

DISEASES OF TRADES.

RESULTS OF CONTINUED OCCUPATION OF MEN WHO WORK.

It appears that each kind of employment has its peculiar ailments, and that the health of men who work in a particular trade is affected in a special manner.

It is well known that there are a number of dangerous trades which give rise to various diseases; but, as a matter of fact, almost every occupation has some ailment peculiar to itself. A doctor can always tell if his patient is a baker, for instance, by the state of his teeth. The flour dust collects on the teeth, becomes acid and gives rise to a special kind of decay. Bakers, owing to their irregular hours, sleeping in the day and working at night, and because of the heat and dust, are great victims to consumption. Blacksmiths, strong as they are, very often suffer from paralysis of the whole right side from the continuous shock of hammering, and their eyes become weak from the glare of the fire. Athletes, strange to say, do not, as a rule, enjoy long life. Professional boxers, wrestlers, gymnasts, cyclists, are short lived and suffer from enlargement of the heart and diseases of the lungs. Butchers get deaf from the continuous loud noise. Brewers and brewers' drivers drink beer in such large quantities that they ruin their lives and generally die young. Bricklayers and plasterers are very healthy, and they are said to resemble asses in never dying. Butchers are very strong and healthy, but they suffer in health through eating too much of raw meat. Calmen are noted for "nipping," and they endure the natural consequences. The cold also affects their faces to such a degree that the muscles of the face become frequently paralyzed.

Carpenters and cabinet makers are afflicted with varicose veins in the legs, and the action of the shoulder in sawing and planing produces a diseased condition of the large artery that runs from the heart to the arm, so that there is not a carpenter living, a doctor says, in whom a serious ailment may not be heard by applying the ear to that blood vessel. Hardly a single china-scourer lives to old age without becoming asthmatic. Clergymen's sore throats is of course well known. It is said by some to result from having the mouth open so frequently, the air going in that way and drying the throat. Others say it is caused by the clerical collar. And others still say it results from the fact that the clergyman preaches from a pulpit and has to bend his head downward—for barbers, who talk quite as much, do not suffer as much as clergymen, being on the same level as their hearers.

Miners, from working in the dark, become very irritable. Their eyes get weak, and their lungs become quite black—miners' lung. Cooks, particularly those who work in hotels, clubs and restaurants, get gout from continually eating rich food, and both male and female cooks get varicose veins and the feet from long standing, as well as the well known ailment of the face from the heat and dirt. Coopers have a lump on the knee, which is really a little bag of fluid put there by nature to protect the knee from the injurious effects of pressing it against the barrel. Divers become distracted from holding their breath.

Domestic servants are remarkable for suffering from typhoid fever. Housemaids are frequently afflicted with poverty of blood from drinking tea and running up stairs. Dressmakers' long hours and sedentary result in consumption very often, but more often in indigestion, poverty of blood and impaired sight. The fumes of the acid make soldering the eyes sore, and they get weary in their fingers from cutting and sewing. Nearly all the human beings who suffer from that awful disease, glanders, are grogans.

India rubber workers have very bad headaches and great mental depression. Painters are poisoned by the lead they use so much, and all their muscles, become very weak. Photographers get indigestion from cyanide of potassium. The dust that enters the lungs of photographers when they are lifting clay interferes so much with their breathing that "potter's asthma" is not felt, and this produces a healthy glow, showing that the sluggish blood is stirred to action in the most remote parts of the body. This sort of walking exhilarates the whole body, gives tone to the nerves and produces just that sort of beautiful fatigue which encourages sound, restful sleep.—Buffalo Express.

The Congregation.
One fine Sunday morning a tourist arrived at a little Irish village, intending to enter for the English service, as soon as the Gaelic was over. "Is the Gaelic service over?" he inquired of the curate.
"No, but it will not be long."
So the tourist strolled on into the churchyard, where the tombstones lay deep in the long grass. By and by he was recalled by the shouts of the people, who stood at the door waving to him.
"But is the Gaelic service over?" he asked, once more.
"Oh, ay, it will be over."
"But I have not seen the congregation. Which way did it go?"
The curate directed his attention to a solitary figure slowly reading his way up the hill, and said, "That's him."
London Tit-Bits.

