A BRIDE COMPLIMENT.

Come play to me, dearest; I long to be carried
Away from our universe over the stars,
To dwell from the day that we madly got married
You scarce have indulged me with eight little bars,
With target like yours 'tis a shame and a pity
That I should be grudged the display of such power;
And yet, while your husband's away in the city,
The children assert you're at it for hours.

There, play as I bid you; it makes me so lonely
To brood after dinner with nothing to do.
We can't never try whist with a pair of us only;
Besides, I am hardly much better than you.
I've books by the dozen, but find that they bore me—
For some are so flippant, and some are so deep.
What a fit of depression I feel coming o'er me!
Do play, there's a darling, and send me to sleep.
—*London Fun.*

BREAKING A BANK.

The Peculiar Manner of a Cool Scoundrel.

My profession is not a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't myself think it much worse than many others. However, that's nothing to do with my story. Some years ago, me and the gentleman who was at that time connected with me in the business—he's met with reverses since then, and at present isn't able to go out—was looking round for a job, being at that time rather hard up, as we might say. We struck a very small country town—I ain't agoin' to give it away by telling where it was, or what the name of it was. There was one bank there; the President was a rich old duffer; owned the mills, owned the bank, owned most of the town. There wasn't no other officer but the cashier, and they had a boy who used to sweep out and run errands.

The bank was on the main street, pretty well up one end of it—nice, snug place, on the corner of a cross-street, with nothing very near it. We took our observations and found there wasn't no trouble at all about it. There was an old watchman who walked up and down the street nights, when he didn't fall asleep and forget it. The vault had two doors; the outside one was chilled iron and had a three-wheel combination lock; the inner door wasn't no door at all; you could kick it open; it didn't pretend to be nothing but fire-proof, and it wasn't even that. The first thing we done, of course, was to fit a key to the outside door. As the lock on the outside door was an old-fashioned Bacon lock, any gentleman in my profession who chances to read this article will know just how easy that job was, and how we done it. I may say here that the gentlemen in my line of business, having at times a good deal of leisure on their hands, do considerable reading, and are particularly fond of a neat bit of writing. In fact, in the way of literature I have found among 'em—however, this being digression, I drop it, and go on with the main job again.

This was our plan: After the key was fitted I was to go to the bank, and Jim—that wasn't his name, of course, but let it pass—was to keep watch on the outside. When any one passed he was to tip me a whistle, and then I doused the glim and lay low; after they got by, I goes on again. Simple and easy, you see. Well, the night we selected the President happened to be out of town; gone down to the city, as he often did. I got inside all right, with a slide-lantern, a breast-drill, a small steel jimmy, a bunch of skeleton keys and a green-baize bag to stow the swag. I fixed my light and rigged my breast-drill, and got to work on the door right over the lock.

Probably a great many of your readers is not so well posted as me about bank-locks, and I may say for them that a three-wheel combination lock has three wheels in it and a slot in each wheel. In order to unlock the door you have to get the three slots opposite each other at the top of the lock. Of course, if you know the number the lock is set on, you can do this; but, if you don't, you have to depend on your ingenuity. There is in each of these wheels a small hole, through which you put a wire through the back of the lock when you change the combination. Now, if you can bore a hole through the door and pick up those wheels by running a wire through those holes, why, you can open the door. I hope I make myself clear. I was boring that hole. The door was chilled iron—about the neatest stuff I ever worked on. I went on steady enough; only stopped when Jim—which, as I said, wasn't his real name, whistled outside, and the watchman toddled by. By and by, when I'd got pretty near through, I heard Jim, so to speak, whistle again. I stopped, and pretty soon I heard footsteps outside, and I'm blowed if they didn't come right up the bank steps, and I heard a key in the lock. I was so dumbfounded when I heard that that you could have slipped the bracelets right on me. I picked up my lantern, and I'll be hanged if I didn't let the slide slip down and throw the light right on to the door, and there was the President. Instead of calling for help, as I supposed he would, he took a step inside the door and shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at me. I knowed I ought to knock him down and cut out, but I'm blest if I could. I was that surprised.

"Who are you?" says he.

"Who are you?" says I, thinking that was an innocent remark as he commenced it, and trying all the time to collect myself.

"I'm the President of the bank," says he, kinder short; "something the matter with the lock?"

By George! the idea came to me then.

"Yes, sir," says I, touching my cap; "Mr. Jennings, he telegraphed this morning as the lock was out of order and he couldn't get in, and I'm come on to open it for him."

"I told Jennings a week ago," says he, "that he might to get that lock fixed. Where is he?"

"He's been a writing letters, and he's gone up to his house to get another letter he wanted for to answer."

"Well, why don't you go right on?" says he.

"I've got almost through," says I, "and I didn't want to finish up and open the vault till there was somebody here."

"That's very creditable to you," says he; "a very proper sentiment, my man. You can't," he goes on, coming round by the door, "be too particular about avoiding the very suspicion of evil."

