THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

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FORTY-SIXTH YEAR, No. 26. POTTSVILLE, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 2, 1870. SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

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RIP VAN WINKLE, M. D.

AN AFTER-DINNER PRESCRIPTION.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Taken by the Massachusetts Medical Society, at their Meeting held May 25, 1870.

[At the recent annual meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Oliver Wendell Holmes read the following entertaining verses. It will be seen that Dr. Holmes does not omit his customary fling at Homœopathy; but Homœopathists will notice with pleasure his dispraise of "heroic treatment."]

CANTO FIRST.

Old Rip Van Winkle had a grandson, Rip,
Of the paternal block a genuine chip;
A lazy, sleepy, curious kind of chap;
He, like his grandsire, took a mighty nap,
Whereof the story I propose to tell
In two brief cantos, if you listen well.

The times were hard when Rip to manhood grew;
They always will be when there's work to do;
He tried at farming—found it rather slow—
And then at teaching—what he didn't know;
Then took to hanging round the tavern bars,
To frequent toddies and long-nine cigars,
Till Dame Van Winkle, out of patience, vexed
With preaching homilies, having for their text
A mop, a broomstick—aught that might avail
To point a moral or adorn a tale,
Exclaimed—"I have it! Now then, Mr. V.!
He's good for something—make him an M. D.!"

The die was cast; the youngster was content;
They packed his shirts and stockings, and he went.
How hard he studied it were vain to tell—
He drowsed through Wistar, nodded over Bell,
Slept sound with Cooper, snored aloud on Good;
Heard heaps of lectures—doubtless understood—
A constant listener, for he did not fail
To carve his name on every bench and rail.

Months grew to years; at last he counted three,
And Rip Van Winkle found himself M. D.
Illustrious title! in a gilded frame
He set the sheepskin with his Latin name,
Ripum Van Winklum, quem—we *scimus*—know
Idoneum esse—to do so and so.

He hired an office; soon its walls displayed
His new diploma and stock in trade,
A mighty arsenal to subdue disease
Of various names, whereof I mention these:
Lancets and bougies, great and little squirt,
Rhubarb and Senna, Snakeroot, Thoroughwort,
Ant. Tart., Vin. Colch., Pil. Cochiæ and Black Drop,
Tinctures of Opium, Gentian, Henbane, Hop,
Pulv. Ipecacuanhæ, which for lack
Of breath to utter men call Ipecac,
Camphor and Kino, Turpentine, Tolu,
Cubebs, "Copeevey," Vitriol—white and blue,
Fennel and Flaxseed, Slippery Elm and Squill,
And roots of Sassafras and "Sassaf'rill,"
Brandy for colics—Pinkroot, death on worms—
Valerian, calmer of hysteric squirms,
Muck, Assafœtida, the resinous gum
Named from its odor—well, it does smell some—
Jalap, that works not wisely, but too well,
Ten pounds of bark and six of Calomel.

For outward griefs he had an ample store,
Some twenty jars and gallipots, or more;
Ceratum simplex—housewives oft compile
the same at home, and call it "wax and ile;"
Unguentum Resinosum—change its name,
The "drawing salve" of many an ancient dame;
Argenti Nitras, also, "Spanish flies"
Whose virtue makes the water bladder rise—
(Some say that spread upon a toper's skin
They draw no water, only rum or gin)—
Leeches, sweet vermin! don't they charm the sick?
And sticking-plaster—how it hates to stick!
Emplastrum Ferri—ditto *Picis*, Pitch;
Washes and Powders, Brimstone for the—which
Scabies or *Psora*, is thy chosen name
Since Hahnemann's goose quill scratch'd thee into flame,
Proved thee the source of every nameless ill,
Whose soul specific is a moonshine pill,
Till saucy science, with a quiet grin,
Held up the Acarus, crawling on a pin?
—Mountains have labored and have brought forth mice,
The Dutchman's theory hatched a brood of—twice
I've well nigh said them—words unfitting quite
For these fair precincts and for ears polite.

The surest foot may chance at last to slip,
And so at length it proved with Doctor Rip.
One full-sized bottle stood upon the shelf
Which held the medicine that he took himself;
Whate'er the reason, it must be confessed
He filled that bottle oftener than the rest;
What drug it held I don't presume to know—
The gilded label said "Elixir Pro."

