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West of the Alleghanies nearly all educational institutions, from the primary school to the college or university, are co-educational.

The boiling-water fad at meals is dying out. Thousands of people are glad, adds the St. Louis Republic, and now some doctors who recommended it say it's all nonsense.

An official of the World's Fair says that twenty-five feet of right of way at Seventy-first street, Chicago, controlled by the Illinois Central, keeps 80,000 miles of railroad from entering the fair grounds.

The French Minister of War has issued an order that henceforth every officer and every man in the French army shall, when on active service, carry on his person material for a first dressing in case of his being wounded.

Rye has become an important cereal in the West. Field and Farm tells that the farmers on the divide a few miles south of the Denver have been meeting with greater success in growing rye than they have with any of the other cereals.

"For some reason or other," muses the Chicago Sun, "the possessor of capital is enjoying more advantages in the building up of business than years ago, while the great trusts seem to be losing in coherence and power, and in some instances are disintegrating."

The New York Nation asserts in a notice of a German book on Greek sculpture that art is not necessarily the more ideal for being less natural, that the greatest idealists have been the greatest realists too; and also that there is more than one kind of beauty, the artist's business being to reproduce that which seems beautiful to him.

It is noted by an English financial journal as one of the causes of the failure of so many Australian banks that many of them hold such vast quantities of land that when a pinch comes they are unable to realize and are compelled to stop payment. In New South Wales twelve banks and financial syndicates own about 45,000,000 acres of land, one institution alone owning 8,500,000 acres.

Two new occupations have of late been found for dumb and blind persons. One is for the employment of deaf and dumb persons as typewriters, where, as much of the work is written, their deformity does not interfere with its success. The blind women are showing themselves expert and intelligent as massage operators, their delicate sense of touch and deft movements being of special advantage.

Filial duty is the strongest trait in the Chinese and Japanese character, remarks the San Francisco Chronical, but it is frequently perverted and becomes to Western eyes more of a vice than a virtue. Such a perversion was seen recently in Japan when the daughter of a sick man brought him a cup of blood taken from her own veins and besought him to drink it, as she had had a vision that this was the sole means of his recovery.

The recent publication of a paragraph to the effect that living children of Revolutionary soldiers were few and far between has started a general search for such persons in a few States. The names of nearly a dozen have been sent to the Philadelphia Ledger, and as many more to the New York Tribune, which appears to have originated the inquiry. William Wallace Lee, of Meridan, says he believes that at least fifty surviving children of Revolutionary soldiers could be found in Connecticut alone.

The State of Illinois is said to be the first in the Union to establish an efficient Bureau of Entomology. The clinch bugs with which that State was long afflicted occasioned this public attention to entomology and it has paid in many ways. Even the prophesies of clinch bug years have been extremely useful, as when this insect promised to be abundant farmers were fore-warned to plant crops it would not attack. In this way the numbers of destructive insects have been greatly decreased and they are now rarely injurious to any extent.

It will doubtless be a satisfaction to the able-bodied men of Germany to know how the statisticians have figured out some results of the increase in effectiveness of "arms of precision." In the last war, it is stated, the number of soldiers killed in action was about two per cent. of those engaged. In the next it will be greater, though not more than three per cent.—that is to say, only about 1200 out of an army corps of 35,000. Of the same number about 5800 will be wounded. It is well to have these things settled before hand. It is the percentage of this sort that increases the percentage of German emigrants to this country.

THE END OF THE DAY.

I hear the bells at eventide,
  Peal slowly one by one,
Near and far off they break and glide,
  Across the stream float faintly beautifu
  The antiphonal bells of Hull;
The day is done, done, done,
    The day is done.

The dew has gathered in the flowers
  Like tears from some unconscious deep:
The swallows whirl around the towers,
    The light runs out beyond the long
      cloud bars,
    And leaves the single stars;
  'Tis time for sleep, sleep, sleep,
    'Tis time for sleep.

