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ENTERTAINING FACTS.

The length of the submarine cables in the whole world is estimated to be 64,000 miles and their value to be $262,000,000. The length of all the wires is the world would reach 48 times round the earth.

"I do," said a young man at a Colorado wedding, when the minister asked if anybody knew any reason why the couple should not be united. The objector explained that the bride had promised to marry him; but that was not considered a sufficient reason for stopping the ceremony, which was concluded amid the tittering of the assemblage.

A boy foiled two burglars at Johnston, R. I. They had stolen $1,500 in a box from a house, and were making off when Willie Page, aged 14, gave chase. They separated, and he overtook the one with the swag. Then he boldly aimed his umbrella, and cried: "Drop it, or I'll shoot." It was too dark to tell an umbrella from a gun, and the command was obeyed.

The Supreme Court of Pensylvania holds that a ticket is not invalidated, as a title to a ride, by having been purchased from a person not an authorized agent of the railroad; nor can a theatre manager legally refuse admission on a ticket because it has passed through the hands of a speculator. Stipulations to the contrary, as printed on tickets, are of no account.

Cairo occupies an area of between three and four square miles, and contains at the present day not less than 400,000 inhabitants. The Citadel affords pleasant as well as historic and dignified quarters to the victors of Tel-El-Kebir. Even in the hottest part of the year it is cool among the alabaster columns and upon the marbled courts and galleries of the Mehemet Ali Mosque which is the chapel of the fortress.

The reason given for killing wounded men at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir is that in that country people do not cease fighting when they are wounded but shoot a man when they can. This is called treachery, and so it would be in Europe where the lives of the wounded are spared, but if their understanding is that the battle is to be fought to the death without mercy, the conduct of these barbarians shows pluck rather than treachery.

Mr. Hammond, engineer and general manager of an important Brazilian railroad, bears strong testimony to the value of coffee as a preventive against miasmatic fevers. He instances the case of Father Vaughan, who, on a journey through a most unhealthy country from Panama to the River Platte, considered that he owed his health to taking strong coffee, and mentions that since the natives in pestilent districts in Ecuador have taken to drinking it the death rate has fallen considerably.

A movement is on foot in Cairo to have Egypt declared independent of Turkey. All the Powers but Russia and France are said to approve the plan to do away with joint control in Egypt. The breach between the Sultan and the Khedive is widening, and recruiting for the Khedive's Body Guard at Constantinople has been stopped. Turkey is intriguing against continued British occupancy of Egypt. Arabi's counsel has demanded trial by a mixed English and Egyptian tribunal or by an Ottoman Court, as his life is not safe in an Egyptian prison.

Another of those remorseless agents of death—a gun that was thought not to be loaded—was used at the Island of Grand Manan, Bay of Fundy, by one boy to scare another with. The attempt was very successful, as the lodging of the bullet in the region of the spinal column is a very startling occurrence to the person affected thereby. Herbert Lane, the lad thus injured, was sent home to Portland, New Brunswick, but it is not said that the witless youth who shot him has been put in prison, as he ought.

The latest bit of legal sensational news is that Sergeant Ballantine has been asked to go out to Egypt to defend Arabi Pasha. As the learned Sergeant is now in his sixty-eighth year, he would certainly exhibit great enterprise if he went to the land of the Sphinx to plead on behalf of the Egyptian leader. It will be remembered that some years ago this distinguished English barrister went out to India to defend the Guicowar of Baroda, and received on that occasion an enormous fee for his services, a large portion of which he dropped at Monaco on his way home.

The number and extent of railways constructed in the United States annually is astonishing. September alone shows an increase of 1,200 miles of new track—all main line; while no less than 8,075 miles of railway communication have been constructed during the first nine months of 1882. By the end of the present year at the average rate of construction, 10,000 miles of railway will have been laid. This gives no idea of the thousands of miles undertaken and yet to be completed, the thousands of miles of grading and preliminary construction, and the thousands projected. In some cases they are opening up new country and territory; in others they destroy monopoly by competition.

Mrs. Stowe a San Francisco dress reformer, has informed the police that on Jan. 1st she will begin to wear trousers in public, and she demands protection in case street crowds insult her. But the Chief of Police thinks it will be his duty to arrest her, on the ground that her conduct would be disorderly. As to the form of the proposed garment, Mrs. Stowe says: "My trousers are made with a plait, and descend just to the line of beauty in the calf of the leg, just where the dresses of young girls come; and if young girls wear their dresses there, why should not old girls adopt the same fashion?' She is advised by a lawyer that California has no law under which she can be prevented from dressing in that fashion.

