

### FIRST MAN TO TAKE ETHER.

It Was Administered to Him by Dr. Morton in 1846.

Some interesting facts regarding the first patient under ether are told by Dr. Samuel A. Green in his *Groton Historical Series*.

The subject was Ebenezer Hopkins Frost, a native of Groton, now dead, who is well remembered by many persons in Boston. He was a son of Solomon and Dorcas (Hopkins) Frost and was born on Dec. 7, 1834. He became noted as a singer and teacher of vocal music, and was a member of the Handel and Haydn society of Boston.

Dr. Morton first tried on himself the experiment of inhaling ether, and in describing the effect it produced he said: "Delighted with the success of this experiment, I immediately announced the result to the persons employed in my establishment, and invited immediately for some one upon whom I could make a further trial. Toward evening a man residing in Boston came in suffering great pain and wishing to have a tooth extracted. He was afraid of the operation, and asked if he could be mesmerized. I told him I had something better, and suggesting my handkerchief gave it to him to inhale. It was dark and Dr. Hayden held the lamp while I extracted a firmly rooted tusk tooth.

"There was not such alteration in the pulse and no relaxation of the muscles. He recovered in a minute, and knew nothing of what had been done to him. He remained for some time talking about the experiment. This was on the 30th of September, 1846. I considered it to be the first demonstration of this new fact in science. I have heard of no one who can prove an earlier demonstration. If any one can do so, I yield to him the point of priority of time."

Immediately after the operation Frost gave a certificate certifying the statements and signed himself as then living at 43 Prince street, Boston. Nearly 30 years afterward he died at Fitchburg, on Sept. 7, 1865.

### THEY BOTH GOT MAD.

A Huntsman's Visit to a Peep-hole and His Experiences There.

He was a typical mountaineer from his brogan shoes to his wool hat, and he had walked to a neighboring town to visit relatives. It was his first visit away from his home. The second day after he arrived he went in the peep-hole to get a letter from his girl. He was sure it would be there, as she had tearfully told him she would write him while he was away.

"Air that any mail for me?" he inquired of the postmaster.

"What's your name?" was the inquiry.

"Londer."

"I say, what's your name?" asked the postmaster in a little more positive manner.

"Londer."

"I say, what's your name?" yelled the postmaster, sticking his head through the window into the face of the young man.

"Why, dad drat your ugly time, I've told yer three times my name was Londer," yelled the mountaineer. "T. J. Londer, and if yer didn't belong to their government I'd crawl over that and pick yer ears. Soon as a man gets or gov-ment job round here he begins to put on airs, and I'm not one to put up with it."

The postmaster fished out a letter from a rusty hole and gave it to him, although he was mad himself.—Washington Star.

**St. Patrick and the Snake.**

There is an old legend to the effect that St. Patrick banished all reptiles from Ireland by beating a drum, but no one, probably, seriously believes the story. According to the myth, he took his drum out for the purpose mentioned and commenced pounding it so vigorously that he knocked a hole in the ground, thus seriously endangering the success of the miracle. While pondering what to do St. Patrick was assailed by the appearance of an angel, who immediately set to work to mend the broken musical instrument. After the hole had been mended the angel vanished, and St. Patrick continued the work of serpent banishing, being successful in ridding the island of every representative of the snake tribe except one old stayer who had never lived so long that his trunk protruded from his mouth like horns. This monster refused to leave the "land of his fathers," and the good saint resolved to practice a little piece of strategy. He removed the patch which the angel had put on the drum-head and then persuaded the serpent to creep into the drum for the night. When the reptile had done as requested, St. Patrick glued down the magic patch and then threw drum, serpent and all into the sea. A snake-bowler off the west coast of Ireland is called St. Patrick's drum.—St. Louis Republic.

**A Conscientious Grass.**

In "The Hutchinson Family" Mr. John W. Hutchinson tells the story of the Rev. Humphrey Moore, years ago minister at Milford, N. H. "On one occasion he was asked to officiate at a Masonic celebration where a prayer was considered germane to the proceedings. All his denomination were opposed to the mystic order, and at first he hesitated, but finally complied, and the appointed time and place made his appearance and offered the following prayer: 'O Lord, we pray for we know not what. If it is good, bless it; if it is bad, curse it. World without end, Amen!'