His Reason.
A young Londoner, who had never been out of London in his life, received an invitation from an acquaintance in the country, asking him to have a run over to his place for a few days and give him a lift at gathering mushrooms. This is the reply he got:
"Dear Jack—I'm very glad to hear as how you and the missus is all right, but I can't come over to see you, because I'm afraid I would be no use at gathering mushrooms, for you know very well I can't climb."—Up to Date.

Not News.
"We heard some of the strangest, most outlandish things last night," began the woman who presided.
"Yes," replied the woman who doesn't, "a friend who attended your musicale was telling me."—Exchange.

THE MANIAC IN THE CAR.

A Dream With a Satire Ending For All But the Nervous Woman.

It was perfectly obvious that the man in the corner was crazy. At least it was perfectly obvious to the nervous-looking woman who sat just opposite him in the cable car. It was not so much the mystical series of wigwag signals which he was making with his handkerchief as the amazing contortions of his face. In the intervals of these contortions he stared intently in the direction of his nervous vis-a-vis, but at nothing in the world, so vague was his look. Then he would tap the bridge of his nose with his finger, grimace and screw up his features into horrible expressions of malignant madness.

The poor woman didn't know what to do. Her alarm was so apparent that all the others in the car noticed it, even the man himself in one of his lucid intervals, and thereafter his performances became more violent than ever. Every physician knows that maniac delirium in playing upon the terrors of those who exhibit fear of them. Perhaps the woman herself knew it. At any rate, she felt that when the man half rose from his seat she shrank into her corner with a stifled squeak, which brought from him a glance of triumph, or perhaps it was surprise. But he only sank back again, with an expression of disappointment, as if his time had not yet come, which indeed it had not.

He held himself gathered close, with every muscle strained, ready to spring and flee. She didn't have long to wait. The man looked toward her with that terrible, unseeing glare. His fists clenched. The handkerchief clinched in one of them jerked in short, sharp oscillations. His eyes began to bulge out. His face became purple. Beneath his railing lips could be seen his teeth, bare to the gums. He leaned forward toward the horror-struck woman, his face protruding almost into hers. His sharp, hot breath was on her cheek, and just as his arms went up to clutch the inside one lound from her seat that took her half way down the car.

Two more leaps landed her on the platform. There, with a mad yell, she lunched herself forth, despite the restraining grasp of the alarmed conductor, and was fortunately caught by a policeman, who escorted her to the sidewalk, where she wept. From behind her heard a mad, gasping roar of baffled rage, but the man did not follow.

He didn't want to. He sank back in his seat, again and wiped his fearful eyes. Then he took out a newspaper and began to read. It had been a hard struggle, but it had ended in victory. He had got that sneeze out.—New York Sun.

IN A LONDON THEATER.

A First Night as Seen by the Artist C. D. Gibson.

A London audience is brilliant. Every one is in evening dress, and the audience is often more entertaining than the play. This is especially true on a first night. At such times the pit is watched most anxiously by the management, as the success of the piece generally depends on its own want of care in the use of his eyes. Women are frequent sinners in this respect; they protect their complexion in every possible way, while in the delicate organs of sight they give never a thought till the mischief is done.—New York Post.

Didn't Understand English.
A Chinaman was once "handled" by the police in Sydney, New South Wales, and charged with some offense. In reply to his worship's usual query as to whether he pleaded guilty or not, he would only answer:
"Me no sabee! Me no sabee! English!"

The magistrate, however, who was quite accustomed to the proceedings of his kind, turned to him and said:
"That answer won't do for me. You know English well enough, I'll be bound."
"Me no sabee—me no sabee!" were the only words to be drawn from obedient Chinkey, and the Chinese interpreter being in court, the magistrate, taking the matter into his own hands, directed the case to be proceeded with as if the accused had pleaded not guilty.

After hearing the evidence of the witnesses the accused was fined \$10 and costs.