One day the doctor found the bottle full,
And, being thirsty, took a vigorous pull,
Put back the "elixir" where 'twas always found,
And had old Dobbin saddled and brought round.
—You know those old-time rhubarb-colored nags
That carried doctors and their saddle-bags;
Sagacious beasts! they stopped at every place
Where blinds were shut—knew every patient's case—
Looked up and thought—the baby's in a fit—
That won't last long—he'll soon be through with it!
But shook their heads before the knockered door
Where some old lady told the story o'er
Whose endless stream of tribulation flows
For gastric griefs and peristaltic woes.

What Jack o'lantern led him from his way,
And where it led him it were hard to say;
Enough, that wandering many a mile
Through paths the mountain sheep trod single file,
O'ercome by feelings such as patients know
Who dose too freely with "Elixir Pro.,"
He tumbl—dismounted, slightly in a heap,
And lay, promiscuous, lapped in balmy sleep.

Night followed night, and day succeeded day,
But snoring still the slumbering Doctor lay.
Poor Dobbin, starving, thought upon his stall,
And struggled homeward, saddle-bags and all;
The village people hunted all around,
But Rip was missing—never could be found.
"Drownded," they guessed; for more than half a year
The pouts and eels did taste uncommon queer;
Some said of apple-brandy—other some
Found a strong flavor of New England rum.

—Why can't a fellow hear the fine things said
About a fellow when a fellow's dead?
The best of doctors—so the press declared—
A public blessing while his life was spared,
True to his country, bounteous to the poor,
In all things temperate, sober, just and pure;
The best of husbands! echoed Mrs. Van,
And set her cap to catch another man.

—So ends this Canto—if it's *quantum suff.*
We'll just stop here and say we've had enough,
And leave poor Rip to sleep for thirty years;
I grind the organ if you lend your ears
To hear my second Canto, after that
We'll send around the monkey with the hat.

CANTO SECOND.

So thirty years had past—but not a word
In all that time of Rip was ever heard;
The world wagged on—it never does go back—
The widow Van was now the widow Mac—
France was an Empire—Andrew J. was dead,
And Abraham L. was reigning in his stead.
Four murderous years had passed in savage strife,
Yet still the rebel held his bloody knife.
—At last one morning—who forgets the day
When the black cloud of war dissolved away?
The joyous tidings spread o'er land and sea,
Rebellion done for! Grant has captured Lee!
Up every flagstaff sprang the Stars and Stripes—
Out rushed the Extras, wild with mammoth types,
Down went the laborer's hod, the schoolboy's book—
"Hooraw!" he cried—"the rebel army's took!"
Ah! what a time! the folks all mad with joy;
Each fond, pale mother thinking of her boy;
Old gray-haired fathers meeting—Have you heard?
And then a choke—and not another word;
Sisters all smiling—maidens, not less dear;
In trembling poise between a smile and tear;
Poor Bridget thinking how she'll stuff the plums
In that big cake for Johnny when he comes;
Cripples afoot—rheumatics on the jump,
Old girls so loving they could hug the pump,
Guns going bang! from every fort and ship—
They banged so loud at last they wakened Rip.
I spare the picture, how a man appears
Who's been asleep a score or two of years;
You all have seen it to perfection done.
By Joe Van Wink—I mean Rip Jefferson.
Well, so it was—old Rip at last came back,
Claimed his old wife—the present widow Mac—
Had his old sign regilded, and began
To practice physic on the same old plan.

Some weeks went by—it was not long to wait—
And "please to call" grew frequent on the slate.
He had, in fact, an ancient mildewed air,
A long gray beard, a plenteous lack of hair—
The musty look that always recommends
Your good old doctor to his ailing friends.
Talk of your science! after all is said,
There's nothing like a bare and shiny head,
Age lends the graces that are sure to please—
Folks want their doctors mouldy, like their cheese.

So Rip began to look at people's tongues
And thump their briskets (called it "sound their lungs,")
Brushed up his knowledge smartly as he could,
Read in old Cullen and in Doctor Good,
The town was healthy; for a month or two
He gave the sexton little work to do.