**A Leprosy Hospital.**

Outside the walls of Jerusalem is a leprosy hospital, tended by descendants from the German religious houses. Year after year these heretic women, without pretensions, without any trumpeting of their work, almost unknown to the world, have waited upon leprosy. One of them is literally dying by leprosy. Their courage has only come to light by the chance copies of travelers.

### A QUEER EPITAPH.

In Memory of Two Boys Who Thought They Are Strangers.

Flintaway is one of the oldest towns in New Jersey. It was founded in 1666 and was intended to be the capital of the colony, but it did not grow, while its rivals, New Brunswick, Rahway and Elizabeth, became thriving villages. At present there is little to interest the casual visitor to the sleepy village, but that little is good of its kind.

There is old Mr. Mundy, the village wheelwright, who at 80 is still a fine shot with gun or rifle. Twenty-five years ago he accompanied a New York merchant on a hunting trip to the far west, and since then not a year has passed without their taking a hunting trip to the west or south. Old as these cronies are, they cannot make up their minds to leave their hunting. Then there is the old elder mill whose ramshackle appearance betrays the purity and strength of the applejack resting in its dark cellar. Finally, there is the cemetery of the old Episcopal church, the first home of worship erected in the place. In response to inquiries the other day the sexton, who holds also the offices of gravedigger and roadmaster said:

"Well, there might be some interesting gravestones there, and then again there mightn't. They don't interest me. There is one old brown stone which has fallen down and is out of place. I wanted to throw it away, but the minister wouldn't let me. That might be interesting to you."

"Is there any inscription on it?"

"No, there isn't. It is just covered with words from top to bottom—no poetry, no nothing—just words."

The sexton was found mostly, although partly overgrown with moss and myrtle. After much cleaning the following inscription was made out:

Spectators, under  
Here in this tomb  
Lie boys  
The elder was full  
Ten years old, the younger was twelve  
Told, by saying  
Mustrooms for  
For their care, in day  
Time they were  
Were, A. K. Hard Hooper  
and Charles Hooper,  
Drowned.

The meaning of "the younger was twice told" is somewhat obscure, but it is supposed that he was but five years old.

An inscription upon the tombstone of James Thompson, who died in 1769, was once very popular with the curious people in New Jersey. Three others in the graveyard are similar to it:

Remember, friend, as you pass by,  
As you are now so once was I.  
In health and strength, though here I lie,  
As I am now so you will be.  
Prepare for death and follow me.  
—New York Sun.

### JAWS AS WEAPONS.

Chief Means of Defense Among All Old World Apes.

Among all old world apes the teeth are the chief weapons for defense against natural foes and for combat for mates or tribal supremacy. The canines are in most cases enormously developed, inasmuch that ill informed naturalists have suggested that a near relationship must exist between the primates and the carnivora. As a matter of fact, these formidable teeth have nothing to do with alimentation, but are as purely weapons of war as the bayonet and the maxim gun. In practically every emergency demanding unusual energy, obstinacy and courage they come into play.

In every conflict with the world, the flesh and the devil—as such things are understood in phibothoid society—the temporal and material muscles are the chief arbiters of war. To become a great and powerful anthropoid it is absolutely and brutally necessary to have a large and strong jaw, to give firm attachment to the teeth and good leverage to the muscles. That for an immense epoch our prehuman ancestors achieved success in life in like manner is as clear as the print of "Maga" to those who have learned to read nature's handwriting.

Since those days of true Arcadian simplicity our life has become bewilderingly complex, and our methods for settling social difficulties have changed generally for the better. But here, as in so many other instances, the habits of a past age have left an indelible impression on the nervous system.—Blackwood's Magazine.

**Mountains.**

There used to be held, in accordance with Kurchikov's well known geological views, the general theory that mountains were mainly due to cracks which took place in the surface of the earth in remote periods, but this idea is no longer entertained by scientific men. As to the forms of mountains, that which is known as table mountains finds the best example, curiously enough, at the cape of Good Hope, a mountain, it is believed, due not to any action or phenomenon of upheaval, but to the sinking of the surrounding districts or territory. Why these peculiarly defined areas did not sink was owing, it is thought, to the probable fact that the ground under them cooled before the rest of the section, and thus the table mountains had the earlier foundation and has long retained its place. There would always be denudation, however, though proportionate with its surroundings, and therefore, owing to this fact of being higher at the start, it still keeps to its approximate elevation.

