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H. T. HELMBOLD'S

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BUCHU.

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DISEASES

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DOES IN EVERY CASE.

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6. How long have you been sick?
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H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist,
Philadelphia, Pa.

BOLD EVERYWHERE

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairy shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer shower,
The golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flower.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hanging moss they bear;
The forest trees drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours
For coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then—we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous notes
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amidst the trees of life.

And when he finds a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint or vice,
He bears it to that world of light
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except in sin and pain—

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead!

My Wife's New Shawl.

"But why did you pay so much for a shawl? It was sheer nonsense," said my old friend, Captain Morton, as he mixed his third glass of grog, and stirred in a multiplicity of spices before drinking it—after the manner of sailors when they can get it "Why on earth did you pay so much money for a shawl, when you could buy one so much cheaper? Nine hundred dollars—by the blood of a shark it would buy a house."

That was his oath—"By the blood of a shark;" he never swore any other; and the most abusive epithet he could apply to a man—one that to him embodied the quintessence of meanness—was to call him "a shark."

"I'll tell you, Captain," said I; "but then you must acknowledge that the shawl is a beauty—if it did cost a small fortune to a poor man. Last year, when I came home with a cargo of tea from China, I left my boat in good hands and hurried to my home in the little village of Twiceaweek (we called it that because our mail came twice a week), where all my hopes and affections were invested in a wife and two children—was in joyous spirits, and as happy a man as ever stepped on terra firma. My handsome wife was well and young as ever, my boy as much like me as when I left him many months before, and my gentle, six year old Nellie lovelier than I had dreamed she could be. My welcome was all I could have wished; and oh! what bright days those were that followed my immediate arrival!

"The third day my boxes were brought out. Now the opening of a sailor's boxes is always a momentous affair to his family, and I had brought mine all the presents I could possibly procure for them. Two pieces of rich silk for dresses for my wife, beautiful Chinese table linen, carved chessman, and so on. I saw a look of disappointment on my wife's face, but I said nothing, and the matter passed off.

"My old friends came to see me—my wife gave me my favorite dishes—and the week so happily spent was gone before I knew it. Sunday morning came, bright and beautiful. To my surprise, my wife came to breakfast with rumpled hair, and looking decidedly cross. After a while she decided that she would not go to church though she was as regular as the sexton, for she had nothing fit to wear. I thought it very odd, but said nothing, having long since found out that arguing with a woman s about as effectual as dipping the ocean dry with a teaspoon.

"When Nellie and I got back, there stood my wife, her hair still uncombed and ready to scold the child for muddying her shoes: her blue Chinese boots with the little bronze bird on the side of them. I interfered with a good deal of firmness, and we went into dinner. Nothing on the table was cooked decently. And so it was all the next week, my coffee was thick and muddy, my meat done to a crust, and I well knew the demon of mischief was about to be let loose, but why I could not guess.

"In the meanwhile, my wife's sister, who had been a kind of ship's cousin, quartered upon me ever since my marriage, looked as demure as a Connecticut deacon, and gave me no hint what it was all about. On the next Sunday afternoon I was sitting with my wife and children when there came a knock at the door, and in came first mate William Bendoin and his wife, she in all the splendor of a new rig. He had returned the week before me from Calcutta, and we were the only seafaring men of the place, and our wives were neighbors and had always been professedly great friends.

"I was delighted to see them, and thought at the time that my wife was very cool, though so exceedingly polite. I soon forgot all about her manner, though, in the pleasure of talking over old times, and they made a long and to me very pleasant call.

"As soon as they left, my wife went up to her room, and I saw her no more that evening, for when tea was ready she sent down word she had a headache, and wanted none. The next day things were no brighter than before, and when the first church bell rang, my wife burst into a flood of tears and set off for her chamber. I followed her, and there she lay on the bed in regular hysterics. When she came to herself a little, I asked:

"Why, what on earth is the matter?"

"She looked at me full in the face and said:

"'If you don't know, Thomas Wilcox, you ought to!'

"I wilted under her looks like a boy caught stealing marbles. The truth is, I thought some villain had been telling tales out of school; but for the life of me, I couldn't conceive who it could be.

"By this time my wife was in another fit, worse than the first. I conjured up all the recollections of my voyage—and they were not half so pleasant as I could have wished them—but finding I could not restore her, I ran down stairs to make some mulled wine. When I reached the kitchen there was my wife's sister, with her demure face, which helped to irritate me still more. I called for wine and spices, and, while I was heating it, she began. She wished to gracious her sister knew how to treat a husband as he deserved to be treated; that if she was a wife, she would know how to prize a man who did everything he could to please her.

