

The Philadelphia Medical Journal estimates that typhoid fever costs that city \$1,500,000 a year, reckoning a death at only \$2000 and the loss of time at \$1 a day.

An English school board is worrying over the frequent marriages among the women who teach. A question has arisen as to whether in advertising for teachers the probability of marriage should be offered as an inducement or good looks should be described as a disqualification.

The eclipse which has come over Byron's fame is strikingly illustrated by the report that of the \$20,000 needed for the proposed monument at Aberdeen only \$2000 has been subscribed, and that it is probable that the project will be abandoned. In all Great Britain there is no adequate monument to the poet, who in the opinion of his contemporaries was the greatest English bard since Shakespeare.

The gradual decline in the building of sailing vessels is being severely felt in the once flourishing cotton duck industry of New England, observes The Manufacturer. Some years ago there was a large demand for this material in the manufacture of sail cloth, but the consumption in this direction has fallen off so materially of late years that some of the largest manufacturers of cotton duck are now running only 20 per cent. of their spindles.

German anxiety about trade relations with this country finds small cause of alarm in the latest returns, which show that Germany has the trade balance in her favor. Our imports from that country during the last six months have increased 125 per cent. over those of the corresponding six months of the previous year, while our exports to Germany during the same time have only increased 10 per cent. Probably it is the German look ahead that causes apprehension. It is feared, and with good reason, that our imports of German sugar will be displaced by the product of Cuba and Porto Rico. That is the American opinion, too.

America has now so developed her iron and steel industries that she must find fresh outlets for her products. Such outlets she is finding, as we believe with profit, in foreign markets for certain products. For other products, however, she will need to create a new shipbuilding industry of her own; and what has been done or is being done in that connection we must reserve for future examination. No thoughtful man, acquainted with the American character, who considers the situation, can fail to perceive that the greatest competition to be faced by British industry and enterprise in the future is that of American shipbuilding. It may be deferred a few years, but it is bound to come.

There is one thing that will prevent Great Britain from going backward, even though her foreign trade may decline. She is increasing rapidly in wealth and population, and thus home demand for British products is expanding. This is a fact often overlooked in discussing the need of Great Britain for new markets. She is able to lose foreign trade without impairment of national prosperity. This is the case with every growing and progressive nation. There are markets to be cultivated at home as well as abroad. New wants are constantly arising demanding to be gratified. This is as true of the United States as of the United Kingdom. There is little danger, however, that home markets in either case will be neglected, and as long as this is so conquest of markets will only add to national wealth and strength.

Another step towards the abolition of liquor in the military and naval service of the nation has just been taken by the navy department. The canteen system that has existed in the army, by which beer was sold under the oversight of the military authorities, has never obtained a strong foothold in the navy; but there have been several vessels aboard which such sale was permitted, and there are now two such. An order has been issued by Secretary Long announcing that, after mature deliberation, the department has decided that it is for the best interest of the service that the sale or issue to enlisted men of malt or other alcoholic liquors on board ships of the navy, or within the limits of naval stations be prohibited; and forbidding commanding officers and commandants from hereafter allowing any such liquor to be sold to or issued to enlisted men, either on board ship or within the limits of navy yards, naval stations or marine barracks, except in the medical department.

Sting me a sweet, low song of night  
Before the moon is risen,  
A song that tells of the star's delight  
Escaped from day's bright prison.  
A song that croons with the cricket's voice  
That sleeps with the shadowed trees,  
A song that shall bid my heart rejoice  
At its tender mysteries!

### A SONG.

And then when the song is ended, love,  
Bend down your head unto me,  
Whisper the word that was born above  
Ere the moon had swayed the sea.  
Ere the oldest star began to shine,  
Or the farthest sun to burn,  
The oldest of words, O heart of mine,  
Yet newest, and sweet to learn!

—Hildegarda Hawthorne, in Harper's Magazine.

## THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

By Charles S. Hathaway.