**No Thanks.**

A Bath physician has been having hard work to get one of his patients, a small boy, to take the medicine that he has prescribed. One day he offered the little fellow a cent if he would take it. The offer was accepted, the medicine taken, and the physician handed him the money. "Aren't you going to thank the doctor?" asked the mother. "No, I'm not. I don't thank people for paying me what I earn!" was the reply.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

### CONSULTING THE CLOCK.

Familiar Faces That Are Seldom Overlooked by New Yorkers.

One of the popular habits of the people of New York city is to consult the clock almost on every occasion when an opportunity is presented. It matters little whether any special need requires that consultation, for the clock will light itself to be consulted. Especially is this the case if a particular clock has the reputation of being a good timekeeper. So well is this known by many storekeepers that they will place clocks in their stores so situated as to be easily seen by persons who may be passing along the adjacent sidewalk. If the clock has a good reputation, and the pedestrian is fortunate enough to carry a watch, a comparison is almost sure to be made.

Many times a clock with a good reputation placed in the back part of a store becomes a protection thereof, especially at night, if near it is located a light strong enough to illuminate its face and show the time. A policeman told a reporter the other day that a good clock thus situated is better than a private watchman for a jewelry store, as every belated passerby is likely to look through the store to see what time it is, and would be almost certain to notice any thing unusual in the appearance of the place. It therefore becomes indirectly a silent watchman guarding the premises against the depredations of burglars and makes the pedestrians, as it were, assistants in the work.

Church clocks have always had a large number of patrons in the work of consultation, and nothing seems to be so annoying as to find such a clock inactive. When an event of this character occurs, especially if the church is located on or near a busy thoroughfare, the fact of the clock being stopped, or that some defect appears to exist, is often made the subject of a notice in the daily papers. Especially was this the case when the steeple of old St. Paul's was recently undergoing renovation, and it was a joy to many on noticing that the newly gilded hands of the clock were again traveling along their accustomed circuit and the deep toned bell was ready to strike the hour once more.—New York Mail and Express.

### THE MAGIC RING.

A Boy's First Circus and His Impressions of Coralie the Peacock.

A third of unseen boots first set us a-quiver; there a crash of cymbals, a revolution. From beneath our feet, whirling past 'twixt earth and sky, now erect, now radiant, now crouched to the flowing mane, swung and tossed, and molded by the maddening dance, music of the hand. The mighty whip of the count in the frock coat made time with pistol shots; his warty, whooping clear above the music, fired the blood with a passion for splendid deeds, as Coralie, laughing exultantly, crashed through the paper hoops. We gripped the red cloth in front of us, and our souls sped round and round with Coralie, leaping with her, prancing with her, swung by her, whirling with her. It was not only the ravishment of her delicious face, nor her cream colored horse of fairy breed, long tailed, red footed—an enchanted prince surely; if ever there was one—it was her more than mortal beauty—displayed, too, under conditions never vouchsafed to us before—the play of her mellancholy eyes.

What princess had arms so dazzlingly white, or feet so delicately clothed in such pink and spangles? Hitherto we had known the outward woman as but a drab thing, bourgeois shaped, nearly legless, lunched here, constricted there, slow of movement and given to depressing, in every action of hers, and I kind of knocked the wind out of me. I knew I had tumbled into a sink hole. They are never very deep or dangerous, and I wasn't afraid of being fatally hurt, but it took the sand out of me right quick, and I went down through the weeds and stuff, not knowing just how quick he would give it up and get away. I was so much time to think, and when I hit bottom I had still less, for instead of lighting on the ground or stones or thickets, I hit on something alive. It was a wild animal of some kind. I didn't know what, and I was scared till my hair began to feel funny on my head.