"No, sir," says I, kinder modest like.

"What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?" says he.

"I don't rightly know yet," says I; "but I rather think it's a little worse on account of not being oiled enough. These 'ere locks ought to be oiled about once a year."

"Well," says he, "you might as well go right on, now I'm here; I will stay till Jennings comes. Can't I help you? hold your lantern, or something of that sort?"

The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned around and said:

"How do I know you're the President? I ain't ever seen you afore, and you may be a trying to crack this bank for all I know."

"That's a very proper inquiry, my man," says he, "and shows a most remarkable degree of discretion. I confess that I should not have thought of the position in which I was placing you. However, I can convince you that it's all right. Do you know what the President's name is?"

"No, I don't," says I, sorter surly.

"Well, you'll find it on that bill," said he, taking a bill out of his pocket; "and you see the same name on these letters," and he took some letters from his coat.

I suppose I ought to have gone right on then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I says:

"You might have got them letters to put up a job on me."

"You're a very honest man," says he; "one in a thousand. Don't think I'm at all offended at your per-istence. No, my good fellow, I like it," and he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Now here," says he, taking a bundle out of his pocket, "is a package of $10,000 in bonds. A burglar wouldn't be apt to carry those around with him, would he? I bought them in the city yesterday, and I stopped here on my way home to place them in the vault, and, I may add, that your simple and manly honesty has so touched me that I would willingly leave them in your hands for safe keeping. You needn't blush at my praise."

I suppose I did turn sorter red when I see them bonds.

"Are you satisfied now?" says he.

I told him I was, thoroughly, and so I was. So I picked up my drill again, and gave him the lantern to hold, so that I could see the door. I heard Jim, as I call him, outside once or twice, and I like to have burst out laughing, thinking how he must be wondering what was going on inside. I worked away, and kept explaining to him what I was trying to do. He was very much interested in mechanics, he said, and he knowed as I was a man as was up in my business by the way I went to work. He asked me about what wages I got, and how I liked my business, and said he took quite a fancy to me. I turned round once in awhile and looked at him a setting up there as solemn as a biled owl, with my dark lantern in his blessed hand, and I'm blamed if I didn't think I should have to holler right out.

I got through the lock pretty soon, and put in my wire and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.

"I'll put my bonds in," said he, "and go home. You can lock up and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I don't suppose you'll try to fix the lock to-night."

I told him I shouldn't do any more with it now, as we could get in before morning.

"Well, I'll bid you good night, my man," says he, as I swung the door to again.

Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guessed the watchman was a-coming up the street.

"Ah," says he, "you might speak to the watchman if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra look-out to-night."

"I will," says I, and we both went to the front door.

"There comes the watchman up the street," says he. "Watchman, this man has been fixing up the bank-lock, and I want you to keep a sharp look-out to-night. He will stay here until Mr. Jennings returns."

"Good night, again," says he, and we shook hands, and he went up the street.

I saw Jim, so called, in the shadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman.

"Well," says I to the watchman, "I'll go and pick up my tools, and get ready to go."

I went back into the bank, and it didn't take long to throw the door open and stuff them bonds into the bag. There were some boxes lying around and a safe as I should rather have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like tempting Providence after the luck we'd had. I looked at my watch and see it was just a quarter past 12. There was an express went through at half-past 12. I tucked my tools in the bag on the top of the bonds and walked out to the front door. The watchman was on the steps.

"I don't believe I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," says I. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you his key."

"That's all right," says the watchman.

"I wouldn't go very far away from the bank," says I.

"No, I won't," says he; "I'll stay right about here all night."

"Good-night," says I, and I shook hands with him, and me and Jim—which wasn't his right name, you understand—took the 12:30 express, and the best part of that job was we never heard nothing of it.

It never got into the papers.

Asbestos Paint.

Some interesting tests have recently been made in England of the value of asbestos paint applied to wood, canvas, and other combustible materials. Among other experiments a piece of light pine wood, about six inches long by four inches square, painted with five coats, was placed for upwards of half an hour in an ordinary grate fire, but, although the wood within was reduced to charcoal, there was no blaze whatever emitted during the charring. A small model theatre, built of wood, with net scenes and accessories, was sprinkled with turpentine and set on fire. Every portion ignited and the whole was consumed. A similar model, with the net scenes and the wood framing all painted with asbestos, was drenched with turpentine and set fire to, but the thin scenes were only partially charred at the lower ends with the turpentine flames, whilst the timbering was not even ignited. Similar illustrations were made with two models of larger size, about four feet cube, built on a bed-plate of one-inch deal board, and set fire to by a bundle of shavings. The one was burned, and the bed-plate set on fire. In the other case, where the framing, scenes and bed-plate had been painted asbestos, no ignition was effected, and, although the lower portions of the light scenes were destroyed by the fierce flames of the shavings, the rest remained intact.