About the time when dogday heats begin,
Measles and mumps and mulligrubs set in;
With autumn evenings dysentery came,
And dusky typhoid lit his smouldering flame;
The blacksmith ailed—the carpenter was down,
And half the children sickened in the town.
The sexton's face grew shorter than before—
The sexton's wife a brand new bonnet wore—
Things looked quite serious—Earth has got a grip
On old and young, in spite of Doctor Rip.

And now the Squire was taken with a chill—
Wife gave "hot drops"—at night an Indian pill;
Next morning, feverish—bedtime getting worse,
Out of his head—began to rave and curse;
The Doctor sent for—double quick he came:
Ant. Tart. gran. duo, and repeat the same
If no et cetera. Third day—nothing new;
Percussed his thorax—set him coughing, too—
Lung-fever threatening—something of the sort—
Out with the lancet—let him blood—a quart—
Ten leeches next—then blisters to his side;
Ten grains of calomel—just then he died.

The Deacon next required the Doctor's care—
Took cold by sitting in a draught of air—
Pains in the back, but what the matter is
Not quite so clear—wife calls it "rheumatiz."
Rubs back with flannel—gives him something hot—
"Ah!" says the Deacon, "that goes *nigh* the spot."
Next day a rigor—"run, my little man,
And say the Deacon sends for Doctor Van."
The Doctor came—percussion, as before,
Thumping and banging till his ribs were sore—
"Right side up the flattest"—then more vigorous raps.
Fever—that's certain—pleurisy, perhaps,
A quart of blood will ease the pain, no doubt.
Ten leeches next will help to suck it out.
Then clap a blister on the painful part—
But first two grains of *Antimonium Tart.*
Last, with a dose of cleansing calomel
Unload the portal system—that sounds well!

But when the self-same remedies were tried,
As all the village knew, the Squire had died;
The neighbors—"this will never do,
He's killed the Squire—he'll kill the Deacon, too."
—Now, when a doctor's patients are perplexed,
A *consultation* comes in order next—
You know what that is? In a certain place
Meet certain doctors to discuss a case
And other matters, such as weather, crops;
Potatoes, pumpkins, lager beer and hops.

For what's the use?—there's little to be said,
Nine times in ten your man's as good as dead—
At best a talk (the secret to disclose)
Where three men guess and sometimes one man knows.

The counsel summoned came without delay—
Young Doctor Green and shrewd old Doctor Gray—
They heard the story—"Bleed!" says Doctor Green,
"That's downright murder! cut his throat, you mean!
Leeches! the reptiles! Why for pity's sake,
Not try an adder or a rattlesnake?
[illegible]

A MOUNTAIN RAILWAY IN HUNGARY.

AT A MOMENT when the construction of cheap railways has received a new impulse through the Fairlie system, your readers may be interested in hearing of a new invention in this direction by a Hungarian gentleman, Mr. Lopresti, which was tested a few days ago and with complete success.

There has been, indeed, for the last two years a trial line, after this system, in use on the property of Archduke Albrecht, near Teschen, in Silesia; but, being only about 2,030 yards in length, it gave no measure of the applicability of the system on a larger scale.

In the northeastern part of Hungary the Crown has the extensive domain of Diriggoi, occupying a great portion of the slopes and valleys of the Pike mountain chain, one of the three detached ranges of mountains in the heart of Hungary. The chief wealth of this domain consists of the fine oak and beech woods, which have been, however, hitherto so badly managed that they not only yielded no revenue, but scarcely paid their cost. Since the Hungarian Ministry was constituted, Mr. Lonyay, the Minister of Finance, has directed his special attention to these Crown domains. One of his creations on this field is the extension of the primitive iron-works of Diriggoi into a large establishment for the manufacture of refined iron.—Partly to supply fuel for this, and partly to facilitate the transport of the wood into the neighboring country of the Theiss, a line of about five English miles in length has been constructed on one of the mountain valleys to the top of the ridge. The tracks were so wretched and steep, and the line so much curved, that it was quite impossible to bring down the wood by ordinary means without enormous expense. So on this point the new system has been tried.

