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The year 1888 will be long memorable for its list of distinguished dead.

Bishop Hurst, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says that in Mexico 8,000,000 people have never seen a copy of the Bible.

During the last year Canada's public debt is said to have increased $11,000,000, making the grand total not far from $284,513,841.

All the ways of New York city are magnificent. Her net debt is more than $91,000,000, and her government costs her $40,000,000 a year.

A chair of painting and wood carving has been established in Fe Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind., and Miss Louise Fisher, of Cincinnati, has been appointed to it.

In the year 1887 we received from Europe $32,000,000 more gold than we exported. In the year 1888 we exported nearly $30,000,000 more than we received. But we have a good deal of the yellow metal left.

The Houston *Post* says that South Texas is destined to become the great stock breeding center for the Panhandle country. The fact is, South Texas is attracting more attention now than any other section of the State.

Sloyd is the new word which looks like slang, but is not. Sloydites, according to the Toronto (Canada) *Globe*, are persons interested in introducing manual training into the public schools. Don't be discouraged by the name.

F. C. Wines, in a recent number of the *International Record of Charities and Correction*, says that in 1850 the ratio of prisoners to population was 200 to the million. Ten years afterward it was 607, a decade later, 853, and eight years ago 1169 to the million.

The North invested last year in Southern industries $168,000,000. Nearly $30,000,000 of this was invested in Alabama, which leads in mining and manufacturing enterprises in that section. Kentucky got $28,000,000, Texas $18,000,000 and Georgia $14,000,000. The least amount invested was $2,000,000, which went to Mississippi.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has to make out 40,000 checks for every pay day. To do this work a force of clerks is kept busy throughout the year. Recently the employes of the company requested to be paid every two weeks instead of every month as is now done, but the company found that in order to accede to the request the force of clerks would have to be doubled.

The *Northwestern Lumberman* says that the lumber industry is in danger of business troubles from over-production. The competition between the yellow pine of the Northwest is increasing, and while the former will, in the opinion of the *Lumberman*, undersell the latter right along, as it has done in the past, yet there is, it says, not enough demand to keep yellow pine stock from accumulating.

India is so far away that its vastness is scarcely appreciable from America. Its development in wealth is marked by the erection of the most costly railway station in the world, which has been erected at Bombay at a cost of $18,000,000. The structure was ten years in process of construction. The building is in Venetian Gothic style, with Oriental ornamentation, and returning travelers speak of it as gorgeously magnificent.

The experts who were to have examined the brain of the dead elephant Chief, now in the possession of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, have decided that the organ is too soft to give satisfactory results. The examination was to have been made, as has been stated, to determine, if possible, the nature of the disease "must," which is prevalent among the elephants of India, and which is supposed to be identical with human insanity.

Within late years the demand for hemp has increased enormously, owing, states the *Times-Democrat*, to its use by farmers for binding grain by machine. Some idea of the increased use of hemp twine for this purpose may be found when it is shown that the total amount of hemp manufactured into binding yarns in 1880 was only 100 tons, while in 1888 the consumption was 42,000 tons. What is known as the "Rope Trust" have advanced the price since last August of Manilla and Sisal hemp from four to five cents a pound.

The necessity of a compulsory school law is beginning to be felt in Indiana, and Mr. La Follette, State Superintendent of Schools, in his annual report to the Governor recommends the enactment of such a law. Indiana has in round numbers $15,000,000 invested in school property, and expends $5,000,000 annually in keeping up the schools; but the average daily attendance is not over seventy-five per cent. of the enumeration or fifty per cent. of the enrollment, while the enrollment is not over fifty per cent. of the enumeration.

THE PUNCTUAL TIDES.

The punctual tides, with sullen roar,
Wash on the seacoast's pebbly floor;
Dark drift and floating wrecks they strew,
Grinding the old and building new—
And building new.

So the long years, with muffled sound,
Bring tribute from the far profound;
Hoarse winds and stooping clouds go by,
And man fares hence we know not why—
We know not why.

The tides of time, they rise or fall
With that white waste that circles all;
Our years in vaster periods move,
As our poor loves in lasting Love—
In lasting Love.