GREAT GALE.—There was during the early part of this week such a gale in Ireland and the North of Scotland as has not been known since 1839. All the hay and flax in Armagh has been blown away, and the fields left clean swept. Fully half the outstanding crops are lost.

It was Mike's third appearance in court within thirty days, and in reply to his usual appeal for clemency the magistrate impatiently observed: "It's no use, Mike, you're good for nothing." "It's not me sthyle to be braggin'," retorted Mike, "but if yer honner will borry a pair of shellaleha and stip outside wid me I'll make it inconvaynient for ye to howld that opinion."

The latest calculations of Behm and Wagner, the well-known statisticians, make the population of the globe a little short of a billion and a half—1,433,800,000 souls. That the world's population is steadily increasing is generally admitted; but the revision of estimates in countries where the enumeration has hitherto been largely done by guess work as steadily reduces the figures formerly supposed to constitute this population. Asia is credited with the top score, 795,791,000. Europe coming next with 327,743,000, and Africa and America following with 205,823,000 and 100,415,000 respectively.

Mark Twain is in trouble again with the piratical publishers. It is a Chicago firm now, and they have brought out a book of sketches "in complete form," and with a semi-humorous preface. Neither the preface nor any of the sketches were written by Mark Twain, who in his application for an interdict ingenuously refers to them as something like his own. We are easily led to infer that though they are not the Simon pure, they may be described as "funny—not too funny—but just funny enough" to anger the humorist, at least. Mark has made money by being good natured,—probably more than any other American writer. The question is what will he make in the end by sailing on his present tack. The style of his writing somehow connects his name with magnanimity; and does not lead one to fancy him haggling in a law court over the depredations of any literary wild-cat. Legal rights too legally exacted will associate such a name with avarice, and will be apt to precipitate clouds upon a fame which can flourish only in the sunshine of generous good nature.

The Wheel.

BY A MAN WHO WAS NEVER ON A BICYCLE.

See the wheeler with his wheel,
Silent wheel,
How many murd'rous thoughts pass through our mind as past he steals.
As he glides along the pave,
With the silence of the grave,
And the crystallinic glittering of his nickel plated steel
Bursts upon th' enraptured sight,
As it flashes dazzling bright,
Till the *gamins* with delight,
(Which the ordinary mortal and pedestrian cannot feel),
Yell out "See the blooming hijit on his altitood'nous wheel.
On his lofty, and exalted and velocipedic wheel,
On his wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel,
On his lofty and velocipedic wheel."

Hear the tinkling of his bell.
Little bell,
As it warns the folks to give him room before he gives them—Tophet.
And he dinds it all the while,
With a feeble, vacant smile,
As he works his number twelves in a rythmic kind of style,
And the people, Ah! they think,
When they hear that tinkle tink,
"Here comes old Darwin's lost one! Here comes the missing link."
And they positively feel
Like smashing up his wheel,
And implanting on his pantaloons some wounds that wouldn't heal,
That would cause him to stand upright as he takes his mid-day meal,
And would give him heaps of trouble as he sat upon his wheel,
On his wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel,
On his nickel-plated, highly-polished wheel.

MY FIRST FEE.

I.

I fear I am not saying anything very original when I mention that my father was a poor clergyman. There are hundreds of poor clergy; naturally their sons can be reckoned by thousands. I know there were thirteen of us, and how we all managed to find standing room in our small North Country vicarage seems a marvel to me when I look back upon the time of growing up. And then the struggle to settle the professions of eight sons! Mine was, however, soon fixed upon. My aunt's husband, a Scotchman and an M. D. in a country town, said he would bring me up in his own profession, provided I eventually became his partner, and in this manner repaid him the cost of my education.

The proposal sounded well; anyhow it was accepted. But ah! the realization was different. He never praised me when I worked myself almost to death in order to pass brilliant examinations, and only grunted when at last I came to settle down with him in a desperately dull town after having come out first on the list of Edinburgh.

My uncle cared naught for my being Arthur Merrifield M. D. I was to be his white slave, and repay, with hard labor, what he had spent on me. I honestly tried my best to please him, the practice increased considerably, but time went on and still my uncle never spoke a word about money affairs. I was more than a partner as to work, but no partner at all as to pay.

