

AN ESSAY ON CORNS.

IT CONTAINS THE EXPERIENCE OF AN INQUIRING SUFFERER.

The Reply of a Chiropodist Started an Investigation—Those Who Walk Suffer Most From Corns—How Sidewalks Exercise an Important Influence.

"What makes corns?" "If people would not walk, they would not have corns," replied the chiropodist emphatically.

The reply was satisfactory as far as it went, but it didn't go far enough, and therefore the sufferer, not being able to rid himself of the pain by riding always, walked and pondered.

He began to notice, when he walked in one direction on one side of a street, that one foot was affected and when he walked in the opposite direction that the other foot was affected. The distress was in the foot that was toward the curb. He could not walk ahead while and then walk backward to relieve the pain, because he thought that he might be looked upon as a crank and that such behavior in a public street would be absurd anyway. Then he examined his shoes and observed that the most of the wear was on the outer edges of the soles and heels and that the upper leather had begun to bulge slightly over the worn parts of the soles. When he put his shoes on again, he observed that the leather where it bulged pressed on the painful area of each little toe.

With the results of the observations in mind, the sufferer proceeded, step by step, somewhat painfully at times, to ascertain the cause of the effect on his shoes. He would not acknowledge that he might be bowlegged and unable to wear evenly the soles of his shoes, and nobody who met him could observe any unusual deflection from the ordinary lines of legs. He trod carefully, and, without making himself conspicuous, tried to walk on a level, so that the pressure would be equal on the whole surface of each sole. His toeing was moderate—neither too much outward nor too much inward—and at times he succeeded in walking as his mind directed, but usually the distress that he winced from indicated that something was wrong somewhere. The foot on the curb side of the walk was generally distressed more than the other. The fit of his shoes was fair, and for awhile the suffering investigator could not determine the reasons for the tendency to bulge on the sides. He defied any one to prove that the bottled waters that he drank could have an effect on his system that would tend to make him edge toward the gutter. Such an idea ought not to be thought of.

Going somewhat deeper into the subject, beneath the shoes and the painful areas, the investigator gave some attention to the surfaces on which he walked, and stowed away in his memory the characteristics of localities in which he believed he had experienced that were painful, more painful, and most painful, or almost painless. He noticed, for instance, when he walked across an asphalt pavement from one sidewalk to another in certain localities, that his tread was even and that he had little pain. The experience suggested that he could generally have relief by walking on asphalt pavement, but he remembered the arrest of an eccentric pedestrian who insisted on having the privilege of walking in the middle of the street and decided that he would not risk himself in that direction, notwithstanding the relief that might be obtained. He noticed also that the distress was less in some localities than in others and that all sidewalks were not alike. He tried to confine his walks to the localities in which he felt the least distress, but he had to go such a roundabout way to arrive at any particular place, especially his place of business, that the plan had to be abandoned. Besides, he never trod a perfect route—a route that throughout its length had a surface that could be paced without pain. At one point or another the patient investigator felt twinges that were almost unbearable.

Lining up the subject on the best plane he could find, he devoted his attention to the spot or block where he had the most severe twinges. That sent him to the sidewalk, describing the action figuratively. He did not drop on his knees, although he had the impulse to do that and to howl also, but he stopped at the curb and thought awhile. He inferred that his sufferings were greater in that particular block because some peculiarity or influence presented itself there. At first the tentacles of thought grasped nothing definitely, but as the pain departed from the affected spot, the powers of vision took hold and the result was a revelation.

As in many great discoveries and revolutions, the cause of the effect was very simple—the sidewalk had been graded on the house line and to the curb for good drainage, and as the incline was a few inches more there than in many places it was natural that any one walking there should tend slightly toward the curb. The friction of the soles of the shoes on the sidewalk being greater than the friction of the feet on the inner soles of the shoes, the weight of the body caused the feet to slide sideways on the shoes. The effects on the feet were different, and the painful effect in one foot and then the other depended on the direction in which the sufferer walked. When the right foot was toward the curb, its small toe was wedged against the leather and tortured, while the left foot by maintaining a level, the worn edge of the left shoe being about equal to the degree of the incline, had very light pressure on either side. Guided by the revelation, the sufferer trod carefully thereafter and kept out of slanting sidewalks as frequently as possible, but in time he was compelled to acknowledge that the periods of relief from pain were far apart, because the rule is that sidewalks should be toward the gutter, and the rule is loved generally, and he realized that the chiropodist's reply was accurate.—New York Times.

JUDGE AND SENATOR.

Judge Willard Martin Gives His Powerful Indorsement to Dr. Greene's Nervura.

The Eminent Judge, Senator and Director of Barr National Bank, Says He Has Used Dr. Greene's Nervura in His Family With Great Benefit.



The world wants to be convinced. What people want is proof that a medicine will cure; then they will use it gladly.

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"I have used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy in my family

and have found good results from its use. Especially in cases of sleeplessness and nervousness has it been of benefit to some of my family.

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Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy should not be classed with ordinary patent medicine. It has physician's prescription, analyzed and recommended by the most eminent doctors of our land. Discoverer, Dr. Greene, of 25 West 14th St., New York City, is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, and can be consulted in all cases free of charge, personally or by letter.

The Latest Slave Auction.

