulpian has reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences that during the epidemic of yellow fever lately prevailing in Rio Janeiro, of 8,324 persons inoculated against the fever, only six died, or less than one per thousand, while the proportion of deaths among those not treated was one per cent.

A late observer, Mr. E. Sanford, reports having made a common snail carry a load of 24 ounces up a perpendicular wall, its own weight being but a quarter of an ounce. A snail weighing a third of an ounce drew a load of seventeen ounces on a horizontal table, and supported four ounces while crawling on the ceiling. It even climbed a thread with another snail on its back.
It is said that a Baltimore man has invented a foot measuring machine which he says measures accurately every inequality of the foot, adapts itself to the difficulties heretofore encountered in obtaining a good fit. The machine reproduces the shape and size of the foot on a diagram, with the diameter and circumference of the various parts.

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Dr. Oscar Lenx, the eminent scientist, has lately returned to Europe, after traveling on foot across the African Continent, through regions literally reeking with marsh fevers, agues, and small-pox. During the entire journey he enjoyed perfect and robust health, and on not a single occasion felt the need of medicinal remedies or preventive. This immunity he attributes almost entirely to his correct diet and habits. Raw fruit he eschewed. All water used was first boiled. Not a drop of alcoholic liquor passed his lips. Rice, chicken, and tea formed his staple fare. He avoided bathing in cold water, exposed himself as little as possible to dampness and mists of night, and dressed entirely in flannel.

As crabs approach old age and no longer increase in size, their shells, which in youth were shed frequently to accommodate growth of body, are often retained several years, and the creatures become liable to fall victims to the strangest sort of parasitism. Barnacles and all sorts of marine growths collect upon the shell, and in many cases almost completely hide the crab. A remarkable example of this may be seen in the British Museum, where has been placed an old crab of the edible species, with some half-dozen oysters of large size fixed to its back, which load, ever increasing, the old crab was doomed to carry to the end of its days. Another curious specimen preserved is that of a hairy crab, which, though not larger itself than a walnut, is saddled with a sponge as big as a man's fist.
Chinese Doctors.
A Chinaman who wishes to become a doctor does not go through any special training or spend money in buying a practice. He has only to purchase a pair of spectacles and gather some herbs, a few spiders, and some snakes, which he places in bottles in the window of his shop. The bottles are his advertisement; they tell all who are in need of healing to come to him. His favorite prescription is a horrible pill compounded of parts of snakes, wasps, centipedes, toads and scorpions ground small and mixed with honey. Another pill, supposed to be of extraordinary efficacy in cases of extreme weakness, is made of the bones of tigers. The belief in its merit is based on this strange piece of reasoning: The tiger is very strong; the bone is the strongest part of the strong animal; therefore a pill of this nature will be presciently strengthening. These facts speak eloquently as to the state of medical science in China. The lamentable consequence is an excessive mortality. It is calculated that 33,000 die daily, and this number is, of course, largely increased during an epidemic, which is no uncommon visitor.

An Almost Human Appeal.

Edwin Emory, of East Baltimore, had an experience of the sagacity of the dog yesterday. On a day down South Broadway a small dog ran up to him, acting in a strange manner. The little fellow jumped on him and licked his hands and occasionally snapped and whined. Thinking of hydrophobia, Mr. Emory kicked the dog, which then ran in front of him, and posing in a begging position, began to beat the air with his front legs. Mr. Emory insisted on having nothing to do with the dog, but it repeated the act several times. Finally, just as he was going to knock the persistent little beggar with sufficient vigor to last for all time, Mr. Emory discovered a large pin sticking in the foot of the dog, and, with humane instinct, he took him in his arms and pulled it out. As soon as he believed, the dog manifested his thanks by licking Mr. Emory's hands, and then disappeared as fast as he came.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Gordon Cumming likened an African jungle to a forest of fish hooks relieved by an occasional notch of penknives.

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DEATHS.

There lies in the centre of the ocean a man's head
A longing and love for the world and pure,
And if but an atom, or fragment, or part,
I tell you this shall suffice me to bury.
After the body has gone to glory—
Yes, after the world has passed away.