And yet I felt that I could make a name, also a fortune, if only I could get a fair chance. And the five girls at home were expecting grand things of me, which looked as if they might never be realized, for even if I persevered till my uncle died and left me his practice I might by that time have become gray with age and unable to begin to make my way.

At last I could bear it no longer, and one day I determined to come to an understanding with him. I am sorry to say this ended in a regular quarrel, and I declared I would seek my fortunes in London. My uncle called me all sorts of names, which, as they were the reverse of complimentary, I will not repeat, and I respectfully disagreed with him. His last words were:

"I should like to know, sir, how you are going to find a patient in London?" I did not answer him, for I was perfectly unable to do so, but I had courage and perseverance. "Where there's a will there's a way," I thoughlt, and thus I left my uncle's house, knowing well enough that I should never see a penny of his money.

I will pass over the many difficulties I next encountered; the applause of the other twelve as to my conduct, and the regrets of my father, who had fancied I, at least, was off his mind, and lastly, the difficulty of finding anyone to lend me some money wherewith to make a start. I meant to begin at once in good style; nothing venture, nothing have, and I was determined to have one of the best practices in town.

At last a part of my dream was realized. But yet it was all very well to be the occupant of a respectable-looking house in a quiet London square; to have gone to the expense of a brass plate on which was neatly engraved, "Dr. Arthur Merrifield;" further to have engaged a worthy middle-aged female to answer the door, if the door-bell had ever been rung and the master inquired for. Alas! I was beginning to feel depressed in mind because no patients appeared, and no fees filled my pockets.

I had told the five girls at home that my house would soon be besieged at all hours of the day and night. I had even had a night-bell atached, which rung in a defending manner close to my ears as I lay in bed; and, best of all, I had contrived a peephole through my window shutter, in order to distinguish the rank of the visitor who disturbed my slumbers. But up till now I had slept peacefully night after night, and I might have slept all day if I had so wished it, for no patients had come to ask me to cure them.

"And yet," I thought, as I paced the floor of my consulting-room, where no consultation had ever taken place, "and yet that rich young Jones promised that he would recommend me to the first of his relations who fell ill. The constitution of the Jones family must be terribly good, for I am sure the fellow meant what he said; he is good nature itself. Perhaps I have been a fool after all, and I had better have staid with my uncle, where at least my food cost nothing!"

You must understand that my spirits had reached far below zero to be able, even in my most private thoughts, to wonder anything of the kind. And, curiously enough, it was at this very moment that my front door-bell was suddenly rung in a furious manner. I very nearly rushed out to open the door myself, only I was met by Mrs. Davis, who had run up from below, almost as much excited as I was at this unprecedented event.

"Show the visitor into the consulting-room, Mrs. Davis," I whispered, "and say you'll see if I am disengaged."

I retired into a small study room next the consulting-room and separated from it by folding doors. It was here I had my meals, and, besides my bedroom, it was at present the only furnished room in the house. But hardly had I closed the door when I recognized the loud, jovial tones of "young Jones," who rather unceremoniously entered my den.

Tom Jones was the son of a rich brewer, and, knowing very well that he would come in for heaps of money, had considered it would really be waste of time to settle to any profession. He was, however, a good-natured, generous youth, delighted to do a kindness, and with no greater vice than a love of doing nothing useful.

"Hello, Merrifield!" he exclaimed, "how are you? Worked to death, I expect, since you set up on your own hook. I've only come to town this very day, but I made a point of hunting you up as I promised. I came at lunch-time, for fear, otherwise, of finding you closeted with some rich old hypochondriac.

"I am not very busy just now," I answered, "but delighted to see you at any time."

"Well, how many fees have you taken?" asked the irrepressible Jones. "Of course, London is already ringing with your praises." I wished he would talk on some other subject, but truth compelled me to answer carelessly:

"No, no, not yet: these are early days; the truth is I have very few patients. To be quite open with you, my dear fellow, you are my first."

Jones jumped up, pulled a face, and then gave his chest a mighty slap, intimating he was perfectly sound in that direction.

"My dear doctor, I wish I could think there was anything the matter with me, but, upon my word, I never felt better in my life. I haven't a pain or an ache about me. However, if the case is as you say, you won't quite despise my news; I fear it is not worth more than a guinea fee, but it may lead to more. My rich old uncle, Jonathan Dillon, is coming to consult you this afternoon, because I told him you were the very man he wanted, but I just looked in to tell you that he is very crotchety, and you must just manage him properly. As to his ailments, I don't believe they are of much consequence, because he has been just the same ever since I was in arms. Never looks a day older."