"I was in no humor to hear my wife abused—my conscience that time making a kind of coward out of me—so I burst out upon her in a rage, told her she was a snake in the grass, and I would rather have her sister than a thousand such as she was; if there was any trouble between Mollie and me, why I knew who to thank for it.

"She lifted up her eyes and hands above her head, and said that all men were fools, but I was the greatest of them all.

"This brought on a spirited altercation, in which I spoke my mind pretty freely. As soon as the wine was heated, I decanted it into a tumbler. My sister-in-law recommended hot vinegar, but I told her I would leave that for her.

"On my way up stairs I thought I heard my wife's footsteps in her chamber, but when I entered she was lying on the bed, crying in a very sensible manner. I had no difficulty in persuading her to drink the wine. She caught hold of my hand and kept sobbing. She did not deserve such a husband, she said. I was too good for her, and she was not worth all the kindness I gave her.

"I felt encouraged, and kissing her again begged her to tell me what was the matter. At this she began crying and sobbing again, and said she could not tell me as I would hate her, and she deserved to be hated, etc.

The more she decried herself, the more penitent I became, and in fact, was on the point of making a clean breast of it, and asking her forgiveness; but luckily I did not, for in a little while she told me the terrible bugbear. First mate Bendoin had brought home to his wife a Cashmere shawl, while I had only brought her the silk dresses.

"'Is that all?' I cried, clasping her in my arms and feeling intense relief; and then told her how unkind it was to keep me in such suspense; and she laid her brown head on my breast and begged to be forgiven.

"Now every woman has her Napoleon Bonaparte, and my wife's was Mrs. Wm. Bendoin, and the agonizing thought of being outdone by that lady at church had caused all this commotion, and perhaps given me dyspepsia through eating tough bread. I explained to my domestic angel that Cashmere shawls came from one part of the country and silk from another—but as soon as I could her wish would be gratified. By dinner time the pretty face was as smiling as ever, and to my astonishment she spoke sharply to her sister—the first time I ever heard her do so.

"I had reason to believe afterward that my wife, hearing our voices, had come to the top of the stairs and listened; for once in the world a listener heard good of herself, and it resulted in my sister-in-law's marrying herself to a saddler and leaving my house.

"The next week I had to go to the city on business, and I took my wife along to have her China silks made up; I secretly resolved to buy a shawl that would outshine Mrs. Bendoin's, and the day after my arrival I was lucky enough to find a claret-colored satin bonnet, the exact shade of her handsomest dress, with a long, drooping plume that perfectly enraptured her. We remained in town five or six days; her dresses came home beautifully made, she said, and just suited. I bought her all the little trumpery she wanted, and she was delighted with her visit.

"Two days before we started home I met my old friend Legget, just from Calcutta, with four of the most beautiful shawls I ever saw; he allowed me to take my choice at cost price, which was four hundred and fifty dollars, while he modestly made out the receipt at nine hundred. This I put safely away in my trunk when my wife was out.

"We reached home the last of the week, found the children well, and heard that the world renowned Professor Lumley would preach in our little hamlet the next Sunday. I saw my wife's eyes dance with the intelligence; perhaps at the thought of her new dress and bonnet, her six button gloves (Mrs. Bendoin had never had any higher than five buttons), perhaps of the excellent discourse she was to hear—who knows?

"Sunday was a bright, frosty day, and my Mollie looked charming as she came down stairs ready for church in her rich silk and new bonnet. She had on a light cape.

"'My dear,' said I, 'don't you need something heavier around you?'

"'Oh, no, not to-day, I think.'

"I stepped out of the room a moment brought out my splendid present and threw it around her shoulders. She looked at it in a dazed way for a moment, then threw herself into my arms and burst into tears. I soon kissed them away, and we started to church.

"We walked up to the head of the broad aisle, and it would have done your heart good to hear her sweet, clear voice as she sang that day. When service was over, she had a kind word for everybody, especially was she anxious to hear from Mrs. Bendoin's children; she lingered on the church steps for a good while to see that lady.

"I put the bill where I knew Mollie would find it, and while the men all voted me a fool, the women all said I was the best husband in Twiceaweek, that I liked to see my wife look like somebody, etc. Never had our place been as dressy as it was that winter, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was the cause of the other married men having to spend some money for dry goods, especially those whose wives and daughters attended the same church with my wife.