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**A Great Brandy Drinker.**

I have seen the statement that no man could drink half a gallon of brandy a day for more than a very short time, and I kind of knocked the wind out of me. I knew I had tumbled into a sink hole, and I wasn't afraid of being fatally hurt, but it took the sand out of me right quick, and I went down through the weeds and stuff, not knowing just how quick he would give it up and get away. I was so much time to think, and when I hit bottom I had still less, for instead of lighting on the ground or stones or thickets, I hit on something alive. It was a wild animal of some kind. I didn't know what, and I was scared till my hair began to feel funny on my head.

**School Improvement.**

In the Federated Clubs of Illinois the women are working earnestly to improve the public schools of the state. With this aim they take up different phases of school work, in the first place visiting the schools not as critics but as learners, so as to co-operate with school-teachers in securing improvements that are needed. Certain members study the hygienic conditions of the schools; others make it their duty to watch all school legislation and to learn something of the value of the best new methods of education.

When using medicine droppers, the ordinary glass tube with a rubber bulb fitted on, it is well to remember that 60 drops make one teaspoonful.

Salt is a good barometer. When it damp, rain is probable.

### TWO IN A SINK HOLE.

A KENTUCKY PRINTER NARRATES A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

While Following the Call of His Faithful Dog He Met With a Mishap—Is a Dark Hole With a Fierce Wild Beast—The Escape and Recognition.

Pretty much everybody in the crowd fabled except a printer who dog or dog he met with a mishap—Is a Dark Hole With a Fierce Wild Beast—The Escape and Recognition.

"I never hunted anything but board-ing houses over in Brooklyn," he said, with a wan and dodging kind of air, as if people threw things at him whenever he tried to tell a story.

"But before you came here is what we want to know about," put in several, "and you've either got to tell a story or pay for the drinks every time anybody else tells one."

He moved about uneasily and pushed his chair back from the table, drawing it close up again immediately and finally resting his hands clasped on the board in front of him.

"Well, gents," he said with the wan and dodging look still in his eyes, "let me tell a minute. Before I came here I lived in Chicago, where I was hunted instead of hunting. Before that I was in New Orleans, where I only hunted a job. Before that I was in St. Paul, where I was hunting a warm place all the time. Before that I lived in Boston, where it was too frigid to hunt, and before that, quite a long time before that, I lived in old Kentucky, and gents, I did hunt there. Nothing but a cat, a mink, or a fox, a possum, or a little as a squirrel or only a dove in the dusty road, but it was finer than anything on earth."

"It was only a boy, and perhaps that had something to do with it, but I didn't know any different then, like I do now, and it was just the finest on earth and no mistake. And his was face lighted up as if he were looking through the open gates of paradise. 'I recollect I had a dog that was considerable of a hunting dog, but he was an unrelenting kind of a dog, and when he treed anything he would go a lot of barking at first, but if somebody didn't come quick he would give it up and get away. I was so much time to think, and when I hit bottom I had still less, for instead of lighting on the ground or stones or thickets, I hit on something alive. It was a wild animal of some kind. I didn't know what, and I was scared till my hair began to feel funny on my head.

**Something About Partridges.**

Among the habits of the partridge one is that when a covey is roosting on the ground, with their tails bunched together in a circle, the bunch is surrounded by a line of watchful heads, like sentinels on duty. Another is that they run the instant the ground is trodden after a "flush," the dog often trailing them in rabbit hunting fashion. Their sense of smell is evidently very acute, for during the nesting season, if the eggs, which number from 10 to 20, are disturbed in any way or a hand ever inserted in the nest, it will be immediately deserted and a new one built. A short time previous to the nesting the males are often involved in desperate combats for the choice of mates, who stand by and quietly watch the encounter, seeming not to care which one becomes the victor. The incubation is performed entirely by the female, the male, when not feeding, often being perched on some slight elevation, on the nesting her by his mellow toned call of "bobwhite." Two and sometimes three broods of young are reared during a season, the nesting beginning as early as May 1. Later in the fall the broods of young occasionally join forces, but whether from a want of company or for protection is not known.

When feeding, the birds are sometimes scattered several yards apart, but at the first sign of danger an alarm is given, and they immediately "bunch," with their heads placed close together, as if in consultation. The first shot into a covey will often cause them to break and fly in all directions, and if not disturbed again for several minutes "scatter" will be based on every side. These are made to collect the remaining birds, who again bunch. Many of the market gunners seem to have no qualms of conscience and very often kill without hesitation an entire covey, when at least one or two pairs of birds should be left for breeders.—Baltimore Sun.