The hermit thrush begins again,
  Timorous eremite,
That song of risen tears and pain,
    As if the one he loved was far away:
    "Alas! another day—"
  "And now Good Night,"
    "Good Night."

—Duncan C. Scott, in Youth's Companion.

"THE CACTUS."

BY O. H. LEWIS.

THE Cactus" was the name bestowed upon her in Cinnabar. Her signature, if she had written it, would probably have been Mollie Prescott; at least such was the declaration of Rosewood Jim.

"I see this yere female a year ago in Tombstone," asserted that veracious chronicler, "where she cooks at the stage station, an' she gives it out cold, she's called Prescott—Mollie Prescott—an' most likely she knows her name, an' knowed it a year ago."

As Rosewood was a historian of known petulance, no one cared to challenge either his facts or conclusions; so the real name of "The Cactus" was accepted by the Cinnabar public as Prescott.

"The Cactus" was a personable lady, comely and round; and her advent in to Cinnabar society had caused something of a flutter. Her mission was to cook, and in the fulfilment of her destiny she presided over the range at the O. K. Hotel. Being publicly hailed as "The Cactus" seemed in no wise to depress her, and it is possible she even felt a secret glow over an epithet which was meant by the critical taste that awarded it to illustrate those thorns in her nature which repelled and held in check the male of Cinnabar.

Women wear jewelry in Cinnabar, and on her first coming "The Cactus" had many admirers. Every man in camp loved her the moment she stepped from the Tucson stage six months before. From the term "every man," however, a careful writer would except Rosewood Jim. That obdurate scientist, given as he was to the inner workings of faro as a philosophy, had no time for such a soft and dulcet affair as love. Another thing, Rosewood had scruples of honor born of his business.

"Life behind a deal-box is a mighty sight too fantastic," quoth the thoughtful Rosewood, "for a family. It does well enough for single-footers, which it don't make much difference with, when a player pulls his six-shooter an' sends 'em shoutin' home to heaven some abrupt. But there ain't no room for a woman with a man who turns cards as a pursoot."

As time went on, the score of lovers who sighed on the daily trail of "The Cactus" dwindled down to two. The rest gave out dispirited.

"I'm clean strain enough," said Bill Tutt, in apologetic description of his failure to persevere, "but I knows when I've got through. I'll play a game to a finish, but when it's down to the turn an' my last chip's gone over to the dealer, why I shoves my chair back an' quits. An' it's about that a-way of an' concernin' my love for this yere Cactus girl. I jest can't get her none, an' that settles it. I now drors out an' gives my seat to some one else."

"That's whatever," said a personage known as Texas Joe, who was an interested listener to the defeated Mr. Tutt, "an' you can gamble I'm with you on them views. I loves 'The Cactus' myse'f to a frightful degree, an' thar's times I jest goes about whinin' for her; but yere awhile back I come projectin' around her kitchen, an' 'bing!' comes a skillet at my head, an' that let's me out. You bet I don't pursoo them explorations round her no more. I don't want to get my rope onto no woman who is that callous as to heave kitchen bric-a-brac at a heart that's pantin' for her."

Two lovers still knelt at the shrine of "The Cactus." These were hailed by men of Cinnabar respectively as Rice Brown and Riley Brooks. A description of one would have been a portrait of the other. They were young, good looking, of the breezy Southwestern type, tanned as to face, and lithe and limber as black snakes as to person. These still held the affections of "The Cactus" in siege and demanded capitulation. That estimable virgin paid no heed to their court, nor the comment of onlooking Cinnabar. She pursued her path in life even and unmoved. She compounded her daily bread, compiled her daily flapjacks, and broiled her daily beefsteak by that simple and ingenious process, popular in the Southwest, of burning it on the griddles of her range, and all as composedly as though Leander never swam the Hellespont nor Antony sighed or sung in the ear of Egypt's Queen. Still it was possible that "The Cactus" was a shade less thorny in her treatment of Rice Brown and Riley Brooks than of any of the others. Perhaps she was becoming tired out. Be the reason what it may, these two persisted when the others failed, and at last were recognized as rivals.