My diploma (dated 1878) four years old, and from one of the best medical colleges in the land, had maintained its prominent position on the wall of my little country office for nearly three years, and as I sat musing before the great box stove and its roaring wood fire one wintry day, mentally covering a fair countryside drive, I concluded that those three years had been reasonably prosperous.

As I dreamed along in this fashion my office door was opened with a rush, and Darin Robison plunged before me, very scant of breath, with the news that his little boy was critically ill of croup and that Dr. Squiers, who had been attending him, had recommended that I be called to "put a tube or something in the child's throat."

"Certainly, Mr. Robison," I replied; "I will be there within half an hour," at which with a "Thank you, doctor," Darin bounced out of the office, and the next instant he was running across the street to the general store—a combination of postoffice, drug store and all kinds of merchandise.

Within five minutes I was ready with my instruments and medicine case, and a minute or two later the stable boy brought my horse and cutter over from the country tavern, where I boarded, and I was off. The two-mile drive over good sleighing with a fresh horse was a short one, so that within 20 minutes I was at the side of the suffering child with the grief-stricken parents and good old Dr. Squiers, very dignified but interested, watching my movements with the closest scrutiny.

I found the boy, about four years old, suffering from acute membranous laryngitis. He was creeping about over the bed, pursing his lips, opening his mouth, gasping and reaching out with his hands, as if to pull the air down to his little lungs; his face was blue, the chest was flattened and depressed between the ribs and above the clavicles, and the pitch and character of his very difficult breathing indicated the presence of membranous obstruction in the larynx and glottis.

Dr. Squiers administered the chloroform, and I performed the operation of tracheotomy, inserting a tube. The breathing of the child improved so suddenly and so well that the shock caused the father, who had watched the operation, to fall in a fainting condition, thus adding to the terror of the mother and wife, who was waiting in an adjoining room. Dr. Squiers promptly attended to this side incident, however, and in a short time the respirations of the child were easy and regular, the natural color had returned to its face, and he had taken a small portion of food. Meanwhile the father and mother had acquired a condition of self-control and happiness, so that when I started home it was in the midst of one of those dense and wholly beautiful halos of gratitude and adulation which come so frequently to all practitioners of medicine and which go a long way toward wiping out the fatigue and disappointments so common to the profession.

These details told today, in the light of new instruments, new methods and new operations, sound commonplace, but 20 years ago they were unusual and dramatic, and besides, at the time of which I speak, Darin Robison was a county supervisor and was the supervisor whose vote defeated my desire to serve the county. Moreover, he had shown an unaccountable antipathy toward myself ever since I had located in the county.

Robison was raised a farmer and had a district school education, but he was of an observing, investigating turn of mind, and, being industrious, frugal and correct as to his habits, he was recognized as a valuable citizen who was well informed, interested in current affairs and sincere in his devotion to the prosperity of his township. Among other things he had made a special study of the tramp problem and by extensive reading upon philosophical subjects, and the causes which are supposed to lead to mendacity and itinerancy, had views quite in advance of those held by his neighbors.

However, he was appreciative and grateful, as were his wife and boy, over the service I had performed, so that while I enjoyed hearing the words of praise, sometimes quite fulsome, I did occasionally grow weary over the same details of the same story and the same commendations which I was certain to hear each time I met him or any member of his family.

Therefore when I learned, about a year later, that the Robisons were going to move to the northern part of Wisconsin to engage in the lumber business, I felt some regret and some satisfaction in that while I might be losing a local friend, my reputation would be carried into the outer world possibly to my own advantage. They had been gone a year or more when I received a letter telling me as to the good health of the family, that Robison

was making money and urging me, when I took a vacation, to pay them a visit. I made proper acknowledgment of the receipt of the letter and forgot the matter until a year later I received another letter of similar import, adding that the deer hunting in their vicinity was fine. Again I was obliged to decline the invitation with thanks. Then, for a couple of years, I heard nothing further until one day I received a telegram summoning me to a small lumber town but a few miles from Robison's mill to perform an operation.