A Good Suggestion.

Let every Greenbacker send his name and postoffice address to Jesse Harper, Danville, Ill., for enrollment and to form the half millon list of calls to action. Get some other names to accompany yours, and send at once. It will cost a trifle of postage and a few minutes of time. Do it at once, and don't forget it.

A PAPER laid before the Biological Society of Paris tells us, from a scientific point of view, what it is to be "dead drunk." It seems that this condition exists when the vital fluid presents the proportion of 1 of alcohol to 195 of blood. It is at this stage that most drunkards cease drinking, or we should have more deaths from alcoholism; for when the inebriate continues to drink until each 100 parts of blood contains 1 part of alcohol, death invariably ensues.

FARM NOTES.

WITH London sewage as a fertilizer certain varieties of beets have been raised weighing upwards of sixty pounds each.

THE first shipment of wheat from Chicago was made in 1839, and consisted of seventy-eight bushels, which was carried via lake to Buffalo, N. Y.

THE Maryland farmers have so little faith in their agricultural college that they are calling upon the Legislature to refuse an appropriation to the institution.

THE London *Agricultural Gazette* states as within its experience that a bull calf, taken from a pedigree Shorthorn cow, has weighed above 190 pounds when removed from the dam.

ONE who has been successful under the system of ensilage plants his corn in hedges about thirty-two inches apart, and about six inches wide, planting forty or fifty kernels to the running foot, and secures thereby a wonderful growth.

THE Canada thistle perpetuates itself chiefly by means of root stalks, which are full of dormant buds, and hence any piece an inch long will send up a stalk. A single plant in an ordinarily cultivated field will soon spread all over it by means of the roots.

IN A STATE of rest animals should be allowed as much water as they will take, but where they are likely to be called upon to perform severe exertion, smaller quantities are advisable, and in which case the allowance should be repeated at short intervals.

THE annual product of wheat in the world is about 1,590,000,000 bushels. Of this the United States already produces 450,000,000 bushels, one-third of which we send over the sea. Ten years from now we shall produce a much larger portion of the whole, and shall send a much larger fraction of its abroad.

TENDENCY to disease is hereditary in pigs, therefore it is well to know the pedigree and past history of your boars. Ninety per cent. of the stock of a large Yorkshire boar were more or less affected with lung disease. On inquiry, it turned out that the sire of the boar had died of inflammation of the lungs.

WASHINGTON COUNTY, Pa., is said to be the largest wool-growing county in the Union, and produces annually 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 pounds of wool, worth in cash $1,000,000 for the wool alone, besides the sale of fine sheep for breeding purposes, and mutton sheep and lambs for the meat market of the East.

THE more exertion an animal undergoes the greater is the wear and tear of the system. Exercise increases the respiration or breathing, more oxygen is is consequently taken into the system, and the tissues of the body are burned up in proportion. Unless this extra waste is met by an additional supply of food emaciation and illness follow.

THE wild boar differs from the tame hog in putting his hind feet into the marks of the fore feet. The cloven feet of the tame hog divide as he walks; the wild boar, when he is walking without suspecting danger, keeps his claws close together. The wild hog buries his snout deep, rooting the earth up in a straight line before him; the tame hog turns it up right and left, here and there. The wild boar grows for four or five years and lives for twenty or thirty.

AN ANALYSIS of a sample of apple pomace from a press of more than ordinary power, and hence unusualy dry, was made at the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, with a result showing the pomace to carry food elements superior to corn fodder and to turnips, mangels, and all of our root crops except the potato, and showing but little inferiority to the last-named tuber. The new system of ensilage should render the preservation of apple pomace a matter of ease and certainty.

IN SPEAKING of his experience with feeding ensilage to dairy stock, J. W. Walcott, of Readville, Mass., states: "As to the quality of the cream I can say that by feeding fifty pounds of ensilage maize, and one quart of cotton-seed meal, the increase over the amount when feeding English hay and six quarts of corn meal, averaged twenty-five per cent. in milk, and ten per cent. in butter from the milk, which is a total gain in butter of thirty-seven and a half per cent. The butter brings the highest market price in Boston."

HOGS are gifted with an exquisite sense of smell as will as touch residing in the snout, and this enables them to discover roots, acorns, earth-nuts, or other delicacies suitable to their palates, which may be buried in the ground. In some parts of Italy swine are employed in hunting for truffles that grow some inches below the surface of the soil, and which form those pickles and sauces so highly esteemed by epicures. A pig is driven into a field, and there suffered to pursue his own course. Wherever he stops and begins to root with his nose, truffles will invariably be found.

FARMYARD manure well decomposed is specially suitable for grass lands, because it is slow and continuous in its action, and is invariably found to maintain or restore a good variety of grasses, clovers and other bottom herbage. The best success commonly follows the application of such manure in the fall. The sole application of salt or nitrate of soda has a natural tendency to encourage the growth of luxuriant grasses to the destruction of clovers and the finer kind of grasses. This is a general tendency of ammoniacal salt, while superphosphate of lime, on the contrary, encourages the growth of clovers and leguminous plants generally.