**Question of Adipose.**

A criminal lawyer of long experience at the bar was heard to say the other day:

"I have made juries in murder cases an especial study. There are a large number of men, larger than most people suppose, who have scruples about finding death as a punishment for a murderer. I used to make it my business to study jurymen's faces and see if I could read by the lines whether or not they had scruples about the death sentence. I gave this up, though, as being beyond my power of comprehension. Later continued study of the jury box led me to a discovery. That was that in nine cases out of ten a jury composed mostly of tall, lean men would, when the evidence was sufficient, never have the slightest hesitation about fixing extreme sentence. On the other hand, a jury where short, fat men predominated in number would occupy twice as much time in finding its verdict, and when brought to it would generally be a term of imprisonment for the murderer."—Louisville Commercial.

**For Escapes.**

The following cure may be tried in cases of severe carache when ordinary remedies have failed: Get a small quantity of dried arnica flowers and put them into two small bags. Put half a pint of whisky into a small sacupon on the stove, and when it is heated dip one of the bags into it and apply to the seat of the sufferer. As soon as one bag begins to cool and the steam stops coming from it change it for the other bag which is heating in the whisky.

**Parition Fugate.**

Paris is threatened with a renaissance of paganism. Several well known feature, poets and artists have banded themselves into a society for the eradication of heathen deities. This romantic revival has already caught the public fancy, and converts are announced every day.

### HEROISM IN MINES.

Instances Where Brave Men Have Risked Their Lives to Save Others.

Never was there a mining disaster of any magnitude without several instances of individual gallantry in saving boys alone, says a writer in *Chorus*. As a colliery manager said the other day, "There may be a score of cases of that kind after a single accident and nobody be any the wiser."

"A boy told me once," he proceeded, "that after an explosion one of the men who was with him brought him along a considerable distance in the workings. At last they met the afterdamp. The lad was so terrified, so anxious to get out, that he wanted to rush through and make his way to the shaft. If he had gone on, he certainly would have dropped, but the man would not let him. He stopped him by force, and though the lad bit and fought like a little demon he stuck to him and held him near to the ground, so that they could breathe. How do you think he calmed the boy at last? Simply coming to him. Well, they had to keep where they were for about five hours, and then, when the air had got better, the man started off and brought the youngster out safely, though once he was nearly suffocated by the afterdamp. Now, there's a case that nobody would have heard of probably if the lad hadn't happened to have told me about it."

As an instance of heroism in this direction that is known, however, I recall a story I heard near the bath of the Hyde pit after the explosion in 1889. You know that the slightest delay in flying for the shaft may mean death. In the neighborhood of Bolton some few years ago one man out of a party of colliers stopped behind for a minute or so to look for his son, a boy of 14, who was working close by. The two met, but alas, they perished there together and were found clasped in each other's arms. And paternal devotion as thus manifested has cost many a brave fellow his life.

Well, on the occasion referred to a man named Haslam brought from the workings, or met as he was surrying along to the pit mouth a youth about 16, and throughout the terrible journey he stuck to the lad with the most heroic determination. Twice the boy stumbled and fell, but the noble collier dragged him to his feet and urged him to push on with all speed. Other mishaps befell them, yet both, I rejoice to say, gained the surface alive and comparatively well.

**Something About Partridges.**

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### HOUSEWIFE'S POEM.

For the love of every saint  
Who has his hand in the cake,  
Folks are a-makin' the town,  
And the house is uple down.

All the supper will be late  
(The too bad to make 'em wait),  
But what can a woman do,  
Cleanse house and body too?

Oh, the trials of this land!  
Not a soul to lend a hand,  
And the parlor carpet, more,  
Hangs across the line, outdoor.

Dear lady, in great profusion,  
Scrubbing, rhabing, all confusion,  
Guess the company, when they come,  
Will be considerably staid men.

Fry around there, Sally Ann,  
Wipe up the folks, there come a man,  
And you know as well as me  
That's a freetie let they be.

Never know'd a day like this,  
Cleanse house is enough bliss,  
But when taken comes in, too,  
Mixed with company—I tell you!