That evening I took the train, and on the following afternoon I reached the place, performed the operation and was asking the proprietor of the hotel where I was stopping as to a midnight train I might take on my way home, when I was very much astonished to see my old friend Robison enter the hotel. He was cordial to enthusiasm, told me how hearing of my coming, he had driven into town especially to get me and take me to his home for a visit, told what a fine lad his boy had grown to be and all about the prosperity and happiness of himself and wife. He would not be put off, so that finally I agreed to go, and we retired for the night.

The following morning I visited my patient to find him doing nicely and returned to the hotel just as my friend drove up to the office dock with a fine dark bay horse hitched to an open buggy. As I put my foot on the step to climb to my seat I noticed, under the seat partly covered by robes, two or three large stones netted with ropes like the stone anchors improvised sometimes by fishermen. These anchors did not excite especial curiosity at the time, but, as we drove along, my friend very exuberant and talkative, those anchors would flash into my mind every little while so that between listening to my companion and musing as to the stones I had little else to do.

I was surprised at Robison's volubility at first, and then I was puzzled by the variety of topics he discussed and the unusual energy and excitement he showed as he talked. He was still interested in the tramp question and said he was about to solve it by erecting two large treadmills which he was going to turn in opposite directions by tramp power. The shafts of these treadmills were joined together at an angle so that they would press against each other, the ends of the shafts when they came together being protected by plates of iron and a universal joint. The friction resulting from the opposite movement of the two treadmills and the plates of iron would generate heat sufficient to boil water and produce steam with which to warm his mill, run his electric lights and grind wood into pulp for paper making purposes.

Then I was certain I was driving with a madman, and the curiously covered stones under the seat recurred to my mind. At this point Robison turned his horse from the main road into a little wood road, remarking as he did so that he wanted to leave the highway and take a look at some shingle timber which he had skidded on the bank of a lake nearby, preparatory to floating it over to his mill. I was not frightened because physically I felt far superior to my madman. Reaching a point quite a distance from the main road, my friend stopped his horse, and as he jumped from the buggy I observed that while his face was covered with a strange pallor his eyes were weirdly bright, while a nervous twitching kept his lips in a restless state. Surely the climax was at hand, but what was it?

Jumping from the buggy I saw, over a slight eminence a very pretty little lake, and on the bank in the foreground was a small boat—a scow made of rough pine boards. I remarked the presence of the boat and asked what it was for.

"It is for you to ride in if you wish," he answered in a quivering, shrill voice at which I stepped more closely to him. Then he said, as he stepped upon a log, "let's get up on the logs; we'll get a better view." As he did this I saw, in the hand farthest from me, the handle of a revolver, and with a powerful spring I leaped up at him, seized the hand holding the pistol and speaking with all the calmness I could command said: "My dear Robison, you do not want to shoot me; it would be the mistake of your life to commit such a crime."

Instantly his eyes filled with tears, he released his hold upon the weapon and answered: "Doctor, I did intend to shoot you; I have wanted to do it for years, but I am very thankful I have been prevented. As soon as I heard you were coming up this way I resolved to kill you and end my sufferings." "Sufferings?" I exclaimed in amazement. "Yes. They have been dreadful for years," he answered. "Shortly after we moved up here and when my boy became old enough to talk in a mature, reasonable way, he would engage his mother in conversation about his illness, about the operation, about your skill and about my opposition to you when you desired the county appointment. It was their chief recreation,

the one topic in which they seemed to find perfect happiness, and at least it became almost unbearable. Why, I have had that boy and his mother tell me over and over again that they loved you better than they loved me."

"And you have brooded over this delusion," I said, "until at last you enticed me to this spot to shoot me, to fasten the stone anchors in your buggy to my body, take me out into this lake and put me out of sight forever."