A. L. MURDOCK, writing from London, states that mutton retails much higher in England than in this country. Thus at a High street, Notting Hill, meat establishment legs and loins of mutton were selling at 23 cents per pound, saddles at 22 cents, haunches at 23, shoulders at 20, whole necks at 18, breasts at 14 and trimmed chops at 28 cents per pound. With beef at the same market it was noticeable that there was less range of prices between the best and poorest cuts than prevail in American city markets. Sirloin cuts are not so high in England as here, but shins, briskets and cheap pieces rule much higher. In London sirloin roasts retail at 22 cents per pound, rib roasts at 22 cents, side pieces at 20 to 21 cents, aitch bones 16 cents, brisket 14, beef steaks 24, rump steaks 30 and shins at 16 cents per pound. Veal cutlets were selling at 30 cents per pound.

W. S. WARD, Fullers's Station, N. Y., in the American *Bee Jaurnal*, gives the following statement of his profits with bees for one year: "For several years I have run a farm and apiary together. Last year I had my farm worked on the shares, and gave my time and attention to the bees, with the following result: Commenced the season of 1881 with seventy-two colonies; increased by natural swarming to 120; have sold 7,422 pounds of comb and 749 pounds of extracted honey, for which I received $995.06; my expenses were $118.70, which leaves $876.36 for my work. I had empty hives and honey racks left from 1880. I would advise those who think of sowing sweet clover for hay to try a little at first, as it makes pretty coarse hay; but it is one of the best of honey plants. There are two kinds—white and yellow blossom. The white yields very white honey." The *Journal* adds that the white sweet clover is the variety wanted by bee-keepers. The yellow blooms two to three weeks earlier than the white, but bees do not work in it, either for honey or pollen.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

[Contributed to the Detroit Free Press "Household" by Housekeepers, and the results of actual experiments.]

SPONGE CAKE.—Two eggs, half cup of cream, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half teaspoonful of soda; flavor to taste. Extra nice.—*Mrs. California.*

SPUNGE PUFFS.—Have ready some very hot lard, as for boiling doughnuts, and drop into it from a spoon some bread, sponge before any more flour is added, and when it is perfectly light. Let them get brown and well cooked through, and pull open and eat with butter for breakfast.—*Keystone.*

LEMON PIE.—One large lemon, the yellow grated, and all the pulp and juice used; one cup sugar, a half cup water, and two large even spoonfuls of flour. Beat the whites of eggs separately, with sugar added, then the yolks well beaten and the flour gradually. Bake the crust a little before putting the rest in. Bake brown.—*Keystone.*

BAKED CABBAGE.—Boil a firm head for fifteen minutes, then change the water for more boiling water; boil till tender, drain and set aside to cool. Mince some boiled ham; mix with bread crumbs; add pepper, one tablespoonful of butter, and two eggs well beaten, and three tablespoonfuls of milk; chop cabbage very fine; mix all together and bake in a pudding-dish till brown. Serve hot.—*Old Lady.*

CAKE OR FRUIT SANDWICHES.—Cake or fruit sandwiches are made thus: Four eggs, their weight in flour, sugar, and butter; warm the butter and beat it to a cream, then stir the flour and sugar into it gradually, beat up the eggs and stir them in. Beat the cake well for half an hour and bake in a rather quick oven. If for sandwiches slice the cake in half and put preserves between.—*Corrpine.*

WHITE CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, one-third cup of melted butter whipped to a cream; add one-third cup of sweet milk and stir thoroughly; sift one cup of flour, one-third cup of corn starch, and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder together and add to the above mixture. Take the whites of four eggs, beat them to a very stiff froth, and add, stirring it well with the other; flavor with lemon; bake slowly, either in jelly-cake tins or in one cake. Excellent.—*Nip Up.*

ICE CREAM CAKE.—Two cups of granulated sugar, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, one cup of butter, one cup of corn starch, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, whites of eight eggs. Icing—Whites of four eggs and four cups of pulverized sugar. Pour one-half pint of boiling over the sugar, boil until when dropped in water it is very stiff, but not brittle. Pour over the beaten whites of the eggs and add, when hot, one-half teaspoonful of citric acid. Bake in layers.—*D. B.*

PARSNIPS.—Wash well; scrape them, and cut in two or four pieces lengthwise; boil in water with a little salt in it until tender, which will be in from one-half to three-quarters of an hour; when quite done dish up in a warm dish, with melted butter poured over them, or warmed butter with a little minced parsley in it; or mash the parsnips and form into small cakes, roll in flour, or dip in egg or bread crumbs and fry a little brown; send to the table very hot. You can also brown the parsnips sliced rather thin.—*Corrpine.*