The line requires no permanent way at all. Square beams of oak 8 inches high and 14 inches broad are laid on the ground, and only at rare intervals, where the great unevenness of the ground absolutely requires it, cross sleepers are laid under it. Each of these longitudinal beams has a length of 18 feet; on the two edges of the beams are the rails, which are only 2 inches broad, and so thin that they weigh but 1 pound per foot. These beams and rails may be taken up at any moment, and the railway thus relaid whenever it is required. The trucks run on two pairs of wheels 8 inches in diameter; the bodies of the trucks are about three times the width of the rails, and are placed so low on the wheels that they have just room to pass over them. This, in itself, bringing the weight down so near the line, is a great guaranty against any accidents arising from the narrowness of the gauge and the severity of the curves. Besides this, there is a double brake on each truck, the ordinary brake, and then, before and behind, and a couple of side wheels running outside the gauge, which may be pressed against the sides. All these precautions are taken to insure against any overturning, for on parts of the line about half of the truck is hanging over precipices, and running at the rate of some 20 to 30 miles an hour down-hill.

The top of the mountain ridge is some 700 feet above the level of the valley, where the works are; for about one-third of the distance of five English miles the gradient is but slight—1 or 2 in 100; but further there are gradients of not less than 1 in 16, and that for considerable distances. Even bolder are the curves. The line winds along the sides of hills so small that there are curves of a radius of 12 yards, and those of a radius of 20 to 22 yards follow each other in quick succession. The trucks are taken up empty by horses, and when filled are allowed to come down at their own impetus. The arrangement of the weight and the system of breaks is so perfect that the train may be stopped when on a gradient of 1 in 7, and going at the rate of 20 to 30 miles an hour, within six to eight yards. The five miles cost £2,000, and after the experience now gained the work may be done for about £200 per mile.

As you may gather from the foregoing description the object of the line in the present instance is traffic one way. And already in this respect it is invaluable in a country like Hungary, which possesses great mineral wealth and forests of inestimable value, which will become accessible at a small cost by these means, whereas otherwise they would be either altogether lost or at least imperfectly got at.

According to the calculations made since the line was opened, the square measure of wood, the transport of which cost from 4 to 5 florins, and at times could not even be transported for that sum, can now be sent down for less than one-half, and in this the sinking fund for the money invested is included. As soon as the woods along the line are cut down the line will be taken up and relaid elsewhere.

But the invention is but half complete, for the inventor has designed a locomotive for his line, which will dispense with the application of horse-power, and will give the invention its full value. He has not had the means of constructing his locomotive, but now a company is to be formed, which will carry out on a large scale what answers so well on a small one. Incomplete as the system is up to the present moment, it is already of great value to Hungary. There are miles and miles of mountain forests which decay for want of means of transport, and which may be utilized by this system.—The direction of the state domains has already decided to apply the system to several other domains, and others will no doubt follow. But the utility of this new system is not confined to mountain districts. There are those immense Hungarian alluvial plains, where for miles and miles not a trace of stone is found, and where an ordinary road in some cases costs as much as an ordinary railway, and is then not of much use in autumn and spring. So desperate is the case that in some instances people have been driven to adopt the so-called clinker, or paved brick road.—The laying down of lines on the Lopresti system would almost amount to the same sum as for the transport of the road metal for the regular road.—*London Times.*