"All I'm afraid of," said old man Armstrong, the head of the local vigilance committee, "that these yere young bucks 'll take to pawin' roun' for trouble with each other. As the upshot of sech doin's would most likely be the stringin' of the survivor by the Cinnabar committee on lariats, these yere nuptials, which now looks some feasible, would be clean busted, an' the camp get a set-back jest that much. I wish this yere maiden would tip her hand in this to some discreet gent, so a play could be made in advance to get the wrong man outen the way. Whatever do you think you'se'f, Rosewood?"

"It's a delicate deal," said that sapient cardist, "to go tamperin' round a young female for the secrets of her soul, but I shorely deems it a crisis, and public interest demands somethin' is done. These yere boys is growin' mighty hostile of each other, which I notes last night over in the Gold Mine saloon, where they was paintin' up for war, an' onless we all interferes yere it's my jedgment some of this yere love-makin' 'll come off in the smoke."

"Thar oughter to be a nact of Congress," said Tutt, the pessimist, "agin love-makin' in the Far West, an' the East should be kept for sech purposes speshul, same as reservations for Injuns. The Western climate's too exyooberant for love-makin'."

"S'pose me an' you an' Tutt yere goes over to this young female, an' all polite an' congenial like, we ups an' asks her intentions?" continued Armstrong, in an interrogative way, to Rosewood.

"Excuse me, pard," said Tutt, with sad earnestness, "but I don't think I wants cards in this at all. 'The Cactus' is a mighty spirited lady, an' you all recalls as how I've been pesterin' 'round her in the past myse'f, for which reason, with others, she might take my comin' on sech errants derisive an' bang me over the fore'erd with a dipper, or some sech objectionable play. So I reckon I better keep out of this yere embassy a whole lot. I ain't aimin' to shirk nuthin', but it'll be a heap more shore to win if I do."

"Tutt ain' onlikely to be plenty right about this," said Rosewood, "an' I reckon, Armstrong, we all better take this trick ourselves."

The mission was not a success. When the worthy pair of peace preservers appeared in the presence of "The Cactus" and made the inquiries noted, it excited the scorn and ire of that retiring damsel beyond the power of words to describe.

"What be you all doin' in my kitchen?" she asked, her face flushed with rage and noonday cookery. "Who sent you all canternin' over yere to me with those insultin' questions, anyhow? I demands to know."

"And yere," said Rosewood, in relating the exploit in the Gold Mine saloon immediately after, "she stamps her foot like a buck antelope an' let's fly a stove griddle at us, an' all with a proud, high air, which reminds me a mighty sight of a goddess.

At the time it would seem the duo attempted an apologetic explanation of their presence, and made effort to point out to "The Cactus" the crying public need of some decision on her part.

"You don't want these two young male persons to take to shootin' of each other all up none, do you?" said Armstrong.

"I wants you two sots to get outen my kitchen," replied "The Cactus" vigorously, "an' I wants you to move some hurried, too. Don't never let me find your moccasin tracks 'round this yere water-hole no more, or I'll turn in an' mark you up a whole lot."

"Yere, you," she continued, as they were about to leave, something cast down by the conference, "you all can tell that Riley Brooks an' Rice Brown if they're blamed fools enough to go makin' a gun play over me, to make it hard. Tell 'em I can pick my man out when the smoke blows away."

"Tutt's way right about 'The Cactus' bein' some sperited," said Armstrong, as the two walked away.

"She's shore spirited, an' that's a fact," mused Rosewood, in assent.

The result of the talk with "The Cactus" found its way about in Cinnabar and in less than an hour bore its hateful fruit. The peaceful quiet of that Gold Mine saloon, which, as a rule, heard no harsher note than the clatter of a stack of chips, was sullenly broken.

"You all who ain't interested yere better take to a lower limb."