BAVARIAN CREAM.—Whip one pint of cream to a stiff froth, laying it on a sieve. Boil another pint of cream or rich milk with a vanilla bean and two tablespoonfuls of sugar until it is well flavored; then take it off the fire and add a half a box of Cox's gelatine soaked for an hour in half a cupful of water in a warm place near the range; when slightly cooled stir in the yolks of four eggs well beaten. When it has become quite cold and begins to thicken stir it without ceasing a few minutes until it is very smooth, then stir in the whipped cream lightly until it is well mixed. Put it into a mold or molds, and set it on ice or in some very cool place.—*Corrpine.*

SOUTHERN FRUIT CAKE.—Six eggs, beaten separately, seven cups of flour, three and one-half cups of sugar, two cups of buttermilk, one and one-half cups of butter, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of allspice, one teaspoonful of coriander seed, two nutmegs, grated one pound of raisins, one-half pound of currants, one pound of flags, dried, one pound of dates, one pound of prunes, one-half pound of citron, one-third pound of candied orange peel, grated rind of two lemons and juice of one, one tumbler of brandy. This recipe married off all our family, and these proportions will make enough slices "to go round."—*K. L.*

TRANSPARENT CUSTARDS.—This is an old-fashioned and rather expensive custard, but so superior to any I've tasted that I've long since dropped all others, preferring this: Beat with one pound of sugar the yolks of sixteen eggs; set over a slow fire and add gradually three-quarters of a pound of nicely creamed butter; stir constantly till the butter melts; remove from the fire and add a teacup of rich cream; thicken with a tablespoonful of corn starch; flavor with lemon; citron in small bits may be added; bake in puff paste a nicebrown; to be eaten cold. This recipe should be used when making silver or ice-cream cake, which calls for the same number of whites.—*Wife and Mother.*

A Persistent Spectre.

While the subject of ghosts is attracting attention, I will offer a nut for our scientists to crack. For obvious reasons I am compelled to omit the names. The wife of one of our most distinguished scientific men—I use the term "most distinguished" advisedly, since the reputation of the man in question is cosmopolitan—saw nightly an old man seated in an arm-chair near the fireplace in her bedroom. Being thoroughly imbued with her husband's views upon scientific subjects, she held her peace, and tried, with partial success, to convince herself that it was a delusion.

Somewhat later this room was converted into a nursery, and ultimately into a spare bedroom, with the result that each successive occupant, juvenile or of mature years, described the curious old man who came and sat by the fire. My scientific friend has "pished" and "pshawed" at these statements, and has treated the whole matter as ridiculous. He has, however, been compelled to concede something to the vision or the delusion, and to quit the house. I simply advance this as a fact, and leave to others the task of explanation.

VICTOR HUGO, five years older [illegible] Longfellow, was born on the same [illegible] the same month.

HEALTH INTELLIGENCE.

[From Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.]

CHEVASSE has stated these four essentials to a beby's well being: Plenty of water for the skin, plenty of milk for the stomach, plenty of fresh air for the lungs, and plenty of sleep for the brain.

DR. FIRTH, of Brooklyn, in giving his experience as a bald-headed man, tells how he restored the growth of hair by persistent use of crude kerosene. And he has a suspicion that the use of it was really the means of curing a chronic rheumatic tendency.

THE Governor of Georgia has sanctioned a law regulating the practice of medicine, and vetoed a bill legalizing the dissection of dead bodies. Evidently he desires that the inhabitants of his State should get their medical education and experience elsewhere.

DR. UNNA, of Hamburg, says that the pigmentary matter which occasionally blocks up the pores of the face, producing black points or "flesh worms," is soluble in acids, and he therefore recommends the free use of vinegar and lemon juice as a local application to soften and remove them.

THE use of the eyes in reading while riding in cars or wagons has been well compared to the effort of a person to walk a slack rope; the strain on the muscles that assist in vision being as great during the jolting of a car, as would be the strain upon the muscles of the limbs when trying to maintain one's balance on a slack or even a tight rope.

DR. J. V. QUIMBY, of Jersey City, has demonstrated by three cases that it is possible to chloroform a person in sleep without first awakening the sleeper. He, therefore, concludes that, in the hands of a skillful criminal, it might become an effective instrument in the accomplishment of his nefarious designs.

PROFESSOR JAEGER, a German physiologist, advises the wearing of underclothing made from sheep's wool. He undertakes to show that in our organism there are certain gaseous, volatile substances which are continually being liberated in the acts of breathing and perspiring, and that one kind arouses feelings of pleasure, and the other sensations of dislike. Wool he says attracts the substance of pleasure, while clothing made of plant fiber favors the accumulation of the offensive substances of dislike.