"'But none of them had a nine-hundred-dollar shawl—eh, Tom?' said the captain slyly, as he drummed on the table with his glass.

"Not a bit of it did they! And remember, captain, mum's the word, about the price of my wife's new shawl."

A Rajah's Vanity.

The following description, by Mr. Val Prinsep, of the dressing up the Maharajah for his portrait, is amusing:—Tukaji Rao Holkar has been ill since Delhi; he has even now fever, the result of cold, and requested me to paint him as fat as he was at the Assemblage, rather than as he is now. He prides himself on his flesh, and can, they say, eat a whole wild boar unassisted at one meal! I must say I saw but little change in his vast bulk; he looks a little grayer, but that may be that he has forgotten the dye this morning. However, he is certainly seedy, and that does not render his society or conversation any more fascinating. Holkar is the beau ideal of a rajah. He sits lolling about in his big chair while flies are brushed away by attendant slaves, and if his Rajahship leans back, a cushion is put under his head or elbow; in fact, a a rajah for the Surrey Theatre—"the Great Mogul called Bello"—the dream of one's youth; yet as sharp as a needle, and as cheeky and proud as the King of the Cannibal Isles with nothing on but a club and a few beads. The second day I went there the Rajah had to put on his jewels, and what a sight! It takes at least six men to dress him. There is the Hereditary Master of the Jewels, an old man with spectacles, who puts them on with the care of a real artist, while four men stand round with trays, on which are displayed jewels worth I do not know how many lacs. "What shall I wear?" says the Rajah. "I think this handsome." And he holds up a kind of a peacock made of diamonds and pearls. "Yes, that will do." And the peacock is "offered up" to his head while he lazily turns from side to side, gazing with self satisfied look into a glass, which orginally cost eight annas (one shilling), and which, held by a sixth man, contrasts strangely with the jewels it is called on to reflect. Squalor and magnificence are found side by side in all these rajahs' abodes. None of them have any sense of fitness—in fact, no native has. We won't put on these pearls," cries the Maharajah, "for without them this looks more like a crown." And this in India, the land of caste, changeless through succeeding ages? Why, this man's ancestor was a goatherd, and he himself, for all his airs, would cheerfully pay any sum of money to be considered a Rajah; and while many Brahmins stand around with clasped hands, and probably his cook is of Brahminical caste, not one of them would eat with him, Rajah though he be.

Horses for Leeches.

A number of persons at Bordeaux, France, recently attempted to make their fortunes out of that very disgusting object of natural history, the leech. To this end they have made artificial swamps on the banks of the Garonne and filled the swamps with leeches. To be profitable these leeches must multiply themselves by millions; to do this they must be liberally supplied with food; to thus supply them the Bordelais speculators buy up the old and worn-out horses of the province, and drag or drive the horses into the swamps, which are subdivided by wooden compartments, so placed that when these unhappy animals have been forced into the mud there is no hope for them. The leeches fasten on them instantly by thousands: the horse is in a few moments black with crawling creatures; the blood suckers fix themselves most of all on the open wounds and galls that these poor horses have incured in their many years of service. An eye-witness describes in terms of horrible vividness the vain struggles of the animals drawn downward into the mud, bleeding at every pore, striving in frantic terror to shake off the leeches which hang on their eyes, their lips, their nostrils, all their most sensitive parts, and aghast, exhausted by loss of blood, are sucked down into the noxious slime and seen no more. He adds that all these poor martyrs are bought when they are aged, infirm, weak with overwork, with hunger and with fatigue, and in this piteous state are devoured alive by the annelides. From 18,000 to 20,000 horses are annually sacrificed in this manner at Bordeaux.

Casts from Living Forms.

I was taken by a friend, says a correspondent, to see the wonderful plaster casts of living human beings which are among the curiosities of the Russian department. How the thing is done is impossible to imagine, but there the two statues are, recumbent female figures, undoubtedly taken from living women. One lies slightly turned upon her side, her lips parted in a smile, as though she was trying to suppress a laugh. The other; who was much the finer form of the two, lies face downward, her feet crossed and her head pillowed on her folded arms, as though she had thrown herself down to sleep. The minutest details of the texture of the skin, nails, etc., are very perfectly reproduced, the "gooseflesh" wherewith the skin is covered being amusingly noticeable, and showing that the preparation used for these casts, the composition whereof is a secret, must be applied cold. Then all the little indentations in the soles of the feet and the palms of the hands, and the curve of the nails and their rimmings of skin and flesh are produced with startling accuracy. The process by which these figures are produced is still a secret, but it is certainly a wonderful and curious discovery.