It was the voice of Riley Brooks. The trained instinct of the Cinnabar public at once fathomed the trouble and proceeded to hide its many heads behind barrels, tables, counter and any place which promised refuge from the bullets. All but one, and that was Rice Brown. He knew it meant him the moment Riley Brooks uttered the first syllable, and his pistol came to the front with a brevity born of long practice. His rival's was already there, and so the shooting began. As a result Mr. Brooks received a serious injury which crippled his good right arm for many a day, while Mr. Brown was picked up with a wound in the side which even the sentiment of Cinnabar, inured to such things and inclined to optimism at all times, admitted as dangerous.

"Well," said Armstrong, after the duelists had been cared for at the O. K. House, "yere we be again an' nuthin' settled. Yere we has all this shootin' an' all this blood-lettin', an' the camp gets all torn up; an' still thar's jest as many of these yere people now as there was before, an' most likely the whole deal to go over again."

"I shore abominates things a-splitin' even this a-way," said Rosewood, "but Cinnabar must b'ar it's burdens same as other camps. It can't be he'ped none."

The next day the two duelists were still in bed. A new phase was given the affair when "The Cactus," clothed in purple and fine linen, and with two violent red roses in her straw hat, took the stage for Tucson. The management of the O. K. House reported, in reference to the excited state of the Cinnabar mind, that "The Cactus" would return in a week.

"Goin' for her weddin' troosoe, most likely," said Armstrong, as he gazed after the stage.

No one seemed to know the intentions of "The Cactus." The shooting had in nowise disturbed her. That may have been her obdurate heart, or it may have come from a familiarity with the evanescent tenure of human life born of long years on the border. Be that as it may, she experienced not the least concern touching the condition of her brace of lovers wounded upstairs, and took the stage without even saying good-by to them or anyone else.

"An' some fools say women is talkers," said Rosewood, in high disgust.

Three days later Old Scotty, the stage-driver, came in with startling news. "The Cactus" had married a man in Tucson, and would bring him to Cinnabar in a week.

"When I first hears of it," said Old Scotty, with a groan, "an' when I thinks of them two pore boys a-layin' in Cinnabar, an' their rights bein' trifled with that a-way, I shore think I'll take my Winchester an' go an' stop them rites a whole lot; but, pards, the Tucson Marshall wouldn't have it. So she nails him, an' I hears in a saloon over thar she's been aimin' to marry him before she ever hops into Cinnabar at all. I sees him afterward, an' he's a little, measly-lookin' prairie dog, and from his looks he couldn't get a job clerkin' in a store."

"Thar you be," said Armstrong. "Another case of woman's inhumanity to man. However, if 'The Cactus' has done gone a-flutterin' from her perch in this yere fashion, jest the same we must prance 'round an' give her a high old time on her return. The honor of the camp bein' concerned, of course we whoops it up in style."

And they did.—Kansas City Star.

A Wonder of Science.

One of the most delicate surgical operations ever performed in San Francisco was that to which A. Baehm, a patient at the City and County Hospital, was subjected recently. The operation was remarkable in that an endoscope, or small electric light, was used during the process. This was thrust into the thoracic cavity, and by its illumination the action of the heart and lungs was plainly visible.

Baehm was afflicted with an abscess, which had formed in the pleural cavity and attacked the left lung. The operation was an exceedingly dangerous one, and in order not to shock the patient no mention of the intention of the physicians was made to him.

The sick man was quickly anæsthetized and the inflated breast was exposed to view. A discoloration on the left side showed that the trouble lay under the tissue in that direction, and Dr. Ellinwood began operations at once by making two deep incisions crosswise, from which the blood spurted in streams. Several of the larger blood vessels were necessarily cut, but these were quickly ligatured with Dr. Stillman's assistance. The flaps of flesh were laid to one side, exposing the third rib to view. This rib was resected for three inches, and when it was cut away a dark and bloody opening was revealed, through which the thoracic cavity and the space between the lungs could be seen. Dr. Hirshfelder inserted the endoscope through the opening in Baehm's breast and the light was turned on, illuminating the interior of the cavity with remarkable distinctness.