THE *British Medical Journal* asserts that the local effect of tobacco on the mucous membrane of the nose, throat, and ears is as predisposing to catarrhal diseases as is inefficient and insufficient clothing in the case of women—the fact being that such effect on the mucous membrane of the superior portion of the respiratory tract causes a more permanent relaxation and congestion than any other known agent. Therefore, as tobacco depresses the system while it is producing its pleasurable sensation, and as it prepares the mucous membrane to take on catarrhal inflammation from even slight exposure to cold, the *Journal* thinks it should require no further evidence to show that its use ought to be discontinued by every catarrhal patient.

THE Royal College of Physicians (England) has "resoluted" to the effect that its members may hold any theory they choose in regard to the action of remedies, and practice as they prefer, if they will only refrain from using any special designation or class name, such as homeopathistor electrician. The *Medical Record* (New York) regards this as a direct invitation to all dissenters to drop their special designations and join the Royal College.

A CORONER'S jury in Philadelphia attributes the cause of death of Fred. Miller to imagination and fear. He had been bitten by a small dog, and though presenting no symptoms of hydrophobia, he died of fear in the belief that he had that much dreaded disease. This is the first case we remember to have seen of such a verdict, but don't doubt that a similar verdict ought to have been rendered in many cases which have been certified as true hydrophobia.

Mammoth Cave.

Bishop Warren gives this vivid description of the great cave:

One's general idea of a cave is that of an open space under ground, or in a mountain side. Mammoth Cave is made up of passages, avenues, and tortuous crooks rather than of vast open spaces. You can take the short route (seven miles,) to be done in two hours, the long (sixteen miles,) to be doue in four, the combined, to be done in from five to twelve or more. We chose the combined. There are avenues down which one could drive a coach and four if fairly cleared up on the floor. There are places that are mere cracks, justly named "fat man's misery," "tall man's abasement," and "corkscrews." Here is the River Styx, Lake Lethe and Echo River, running under an arch so low that a little rise in the water renders passage impossible. Sometimes it rises unexpectedly and leaves parties in the dark beyond the arches unable to return till the water subsides. I saw the eyeless fish of these dark rivers; their principal use in this world being to serve Dr. Bushnell for an illustration in his sermon on "extirpation of unused faculties."

Here and there amid these long passages are open spaces called "domes," where the water-carved rock rises ninety, or a hundred, or a hundred and thirty feet from the floor. When these places are lighted up by the brilliant Bengal lights they are both weird and grand. The variety of formations in the cave surpasses anything I have ever witnessed. In most caves the stalactite and stalagmite systems are easily understood, but the lower ends are delicately grooved in various directions, by what process it is impossible to imagine. Intermingled with these ham-like figurers are variously sized guttæ, as delicately cut as those of the Greeks on the Parthenon.

In some parts of the cave the gypsum has cystallized into snow-balls that glitter over the whole roof; in other places there are delicate flowers, some eight inches in diameter. The stalactite pillars are comparatively few, but exceedingly curious. In one place half a dozen form a kind of bower in which four couples have been married. The first bride had promised her mother not to be married while she lived on earth. A very foolish promise, and this was her way to keep it, and also get married.

"The Fixed Period."

Anthony Trollope has followed Charles Lamb's advice and taken to writing for antiquity. His new novel, "The Fixed Period," is a humorous sketch of life toward the end of the twentieth century, as it might be affected by an attempt to reconstruct the conditions of human existence so as to cut off altogether from it the period of dwindling and decaying powers, and fix an inevitable limit to the age of man. [illegible] to see yo[illegible] Mr. [illegible] calls [illegible] that [illegible] equal to the best.

F. B. HARISON,

PATRONIZE home industry and b[illegible] your Cigars of Barbian Bros. Th[illegible] make four different brands, and a[illegible]

the age of her citizens shall never exceed 68 years, and that the last year between 67 and 68 is to be passed meditatively in a kind of honorable seclusion, in a college established for that purpose, where the old shall be "deposited" at 67, and receive enthanasia a year afterward. The law has, it is supposed, been passed by large majorities, but majorities of the young only, for the island, which had been peopled from New Zealand, was peopled almost wholly by the young, while the few who were really old at the time of the settlement were exempted from its operation. Mr. Torlope works out his grim joke with a good deal of humor.

Head-Hunters.

[London Academy.]