Why Gold Changes Color.

It is well known that the the human body contains humors and acids, similar in action to, and having a like tendency towards, baser metals; as nitric and sulphuric acids have, namely, to tarnish or dissolve them, varying in quanity in different persons. Of this theory we have abundant proof in the effects which the wearing of jewelry produces on different persons. Thousands wear continually, without any ill effect, the cheaper class of jewerly with brass ear wires, while if others wore the same article for a few days they would be troubled with sore ears or, in other words, the acids contained in the system would so act on the brass as to produce ill results. Instances have occured in which articles of jewelry of any grade below eighteen carat have been tarnished in a few days, merely from the above named cause. True, these instances are notvery frequent; nevertheless it is as well to know them; every case is not the fault of the goods not wearing well—as it is generally called—but the result of the particular constitution by which they are worn.

Sharks Jumping at Food.

When cruising in the fore-and-aft schooner "Sunny South," on the Mosquito Coast, a few years since, the steward hung a roast of beef from one of the stern windows; and to his annoyance it was *non-est* in the morning. The weather at the time was very calm, and it was consequently supposed that some forecastle hands had got down in the rudder chains and appropriated it, although how it was to be cooked without discovery was difficult to know. However, a second piece was about being hung out, which doubtless was to be well watched, when, as the piece of line was about to be made fast, a violent pull was felt, and on the steward running out his head to find the thief, it was found to be a shark instead of a man; the fish had sprung at least three feet from the water to secure his prize. A friend of mine, while fishing with a deep sea-line, was nearly losing his hand through one of these blood-thirsty prowlers of the deep. The fish had not been biting rapidly and careless from want of success, the hand in which he held the line was outside the gunwale of the boat and close to the surface; fortunately, he happened to cast his eye at the moment overboard, and just in time, for a shark, seven or eight feet long, was close to the surface, coming straight for it. On examining the head of a shark, it will be seen that from the position of the eyes, they can well see what is taking place above them, and in all instances where I have observed them take a bait, they always got underneath before seizing, it turning on their side at the moment of laying hold. I never previously, till reading Mr. Buckland's remarks, saw it stated that a shark scented his prey; nevertheless, I have long thought so, and that their olfactory nerves are of the greatest acuteness and use in directing them to where it is found. On two occasions, once in the Southern Indian Ocean, on another, off the north coast of South America, near Los Rocas, although no sharks had been seen previously, they appeared about the ship soon after the most venturous had bathed. Again I was on board a vessel becalmed, within sight of the volcanic rocks, St. Paul's and New Amsterdam. The captain kindly lent his gig to procure some specimens of Cape pigeons, Cape hens, and albatross. A great number of birds were killed, and whether it was the scent of blood or not, I can not say, but a white shark about ten feet long joined us, and remained by us till our return to the ship. He was afterward caught by using a Cape hen for bait. On examining the head of a shark, the snout will be found to project a long way over the upper jaw, and although there are no regular nostrils defined, such as will be found in the salmon or trout, there are a great number of minute orifices, doubtless intended for smelling, and which duty I am inclined to believe they most ably perform.

A Cat's Home.

The Cat's Home, is a refuge maintained by the women's branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Philadelphia. Here an officer of the society receives all stray cats, lost cats and diseased or aged cats, both Thomases and Tabithas, whether Tibbies or Grimalkins, whose friends desire their ailments cured or ended. Not only cats are included in its beneficent provisions, but dogs and other "small deer," like parrots, canaries, rabbits—in fact, pets of any kind can partake of its hospitality. If the animal is sound and healthy it is not killed, but kept until a good home can be obtained for it. If it be of many years or incurably diseased its life is mercifully ended. Ten thousand six hundred and thirty dogs and cats received, and either provided with good homes or kindly killed, in a period of five years, is certainly a record of which the officers of this auxiliary of the women's branch of the P. S. P. C. A. may be proud. This shows the necessity of such an institution in a large city, and as the workings of the refuge become wider known, doubtless in the future the above figures will be greatly increased. Philadelphia stands alone in this work of mercy. There is no other institution of this kind in the United States. The house and lot at present occupied by the refuge was purchased by the women's branch in 1878, $7,000 being the price of the lot and house. The society has raised, by subscriptions and donations since that time, the sum of $1400, leaving a debt of $7,600, which is secured by mortgages on the building, to pay which the society will be glad to receive any contributions however small. Any person can become an annual subscriber by paying $1 per year. Recently a kind hearted young lady who is connected with a well known family of Boston, gave the sum of $60 for the purpose of building a small house for cats in the yard of the refuge, which has since been erected and is now in use.