The clerk to the bench, who was a bit of a wag, called out to the accused:
"John, you are fined \$10 and costs."
"No, no!" promptly replied the English-speaking Chinkey. "He say the fined only \$10 and costs."—Chicago Post.

Setting a Bet.
The quiet of the room in which the answers to queries either sat was disturbed by the entrance of two half grown boys.

One of them pulled off his hat and addressed him:
"Me and my father have made a bet," he said, "and we've agreed to leave it to you. He bets that if all the turkeys that was set last Christmas was placed in a line they would reach around the world, and I bet they wouldn't. Who's lost?"

"You have, my son," answered the man in the chair, and they would still be in a line, you know."
As the boy turned and went out of the room the boy who had acted as spokesman was seen to hand a small coin over to the other with great reluctance, and distinctly heard to say:
"Well, I can lick you, anyhow."
"But you a nigger on that," replied the other boy.—Chicago Tribune.

The oldest tree in England is the yew tree at Brighthelm, in Kent, which is said to be 3,000 years old, while at Fortingly, in Dorsetshire, is one nearly as old. At Aukeryville House, near Staines, is a yew tree which was famous at the date of the signing of Magna Charta.

THE WAYS OF INDIAN MEDICINE.

Major A. E. Woodson, agent of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians of Oklahoma, says that the reign of the medicine men is one of the greatest outrages of the present day, and as a direct result of their pernicious practice one-third of the children born of Indian parents die every year.

Two of Black Coyote's children were taken sick, and, instead of taking them to the government hospital, he sent for the medicine man, who blew a green powder into the lungs, ears, and the nostrils of one of the little patients. That medicine failing, the medicine man made an incision with his knife under the tongue of the child, with the result that death soon followed. When the green powder failed to restore the child to health, the medicine man declared that there was a ghost under the child's tongue, and it was to kill the ghost that he made the incision.

The medicine man then adopted heroic measures in order to save the other child. He took it into a tent, stripped it naked and laid it on a cot. He then heated a big pile of rocks in the tent and when they were not too hot water on them, filling the tent with steam and causing the child to sweat copiously. When the child was covered with perspiration, he took it out in the cold air and sent it home without having taken any precaution to keep it from getting cold. Next morning the child was dead. This is only one of the hundreds of such outrages against the health and life of innocent people. The big medicine man of the Cheyennes is Little Man, who lives near Cantonment. He makes his medicines every year and distributes them to the other medicine men.—Boston Transcript.

Above of the Eyeglass.
In the waiting room of an up town physician sat, this morning, a dozen people trying to read. The windows were draped with heavy lace curtains, the dull yellow shades were drawn down to within about a yard of the bottom of the long windows, and as the day was cloudy the light in the room was a very subdued twilight. Finally a doctor came, he was very quiet and unobtrusive, and he went to the hall and asked the dress suited doctor to come and raise the shades. This he did and turned on, as well as the electric lights in the back part of the room, to the great detriment of the reading light. Which little incident is cited to emphasize what an excellent character is the reckless abuse of the eyeglass which in these days has assumed the proportions of an evil.

"On street and railway cars, in libraries, schools, offices, homes, everywhere, eyes are unnecessarily tried," he says, "with the result that half the world is in glasses years before they need them. It is so usual a thing now for persons to be afflicted with ocular headaches, that when a physician's advice is sought for a persistent and unexplained headache the patient is first turned over to an oculist. Nine times out of ten defective vision sufficient to produce the disturbance is found, and several times out of ten the patient is the victim of his own want of care in the use of his eyes. Women are frequent sinners in this respect; they protect their complexion in every possible way, while in the delicate organs of sight they give never a thought till the mischief is done."—New York Post.