In Mr. Beek's account of life among the Dayaks (the Head-Hunters of Borneo) the great national custom of "head-hunting" has, of course, a large place. In spite of the efforts of the Dutch to put it down it goes on still so briskly outside of their borders that many tribes are on their way to mutual extermination in order to get one another's skulls to wrap in banana leaves and hang up to decorate the houses. The boy's initiation into manhood is to go on an attack upon a neighboring tribe, for he cannot marry until he has a head to show as a piece of bravery. Nor does the bloodthirsty business stop here, for the young warrior's wedding, such public events as the naming of a Rajah's newborn son, and above all, a Rajah's death, with its demand for heads of enemies to be taken in order that their souls may go as his servants in the next world—these and other reasons are always forthcoming to make war everlasting between tribe and tribe. Yet our traveler confirms the contrast, so usual among barbarians, between this ferocity to aliens and the kindly home-life. The Dayaks much desired his European knick-knacks, and begged for them pertinaciously, but would never take the smallest thing without leave; they would hesitate if they could not give a satisfactory answer, but they would not lie. The women have, of course, to work like beasts of burden, but the men behave gently to them; everbody is kind to the children, and the sick are nursed and looked after by their friends with ready sympathy. According to the European standard of ethics, the head-hunters at compare in some ways favorable not only with the more civilized Malays, but even, we think, with some folks nearer our own doors. The most ferocious tribe met with by the explorer was the Trings, who are not only head-hunters, but cannibles, eating the bodies of the enemies whose heads they take. In most Dayak villages there are posts set up which commemorate head-hunting exploits, while others have to do with the yet more ghastly sacrifice of debt-slaves. It was a relief to meet with a tribe, the Orang Bukkit, whose partly Malay descent accounted for head-hunting not being their custom. Nor indeed, did they have the Dayak practise called pomali, the secluding of people, or prohibiting access to fields or houses by setting up some such sign as a bundle of leaves on a stick. This is done in order to get good crops, or to shut off evil influences in sickness or mourning.

Shipbuilding a Thousand Years Ago.

It is not to be expected that a delicate structure such as this Viking ship could remain for eight or ten centuries buried many yards under ground without sustaining some damage, or that she should perfectly retain her original form. It is rather a matter of surprise that the damage is so small as it is. Thanks to careful handling and a judicious arrangement of support, there is reason to believe that, apart from the local strains and contortions of form, the hull as it now stands represents very closely the ship as she appeared when put into the ground. Mr. Archer has taken off her lines with as much accuracy as circumstances would permit, and referring to these lines, he explains the chief peculiarities of the construction. The principal dimensions are: Length between the rabbets and gunwale, 77 feet 11 inches; breadth, extreme, 16 feet 7 inches; depth from top of keel to gunwale amidships, 5 feet 9 inches. The vessel is clinker built, and the material all oak. There are sixteen strakes of outside planking, the ordinary thickness 1 inch, average breadth amidships 9 1-2 inches, including 1 inch land. The lengths vary from 8 to 24 feet. The scantling is not, however, uniform throughout; thus the tenth plank from the keel is about 8 inches broad and 2 inches thick, and forms a shelf for the beam ends. The fourteenth plank from the keel, or third from the top is about 10 inches wide and 1 1-4 inches thick. This plank, which we may call the "main wale," is perforated with holes for the oars, 16 on each side, about 4 inches diameter, and provided with a slit at the after and upper edge to allow the blades of the oars to be passed through from inboard. The two upper strakes are the thinest of all, being scarcely more than 3-4 inch. The gunwale, 3 inches by 4 1-2 inches, is placed in the usual manner inside the top strake. The boards are throughout united to each other by iron rivets about the thickness of an ordinary 4-inch spike spaced from 6 to 8 inches, with large flat heads 1 inch diameter. The riveting plates are square, or nearly so, 3-4 inch. The nails are driven from the outside, except near the ends, where riveting inside would have been difficult from the sharpness of the vessel. The nails are here driven from the inside and riveted outside. The garboard strake is fastened to the keel with rivets of the same kind as those used for joining the strakes with each other.

Settling a Debating Question.

[New York Tribune.]

A terrible disaster menaces the village debating society. Its time-honored subject for discussion—"Which is the mother of the chicken, the hen that lays the egg, or the hen that hatches it?"—is to be solved, once and forever, by the electrician. It will, nay, it is already, shown that the place of the latter fowl may be filled by a mere machine, to which the name of mother can scarcely well be applied. And now the scientist is about to overcome the last defects of the incubator. A thermometer is so connected with magnates and wires and dynamos that a ventilator is opened when the heat rises too high, and is closed when it falls too low. So much to prevent the transformation of the incipient chicks into omelette. But "time's noblest offspring is its last," and the latest improvement of the hatching-machine is the crowning one. It has been observed that machine-hatched chickens suffer from lonesomeness, and do not eat so well as those who hear a mother's constant voice; and so the electrician is now constructing a telephone which will convey to the motherless chicks, scattered in different cages about a meadow, the clucking of a central hen. Henceforth there will be no excuse for any hen spending her time in sitting, and the debating society's theme will exist only as a matter of history.

PITH AND POINT.

IS THE shorn lamb a wether profit?

PAIL green is the fashionable color for buckets.

THE quail is a timid bird, but it generally dies game.

WAS the modern Roman punch copied from an ancient Roman frieze?

HENRY WATTERSON says the Parisians who eat jackasses are cannibals.

A MAN is like an egg. You can't tell whether or not he's good until he's "broke."

HOW CAN a man lie and maintain his reputation? Have the reputation of being a liar.

ANIMALS like sport as well as other folks. In the South it is quite a common thing to see a cat fish.