The heart worked slowly, owing to the effect of ether. The aorta dilated and fell with every heart beat. The lung was also plainly visible. During the one hour and a half consumed in making the operation the action of the heart was distinctly visible, and the unusual sight was the subject of much comment upon the part of the operators and spectators.

When the process was completed and every vestige of pus removed, the endoscope was withdrawn, and the opening in Baehm's breast closed. The operation was a highly successful one in every particular, and Baehm's condition shows that he is gaining strength.—Electricity.

The Earth's Southernmost Settlement.

There is something pathetic about the description of the town of Punta Arenas, Terra del Fuego, located on the strait about midway between the two oceans, that town which is the southernmost settlement upon the face of the earth. Fifteen hundred people find life worth living in this place, notwithstanding the fact that one of the characteristics of the neigborhood is the frequent prevalence of a mighty wind which sweeps down from the mountains back of the town with such force and suddenness as to overwhelm a ship lying broadside on before she can swing her head around and ride out the gale. The town itself is a miserable collection of huts and hovels, but is a point of great strategic value to this country as a coaling station in case of war with a South American power.

Professor Lee presented several views of the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego, charming creatures, with their thin, attenuated limbs and portly stomachs. These beauties allow their hair to grow long and hang down straight. Then they plaster it with seal oil and red clay, which hardens and makes a complete waterproof covering for their heads. The natives possess the faculty of imitating a sound and Professor Lee undertook to teach them a song. He succeeded so well that when he departed from their midst a group stood upon the shore and serenaded him with "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now."—Washington Star.

Tripe for Binding Books.

A company has recently been incorporated in Newark, N. J., with a capital stock of $100,000, for the manufacture of membranoid. The article and its nature are alike new. It is a fancy leather made from tripe—nothing else than tanned tripe, in fact. It is said to be very pretty and durable.

The inventor of the process of manufacture, James W. Deckert, of Newark, had considerable trouble with the Patent Office people until he and they compromised on the name of the product given above. They insisted upon it previously that tripe was tripe, no matter through what chemical process it might have been put.—St. Louis Republic.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Small machines in 272 tailoring shops in Rochester, N. Y., are running by electricity.

Japan has no fewer than 700 earthquake observing stations scattered over the Empire.

Fish do not seem to exist below 400 fathoms (2400 feet) with the exception of the shark.

Engines to be worked by wind are to be made in Michigan and shipped to Africa and Asia.

Philadelphia, Penn., has the biggest reel truck. It weighs 16,000 pounds and can carry or bear 150,000 pounds.

The Vichy Springs in France and the Hot Springs in Kansas, are recommended by physicians to sufferers from the gout.

An electric tuning box for the use of leaders of orchestras and others interested in music has been invented by a Frenchman.

Two new steamers are being built, each 600 feet long for the Atlantic service, guaranteed to cross in five days and ten hours.

The first trace of a Cretaceous mammal discovered in Europe is a tooth of a Plagiaulax, from the Wealden formation of Hastings, and allied to that genus whose teeth have occured in the purbeck (Jurassic) beds.

Ninety per cent. of the male population of the United States are afflicted in some degree with nervous debility or weakness and decline, caused either by improper training, sedentary occupations, the use of stimulants, and excesses in habits of life.

Some experiments in connection with the artificial production of clouds by burning cases of resinous matter were lately made in Paris, France, but were only partially successful on account of the wind carrying the clouds away as soon as formed.

It appears that the song of the cicada in Natal, South Africa, is appreciated by lace-winged flies which, while the cicada is shrilling, were observed to gather, sometimes in a group of fifteen or sixteen, forming a rough semicircle at a short distance around its head.

Professor Heim, of Zurich, Germany, says that the most agreeable death is by falling. He has conversed with many people who have escaped death by falling by a hair's breadth only, and reports that those who experienced such accidents suffered neither pain nor terror.

Fogs frequently rise in the morning and fall again in the evening because, warmed by the sun's rays, they become more rarefied, and disperse to an altitude when they appear to be entirely dispelled; but at night, when the earth cools by radiation, the vapors near the earth again condense, and settle in the form of fog.