—*Dora Read Goodale.*

MISS PAPA.

Every morning when the miners employed in the mines at Berard assembled around the shaft to answer the roll-call, there could be seen arriving last of all a tall, sturdy-looking fellow, who led by the hand a little girl seven or eight years old. They were Michel Pierron and his daughter.

Before setting foot on the platform of the car to descend the man took the child in his arms and kissed her, and then replaced her on the ground. The little one cried: "Good-by, papa."

When the signal for the descent was given she clasped her hands and kept repeating the single word "papa" until she was sure that papa could no longer hear her. Then she went on to the school house close by, where she spent the day.

When the evening came she was always the first at the opening of the shaft, and Michel Pierron was always the first who came up. At his departure, he lifted the child in his arms, and she threw her arms around his neck, crying "papa."

The miners had heard her repeat these two syllables so often, and had been so struck by the strange passion which she put into them, that they gave her the name of Miss Papa.

And certainly no name was more applicable. Her father was everything to her. Her mother had been dead a long time; she had scarcely known her; she had only him. All her memories of childhood were filled with him. To her his great rough hands had been as gentle as a woman's. For her, his hard grimy face had always worn a tender smile. For her, this man had become a woman and a child at the same time.

Ah! how she loved her father, and how terrified she was every morning when she saw him descend into the great black hole to which no one could see the bottom.

One day a miner held her over the mouth of the shaft, and she had gazed down into the dark depths. Uttering a cry of terror she drew back.

"Papa goes down there," she thought. "Oh, if he should never come up."

And that day, when Michel took her in his arms as usual and kissed her, she clung more tightly than ever to his neck, and said to him:

"You will come up, won't you?"

"Of course, my little one."

"Is there any danger, tell me, papa?"

"Why, no, little coward."

"Does anyone—can anyone—die down there?"

"Have no fear," replied Michel, laughing; "I will not die without letting you know."

"Ah! Good-bye, papa."

All that her father said was gospel truth to her, and she went to school completely reassured.

But the memory of that black gulf into which her eyes had plunged could not be effaced, and from that time she was afraid every morning and trembled every evening; she feared her father would never return from those mysterious depths into which she had seen him descend.

Was it presentiment? Who knows?

One day the report suddenly spread that an explosion had occurred in the mine. In a moment's time a crowd had gathered at the shaft. From all directions people, wild with terror, came flocking to the spot. Of those buried far below there how many would ever see the light again?

Michel's daughter was at school. She knew nothing of it, and besides if anyone had spoken of it before her would she have comprehended?

Could she know, poor little one, what an explosion was? No. But at her age one knows already what death is; one understands at her age when one sees inanimate, multilated bodies extended upon the ground, and the approaches to the shaft were strewn with them when she arrived that evening to meet her father.

She was stupefied for a moment, and then the truth suddenly flashed upon her; she had seen those men go down living, those men whom she knew so well, who had kissed her many a time; and now they were brought up dead. Would they bring up her father like them?

This thought distracted her. She began to run wildly among the debris, which they had brought up from the mine, crying: "Papa! Papa! Papa!"

There were, it is true, many others who cried and called "Papa!" but not one in such despairing accents. The others they drove back, but no one could be found to push her away. They let her run, poor child, from one body to another, sometimes stopping before a disfigured face, hesitating for a moment, as if she feared she might recognize her father.

No, he was not among the dead. She grew calmer, and sought among the living. He was not there. She questioned every one, but one had seen him.

Of the sixty miners who had went down in the morning forty-five had come up alive; fourteen were dead. There remained but one to be accounted for; that one was Michel.

She had made them explain all that to her, and she understood. She clapped her hands joyously, as if they had said to her: "He is all right. You will see him again." Ah! how she hoped to see him. Then she suddenly recollected the morning on which her father had said to her:

"I will not die without letting you know."

It only needed that to give her the certainty that he was living.