The Celestial Kingdom.

In an interestiag article, W. F. Denning, an English member of the Royal Astronomical Society, with an eyesight almost as keen as that of Professor Burnham, of Chicago, points out several celestial objects as a test of unaided vision. One of these is, of course, the Pleiades, or seven sisters, which crosses the meridan now about 9 P. M. To ordinary vision only six stars are visible in this group. Moestlin, the preceptor of Kepler, saw fourteen. A very good eye now can detect eleven. Mr. Denning can see thirteen, and on one clear night counted fourteen, while a telescope reveals from fifty to a hundred, according to its power. Another object of some interest to naked eye observers is the middle star in the tail of the Great Bear, which has a small companion named Alcor, close to it. It was called "Saidak" by the Arabs, signifying "the Tester," for it was customary amongst them to test a man's power of sight by it. Humboldt, in his "Kosmos," says that he has seen the smaller star with great distinctness every evening on the rainless coast of Cumana, but has recognized it only rarely and uncertainly in Europe. "Observers," says Mr. Denning, however, "will find no difficulty in seeing the star, for it is a remarkably easy object, and at the present time, certainly no test of vision. It may possibly have become brighter than it formerly was, for it is now extremely plain, even in unfavorable conditions of the atmosphere. There is a third and fainter star near it which really forms a very difficult object to reach with the naked eye. The moons of Jupiter form another and a severer test for the powers of the naked eye, for though they have been undoubtedly detected without telescopes, yet they are very faint, and being immersed in the planet's rays, are almost wholly overpowered, except at the time of the greatest elongation, when two of them (the third and fourth) being occasionally in conjunction, afford a capital opportunity for testing the vision. These little moons are generally in a line with each other, though not invariably all visible, for they suffer numerous eclipses and allied phenomena. As to Jupiter himself, he is often perceptible in daylight. Bond has often seen him with the naked eye in high and clear sunshine, and Mr. Denning has observed the planet several times half an hour after sunrise. Venus is always a conspicuous object in the daytime, when her position is sufficiently distant from the sun. Mr. Denning has frequently seen this planet at noon, shining very strongly, and she has been similarly noticed by many people. In fact, there is no difficulty whatever in seeing this beautiful planet in the daytime, if the position is pretty well known and care is taken to make the observation from a place where the sun's direct rays are intercepted and cannot dazzle the eye.

Light in the House.

In a dark and gloomy house you never can see the dirt that pollutes it. Dirt accumulates upon dirt, and the mind soon learns to apologise for this condition because the gloom conceals it. Accordingly, when a house is dark and dingy, the air becomes impure, not only on account of the absence of light, but from the impurities which are accumulated. We place flowers in our windows that they may have the light. If this be the case why should we deprive ourselves of the sunshine and expect to gain health and vigor? Light, and plenty of it, is not only a purifier of things inanimate, but it absolutely stimulates our brains. It is in regard to sick-rooms that this excellent authority is particularly impressive. It used to be the habit of physicians in old times to sedulously darken the rooms, and this practice continues to some extent even to-day. In certain very acute cases of nervous diseases where light, the very least ray of it disturbs in over-exciting the visual organs, this darkening of the room may be permitted, but ordinarily to keep light out of the room is to deprive the patient of one of the vital forces. Children or old people condemned to live in darkness are pale and wan, exactly like those plants which, deprived of light, grow white. Darkness in the daytime undoubtedly makes the blood flow less strongly, and checks the beating of the heart, and these conditions are precisely such as bring constitutional suffering and disease. The suppression of the light of day actually increases those contagious maladies which feed on uncleanliness. Dr. Richardson states: "I once found by experiment that certain organic poisons, analogous to the poisons which propagate these diseases, are rendered innocuous by exposure to light." Once in England there was a tax placed on windows, but this was driven out of English legislation after a while never to be brought up again, because it was a tax on human health. This leading authority on hygiene has a great deal of fault to find with the architectural dementia of to-day. A fashion introduced in England, and which has some feeble imitations in this country, is to reproduce the styles of the Queen Anne houses. This peculiar method indulges in small panes of glass, overhanging windows, sharp, long roofs, with tiny openings. It is a relic af ancient perversity, picturesque, if you please, but perfectly at variance with the dictates of common sense. If you have big windows, which say, admit too much light, the glare of which is uncomfortable, a shade or curtain will keep out the sun; but have small windows, barely admitting the invigorating air and light, do what you please, you cannot increase either air or light. Such cramped windows interfere with the great work God gave the sun. Architectural elegance ought always to be subsidiary to the necessaries of health. In the United States, though with a climate differing materially from that of England, the laws of health are the same. Our August glare heats our houses, but still it should be admitted at times. A house darkened and kept darkened from the middle of June to the 1st of September is an unwholesome house. Its coolness may apparently be refreshing, but the air of the rooms, which stagnates, contains undoubtedly germs of disease, which are not the less dangerous because they are unappreciable. As it is, then, only the windows of the house, with panes of glass which admit the light, the precautions to keep them clean and bright are not so much measures of tidiness as absolutely hygienic necessities. As regards windows and their construction, American invention has in this respect not advanced anything like in proportion to other things. The usual window with its counterpoise weight presents unusual difficulties as to cleansing it. You can get inside of it, but the outside presents great difficulties. Save in the lower stories, it may be pretty generally asserted that of the upper windows of a house, the most important of all which give light to the sleeping rooms, the glass is rarely bright and clean. There seems to be a decided reluctance on the part of builders to put in houses either the French window, which simply works like a door, or those windows which, hung in the middle revolve on the centre. For ventilation alone, such windows have great advantages over the old styles, and they can be cleaned with perfect ease.