In some fine caves discovered in Tasmania, the lights carried by the exploring party having been extinguished, the ceiling and sides of the caves seemed studded with diamonds, an effect due to millions of glow-worms hanging to the sides of the walls and from the ceiling. These were the only living beings seen in the caverns.

The largest band-sawing machine in the world has recently been completed in England and sent to Tasmania. The machine can saw through a maximum depth of seventy-five inches and the carriage will accommodate logs fifty feet long and weighing about fifty tons. It is asserted that this saw cuts even faster than a circular saw, while wasting seventy-five per cent. less wood.

A good illustration of the amount of change brought about by deep-sea investigations in our ideas of the distribution of the fishes is to be seen in the recent history of the discoboli. It is now shown that the discoboles, diskbearers, lumpfishes, suckling fishes, or sea snails, as they are variously called, are no longer restricted to the Atlantic and Pacific in their northern parts and to the Artic Ocean.

The Mamelukes.

The Mamelukes were a former class of slaves in Egypt, who became and continued for a long time to be the dominant race of that country. Their name comes from the Arab, "Mamluk," that is, slave. As far back as the year 950 we find mention of them, but it is not for several centuries thereafter that they are known as a power. In the twelfth century the Sultan of Egypt bought of Genghes Khan 12,000 Circassian, Mingrelian, Tartar and Turkish slaves, and in the year 1240 Malek Sulah made them his body guard; and ten years later they killed Turan Shah and became masters of Egypt. In more modern times they played an important part in the battle of the Pyramids in 1798, where they were exhibited as fine horsemen, but where they were annihilated. The great part of their number were massacred by Mehemet Ali in 1811, a remnant only escaping, and for a few years maintaining themselves at New Dongolo, but these were exterminated in 1820. The Mamelukes kept up their numbers by the purchase Circassian and Georgian slaves.—New York Dispatch.

Wearing Dogs in Muffs.

The fashion of wearing dogs in muffs began when Richelieu was great in France, and it was of long duration. The animal was of a miniature species which seems to have disappeared from the fauna of France, and was as remarkable for its diminutive size as for its vicious disposition. That of Ninon l'Enclos had peculiarities which history has taken the pains to preserve. The beautiful epicurean had the habit of taking Raton—that was the name of the microscopic beast—with her when invited out to dinner, and placing it in its little basket beside her plate, where it watched over its mistress's health by growling when she was disposed to eat of any dish likely to cause an indigestion. Muff dogs were in such general use that there were persons who bred and sold them as a branch of commerce.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE MOTHER AS DOCTOR.

SOME REMEDIES WHICH SHE SHOULD HAVE AT HAND.

Cases Where an Ounce of Prevention is Better Than a Pound of Cure—What to Have in the House.

EVERY mother of little children should be, to a certain extent, her own family physician. A woman possessed of an average share of common sense can hardly nurse one or more children through the disorders incident to babyhood and childhood without acquiring a good stock of information as to how to treat attacks of slight indisposition. Her domestic practice should, however, be restricted to the administration of the simplest remedies, of external applications and of preventives rather than professed cures. Her knowledge should stand her in good stead in emergencies, and yet be tempered with the judgment that will direct her to call in a physician at the least menace of serious sickness.

A child should be so closely watched by the mother that no derangement of its system may escape her notice. She should ascertain for herself that all its bodily functions are in proper working order. Her trained touch should note in a moment any unusual heat or chilliness of the child's body, the dryness of the skin, the over-quickness of the pulse. She should learn to know at a glance whether the throat and tongue are in their normal condition, and her ear should be schooled to detect the difference between natural and labored or shortened respiration. A fever thermometer should be in every family medicine chest, and the mother should understand how to take her child's temperature, and thus make herself absolutely sure whether the patient is feverish or not. Even when the symptoms are such as to cause alarm, a physician is not always at hand, and upon the mother there devolves the charge of the little one. A few general hints as to simple modes of treatment may not be amiss.