A child's faith is strong. It is not easy to drive out an idea which has once taken root in its mind. So, when the next morning—she had remained there all night—they tried to make her understand that there was no hope, that she would never again see her father, that they had explored all the galleries, searched every corner and had not found him, she shook her head and began to weep, saying: "Seek for papa!"

They paid little attention to her. For forty hours had they not exhausted every means? There was, doubtless, something strange in this disappearance. Living or dead Michel ought to have been found, and they had not found him.

The chief engineer had himself directed the search, but all in vain. In the opinion of all nothing more could be done, and it was possible that, by the force of the explosion, the unfortunate man had been buried by the falling debris, and it was impossible to tell her when and how.

For forty-eight hours little Miss Papa waited anxiously, but without manifesting the slightest uneasiness. At every human form which appeared at the opening she started forward, and, not recognizing him for whom she waited, she sank back upon the ground with a deep sigh. They tried to take her away, and she uttered such piercing cries that they considered it best to leave her there. They thought that she must soon yield to fatigue.

Whence comes to the weak and feeble such strength in the great crises in life? Ask God; it is His secret.

The third day the child was still at the shaft.

"I must put an end to this," said the engineer, approaching her. "Come, my little one, be reasonable!"

"Papa! seek for papa!"

"Alas! he is dead."

"No."

She uttered this "no" with such energy that the engineer was struck by it.

"Why do you say no?" he asked.

"He would have told me."

"Poor little one," murmured the engineer.

And he made a sign to the men to take her away. But she clung desperately to him, crying:

"Papa is not dead. I want to go down. I will find him."

They bore her away and left her with the school teacher. An hour later she was back at the shaft, and, clinging to the engineer's knees, she kept repeating:

"I want to go down! I will find him!"

He was a tender-hearted man, that engineer, and he took pity on her.

"After all," he said to himself, "that will, perhaps, be the best thing. When she has seen with her own eyes, she will believe. This excitement, if it lasts much longer, will kill her."

And, taking her in his arms, he bore her to the car and gave the signal to descend.

She shuddered when she felt beneath her the yawning pit, from which arose a foul air which almost suffocated her. The engineer felt her little arms enclose his neck, and her curly head was pressed against his own.

When they reached the bottom she disengaged herself, sprang to the ground and rushed forward, calling:

"Papa! papa!"

The engineer, who could hardly keep up with her, was tired of explaining to her twenty times what he had already explained—how the explosion had occurred and what they had done to find the victims, and the child kept questioning him, and repeated:

"He is living! Seek for him!"

She would have remained down there in the mine three days, as she had already done at the surface, if they had not taken her by force and carried her up.

The engineer gave orders that she should be taken back to the school teacher, and also orders that if she reappeared at the shaft she should be prevented from going into the mine.

All his measures had been carefully taken, and the next day, no longer thinking of her, he was inspecting one of the galleries, when he felt himself seized by the arm of his coat. It was Miss Papa.

She had escaped from the school a second time. Repulsed at the shaft, she had slipped into an empty coal car and had thus descended into the mine.

She told all this to the engineer and obtained his pardon. Five minutes later she again began her search, still full of undiminished faith. The miners followed her with pitying eyes, shrugging their shoulders, saying:

"Poor little Papa!"

Little Papa kept on seeking with unabated courage. Suddenly they saw her running toward them, pale and excited.

"Down there!" she gasped. "Down there! Papa!"

"What? Down there?" said the miner.

"His blouse!"

"Bah! Where?"

"Down there!"

In a moment every one had heard the news, and the mine was in a tumult. The child declared that she had seen a piece of blue cloth in the hole, which she could not raise because it was held down by an enormous block of coal.

"Where?" they asked her again.

She turned, followed by the crowd of miners. Then she stopped and hesitated.

She could not find the spot. All the blocks of coal resembled each other; all the cavities were alike, all the galleries were the same. And yet she was sure she had seen that piece of blue cloth. Where the blouse was, the man must be, living, no doubt, and that man was her father, and she could not find him!

One by one, tired of the useless search, persuaded that the poor girl was crazed by grief, the men withdrew and returned to their work. But they had hardly taken up their pickaxes, when a loud cry recalled them to the child.

"I have found it! I have found it!"