Representative Joys.

He occupied one-half of the car seat and filled the other with a double-covered market basket. He was an original specimen. His plug hat sat on his ears like a smoked chimney on the prongs of a lamp top; his legs were braided together and his shins were sharp enough for can-openers.

"You can't guess what I've got in the basket, 'Squire," he observed to a passenger in the seat behind him.

"No, was the reply.

"Twins, by thunder!" he exclaimed. "and I'm going to give them an airing." So saying he drew forth a black and white doll of unusual proportions and dandled them on his knees.

"I'll tell ye how it is, Captain," he continued. "Me and the old woman has been hitched up in the holy bonds of hemlock going on these forty years, and there hain't a chick or a child to be seen or heerd about the house. So I've brought home these ar twins. She can take her choice—a black 'un or a white 'un Bet ye she will take both. Why, if I took home a black snake, she would want it to set up and have some supper, and put a hot brick in the bed where the snake was going to sleep. Gosh! the old gal has got a heart in her like a red cedar. Great prize pumpkins! how she will shout when she sees them ar twins!"

And then he put them carefully back in the basket, closed the cover and beamed benignantly upon the wintry world without.

A New Weather Indicator.

The weather bureau at Washington, has invented an instrument which will show the probabilities as well as they are given by the bureau. The instrument has dials which on certain indications of wind and atmosphere will predict certain kinds of weather, the prediction being based on a thousand observations. In other words a thousand observations heretofore made showed that certain conditions of the wind and atmosphere brought about within a day or two or three days certain weather. It is intended to have one of these instruments placed in postoffices of all cities, so that every one can be his own "Old Probabilities."

We must not look around on the universe with awe, and on man with scorn.

Leap Year.

Any girl who has sat up every night until 12 o'clock since the last Leap Year with the same young man, eating 55-cent candy, has an inalienable right to pop the question. Should the same girl devote all Sunday afternoon to the same young man, and feed him liberally and frequently during this period, his refusal to take her makes him liable to be fined and incarcerated in the deepest dungeon beyond the moat. If it can be shown that any "maydu" between the ages of thirty-six and so on has for the said period of time (viz, since the last Leap Year) focused her affections on any certain particular young man, that she has diligently sought to keep and hold him by divers means known to the sex, and striven to kindle the ardent flames in his bosom, can, under the provisions of this act, drag the said hardened young man to the nearest magistrate, and give him the choice of supporting her for life as her lawful husband, or enlisting in the service of his Gracious Country. Doing service for the Country is sheer nonsense. The way to do it now is to snatch the young man by the lappel of his ulster and give him the choice of taking you or parting with his garment. In nine cases out of ten he will save his ulster and take you. As the divorce lawyers put it, this will prevent the publicity of going before a magistrate. If the young lady cannot muster courage, this antique law clothes the parent with certain powers. Any time during Leap Year she is privileged to drop in on the young man at any hour (it makes no difference whether the young man is weighing the old man's darling on his knee or glued to her side by a crimp in the arm) and say to him:

"Young fellow, biz is biz. There is my lovely daughter. Here is a lovely bill for

"Sixteen gross of candles;
"Eight cords of wood;
"Four dozen gate hinges;
"Two hundred and twenty meals;
"Three carpets;
"Six chairs;
"Seventeen dresses;
"Fourteen doctor bills;
"Loss of sleep;
"Raids on the kitchen;
"Hair oil;
"Perfumery;
"Powder;
"Paint;
"Patience—

used and consumed by you and that girl, during the courting spell. Which will you take?"