Some children have a tendency towards croup that manifests itself as night approaches in feverishness, hoarseness and a barking cough. Such symptoms must not be disregarded. The child's feet must be well heated before it goes to bed, its chest rubbed with camphorated oil and covered with a bit of red flannel spread with vaseline. Aconite may be given at the rate of half a drop in a teaspoonful of water every half hour for three or four doses. If the cold is a fresh one this may check it and produce a gentle respiration. When the unpleasant symptoms remain, fifteen drops of syrup of ipecac may be given every twenty minutes until the hoarseness is relieved or the child vomits. Should the little one waken suddenly from sleep with a hoarse cough and tightened breathing, a teaspoonful of ipecac containing as much powdered alum as can be heaped on a silver dime may be administered. If the child does not vomit within half an hour, the dose may be repeated. A bath in water of about ninety-five degrees is, of course, excellent in croup, as in congestion or convulsions. Croupy children should be kept housed while there is melting snow on the ground. The snow air often affects them even then, and makes thaws anxious seasons for mothers.

Slight bowel troubles can usually be regulated better by diet than by drugs. Children suffering with looseness of the bowels should be fed with boiled milk, boiled rice, arrowroot jelly, rice flour porridge, sage or tapioca and soft toast. Raw fruit and sweets should be especially avoided. The regimen is not severe, and is more attractive than dosing. Children whose tendency is in the opposite direction should have a laxative diet, consisting of oatmeal, hominy, mush, wheaten grits, baked potatoes, beef juice, apple sauce, etc. Sugar of milk may be added to the food as a gentle corrective, a teaspoonful three times a day usually being enough to produce the desired effect.

Pain in the stomach or bowels, or colic, is so varied in its manifestations that it is hard to lay down any fixed rule of treatment. If the colic springs from acidity, a teaspoonful of lime water, or a pinch of carbonate of soda dissolved in a little water will often relieve the patient. Where there is any inclination to sourness of stomach, lime water should always be added to the milk which a child drinks. For pain in the bowels a teaspoonful of anise cordial mixed with a teaspoonful of hot water often produces a happy effect. Flannels dipped in hot spirits and wrung out may be laid on the bowels of the sufferer, and frequently prove very soothing. In sharp pain laudanum may be added to the spirits. An old fashioned spice plaster in excellent remedy. It is made by mixing a heaping teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon cloves, mace and allspice with two of ginger. The mixture is quilted between two thicknesses of red flannel about eight inches long by six wide. The plaster may be applied dry or dipped in boiling alcohol and laid on the little patient's abdomen as hot as he can bear it. In cases of weakness of the bowels this plaster may be worn constantly with benefit.

Although an overuse of drugs is always to be deplored, each home where there are little folks should be supplied with its medicine chest or cabinet, kept locked, and the key in the mother's possession. In this box or cupboard, besides the paregoric, ipecac and peppermint bottles, there should be aconite for feverishness, linseed oil for burns, ammonia for bee stings, camphor for influenzas, and a vial of brandy for sudden fainting fits, or the serious accidents that will sometimes occur in the best regulated families.—New York Recorder.

The last picture upon which Meissonier worked is now on exhibition in London. It is a water color study of a soldier on horseback, and is done on the top sheet of an ordinary water color block. It was found near the painter's bedside after his death.

HINTS OF SUMMER.

Buds a swellin', geese a squawkin',
  Everything a stirrin',
Robins whistlin', quails a pipin',
  Pa'tridges a whirrin'.

Old man looks around about him
  Sees the ground a crackin'
Kase the present time for freezin'
  Lacks old winter's backin'.

Farmers mendin' up their harness,
  Girls a huntin' roses,
Mud knee-deep in all the roadways;
  Old folks countin' noses.

Thus by curious methods find we,
  Spring is slowly waning;
And that summer—long a laggin'—
  On our path is gaining.

—Browne Perriman, in Yankee Blade.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An old salt—Epsom.

A cut and dried affair—Hay.