THE difference between a blonde and a locomotive is that one has a light head and the other a headlight.

A PUDDING-BAG is a pudding-bag, and a pudding-bag has what everything else has; what is it? A name.

"WHOM does this portrait represent?" "My mother-in-law." "Ah, that I might have discovered by the striking resemblance to yourself."

THEY must have learned sheep in Texas, for a farmer in Travis advertises for "an industrious man, to take charge of 5,000 sheep, who can talk Spanish."

A DUBLIN newspaper contained the following: "I hereby warn all persons from trusting my wife, Ellen Flannigan, on my account, as I am not married to her."

"INTELLIGENT!" said the man, of his setter dog. "He knows a heap, sir. Why, once he took a dislike to a man, and went out and induced the man to kick him, so I would whip the man! Fact, sir!"

A WISCONSIN woman, who was lost in the woods for three days, says she didn't suffer much, but was greatly annoyed by her absence of mind in not bringing along a small looking-glass.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A YOUNG man who went to the circus and stepped too near the monkey's cage had his arm seized and savagely jerked by one of the monkeys. He would have escaped safely if he had not said, "It is merely a monkey wrench," but when they heard that the infuriated crowd threw him into the lion's cage.

"You seem to be a man who is hard up for money," said Gilhooly, who is always trying to borrow money, to Col. Lordly. "You are mistaken, sir," responded Lordly, loftily; "I am well provided with money." "Blamed glad to hear it. Let me congratulate you that you are in such affluent circumstances, and—and—then you won't object to lending me $5."—*Texas Siftings.*

I PAINT without colors, I fly without wings,
I people the air with most fanciful things;
I hear sweetest music where no sound is heard,
And eloquence moves me, nor utters a word.
The past and the present together I bring,
The distant and near gather under my wing;
Far swifter than lightning my wonderful flight,
Through the sunshine of day, or the darkness of night;
And those who would find me, must find me, indeed,
As this picture they scan and this poesy they read.
Imagination.

"I WANT to tell you fair and square," said the customer from the interior, "that the very next time you send me another barrel of molasses which is short a whole pint, I'm going to transfer my custom to a firm which gives dead weight and full measure. Have you got any coffee which is put up in sacks that will make a bed-quilt good enough for children?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

BEECHER says it is easy to be good and do right if the head, liver, bowels and heart are all in good working order. We'll bet a dollar and a half with Henry Ward that when a man's vital organs are in good condition, he feels more like "raising the old boy" than he does when he is broken-up with the headache, liver-complaint, dyspeptic stomach, wind-colic and heartburn.—*New Haven Register.*

THE topic of suicide was in discussion in a mixed company, over in the City of Churches, and, when every one had had his or her say, a young lady solemnly concluded and summed up the interchange of opinions as follows: "Yes, I know it's immoral, and wicked, and everything; but none of you seemed to have looked at it in quite the right light. Committing suicide is like—like going to a party without an invitation!"—*New York World.*

W. F., WACO.—"Please answer through the columns of your next paper the cause of those large holes in the ground, known as hog-wallows. I am hurting to know." Hog-wallows owe their origin to the cymophanous scorification of cosmical atoms being rubescent while in a liquescent and dephlegmatic condition prior to the crystallization and erubescence of amylaceous secretions and delacerations of the substratum of the old jurassic brown sand-stone while in a coagulated condition. Do you catch on?—*Texas Siftings.*

Looked Well to the Main Chance.

In a village in France, a poor woman (widow of an innkeeper) was weeping bitterly, while two neighbors were arranging the body of her husband in its coffin.

"They've put a fine linen shirt upon him!" she murmured. "They've used a new sheet!"

While she was uttering this lament, some friends from without called the neighbors away, and she was left alone. A bright idea struck her at once. A few days before the death a troupe of comedians had stopped at her house, and being unable to pay their score, they left some old comic costumes by way of security. The widow ran to the cupboard. Just the thing—here is a complete harlequin's suit. With all possible dispatch she opens the coffin, withdraws the fine shirt and new sheet, dresses the body in the harlequin's dress, covers the body and returns to her chimney corner.

Unfortunately, however, the husband was in a state of coma only. The porters arrive, bear the body away upon their shoulders, and make their way to the church, followed by the widow, who is weeping now with one eye only. Suddenly a strange noise is heard; the corpse moves; the porters are frightened and drop the coffin, which breaks and discovers harlequin in his six-and-thirty colors. Imagine the confusion of the woman, and the astonishment of the crowd, to say nothing of that of the Harlequin himself.

Self-Restraint.

Under some circumstances enthusiasm shouldn't be repressed. But because the value of self-restraint is so manifest in many directions, the mistake is often made of supposing it to be equally valuable in all. Thus it happens that enthusiasm is checked that ought to be welcomed, feelings are kept back that should be expressed, desires are subdued that should be gratified, and sympathies quenched that might have blessed the community.