"I'll do my best, professionally," I said, secretly not much believing this rich man would turn up. "As to managing him, I am afraid this is not in my line."

"Well, that's a pity, because if he were to take a fancy to you, you would want no other recommendation. He'll recommend you right and left, and the whole Dillon family are disgustingly rich. And all inherit asthma or bronchitis. Fact."

I began to express my thanks, for, in spite of his off-handed manner, I felt sure that Jones had taken some trouble about me, but he only laughed at my gratitude.

"Don't mention it. Besides, old Dillon may take a dislike to you. However, he musn't find me here; perhaps he wouldn't believe I had come to consult you, though I did tell him you were the cleverest fellow in London. And so you are, in my opinion: I wouldn't mind telling the queen as much, if I had the chance." And then he was gone. But no, once more he turned back.

"I say, Merrifield, old Dillon's daughter is sure to come with him; he never goes out without her; a perfect slave he makes of that girl!"

It was toward 4 o'clock on a winter's afternoon that a carriage and pair dashed up to my door; then a grand footman jumped down from the box and gave the correct announcement of my first patient; I had just time to escape to my den before the front door was opened. I heard voices, then a loud cough, then doors being closed. Yes—my first patient had come. In another moment his card was handed to me, and on it was written:

"Mr. Jonathan Dillon."

II.

I entered the room in my most professional manner, and looking straight before me at once saw what was unmistakably "old Dillon," but, so much wrapped up that little more than a quarter of his face was visible. I can honestly say I never noticed Miss Dillon till her father himself waved a small fat hand in her direction, saying:

"My daughter, Dr. Merrifield; she always comes with me wherever I go, for I am so infirm I don't think it safe to be left alone—but she enjoys excellent health." This last remark was said in a most deplorable tone, and as I turned, I almost started with surprise, for old Dillon's daughter was a small delicately-made girl, who could not be much more than 19 years old. Her forehead was encircled with the most golden hair I had ever seen, and her face, though not what could be called extremely beautiful, was yet one of the sweetest I had ever gazed at. The expression was so simple, the large blue eyes were so innocent and shy, that for a moment I was completely lost in wondering how such a man as the one before me had any right so possess such a daughter. Miss Dillon was evidently very retiring, and at this moment also feeling *de trop*.

"I dare say, Dr. Merrifield," she said hurriedly, blushing up to the roots of her hair, "that there is a room I might sit in while you hold your consultation. Papa never likes me to leave him alone a minute, for fear anything should happen. Anywhere will do." I bowed, and rang the bell, saying, in as calm a tone as possible:

"Show Miss Dillon into the study." The vision of fair hair having disappeared, I gave myself up to the examination of my patient. After a careful inquiry I came to a conclusion which made me certain that this was the last time I should see Mr. Dillon. The truth being there was nothing much the matter with him, that the old man was a regular hypochondriac—in fact, that all his ailments were imaginary. But yet, come what might, I must speak the truth; even for the sake of further fees, I must not give a dishonest opinion. I would not be the first of thirteen to act a lie.

Mr. Dillon now began to give me a minute account of his ailments, and to repeat the advice of various doctors.

"And now, Dr. Merrifield, I feel sure you will agree with me in thinking it absolutely imperative that I should leave England at once, to cure this troublesome cough."

If only I could have agreed with him; but no!

"Quite the contrary," I said, calmly. "I think you should stay in England, the finest and most healthy climate for a constitution like yours."

"Bless me! Bless me!" ejaculated Mr. Dillon, looking distressed. "Do you really think so?"

"Without a shadow of a doubt, sir."

"But about exercise? I ought to take very little of course?"

"Not at all; the more you take the better it will be for you."

"You are quite unique, sir, in your opinion—remarkable! But about a prescription, doctor, I suppose you will write one for me, to allay this cough, for instance?"

"No," I answered, "any ordinary lozenge will suffice." I knew now I had signed my death warrant; or rather I thought I knew; for what was my surprise when Mr. Dillon exclaimed:

"My dear sir, you are the first physician who has not given me a prescription! I believe you understand my case. I hope I may come and consult you as often as I feel the need of it; which need, I grieve to say, occurs frequently."