Hungers for fame—The forty-day faster.

Motto for a dictionary of proverbs—"Old saws filed here."—Truth.

A boot and shoe trust is a corporation with a sole.—New York Journal.

There is one branch of labor which must always be done by hand—Picking pockets.

A man is as old as he feels, but not always as big, not by a heap.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Faith" was described by an Ohio boy as "expectin' something ye ain't goin' to git."—Columbus Post.

A "statement that you won't wash" can't be trusted to the dampened tissue of the official letter-book.—Puck.

A merchant may drive a fast horse, but he never objects to taking other people's dust.—Binghamton Republican.

Maud—"What a terrible thing drowning is!" Mabel—"Yes; it would just kill me to die that way."—Harvard Lampoon.

"Ten lifetimes," says a writer, "will not suffice to solve the enigma, woman." Indeed that is so; and yet we must not give her up.—Judge.

You can't convince a girl by arguing that a man is not an angel. The only way to convince her is to let her marry him.—Atchison Globe.

The expert has become so necessary a part of our civilization that nothing is certain but death, and that is in doubt until after the funeral.—Judge.

How does love take the life out of a man! But then a man can't be expected to have much pluck after he has given away his heart.—Boston Transcript.

Possibly one reason why men who talk loudly seem so generally successful is that they can't be easily disturbed in their occupation.—Washington Star.

Shakespeare speaks of sermons in the stones. Now I understand why women pay so much attention to one another's jewels when in church.—New York Herald.

"I never thought you were the sort of man to get married." "No; but you see I go about a good deal, and I found it necessary to have some one to leave cards for me."—Fun.

Miss Vassar—"Do you know, Mr. Blank always carries a note book in which to put down any bright remark he hears." Miss Smith—"Why, I know him very well, and I never saw it."—Yale Record.

Every time Miss Amanda, whose understanding is somewhat large, stops at a hotel, she cleans her own shoes and sets outside the door a small pair, which she carries with her expressly for that purpose.—Fliegende Blaetter.

A police officer met a sarcastic organ grinder on the street and said: "Have you a license to play? If not, you must accompany me." "With pleasure," answered the street musician. "What will you sing?"—Providence Telegram.

Physician—"You owed me another little bill, Mr. Judkins, which I can't remember your having paid." Mr. Judkins—"Well, don't grumble at me about it. I am not responsible for your bad memory, am I?"—Pharmaceutical Era.

Judge—"Prisoner at the bar, the court has assigned counsel to defend you." Prisoner (with a glance at the counsel)—"Is dat my lawyer, yer honor?" Judge—"Yes." Prisoner—"Den I pleads guilty."—Brooklyn Life.

"Well, Uncle Si, you are a prophet; tell me what is the weather prospect for to-morrow?" "Ye'll hev ter excuse me ter-day, sir, I'm too busy to tell ye. Call around day after to-morrow, and I'll give you all the information you want about to-morrow."—Harper's Bazar.

Doctor—"If your husband's hiccoughs don't stop very soon, madam, he'll be a dead man. There is only one thing to be done. He must be startled out of them. Can you suggest any way?" Anxious Wife (thoughtfully)—"I might tell him that I had decided not to order that new silk dress."—Cloak Review.

Young Medical Man—"Thank goodness, I have pulled through my exams at last. It is horrible to think of all the hard work I have had to go through these last four years." Elderly Practitioner—"Well, my dear colleague, there is one consolation; you won't have anything to do for a long, long while now."—Der Floh.

"Dear, dear!" said a kind hearted matron on meeting a friend whom she had not seen for a long time; "and you're not yet married, Jane—with your good looks too!" "No; I'm not married yet," replied Jane, with a laugh. "Well," said Jane, with a twinkle of her eye, "I expect it is because I was born so."—Wasp.

The New England States use Formosan teas, the Middle States all kinds of Oolong teas, green teas and a few Congos; the South principally green teas, and the Northwest and Canada, Japan teas, which latter constitute over one half of the entire consumption.