They pushed her aside and looked. Yes, it was a piece of blue flannel! It was a blouse! There was a man there!

They set to work with a will, and in a twinkling of an eye the wall was beaten down, and in a deep excavation they saw a man extended; it was Michel Pierron. He had been there three days and four nights.

Loud cries arose on all sides, and, ringing loud above the others, a cry escaped from the lips of a child. She threw herself upon the body and clasped it in her arms, half mad, weeping and crying:

"Papa! papa!"

He was nearly dead, poor Michel! Exhausted by lack of air and nourishment he recovered consciousness only to sink back fainting; but he was alive.

Miss Papa had told the truth. The man would not die without telling his child, and the thought of her had sustained him and given him the strength to conquer death.

A week later he was out and ready to recommence his work.

On the evening of the day before that on which he was to return to the mine a great banquet was given by all the miners to Miss Papa. The place of honor was reserved for her. A loud hurrah and wild applause greeted her when she entered, holding on to Michel's hand. There were kisses given, shouts of "Bravo!" and wild huzzas in honor of the little queen.

And do you know what she replied to all this, smiling and clapping her little hands?

She replied: "Papa."

It would be difficult to describe how and in what tone she uttered that word. But all the brave fellows, whose eyes had hardly ever known a tear, will tell you that they wept that night.

How Men Act Under Fire.

Exposure to fire, writes Colonel Floyd Clarkson in the *Mail and Express*, brings out the different characteristics of men. Those who are naturally stubborn and combative become more so and make the best fighters. The way men behave when exposed to the enemy's fire depends on whether they expect to be hit or not. Some men, especially those new to the work, go into a charge firmly convinced that they are going to be shot. Of course they are frightened when they look at in that way. No man is willing to go deliberately to meet death, and the idea of being hit, even slightly, is not pleasant. Looking at it in this way, the men become extremely nervous, and in some cases it makes them actually sick. When compelled to go forward, they are so excited that they hardly know what they are about.

Other men look at it differently, and do not expect to be hit. These are men who have seen service. They consider their chance of being killed so slight in ordinary engagements that they act as though they were indifferent to fire. It makes all the difference in the world in their behavior, and it is the duty of the officers to convince the men that they will not be hit. They should even expose themselves to severe fire if necessary to assure the men.

When I was in the Sixth Cavalry down in North Carolina we had a lot of new men. A charge was ordered and the first company advanced. They were in an open road close by a piece of woods. At the first volley from the enemy they took to the woods. Then I ordered up the second company. The men were white as ghosts, but they rode through the fire. The cavalry charge is with relvolvers pointed in the air, and at the word "fire" the barrel is dropped and the volley fired. In this charge the men were so excited that most of their shots went straight up in the air or over the heads of the enemy. A couple of months later the same men would ride and fire as steadily and drop their bullets close to the object aimed at.

It requires more nerve for men to stand and receive than to ride forward and return it. The excitement of firing helps keep the men's courage up. Only veterans will go steadily forward when men are dropping on all sides. I remember one charge when I expected to get hit. I had to lead a cavalry charge right in the face of the enemy's fire. It seemed like sure death to attempt. I destroyed all of my papers and we went out with a rush. The enemy was so astonished that they dropped their guns and ran, leaving us to gather in some prisoners and leave the ground clear for the infantry.

I remember an incident at Chapultepec that tried the nerve of the men. A forlorn hope was ordered and every tenth man was told off. One of the men who was detailed was so badly frightened that he became very sick. He was convinced that he would be shot, but he went through the charge, received a ball on his belt plate and came out all right. He was afterward a Captain in the civil war and stood fire without flinching. He died a natural death after the war was over.

Photographing Rifle Bullets.