The modern degenerate young man would no doubt close solemnly his off-eye at the parent and remark:

"Biz is biz, old man—but knock off the candle charge, no light, you know, for three years. Cut down that fire bill one-third; we have been too snug to use much heat. Substitute sliding down balusters for gate hinges. And, as for chairs, that's sheer extortion; one chair for two has been the rule. But, give a fellow six or eight months to think it over and I'll let you know."

Indulgent parent, beware!
Tender-hearted female, nail him!
Do not falter.
Pop the question at once.
If he declines, fire him out.

The First Paper Maker.

Who was the first paper maker? If the reply to this query should be, as is quite likely, that some old-time inventive genius was the man, it will be incorrect. The date of the invention and the founding of paper making is not definitely known. The common wasp was, however, the inventor. The big wasp's nest, which was always kept at a safe distance, and often knocked down with a stone during the rambles of boyhood, was composed of actual paper of the most delicate and elegant kind. As spiders were spinners of gossamer webs of intricate and exquisite pattern when primitive man went about dressed in the shaggy skins of beasts, and could neither spin nor weave the beautiful and fine cloth fabrics of to-day, so little wasps, when people of the later and somewhat more advanced age had recourse to such rude and unsatisfactory substance as wood, stone and brass, the bark of trees, and the hides of animals, on which to pre-erve memoranda, were making a material of far greater excellence. They make their paper, too, by very nearly the same process employed by man at the present time. Indeed, several of our best discoveries in regard to building, architecture, and manufactures of various kinds, if they have not been derived from acute observation of the work of certain animals, including insects, have, when compared with their constructions and their manner of making them, been found to show a wonderfully close resemblance. The beaver gave men their earliest and most serviceable knowledge concerning dam-building, and to-day no workman can surpass this animal's skill and precision in the erection of such structures. Nature is a good teacher, and especially does the paper making of the wasp illustrate how valuably suggestive she may sometimes be; for, assuredly, the wasp was the first to show that it did not always require rags to manufacture paper, that vegetable fibres answered for this purpose and could be reduced to a pulp, and that to make the paper strong and tenacious, the fibers must be long. The first thing the wasps do, when about to build a nest, is to collect fibres with preference for old and dry wood fibers, about one-tenth of an inch long, and finer than a hair, and put them into bundles, which they increase as they continue on their way. These fibers they bruise into a sort of lint, and cement with a sizing of glue, after which they knead the material into paste, like papiermache, and roll up a ball; this they trample with their feet into a leaf as thin as tissue paper. The ceiling of the wasp's chamber, to the thickness of nearly two inches, is often constructed by putting one above another fifteen or sixteen layers or sheets of this prepared paper, and between these layers spaces are left, so that it seems as if a number of little shells had been laid near one another. Next they build up a terrace composed of an immense number of paper shells, until a light and elegant structure, like a honeycomb, has been constructed, and in the cells thus formed they rear their young.

What's Up?

A few days before the schools were closed by order of the School Board, at Lansing, Michigan, one of the teachers at noontime espied a small boy with a red flannel scarf around his neck. Visions of diphtheria immediately floated through her brain, and she ordered the young John Henry to pack up his books and return no more "until your throat is perfectly well." He obeyed the summons, and on his way home met three of his companions, who noticed his books and saluted him with:—"What's up?" John Henry proceeded to explain that the piece of red flannel had gained him a furlough. The three youths held a short council of war, chipped in what little spare change they could muster, went into a dry goods store, bought half a yard of red flannel, tore it in strips and placed it around their necks. In just twenty minutes from that time three more boys were ordered out of the school-room, on the ground that they were threatened with diphtheria.

A Very Old Joke.