Historic Trees in New York.
On West One Hundred and Fifty-ninth street and St. Nicholas avenue, Washington Heights, stand a number of remarkable trees. They were formerly the grounds surrounding the old Jamaican plantation, which is now known as Earle Park. They are Egyptian cypresses, and have a history, like everything pertaining to this remarkable mansion and its grounds. They were set as a present to Napoleon Bonaparte from the Sultan of Egypt as a gift of honor, but arrived in Havre, France, after the battle of Waterloo. Stephen Janney, who was in France at the time, and a personal friend of Napoleon, succeeded in gaining an audience with the emperor the night before he was banished to the island of St. Helena. Napoleon presented them to Janney, who brought them to America on the clipper ship Eniza, which he had chartered with the hope of aiding Napoleon to escape to this country. These trees, when brought here, had their native earth still clinging to their roots. They were planted on a large tract to a large site, separating the old plantation branches who over the adopted soil—a masterpiece of the day of emigration will prosper.—New York Times.

A King and His Cousins.
The sovereign who inherited the crown most frequently in that royal family, was Gustav of Sweden, who reigned in Europe, King Oscar of Sweden, who took it each time that he opened parliament at Stockholm or at Christiania.

It scarcely adds to his appearance, for it comes down too far over his nose, and somewhat gives one the impression of a derby hat worn on the back of the head and pulled down over the ears. Indeed, it is only the king's majestic stature and dignified bearing that preserve him from looking ridiculous when he has got it upon his head.—London Letter.

Torn by Horses.
During the middle ages great criminals, such as paricides and persons who conspired against the king, were torn to pieces by horses, one or two powerful steeds being fastened to each limb and driven in different directions. In the assassination of Henry IV, and in the case of the assassin of Louis XV, who was put to death in this manner.

"I AM SO GLAD YOU CAME."

Praying my head, and stumbling at my feet, I am so glad you came, you said and smiled.

Then turned to greet her other guests, who sat around the table, fair in her rounded frame. Of palms and flowers. And still she spoke the same sweet, unassuming phrase to the chattering crowd. Of well and done who composed her about. And as I listened the remembrance came. And another smile, so eager to infect. The wayward smile she never ceased to hold. Near to her heart through lonely months and years. And another eye, too tremulous to frame. These silly words, "I am so glad you came!"—J. L. Weston in "The Quitting Line."

TORPEDO MINES.

A Deadly Force That Is Used in Modern Harbor Defenses.

Modern harbor defenses are described in St. Nicholas by Charles Newton Thurston. He writes:
The torpedo mines are operated from a mining casemate located at the entrance of a harbor or bay, the exact location and their interior arrangement being a department secret. Some of them are spherical in shape, about three feet in diameter, and constructed of steel. These, when in service, are exploded to hold 100 pounds of high explosive, and to float near the surface. But they may be concealed as well as buoyant, and each is attached by a cable to a mooring room anchor to keep the torpedoes just below the surface, out of sight and beyond the reach of the fire of machine guns.

These mines are intended to be in the channels of a harbor, and are formed in three and set closely in the channel according to plans previously arranged. If necessary, the sea off the entrance to a harbor or bay could be well filled with them. These mines may be exploded or may be perfectly harmless according to the will of the occupant of the mining casemate, who, with his important apparatus, is out of reach of shot and shell, there being tons of earth between him and the firing air.

Out from this chamber through a tunnel below low water mark, and hence safe from discovery by the enemy or shot from them, run numerous cables to the mines planted in the channel or in the sea. Within the chamber the operator has an elaborate chart with the location of every torpedo or mine upon it. By telegraph or other signals from observation stations near by he is kept informed of the approach of vessels, and acts as he thinks best under the circumstances. He may receive word from his stations to such effect that with his chart he knows a vessel is within a certain distance of the marker mines. Then he can touch a key, and a mine will instantly explode beneath or near the vessel. If the vessel is a friendly one, however, the operator can disconnect his batteries, and the ship will sail in perfect safety over the mine of explosive bonanza. If the weather be foggy, or if some other condition is unfavorable for locating a vessel, the mines, and enemies are known to be near, the pressing of many buttons will make every one of these mines a deadly force, and any ship that ventures in will strike a torpedo, and it is over, and automatically close an electric circuit, which will explode the mine, and the ship will be sunk or badly damaged. There are various devices for maintaining that the mines never fail and enemies are in great working order.