With a face instantly lighted by a sort of fiendish glee and yet in a voice decidedly normal and commonplace he confessed that I had made a perfect forecast of his designs. I continued the ordinary demeanor, talked moderately and gently and at once realized I was master of the situation. The result was we re-entered the buggy, drove to his home and received a most cordial welcome. There was not, so far as Robison was concerned, the slightest evidence of the dreadful tragedy he had planned, and I fancy there was no sign given by myself. In fact, save upon the single topic—and I had that well under control—my friend was not only wholly sane, but he was exceptionally intelligent and interesting. I met the foreman of his mill and his chief machinist, I walked through the mill and about the entire premises with Robison and his wife and child as my companions, learning all the details large and small of their prosperity and comfort; but during the entire time I think I saw and noted every article my friend touched and every time he put his hand into his pocket. I did not propose to be caught napping. We had a superb dinner, the wife seeming to outdo herself and her resources in the result, and when we—Robison and myself—entered the buggy for the return trip to the town on the railway, I was fully determined to notify the local physician with whom I was acquainted as to the weak spot in my friend's condition.

During the ride I kept my hand on Robison's revolver—I still have it in my possession—and by great good fortune so retained my control upon his understanding that the ride was without incident. At the hotel I parted with him in the most friendly way possible. After he had started home I ascertained that the physician I desired to consult was away on his drive, and so, resolving to write to him a complete history of the case as soon I reached home, I boarded the car.

For one reason and another it was nearly two weeks before I got my letter off to the Wisconsin physician, and the day after it left my hands I read the following in the general news column of a Chicago paper: "Darin Robison, a wealthy mill owner and one of the most enterprising, public-spirited citizens in the state, committed suicide on the 19th inst. by shooting himself through the head in his mill at ——. Temporary insanity is believed to have been the cause."—Detroit Free Press.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The windows of Persian houses, as a rule, are not visible from the street. A resident of a Minnesota town died recently of obesity. He weighed, at his death, 438 pounds.

The most wonderful vegetable in the world is the truffe; it has neither roots, stem, leaves, flowers nor seeds. Scientists say that the orange was formerly a berry, and that it has been developed for over seven thousand years.

Certain music prevents the hair from falling, according to one scientist, while other kinds have a disastrous effect.

In China, which has long been known as "the land of opposites," the dials of clocks are made to turn round, while the hands stand still.

Pekin is a city of dust, like most Chinese towns. Nevertheless, the only stores that have glass windows are those of the watchmakers.

Glass would be a better and more lasting material than stone for making monuments which are exposed to the wearing action of the weather.

### Wanted, Heavier Revolvers.

After the capture of Snakin it was alleged in the House of Commons that the lances served out were totally unfit for use, bending directly they were put to the trial. And now, as the result of the experience of the recent campaign, the Mauser revolver is being severely criticised. Officers declare that in many cases the revolver was absolutely useless, and rather than lean on a broken reed they preferred to discard the pistol altogether, for it is a serious affair to discover that you have been relying upon a weapon which is useless for its purpose. The same verdict comes from the northwest frontier of India. What seems to be wanted is an effective "man-stopping" revolver which will stand the test of a campaign. It is suggested that too much has been sacrificed for the sake of lightness. Of course, weight is an important consideration, but officers would not mind a little heavier pistol provided it was additionally reliable.—Naval and Military Record.

### Twenty Lashes or Six Hair.

A singular theft was tried by Mr. Beal, first-class magistrate, recently. Superstitious Burmans roll out the hairs of an elephant's tail for talismans, making rings out of them and other charms. One Nge Tun Liu went into an elephant's shed at Ahloee and pulled six hairs out of a bill elephant's tail, secreting them in his umbrella. The mahout challenged him, and he promptly shook the hairs out of the umbrella. They fell on some straw, were picked up and put forward in evidence of theft. The man was convicted and sentenced to receive 20 lashes.—Times & Herald.