The interesting process of photographing rifle bullets in motion, by means of the electric light, presents some remarkable phenomena, judging from the experiments made by Mach, the Austrian chemist. In this operation his plan is to illumine the bullet by letting it break an electric current formed, but the velocity of the bullet must exceed that of sound, in order that the conditions of the air before and behind the projectile can be shown. After various experiments he succeded in his efforts to photograph projectiles fired by Wernal and Jurde guns, having respectively an initial velocity of 488 and 530 meters per second. The photographs obtained in this manner showed an air formation in front of the bullet having the form of an hyberbole, while behind it almost a vacuum was formed, in which, when the initial velocity was very great, there were some curious spiral motions. From the description given, there appeared from these photographs to be a great similarity between the motion of a body through the water and that of a projectile through the air.—*New York Sun.*

Grotesque Sacred Nuts.

Japanese sacred nuts are the latest fad in the market, and are having a large sale as curiosities.

Their intrinsic value is small, but in former times the uneducated Japanese used to worship them. They are to be seen at most fashionable purveying stores that aim to keep up with the procession.

In shape they are exactly like a pair of mounted ox-horns. They are two inches from tip to tip and are black in color, looking not unlike a black butterfly. The taste is very similar to that of a Brazil nut. They retail at from ten to twenty five cents apiece, according to size.

The remarkable quality about them is thas they will keep sweet and palatable for twenty years from the time they are gathered. These nuts grow in the marshes of Japan.

On cracking the shell a heart-shaped kernel is revealed, and this shape is what gave rise to the superstition as to the celestial character of the nut.—*New York World.*

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How to Cleanse Chamois Leather.

Make a solution of weak soda and warm water, rub plenty of soft soap into the leather, and allow it to remain in soak for two hours; then rub it well in until it is quite clean. Afterward rinse it well in a weak solution composed of warm water, soda and yellow soap. It must not be rinsed in water only, for then it would be so hard when dry as to be unfit for use. It is the small quantity of soap left in the leather that allows the finer particles of the leather to separate and become soft like silk. After rinsing wring it well in a rough towel and dry quickly, then pull it about and brush it well, and it will become softer and better than most new leather.—*Detroit Free Press.*

How to Wash Blankets.

I utilized some of the bright, sunny weather of a recent week to wash my blankets. I used, to me, a new method, with very satisfactory results. For three blankets I used one pint of soft soap and two tablespoonfuls of powdered borax, dissolved in boiling water. Then I added this solution to a half-filled tub of cold water, large enough to contain the blankets, and left them stand twelve hours entirely covered with the solution. I then squeezed and rubbed them thoroughly, but did not wring them. I put them in a basket over another tub to drain, rinsed in clean cold water, and drained again. I put a little blue in a final rinse, drained again and hung out to dry. By using cold water and not wringing, my blankets did not shrink, but when dry were smooth and white. —*Prairie Farmer.*

Game for Invalids.

A way that is highly recommended for preparing game for invalids is as follows: After being properly prepared boil a fine young bird until it is three parts cooked, then remove the skin, pick all the flesh from the bones and pound it in a mortar with a little of the liquid in which it was boiled, three tablespoonsful of finely sifted bread-crumbs, a teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, a sufficient seasoning of salt and a grating of nutmeg. When pounded to a perfectly smooth paste, put the mixture into a saucepan with a little more of the liquid, and let it simmer gently for ten minutes. When finished the pomada should be slightly thicker than good cream. It will keep quite fresh and sweet for three or four days, and can be heated a few spoonsful at a time and served poured over a slice of nice, crisp, hot toast, or in a very tiny dish with sippets of toast inserted round about. Nothing more quickly destroys the capricious appetite of an invalid than having a large dish of anything, no matter how daintily set before them; they require to eat often but only a little at a time.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

How to Cook a Potato.

The cooking of a potato is a test of the cook's skill. She, or he, may make pastry that will melt in the mouth, salads that inspire verse, and brown gravies that are the envy of all, but if the potato comes to the table a heavy, sodden ball, or a nasty, discolored mass, we know that the education of that cook is not complete.