I was amazed. Curiously enough, for once the truth had pleased the old man, but now I was obliged to answer:

"I am sure you will find it quite unnecessary to come again, unless some unforeseen——"

"Tut, tut, Dr. Merrifield, not one of my medical advisers ever told me not to come again. I assure you I shall come again, whatever you may say, and many times, too; and I hope to send others of the family here. We all have wretched constitutions; all except Lucia; I've often wanted her to see a doctor, but it's no good; the girl never complains, even of headache."

This time I really smiled. "I am sure we doctors are only too glad to see a lady in perfect health. The present excited life which many of them lead——" but Mr. Dillon was not listening to me, for he suddenly turned round (for he had risen to leave), coughed violently, and I then, after a nervous fumbling among the pockets of his great coat, he said:

"Bless me! I had nearly forgotten an important little matter. Believe me, sir, I never gave a fee with greater pleasure or more gratitude." He pressed his fat hand into mine, and I felt a small round thing slipped dexterously into my palm. I then went to release the vision of fair hair from my den, and at once hoped that if Mr. Dillon did come again Miss Lucia would always accompany him. I escorted the pair to the front door, and just as Mr. Dillon had entered the carriage his daughter made a pretence to run back for a glove.

"Please forgive me, Dr. Merrifield," she said, looking right up into my face with a most anxious expression on her sweet countenance. "Please forgive me, but what do you really think of papa?"

"In excellent health, Miss Dillon; pray don't be anxious." But before she could say any more her father called her impatiently, and she was gone with just one sweet smile and a "Thank you so much," for all the world as if I had just cured her father of some obstinate disease.

And now, clasping my first fee, I returned to my room. There I uncla-ped my hand, and in the middle of my palm lay a bright, hard, yellow ginger lozenge!

The expectation had been great, and the realization was so small that I burst out laughing at my own bad luck and my discomfiture. Yet not for a moment did it enter my head to acquaint my patient with his mistake. I felt sure if I did so the vision of golden hair would blush with confusion, even though I did not see her, and the blue, truthful eyes would look troubled.

No, my first fee was not worth a guinea, such as it was I did not hate it, because—ah, well, I might well call myself a fool for even fancying that I, Arthur Merrifield, penniless and unknown, should for a moment dream that I had fallen in love at first sight with my rich patient's only daughter.

I put the lozenge away in a box, and that night I again slept the sleep of a fearless physician.

III.

The next day I found myself thinking of a vision of fair hair instead of taking in the sense of a clever treatise on the anatomy of the hand, which certainly could in no way be connected with the events of the day before. Curiously enough, however, about 11 o'clock a cab drove up to the door, and what was my astonishment—I need hardly say pleasure—when Miss Dillon, followed by an elderly maid, made her appearance. There she stood, as fair and soft and beautiful as the night before, but, if possible, more shy and embarrassed. The little hand she held out to me trembled visibly as she said:

"Oh, Dr. Merrifield, can you forgive me for disturbing you this morning? I don't know how I made up my mind to come, but I felt I must, even if,——" She paused, and tears almost came into her blue eyes, while I could think of no word suitable enough to set her mind at rest, being ignorant of what she wanted to say.

"Indeed, Miss Dillon, if there is anything I can do for you I shall be delighted; so I beg you will not apologize for troubling me."

"It isn't that exactly," she answered, once more looking at me in a most distressed manner.

"Perhaps you require further particulars as to your father's health. I must repeat what I said yesterday——"

"Oh thank you, it was so kind of you; he was much better last night; I know you will do him good; but that was not what I wanted to ask you—oh, dear! you will think me so rude, or else an impostor, or——"

"Impossible," I said, more vehemently than the case required.

"I don't know how to begin; I mean, perhaps, you don't know the peculiar way papa keeps his accounts!"

I was startled at this question. Remembering the yellow lozenge in a box, I thought I could say I did know one of Mr. Dillon's peculiar ways of paying fees, but not for the world would I tell this blushing, shy, bewitching girl before me the truth.

"I don't presume——" I began.

"Oh, no, I'm sure you don't—I was going to tell you about it. Papa always makes his confidential man, Baker, put the same change every morning into his pockets, and in the evening, when Baker turns out the packets, he just puts down in a book what is missing, and makes up the number of the coins the next morning."

I was getting rather puzzled myself now, and could think of nothing more original to say than:

"Indeed?"