Stopping for some time at an inn, and feasting on the fat of the land, Tyll was at length importuned by the landlord for payment, and being driven to his wits' end, he concocted a pleasant scheme for discharging his score. Far and wide he caused it to be announced that a foreigner had arrived at such a hostelry with an extraordinary animal, whose head was to be seen where his tail should be. The sightseers flocked to the tavern, and when the yard was quite full, and every one had paid his admission fee, the door of the stable was thrown open, and Eulenspiegel's horse was seen with his tail in the manger and his head where his hindquarters usually stood. The jest was taken in good part, and every one advised his neighbor to lose no time in visiting the wonderful animal. Tyll was thus enabled not only to pay his host, but to fill his own pocket. The equivoque, however belongs to all nations and times. The writer well remembers paying a penny to his father's coachman who had promised to show him a carriage horse with his head where his tail should be. He was also a witness, some years ago to a somewhat similar trick being played off at the expense of the worthy townsfolk of Bruges. A kermesse was in full swing, and at the door of a caravan, a man loudly vociferating, and at times banging a drum, invited *"messieurs et mesdames"* to walk in and behold what they had never seen before and would never see again. The charge was ten centimes and about every quarter of an hour a little stream of people issued forth, laughing heartily and bidding all their friends pay two sous for a sight that was well worth the money. The spectacle was simply this: As soon as the caravan was filled, the showman produced from his pocket a nut, which he carefully cracked with his teeth. Then, holding up the kernel, he gravely inquired if any lady or gentlemen present had ever seen it before, and, of course, was answered with a volley of "No, no, never." "In that case," he rejoined, "look at it well, for"—popping it into his mouth—"you will never see it again."

A Desperate Maniac.

A man named David Hughes, who was employed as a laborer in Youngstown, Pa., got on a spree recently and drank so heavily as to unsettle his reason. On Sunday, about dark, he went to Struther's foundry, climbed up to the top of the furnace, where he began to make a wild speech. He said that some of the men had killed his brother, and he wanted revenge. The men were anxious to go to work, but he, at the top of the furnace, bade them desist. There were around him cinder and ore and crowbars, plenty of ammunition, and from his vantage point he found it easy to carry his end. Every one who attempted to ascend narrowly escaped death, as some missiles were hurled down with violent and vindictive force. Time went on. The furnace needed attention, the fuel was burning out, and yet the maniac held his position. About midnight Marshal Evans was sent for, but hesitated to go out of his bailiwick, but, on being urged, consented. Toward 1 o'clock the next morning, he arrived upon the scene, and was at his wit's end to know what to do. The fires of the furnace were fast dying out, but in the darkness the maniac yelled and threatened, complete master of the situation. From the side of the furnace upon which the ascent must be made the Marshal took everybody away with their lights, leaving it dark below, sending all to the other side to attract the attention of the man on top. At the same time he fired a couple of shots from the side of the ascent to frighten the man from guarding the stairway. The strategy was successful, and Hughes was soon on the other side of the platform, talking to the men below. But who would make the perilous ascent. The Marshal was willing to lead the way, but did not care to go alone to encounter the maniac at that dizzy height where a slip was easy, and a slip was death. At length James Kennedy, who was there with his father, agreed to accompany the Marshal in the perilous undertaking, and together through the darkness they started up the stairway. When nearly at the top the man heard them, turned, and seized a large board. At that moment, and not a moment too soon, the Marshal sprang up the intervening stairs, avoided the blow and grappled with the maniac. The two went down on the platform together, on the very edge, but a few inches between them and certain death. Kennedy was in an instant to the assistance of the Marshal, and they were able to hold their man until the men below could reach the top. The Marshall then put the handcuffs upon him, and brought him to Youngstown, lodging him in the lockup.

Solomon's Rose Garden.

In the neighborhood of Jerusalem is a pleasant valley, which still bears the name, "Solomon's Rose Garden," and where, according to a Mohammedan myth, a compact was made between the wise man and the genii of the morning land, which was written, not in blood, like the bond besween Faust and Mephistopheles, nor in gall, like our modern treaties, but with saffron and rose water, upon the petals of white roses. In the Catholic Tyrol, in the present day, bethrothed swains are expected to carry a rose during the period of their bethrothal as a warning to young maidens of their engaged state. Roses have played and still play an important part in popular usages in other parts of the world. In Germany young girls deck their hair with white roses for their confirmation—their entrance into the world; and when, at the end of life's career, the aged grandmother departs to her eternal rest, a last gift, in the shape of a rose garland, is laid upon her bier. Julius Cæsar, it is recorded, was fain to hide his baldness at the age of thirty with the produce of the Roman rose gardens, as Anacreon hid the snows of eighty under a wreath of roses. At mid-Lent the Pope sends a golden rose to particular churches or crowned heads whom he designs especially to honor. Martin Luther wore a rose in his girdle. In these instances the rose serves as a symbol of ecclesiastical wisdom. A rose was figured on the headman's axe of the