PANSIES.—We had often heard about the difficulty of raising pansies, owing to the hot sun of July and August, and other drawbacks of a similar nature. At length, however, we fell in with the confident declaration of a horticultural writer that it was easier to raise pansies than cabbages, accompanied with brief directions how to do it.—These we determined to follow last Spring. Buying a package of mixed German seed, we sowed the seed about the 15th of April in a warm corner of the garden. In June the plants were transplanted into two well prepared beds on the shady side of trees—though this shade in one case, owing to the villainous canker worms, did not amount to much. The flowers soon began to appear—certain varieties like bronze and coppery colors coming out first and they kept up their blooming in complete disregard of the hot sun of mid-summer. They could hardly be picked fast enough to keep them within bounds. Their beauty was a constant surprise, while the faces of many, rejoicing in the illuminated cat or Scotch terrier type were comical enough. One bed was spaded up late in the Fall. A final bouquet—as was supposed—was taken from the other on the first of December, and a light covering of leaves was thrown over the bed. During the Winter open flowers were found from time to time; but upon that we lay no great stress for the last was a pansy Winter. The leaves were raked off early in April, and the pansies resumed blooming about the middle of the month (having been well pinched in,) and are now one mass of flowers. They have required very little care, and a tuft rather seems to enjoy transplanting whenever you take a notion. On the whole, it is the household verdict that no flower investment has paid so well as the fifteen cents laid out for pansy seed.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Monthly Part of "Every Saturday makes the most splendid magazine that comes from American publishers. That for June is just issued, a magnificent volume of sixty-four large pages, filled with the choicest illustrations and the best selections of reading matter, including Dickens's new novel.—Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL MAGAZINE.—The July number of this beautiful juvenile comes to us greatly enlarged and improved, as well as finely illustrated. The wonderful growth of this young Napoleon of the juveniles has been as surprising as it is interesting. Its circulation has shot far ahead of that of any of its competitors. Its matter is entirely original and of a very high order. The freshness and vivacity of its pages cause the eyes of all our young people to starkle. In its new, improved form it is one of the handsomest, as it is the cheapest, magazine we have ever seen. Childlike but not childish, it rejoices the hearts of both parents and children alike. This number begins a new volume; now is a great time to subscribe. One dollar a year; sample copy, 12 cents. Published by Sewell & Miller, Chicago, Ill.

THE NURSERY FOR JULY.—This beautiful monthly for youngest readers, begins its Eighth volume with another of the admirable pictures, drawn expressly for its pages by Oscar Pletsch. Among the numerous pictures that follow it will be found three by Adrien Marie; an amusing sketch by A. Francon, a French artist new to American readers; three designs by Miss Humphrey; one by Frank F. Menill, a promising Boston artist, and a humorous sketch by Flinzer, which it is impossible to look at without laughing. While there is pictorially a rich table of contents, the reading matter will be found to do full justice to the pictures. We know of no publication that could supply the place of the Nursery in a family where there are little folks to amuse and instruct, and the delight we have seen pictured in little eyes and faces as each month brings a new number, is worth vastly more than the year's subscription.—Published by Jno. L. Shorey, Boston, Mass., at $1 50 per year.

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co.'s juvenile magazine comes so full of good things each month that to particularize is difficult. "Our Young Folks" for July is especially bright and interesting. Mrs. Whitney's story, "We Girls," is continued; J. T. Trowbridge has a poem about Farmer John which is made the subject of the frontispiece; Parton tells the story of Juan Fernandez, the adventurous Don who inaugurated the slave trade; there is a story of a wasp that built her nest in a spool of cotton; of "The Babes in the Wood," who were two kittens; and of Robbie Malcolm, who lived in a light-house. There are several pleasant poems, the commencement of a series of drawing lessons by C. A. Barry, more "Prize Essays" from young contributors, and any number of charades and puzzles.—The pictures in this number are capital. Nothing could be prettier than the two kittens asleep in the woods, and "Little Bessie" is a jewel.

LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS, BY DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.—With Papers, Recollections, Anecdotes and Letters, by "Boz," never before collected. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, have in press, for immediate publication, the Life of Charles Dickens. It will contain, beside a full history of his Life, his Uncollected Pieces, in Prose and Verse: Recollections and Anecdotes, as well as Letters never before published; and will trace the entire career of the great Novelist from the time of his birth and first connection with journalism as a reporter, to its unexpected and lamented termination on the 9th of June, 1870. By Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. It will also contain a new engraved likeness of Charles Dickens, taken from a photograph for which he sat a few days prior to his death. The whole will be issued in a large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth, uniform with "Petersons'" various editions of "The Complete Works of Charles Dickens." Price $1 50. Agents wanted everywhere to engage in its sale. Advance copies will be sent to any one, post paid, on receipt of price.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The Atlantic is the earliest comer for the month of July, and it cannot fail to be a welcome one for the good things which it contains. A change in one minor detail of publication—though a small one—we regard as a great improvement. This custom has been growing among our magazines for some time, and it is so sensible and satisfactory that it should become universal.—The Atlantic has at last accepted the situation, and in the July number appends to each paper the name of the author. They make a goodly show, and it is certainly not because of any shamefacedness for its list of contributors that it has not been followed before. There are few magazines that can command such a force of wit and talent, or array in every month such a phalanx of literary strength. The promised poem of Mr. Longfellow opens the number. One of the most noticeable prose pieces in this number is Mr. Wharton's "Criminal Law at Home and Abroad," which is a comparison, critical and thorough, of the systems of Prussia, France and our own country. Mr. Hamerton's papers are not what can be called popular in their style. The essay of most practical interest is that of Burt G. Wilder on the relations of the sexes. He treats the subject from analogy of the animal kindom, and does it in a most thorough and pleasantly scientific manner. Another essay, of a more directly speculative character is that of Col. Higginson, to which he gives the fanciful title of "A shadow." It is a graceful and pleasant paper. Mr. Shaler gives a very interesting sketch of "An Ex-Southerner in South Carolina," in which the relations of the two races and the political and social prospects of the blacks since the war are intelligently discussed. The stories in this number are capital. Miss Phelps gives an experience in female preaching in "New Vealshire;" Bayard Taylor continues his serial; Mrs. Stowe sets Sam Lawson telling another story which she calls "The Widow's Bandbox;" and Mr. Howells has a marvellously funny account of "A Day's Pleasure," in which a party vainly seek some of our neighboring seaside resorts. "The Swallow" is a very neat and pretty poem, by Celia Thaxter, and "The Tour of Europe for $181 in Currency" is a charmingly told tale of vagabondage by Ralph Keeler. The reviews are good, as always, and close the number most acceptably. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

CONCERNING NIBBLERS.—There are certain offences against good manners and even a decent morality, which yet hardly come within the purview of ordinary censorship or the practical administration of the law. They originate in an utter disregard of the amenities of life, or a wanton and selfish indulgence in appropriation of the property of others within such limits as are deemed safe. Among these violations of propriety and the rights of property is one which, in each particular instance, insignificant, is still in the aggregate a great annoyance, and the cause of no slight loss to a certain class of retail dealers. Almost every dealer in groceries is painfully aware of the cost to him in the course of the year of the *Nibblers*. They are not usually regular customers where trade might well excuse an occasional taking of a choice delicacy without payment, but some casual purchaser who, buying perhaps an article of small value, yielding a very trifling profit, will take a handful of prunes, a few crackers, or dates, enough, and more than enough, to take off all the profit of the purchase he makes. The shopkeeper feels reluctant to speak of what seems, and is in itself, a trifle; but when he multiplies the single loss by the hundreds who do the same thing, he finds that it is a very ruinous item in his yearly expenses. If the people who are guilty of this impertinence would stop to think, they would admit that their wrong is precisely as distinct and actual as though they were to reach into the till and take a five-cent piece or a ten cent scrip. They would be horrified should it be insinuated that they would do this—but they do what is to the dealer exactly equivalent.

That this is an evil of a magnitude little dreamed of by the community at large, including those who indulge in it, would appear very evident were we to cite instances which have come to our knowledge, and which have called forth from our correspondents indignant protests. Indeed it is declared that notices intimating a caution not to "convey" small articles are of no avail, but that a ruinous inroad upon the profits of the retailers is made by this too common custom. Suppose the case reversed; and that a customer having made a purchase amounting to twenty cents, and having handed a twenty-five cent scrip to the storekeeper, the latter should coolly put it into his drawer and offer in return no change? And suppose that he should make a practice of doing it; how long would he retain either his trade or the reputation of an honest man? It should be remembered that the profits of the retail grocery trade are not exorbitant, and that in these times it requires the utmost prudence to make in it a comfortable living. In the great majority of cases, no doubt, this habit is the result of sheer thoughtfulness—but thoughtfulness may be a sin; but in other instances it is pure meanness, the purpose to obtain a luxury, small though it may be, without paying therefor. The grocer may not be to blame, if he attributes to mere carelessness, a gross and a disgraceful motive. Those who in this regard avoid even the appearance of evil will be certain not to be misjudged; and it is our privilege, as well as our duty, to give the world, including the grocers, reason to think as well of us as we deserve. It is the little faults which are so much detested—and talked about.—*Providence Journal.*

In countries which abound in hot springs much change is due to the influence which they exert. Rocks are affected by their heat, and the chemical substance which they contain, and are dissolved into mud, and the transformation from a ledge of rock to a bed of soil requires little time.