Fast and better, brooms and chairs  
Tidy me over unawares;  
Cat and dog beneath my feet,  
Do not make my temper sweet.

Better do it, here and there,  
Boots and knickerbockers everywhere,  
As I tuss and sigh and groan,  
Broom in company from the town.

Earl! The jollin wheels I hear  
Of a wagon drawn near,  
Merry make! Why, Sally Ann,  
Surely 'tis that dreadful man  
Come here all stark and tall,  
No, it's father come home.

Well, I s'pose! They ain't com,  
All this time for staid men.

—Florence Montgomery in Good Housekeeping.

### RUSSIAN NEWSPAPERS.

In the East's Country There Are Many Journals With Odd Names.

Newspapers printed in the Russian language are not circulated nor read generally in the United States, and any one who has ever made even a cursory examination of a Russian newspaper printed in Russian characters can see at a glance why, as far as this country is concerned, they do not "fill a long felt want."

In the naming of Russian newspapers each journalistic title as Sun, Gazette, News, Observer, Star, Courier, Bulletin, Advertiser and Eagle do not prevail, but in place of these more descriptive titles are used. The humorous newspaper of St. Petersburg is called The Fool. The medical journal of St. Petersburg, published under authority of the war office, is The Russian Invalid. The official morning newspaper of Moscow is the *Vremennoe Gosudarstvennoe Delo*, which is translated "The Russian newspaper business." Another Russian newspaper, published in this country is the daily *Novoye Vremya* or The New Times, of St. Petersburg.

One of the illustrated St. Petersburg weeklies is called *The News*, after the river which flows through that capital, and two weekly newspapers being established in the city of Moscow are the *Broodnik* and *The Kuznetz*, and other titles. The *Alarm* and *The Alarm*. For some reason which is not very clear the word "widespread," meaning "news," is popular as a newspaper designation in the city of Moscow. There are four daily newspapers in Moscow, having this title—The Russian News, Modern News, Moscow News and Old News. The Old News is maintained for the republication of articles from other newspapers. There are perhaps some newspapers in the United States worthy of being called The Old News, but it is certain that there is no newspaper in the United States which formally and voluntarily would assume the title.

The official newspaper of Warsaw is the *Warsaw Police Gazette*, and the word "gazette" (gazeta) is as popular with Warsaw editors as the word "news" is in Moscow. There are the *Warsaw Police Gazette*, the *Warsaw Polish Gazette*, the *Warsaw Gazette*, the *Warsaw Courier* and the *Warsaw Courier*. The *Gazette Courier* makes a specialty of telegraphic information, and is not therefore properly speaking a gazette courier, whose title connotes the days of mailcoaches and newspaper deliveries by messengers on horseback.—New York Sun.

### The Wretched Marrow.

A grateful mother has just told of the almost miraculous cure of her grown up son by the very simple means advised by an eminent physician. It was a case of debility and emaciation that nothing could seem to reach until the physician in question prescribed a remedy that he has found remarkably efficacious in treating weak invalids and delicate children. This was nothing more than the eating of an unlimited amount of marrow. Every day a large quantity of the bones containing marrow was ordered from the great markets. The only preparation necessary was to warm the marrow sufficiently to enable it to be easily spread on bread. Thus, with the addition of a little salt to water it was palatable, it was easy to digest and the patient continued to gain during the first two weeks ten pounds of flesh and strength in proportion with his weight continued to gain rapidly until health and strength were quite restored.—Philadelphia Press.

### Sty Thousand Needs to the Plant.

The common purslane is one of the wonders of botany, as far as seeds are concerned at least. A single seed of this plant will produce about 20 seed pods in a season. The average number of seeds in each of these, by actual count, is 6,000, making 60,000 in all. As far as we have been able to learn there is no instance of similar fruitfulness in any plant found growing in this country. A single plant of either the *Jameson* or *Himman* varieties, the latter weed, the raw weed and some of the varieties produce an enormous number of seeds, but it is doubtful if any one of them produces one-fourth as many in a year as the purslane does.—St. Louis Republic.

During the tenth century, when wars between the noblemen and the king were continual in almost every country of Europe, all ranks of the nobility assumed a sort of crown or coronet in order to assert their equality with the king.