In the first place the potatoes should be carefully peeled, and the shape that nature gave them preserved, instead of chipping off the outside until they look like objects with which to illustrate some geometrical problem. Those that must be cut because of imperfections can be cooked and laid aside for warming up. After they are peeled they should lie for a while in cold water, and when put to boil, which should be just half an hour before they are to be served, should be put into boiling water; after boiling about fifteen or twenty minutes a handful of salt should be sprinkled over them. There should not be too much water, just enough to cover them, and should not boil too rapidly, as the outside will flake off. The dish in which they are to be served should be well warmed and a napkin laid in the bottom. As soon as the potatoes are done, carefully lift them from the boiling water into the dish by placing a kitchen fork under them, and at once put a warm napkin over them and let them stand two or three or five minutes, then remove the top napkin and serve them, and you have a delicious, white, mealy ball that is an ornament to any dinner table, and a guest will be sure to ask: "Where do you buy such delicious potatoes?"—*Springfield Republican.*

Recipes.

SWEET BISCUIT.—Two cups sugar, two cups butter, the whites of two eggs well beaten, one-half cup sour milk, one-half teaspoon of soda, and flour enough to roll; sprinkle with sugar.

CREAM PIE.—Beat one egg with one-half cup of sugar, stir in nearly a pint of boiling milk, in which dissolve one and a half tablespoons of cornstarch; let cool and add lemon essence. Bake with one crust.

SARATOGA CHIPS.—Thinly peel and slice; let stand in salted water twenty minutes; take out, drain and dry on a napkin; separate the slices and drop a handful at a time in boiling lard; stir with a fork until a light brown or crisp, as desired; skim out, drain well and serve. Use solid potatoes.

GINGER NUT.—One cup of brown sugar, one of molasses, one of boiling water in which a heaping teaspoon of soda has been dissolved, the bulk of an egg in beef dripplngs or butter, a tablespoonful of ginger and nutmeg, yolks of two eggs, and flour to make a stiff batter, which may be dropped with a spoon on to a tin.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Two eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful mustard, one teaspoonful pepper, two teaspoonfuls salt, four tablespoonfuls melted butter, six tablespoonfuls sweet milk, one teacupful vinegar. Stir all on the stove until it thickens like custard. When cold mix with finely chopped cabbage. Extract of celery or a little celery salt is an improvement to those who like celery.

PICKLED BEETS.—Pickled beets are a delicious relish to keep conveniently on hand. Boil tender half a peck of beets. They should cook at least two hours slowly. When thoroughly done allow a slice of raw onion to every beet. Slice them into a jar, put in a teaspoonful of horse radish, six cloves and a tablespoonful of whole peppers to every half dozen beets. Pour boiling vinegar over them and set them away. When cold cover.

HINTS FOR EMERGENCIES.

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF SUDDEN HEMORRHAGES.

Valuable Suggestions as to the Treatment of Persons Bleeding From Cuts or Other Injuries.

Mayor W. H. Gardner, port surgeon at the Washington (D. C.) barracks, recently delivered a lecture on hemorrhages and their treatment. It should be known in the first place, he said in the *Star's* report, and always remembered, that the arteries are the tubes which carry the blood from the heart to all parts of the body, while the veins conduct the blood from the extremities back to the heart. The wounding of these blood vessels are the most common injuries to which mankind is liable, and when the rupture pertains to the arteries the result is speedily fatal if not subjected to immediate and proper treatment.

Suppose that one should be cut in the arm, which is so often the case when, in a difficulty, one is warding off the blow of an assailant. If a blood vessel is severed the victim turns pale, sickens at the stomach, a cold, clammy sweat collects on the brow, and the pulse weakens and runs up from seventy to eighty to 120. What should be done. Avoid excitement, crowding the patient or giving a stimulant. In nine cases out of ten mistaken kindness administers liquor, which of all things is the worst, as it excites the heart to vigorous action and increases the flow of blood. Bear this in mind always, he said. If the blood is bright red and comes from the wound in interrupted spurts it is from the artery, and a compress, or tourniquet, should be placed above or between the wound and heart. A compress can be easily made by twisting a handkerchief and tying a heavy knot in the center and then tying the handkerchief loosely around the arm, placing the knot first tied directly over the artery, which, it will be found, runs down the inside of the arm. A cane or short stick, or in the army, a bayonet, will answer, should be run through the bight or loop on the outer side of the arm, and the handkerchief drawn so tightly by twisting the stick that the pressure of the knot will stop the flow of blood until the arrival of a physician. Should the blood be dark scarlet, or pour from the wound in a steady stream, it is from a vein, and the compress should be placed below the wound and on the outside of the arm. It is often necessary to place a compress on both the inner side and outer side of the arm

A stab in the back is nearly always fatal if a blood vessel is cut, owing to the difficulty of getting at the vessel to stop the flow of blood. In such cases the work of a surgeon is all that can avail anything, and too often even that is unsuccessful.