The longer I live and the more I see
Of the struggle of souls toward lights
above,
The stronger this truth seems to me
That the universe rests on the shoulders of
Love—
A love so limitless, deep and broad
That men have renounced it and called it God,
And nothing that ever was born or evolved,
Nothing created by light or force,
But deep in its system there lies dissolved
A shining drop from the great Love
Source—
A shining drop that shall live for aye
Tho' kingdoms may perish, and stars may die.
—*Ella Wheeler Welles, in Independent*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Fogg says his bed is a young one, as it has only seen four springs.—*Puck*
The chicken is a fretful animal; every once in a while it is getting into a stew.—*Merchant Traveler*
A young society lady calls her partner at a recent dancing party Indian, because he is always on her tail.—*Life*
"My affection, dear maid, from you cannot range,
My heart, like my pocket, can never know change."
—*Tid-Bits*
Recent developments would seem to indicate that even a mind-reader finds it impossible to read a woman's mind.—*Boston Post*
Some old dinner customs still prevail. The Romans used to recline at their banquets, and the habit of lying at public dinners still prevails.—*Boston Bulletin*
The hungry tramp admitted to the hotel, behind the pearly latch,
Presents the usual license known
By certain promptness and "starch."
—*Sixpence*
When a man buys a tract of Arizona land through a real estate agent and finds it nothing but sand, he is entitled to no sympathy. He gets only his just desert.—*Chicago Tribune*
Boards—"Seems to me this chicken must be rather a peculiar breed." Boarding-house keeper—"It is not so tender as it ought to be. I know, and I can't imagine why, either. It's a genuine Plymouth Rock." "My! my! Came over in the Mayflower, eh?"—*Ozark World*
Soft-hearted Old Lady (when she heard the story and assisted the applicant): "Dear me! Ah, poor man! you must indeed have gone through dreadful trials." Tramp: "I believe yer, 'um, an', what's yer wis, 'um, am, I was always convicted."
—*Punch*.

WISE WORDS.

Wrinkles are the torments of the soul.
To make pleasure of pain is wisdom.
A man is made good by his own will.
Nothing is so fearful as bad conscience.
Passion is a bad counselor, and generally a bad speaker.
He that has not a character is not a man; he is only a thing.
Genius follows its own path and reaches its destination scarcely needing a compass.
When one has no good reason for doing a thing, he has one reason for letting it alone.
No man preaches his sermon well to others if he does not first preach it to his own heart.
The worst prison is not of stone. It is a throbbing heart, outraged by an infamous life.
Nothing is ever done beautifully, which is done in rivalry, not solely, with one done in pride.
A happy marriage is a new beginning of life, a new starting point for happiness and usefulness.
What it is our duty to do we must do because it is right, not because anyone can demand it of us.
He that does a base thing in zeal for a friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.
Nothing has proved more fatal due preparation for another life, than the unhappy mistake of the sabbath and the sabbath.

No man ever lived a night life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her sorrows, and guided by her discretion.
Man has subdued the world, but woman has subdued man. Mind and muscle have won his victories, love and loveliness have gained his crown.
It is hard to pursue and act a part long, for when truth is at the bottom nature will always be endeavoring to return, and peep out and betray itself one time or another.
Nervous Disorders.
"Finely-bred, intellectual horses," said a trainer recently to a reporter for the *New York Mail and Express*, "are nervous. They are likely to be nervous; they are likely to be nervous; they are likely to be nervous." "They are likely to be nervous," he said, "they are likely to be nervous; they are likely to be nervous." "They are likely to be nervous," he said, "they are likely to be nervous; they are likely to be nervous." "They are likely to be nervous," he said, "they are likely to be nervous; they are likely to be nervous."

Edwin Emory, of East Baltimore, had an experience of the sagacity of the dog yesterday. On a day down South Broadway a small dog ran up to him, acting in a strange manner. The little fellow jumped on him and licked his hands and occasionally snapped and whined. Thinking of hydrophobia, Mr. Emory kicked the dog, which then ran in front of him, and posing in a begging position, began to beat the air with his front legs. Mr. Emory insisted on having nothing to do with the dog, but it repeated the act several times. Finally, just as he was going to knock the persistent little beggar with sufficient vigor to last for all time, Mr. Emory discovered a large pin sticking in the foot of the dog, and, with humane instinct, he took him in his arms and pulled it out. As soon as he believed, the dog manifested his thanks by licking Mr. Emory's hands, and then disappeared as fast as he came.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Gordon Cumming likened an African jungle to a forest of fish hooks relieved by an occasional notch of penknives.

He who seems not to himself more than he is, is more so than he seems.

Spoke From Experience.

Don't you think, observed Richelieu, that it would be a source of improvement to have a friend who would tell us of our faults, and at the same time allow us to point out our own defects?

No, I don't, said Araminta, decidedly. I speak from experience, too, for my best friend and I once tried it.

Why, what was wrong about it?

Well, you see, we haven't spoken to each other for two years!