It is necessary to record another public sale of slaves in this country. Such has again been the scene selected for this nefarious traffic. It must be remembered that it is not an inland town, but one of the most prosperous business places on the coast, over which float the flags of all the principal European nations. The late sultan, although he admitted his inability to suppress the trade in the interior, promised her majesty's minister, the late Sir John Hay, that it should be prohibited in the coast towns, where, at least, it was hoped that these degrading spectacles so offensive to the eyes of Europeans would no longer be witnessed. This time the sale comprised not only young women and girls, but persons of both sexes and all ages. The first lot to be offered was a couple of burly negroes, but they found no favor with the buyers and were soon withdrawn. A young woman was subsequently sold for \$76. A rather older woman, carrying a child in her arms, was next brought forward. A bid of \$58 was made for the mother and infant. After this an elderly woman was hawked round, but only reached \$27, and as the latter price did not suit the owner he removed his human stock to the interior, where he hopes to find a better market. Before departing he promised to return shortly with goods that would meet with more approbation. The local press comments in no measured terms on this disgrace to civilization.—Tangier Dispatch.

On the top of the parish church tower in Bioknoller, Somersetshire, is a yew tree now five feet high and still growing in a hardy fashion. It is generally believed that the tree owes its origin to a seed dropped by

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Skirt Dancer Annoyed Her. A small object upon the scarf of a young man in the Sixth avenue car happened to attract the eye of a sympathetic and nearsighted old lady sitting opposite. The small object seemed at the first glance to be a gaudy beetle impaled upon a pin and kicking frantically to release himself.

The old lady arose from her seat with the evident intention of berating the youth, whom she supposed, like the late Bill Nye's dog, was a collector of insects, for his cruelty. Her indignation turned to horror, however, when she discovered that the beetle was in reality a tiny silver skirt dancer kicking her diminutive foot into the air in a most lifelike manner.

The skirt dancer is a novelty in the way of scarfpins. One of her legs is a trifle more rigid than it really ought to be, but the other is active enough for both.

There is a pneumatic arrangement within the figure which is connected by means of a concealed rubber tube with a smaller rubber ball carried in the pocket of the wearer. Like Loie Fuller, you have to reach into your pocket to see her dance.

It is only necessary to apply a little pressure to the bulb in the pocket and the skirt dancer's pedal extremity describes arcs in the air with precision enough to destroy a tile at every kick. You press the bulb, she "does a turn." The chief advantage of the small silver Loie over the other kind lies in the fact that she is perfectly obedient to the stage manager's wishes, and all her kicking is confined to her own line of business.—New York Herald.

THE GAME OF CRAPS.

It Originated In New Orleans Over a Century Ago.

If there is one game to which the Savannah negro is devoted above all others, it is craps. City or country, it is all alike.

On Sundays the country negroes gather in little groups in the shade of the trees, out of sight of the "big house," and play all day long or until the wages which they received on Saturday night are gone. In the cities they gather on the wharves, in the corners of warehouses or any favorable spot out of sight of the "cop" and play for any amount they may possess, from coppers to dollars.

The Savannah bootblacks and newsboys, like those of any other city, gamble away their earnings, and many a game is carried on in the lanes, the players often becoming so interested that they lose all thought of the policeman until that worthy appears in their midst and nabs a couple of the players. White boys play the game, too, but negroes of all ages and sizes "shoot" craps. There is only one other game which equals craps in fascination for them, and that is policy, and, as policy is more liable to be interfered with by the police, craps has all the advantage.

There are fascinations about the game peculiarly African. It is not without its intricacies. The ordinary "come seven, come eleven" plan of the game is simple enough, but there is a crowd around the players, there may be a half dozen interested in the game and a dozen side bets. How they manage to keep the run of the game is a mystery to the ordinary observer, but they do so with unerring accuracy. Fights over crap games are rare.

The expressions common to the game are amusing. "New dress for de baby," exclaims one. "See my gal Sunday night," exclaims another. "De little number two," says one, as that unlucky number shows up. "I eight you," says another, meaning that he bets that number will not turn up again before the "lucky seven." And so it goes.

The city council of New Orleans has just passed a law making the game of craps illegal. It does not matter where it is played, whether in the streets, in the club or at home, craps is specially singled out as the most depraved of gambling games, not to be tolerated anywhere. The game, according to a writer in Harper's, is of New Orleans origin and over 100 years old. Bernard de Marigny, who entertained Louis Philippe when he came to Louisiana, and who stood, 70 years ago, as the head of the creole colony of the state as its wealthiest and most prominent citizen—he was entitled to call himself marquis in French—was the inventor, or father, of "craps" and brought it in high favor as the fashionable gambling of the day. When he laid off his plantation, just below the then city of New Orleans—it is now the Third district, but was then the Faubourg Marigny—and divided it up into lots, he named one of the principal streets "Craps" and explained that he did so because he had lost the money he received from the lots on that street in this favorite game of his. It remained Craps street until a few years ago, when a protest was raised against such a disreputable name for a very quiet and respectable street especially given to churches. "The Craps Street Methodist church" sounded particularly bad. After Bernard Marigny's death craps as a gambling game descended in the social scale and was finally monopolized mainly by negroes and street gamins.—Savannah News.

A Scientific Opinion. "Science," says a distinguished scholar, "must be candid, even at the expense of the essential probability of its own deductions." What this somewhat learned sentence means may be gathered from an instance of scientific candor.

A gentleman had bought a decorated vase which had been represented as an antique. After it had come into his possession he submitted it to an archeologist to obtain his judgment as to its authenticity. The archeologist examined it with great care and made the following report: "The painting of this vase bears every evidence of being very ancient, whereas the vase itself is undoubtedly modern."—Youth's Companion.

Generally Disagreeable. Winks—What sort of a man is Binks, anyway?

Jinks—Oh, he's one of those men who, if they should happen to read that Charles Dickens was born on Friday, the 2d day of February, 1824, would take great delight in showing that Feb. 2, 1824, fell on Tuesday, and that the biographer, in consequence, was wrong.—Somerville Journal.

An X Ray Burn. It is reported in The British Medical Journal that those working with the X rays are likely to suffer from a variety of skin affections, said to be similar to the results of sunburn.



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