## FARM TOPICS

**Double Seeding of Clover.**  
The earliest seeding of clover generally grows the largest size by the time the grain around it is cut. But sometimes it starts too early and is nipped by frost just when its leaves start and it has very little root. At this time, as the clover-leaf is very tender, the young plant is easily killed. We know farmers who divide their seeding, sowing some early in March, and delaying the latest seeding until April. In this way they claim a more even seeding of all the ground is secured than if all were sown at once. The second seeding is always sown crosswise of the first.

**Early Lambs For Market.**  
The first thing I do to start with is to feed the ewes grain at least a month previous to the dropping of the lambs. This, I think, makes the ewe and the lamb both stronger. As soon as the lamb is dropped, I put both ewe and lamb into a separate apartment, where it is not too cold and there are no drafts. I feed them a warm mash made by scalding some corn meal and wheat bran, a little more bran than usual, for about a month, and all the hay and corn fodder the ewes will eat. As soon as the lambs get old enough to eat meal, which time may be shortened by offering them a little dry meal while the ewes are eating, I have a place arranged where the lambs can get out and get to a trough. I then feed them all the corn meal and bran they will eat in the same proportion as that fed to the ewes and give them water twice a day. I like to have the lambs come from the first to the middle of February, as I think I can do better with early lambs than with later ones, as I have more time to take care of them than when spring opens and they go out to the pasture. If they are kept dry the cold weather does not hurt them. By this method of treatment I usually make the lambs weigh fifty to sixty pounds by Easter. They are then eight to ten weeks old.—S. J. Conner, in New England Homestead.

**Canning Fruit With Honey.**  
E. D. Howell, in the Bee Journal, gives a recipe for canning fruit with honey, which is what we have been wanting to find for some time, and we reprint it here. "We have used it two seasons and like it. We put the fruit into a tight-covered kettle in the oven of the stove, and cook until tender, then add the honey, and bring to a boil on top of the stove, and put in cans, and seal while boiling hot. Juicy fruit, like peaches, pears and berries, need no water added, as the honey makes enough syrup. Dry fruit, like quinces and apples, need a little water to cook them tender.

"We use the best white clover honey for peaches and fruit that is not very sour, one-fourth pound of honey to a pound of fruit is about right for us; but the best plan is to sweeten to taste. I think the fruit keeps better than that canned in sugar. "I had for my breakfast this morning peaches canned in September, 1897. They were as good as the day they were put in the jars, and we think them much better than fruit put up with sugar. We have put up in honey, apples, blackberries, peaches and quinces. All keep well and are very fine. We drain the liquid out of the honey that granulates coarse, and use the dry sugared honey for making candy, and in various ways for cooking, etc.

"Don't cook the honey in with the fruit. The less you boil the honey the more of the honey flavor the fruit will have."

**Home-Made Cheese For Farmers.**  
A great deal of the complaint of overproduction of dairy products would be obviated if more farmers made a practice each year of using enough milk for cheese to have a supply always on the family table. There is no better, cheaper or more healthful nutrition than can be found in cheese. It contains all the strength-giving nutrition for which meat is often eaten, and even when bought at retail, the cheese gives this much more cheaply than meat could do. Almost everybody likes cheese, and if more farmers made and used it, they would avoid the necessity of eating an excess of meat, as many now do, in hot weather.