How Appointments Are Made.
The President Harrison, in an article on "A Day With the President at the Desk" in The Ladies' Home Journal, gives the method by which appointments are made. "One of the chief clerks," he writes, "is appointed with an armload of a basketful of papers—chiefly made up of petitions and letters relating to appointments. Each case has been briefly and jacketed, and one by one they are presented, the secretary taking such information as he has concerning the case. The conclusions reached are noted, to appoint a particular person or to prosecute a further inquiry. The postmaster general brings a large, elaborate basketful of papers, and an adjournment to the next cabinet table is necessary in order to display them. He takes up the papers relating to a particular case, and reads the case. If the case is decided, he fills in the blank on the jacket, 'Approved'—the president's name is written in ink, and the package is thrown back into the basket. A whole afternoon is often consumed in this way."

Who Was Under Suspicion.
The story is told that during Webster's plea on his way by steam coach to Washington, he was met by a man who, according to his traveling companion, had been one of the latter's intimates in the household of the late president.
"How are you getting on?" inquired Webster.
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An Assurance.
Somebody sends me the following assurance, as having a curious lesson on our occupation of Egypt, not to mention any other recent territorial acquisitions: "Great Britain—Glad, really is"—London Truth.

A Cuban in one of the London papers described a self as "a man who took the balls about with a gun going up in England."
It is not generally known that, with certain exceptions, the population of the British Isles are liable to conscription for the militia.

HE WOULD NOT BE UNDERSTOOD.

Colonel James Tamplin, a veteran of the Civil War and Civil War, is a very interesting character, and his history of the war, in which he took part with much honor, is a very interesting one.

Colonel Tamplin was reading a paper of the day, and saw a mention of the president of the great railroad company, and he said, "I'll tell you a story about that man," he said. "When I was in the army, I was with the 'Johnnies,' there was more or less foraging. I remember this man, then a private in our company, while noting about the adjoining farms ran across a barrel of prime cider. Being a good soldier, he promptly confiscated the cider and employed an aged dandy to tote it into camp.

"Cider was scarce in those days, and he rigged up a temporary keg and was soon doing a lively business retailing it at 10 cents a cup. The barrel stood well back in his tent, and for a time he was so busy filling orders that he paid no attention to a disturbance in the rear of the tent. Then the crowd began to grow, and he realized that something was wrong. He impromptu a passing soldier to sample his wares, but the fellow shook his head and said the price was too high. There's a fellow around here selling cider at 5 cents a glass," he said.

The owner of the barrel took a turn around his tent and found a great crowd gathered in the rear. Another member of the company had driven a spigot into the other end of the barrel and was doing a land office business. Will, he saw the game was up, and rather than be around in front and told them to pitch in. He was willing to meet competition, and rather than be underfoot on his own goods he would ladle out the cider free.

"I reckon, however," added Colonel Tamplin, "that he had made enough before the trick was discovered to give him a start in the railroad business, for I see he has been doing quite well ever since."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Grant's Patent of Nobility.
During the years of his second administration President Grant was accustomed to spend his summers at Monticello, N. J. Near his cottage was that of Hon. George M. Robeson, secretary of his wife, his 4-year-old daughter Ethel, and his 8-year-old stepson, Richard Aulick, whose father had been a commander in the navy.

It was the custom of all war vessels to fire a series of salutes as they passed the secretary's cottage. These were conscientiously returned by young Aulick, who had mounted a toy cannon at the foot of the flagstaff in front of the house. One morning while the children were playing with some companions they were startled by the booming of guns, and rushing to the front yard they beheld great smoke wreaths drifting away from the United States ship Tallapoosa.

Without further ado, Richard applied the fuse to his gun and acknowledged the salutation. While thus employed the kneeling boy suddenly felt three light blows on his back, and looking up beheld the figure of the president standing beside him. In one hand the nation's chief held a lighted cigar, while in the other he held a pistol. "Richard," said the president, "I dub thee knight." "Yes, Richard; I dub thee knight," said the rugged old warrior, amid the laughter of several friends who attended him.

Then, returning his cigar to his lips, he smiled grimly and resumed his way.—Atlanta Constitution.

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