Thigh, leg, or feet wounds, when blood vessels are severed, are trested much in the same way as the arm. Cuts on the inside of the thigh or leg are most dangerous, as there the femoral, or main artery, lies exposed, and unless compressed at once a man would be dead in ten minutes. The position of the femoral artery can be ascertained by feeling with the hand, as its pulsations are in unison with the throbbings of the heart. General Packenham, who commanded the English forces at the battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815, was wounded through this artery and bled to death before a surgeon could arrive.

The artery of the leg divides just before the knee-joint into three smaller vessels, and in case of hemorrhage from cuts or otherwise it is best, he said, to apply the compress directly and firmly over the wound. The same rule obtains in wounds of the hands and feet. Hemorrhages of the head, chest and abdomen are almost universally fatal, for the reason that it is difficult to get at the severed vessels to stop the flow or to ligature them, or from the laceration of some viscous whose integrity is necessary to life, or from inflammation from the passage of a projectile or weapon. At the same time, however, ministrations to the afflicted should not cease until the victim is inevitably dead, for in many instances injuries which at first sight seem to be necessarily fatal have been recovered from.

Dr. Gardner cited as an example his personal observation of the body of the late General Farnsworth, on which he counted thirty-two scars received in battle from shell, shot, swords, and bayonets, many of them seemingly fatal, though he recovered and lived to die quietly in his bed as a Christian. He also personally knew General Schuyler Hamilton, who, when aide to General Scott during the Mexican war, was, while carrying an order, pierced through the body by a Mexican lance, the weapon entering the back just below the right kidney and emerging from the front of the abdomen. He recovered and served in the late war.

Perhaps the most wonderful instance of recovery was that of a man working on a railroad in Massachusetts. While ramming a blast in a rock the powder was ignited and a premature explosion ensued, blowing the steel rammer, about two feet long and one inch thick, through his head, entering below the left eye and coming out at the top of his head. He recovered, went to California and was in business there many years. When he died he willed his skull to Dr. Henry Bigelow, the attending physician, and it is now in the medical museum at Harvard.

The Texas Pony.

The most inexperienced horseman will not have to walk around the animal twice in order to tell a Texas pony; that is, one which is full bred, with no admixture. He has fine deer-like legs, a very long body, with a pronounced roach just forward of the coupling, and possibly a "glass eye" and a pinto hide. Any old cowboy will point him out as the only creature suitable for his purposes. Hard to break, because he has any amount of latent devil in his disposition, he does not break his legs or fall over backward in the "pitching" process as does the "cayuse" of the Northwest. I think he is small and shriveled up like a Mexican because of his dry, hot habitat, over which he has to walk many miles to get his dinner. But, in compensation, he can cover leagues of his native plains, bearing a seemingly disproportionately large man, with an ease both to himself and to his rider which is little short of miraculous.—*Century.*

ONE MORE.

When man and time itself were peers,
In the far days before the flood,
And living souls had flesh and blood,
Five hundred or a thousand years,
Till birthdays grew a misty guess,
What signified one more or less!

Ah me! no thought may now contemn
That unit of the lives of men,
Whose dwindled years are one to ten
Of Adam and Methusalem,
And one hath all the cares that grew
In twenty when the world was new.

A year! 'tis nature's morn and night,
The lifetime of a plant, with dower
Of seed and sprout and leaf and flower;
And yet before its snows are white
We claim the next, and plan to run
Another journey round the sun.

Our course of being hath no goal,
Alons in passing youth or age
The onward step, the further stage,
Is counted by the insatiate soul,
That haunts the Future's open door
And cries for one to-morrow more.