**Poultry Notes.**  
Are the combs of the fowls red? They ought to be. There are drawbacks to the poultry business, and so there are to every other business. It will not pay to inbreed. Make a saving somewhere else rather than adopt this practice. The hired man, as a rule, is not a good hand to attend to poultry, though there are exceptions. The sooner you are rid of the old stock except those intended for next season's breeders, the better. The practical man experiences no trouble in finding practical qualities in any breed. The practical qualities are more often wanting in the breeder than in the breed. If fowls are being prepared for market sweet corn is par excellence, and old corn is fed when in the milk or dough is not much behind. Break the ears into pieces and let them pick it off. We have not said enough about lice yet. If the growing chicks are infested you are feeding the lice one-half as much as the fowls. It is the one most serious drawback to realizing double market price on grain fed to the growing flocks.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.  
I, L. A. CROFT, County Clerk, do hereby certify that FRANK J. CHERRY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHERRY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHERRY, sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 25th day of December, 1900. L. A. CROFT, County Clerk. Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHERRY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Hartford Courant has arrived at the conclusion that in this country there is no West at all. "The people that take the trains at the Jersey City station of the Pennsylvania road," it says, "are very much angered when they hear the announcer shout: 'Express for Pittsburgh and the Far West!' They don't like it. The people of Chicago point to Wisconsin as being the West. The inhabitants of Wisconsin scorn to consider themselves Westerners, and say that the only real Westerners in the United States are the people of California, Oregon and Washington. When you go and ask those people if they are Westerners they look at you with surprise and tell you that they live on the Pacific Slope."

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 25 trial bottles and testimonials free. DR. H. B. KLINE, 1631 N. 9th St., Phila., Pa.

A shark's egg is one of the oddest looking things imaginable. It is provided with shell; but the contents are protected by a thick, leathery covering almost as elastic as India rubber. The average size is 2 inches by 2 1/2 inches, and the color is almost pure black.

**No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.**  
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. B. L. Druggist.

At Birkin, near Ferrybridge, England, the other day a plow came into contact with a stone coffin covered with a stone lid, and containing human bones. The coffin is 7 feet 6 inches long, 3 feet wide and the sides 4 inches to 5 inches thick. It weighs nearly two tons.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**  
Take Lavative Broom Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Plants protect themselves by terrifying attitudes. Just as do insects. One of the uses of the movements of the sensitive plant is to frighten animals. A venturesome browsing creature coming near is afraid to touch a plant which so evidently is occupied by spirits.

**A Sudden Turn.**  
By a sudden turn we may give a twist and bring on lumbago. By a prompt use of St. Jacobs Oil the twist lets go and the muscle becomes straight and strong.

A New York lawyer charged a counsel fee of \$250 and a bondman fee of \$50 to defend a boy who was held for the larceny of 90 cents' worth of groceries.

**Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.**  
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Several weeks ago John Coffield, a bachelor of Perkins, Okla., started for Joplin, Mo., with a big load of peanuts to sell to farmers in that State. Near Carthage, he stopped at a house, where he met Mrs. Margaret Frye, a widow, with seven children. It was a case of love at first sight. He proposed and they were married next day, all returning to Perkins in his wagon.

**"Love and a Cough Cannot be Hid."**  
It is this fact that makes the lover and his sweetheart happy, and sends the sufferer from a cough to his doctor. But there are hidden ills lurking in impure blood. "The liver is wrong," it is thought, "or the kidneys." Did it ever occur to you that the trouble is in your blood?

Purify this river of life with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then illness will be banished, and strong, vigorous health will result. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best known, best endorsed and most natural of all blood purifiers.

**Cataract.**—I suffered from childhood with cataract. Was entirely deaf in one ear. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me and restored my hearing." Mrs. W. STOKES, Middletown, Conn.

**Sore Eyes.**—"Humor in the blood made my husband's eyes sore, so that we feared blindness, until Hood's Sarsaparilla made her well." E. B. GIBSON, Healdsburg, N. H.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints**  
Hood's Pills cure liver ills; non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**PIMPLES**  
"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRED WATKINS, 5708 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

**CANDY CATHARTIC**  
Cascarets  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED  
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. **CURE CONSTIPATION.** ... Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, San Francisco.

**NO-TO-BAC** Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to cure all tobacco habits.

**BICYCLE** AGENTS wanted in every town. Write for circulars and terms. ... Sample sent FREE. ...

**DROPSY** NEW DISCOVERY; gives relief in 10 minutes. ...

**RHEUMATISM CURED**—Sample bottle, 4 days' relief. ...