And though the new to-morrows beam
On thankless slight and wilful waste,
And greed of mortals crazed with haste,
Who hope and scheme and wish and dream
Still, added to life's growing sum,
In mercy one by one they come.

One more reprieve from sorrow's stress,
One more delay for duty's stent,
One more probation to repent,
One more condition of success
We ever crave. The boon is lent;
We take—but we are not content.

Do New Years rise and set in vain
Because uneasy spirits fret!
Not so: the world hath wisdom yet,
And punctual sense of present gain,
And faith, whose patience waits so long
Its yearning doeth time no wrong.

And Heaven, that chides the rash and blind,
Relents when love of life entreats,
And still with granted seasons meets
The common prayer of all mankind,
And gives eternity—whose store
Of years forever yields one more.

—*Tieron Brown, in Youth's Companion.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Doing light work—Cleaning the lamps.

The shirtmaker's favorite exclamation—A hem.

A clever slight of hand performer—The coquette.

The locomotive lever most always travels "incog."

It is the telegraph operator that has his work at his fingers' ends.

Advice to the dressmaker: "Be sure you're right then go ahead."

A barber's shears shut up when at work and so should the barber.

The man with the most accomplishments often accomplishes—nothing.

There are sand flies when there is calm and sand flies when the wind blows.

The most unhappy feature about being a jail-bird is said to be its inability to fly.

A doctor may kill a man with the best of intentions. A murderer kills with the worst.

When an Indian catches cold on the warpath he has the war-whopping cough.

"Waiter, this beefsteak is so tough I can't cut it." "A sharper knife for the gentleman."

Patient—"Do you extract teeth without pain?" Dentist—"Yes; it is no pain to me."

The moths have strange tastes. They frequently appear in overcoats in summer weather.—*Picayune.*

India rubber is being tried as a street pavement in Germany. It ought to give every pedestrian an elastic step.

Doctor—"I see little Will has fully recovered." Mother—"Oh, yes, doctor, little Bill was cured by your big bill."

First Boy—"Is your father fond of fish?" Second Boy—"Yes, I guess so. He has C. O. D. printed on his business cards."

Some persons complain of "sudden changes in the weather," but we notice that it gets both warmer and colder by degrees.

The nuisance of the hotel was in the parlor warbling "Oh, would I were a bird." "Well, here's a beginning for you," said the landlord. And he handed him his bill.—*Argosy.*

The little girl who wrote on her examination paper "The interior of Africa is principally used for purposes of exploration" was wiser than she thought. —*Baltimore American.*

"Don't you know, Emily, that it is not proper for you to turn around and look after a gentleman?" "But, mamma, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking."—*Sittings.*

Mr. Youngman (after long thought)—"Is there any way to find out what a woman thinks of you, without proposing?" Mr. Benedict (absently)—"Yes; make her mad."—*New York Weekly.*

There was once a young man, a poor debtor,
Who wrote to his tailors a letter;
They answered at once,
And called him a dunce,
And then the poor fellow felt bebtor.
—*Washington Critic.*

It is said that a Minneapolis man who attempted to commit suicide the other day by taking poison was saved by the active and indefatigable exertions of four dictionary canvassers.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Miss De Pert (unfeelingly)—"This is, perhaps, the first refusal you have received, Mr. De Tom?" Mr. De Tom (sarcastically)—"And perhaps the first you have ever given, Miss Mauve."—*Texas Topics.*

Little Bobby—"Don't you want to take me up to the toboggan slide with you some day, Mr. Jinks?" Mr. Jinks—"I never go to any toboggan slide, Bobby; never even saw a toboggan." Bobby (a trifle nonplused)—"That's funny; I heard pa say something about your going down hill at a furious rate."

LADY CLARE'S GREAT HEAR.

He does not love me for my birth, nor for my lands so broad and fair,
He does not tell me I am worth more to him than earth and air,
He does not take me on his knee and kiss my eyes and nose and hair,
His sister I have said I'd be, and that is well, said Lady Clare.
—*Minneapolis Tribune.*