"Yes, it's quite true, or you see I shouldn't have known about it." (Here the fair vision blushed still more). "Baker puts in a sovereign, a half-sovereign, a crown piece,—he finds these rather difficult to get sometimes,—half-a-crown, a shilling, a sixpence, a fourpenny piece, a threepenny piece, a penny, a halfpenny, and a farthing."

"A very complicated way of keeping one's money, isn't it? or perhaps complicated for Baker," I said, feeling it perfectly impossible to repress a smile, though Miss Dillon's sweet, earnest mouth kept so grave.

"No, it is quite simple when one understands, because Baker knows exactly what a sovereign, a half-sovereign—and all the rest comes to—I forgot what it is—but, oh, Dr. Merrifield! Baker knew we had been yesterday to consult a new physician, and in the evening there was only a threepenny bit and a farthing missing, and so—and so I knew—I mean Baker knew—and he told me—that papa must have given you something by mistake. It wasn't the farthing, I can account for that, and—but was it the threepenny piece, or——?"

"Pray, dear Miss Dillon, don't distress yourself about such a little matter," I said hastily. "Any time will——"

"Oh, no, but papa thinks he paid you, because he said to me he never gave a fee with so much pleasure. So now I begin to think he must have—given you——" Miss Dillon quite gasped, so that I hastened to fill in her pause, this time feeling quite distressed at her trouble.

"Your father gave me a very good ginger lozenge, Miss Dillon; one of those little mistakes which will occur now and then. Pray don't make yourself the least uneasy about it."

"How very kind you are!" she said, again holding out her hand, which I took and forgot to let go till she had done speaking. "I felt sure it must be that, and then I thought perhaps you would think us impostors, and I knew you would be too much of a gentleman to mention it, and so—do you think I was wrong?—I came off with Mrs. Brown this morning, and made up my mind I would explain the mistake, only it was so dreadful. But I don't mind now that you have not gone mad about it. And then would you do me a slight favor, Dr. Merrifield? Would you mind pretending not to know anything about it, or that I had done anything, because papa doesn't know I am out; he is not down yet; and he would be so distressed he might never come again, and I should be so sorry, as you suit him exactly."

"Pray don't call this a favor," I said, as gravely as I could. "I think you will believe me when I say that, without even knowing your wishes on the subject, I should have never mentioned the—the lozenge."

"I don't know how to thank you. Now I must go," And then Miss Dillon put that small gloved hand in her muff and drew it out again, holding it out toward me once more, and this time I felt a little square bit of paper in my hand. Somehow our eyes met, and in spite of the gravity of the occasion we both laughed, feeling, I am sure, we should never again be afraid of each other as she said:

"Please, Dr. Merrifield, don't laugh at me. Is this the right way to give a fee? because I must tell you this is the first time in my life I have ever had to give one. I suppose some day I shall be ill and want a doctor, but I never, never have wanted to go to one before. And it wasn't for myself this time, was it? will you bear me witness I mean—I hope you will never mention it. Good-by. Now, Brown, I am ready."

And just as a ray of sunshine sometimes comes into one's room, glimmers, dances, and illuminates the place for a time, and then suddenly disappears, so Lucia Dillon had come and gone, and that noisy four-wheeler took off my vision of fair hair, leaving me with a golden sovereign and a new shilling wrapped in a small half-sheet of paper, on the top of which was stamped the address of their London house. I folded that piece of paper and put it away in a pocket book among my treasures, such as my dear mother's first letter to me at school, and the flower that a little girl of 7 years old had dropped when I, a 9-yeareld urchin, had fallen desperately in love with her. There was nothing there unworthy to lie next to the paper which Lucia Dillon's fingers had touched.

Later in the day I received a note from Mr. Dillon, begging me, if I were not too much engaged, to come and see him, as he felt very unwell. And if I would do him the great favor of dining and spending the evening with them they would be very grateful, for he saw so few people on account of his wretched constitution.

Well, I went, and spent a very happy evening. It was only the first of many more, at least during this first season. But Mr. Dillon was as good as his word; from the day of his first visit my practice slowly but surely increased, and though there were years of up-hill work, yet it is perfectly true that "ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute." I had at last got a chance, and seized it. I worked with double energy because at the bottom of my soul I had another object besides the one of making the five girls proud of me; I wanted a small, fair, blue-eyed, Lucia to be proud of me; and I wanted to be able to lay at her feet all that is best and grandest in this life.

It was not till I had freed myself of all debt—and though still a poor man I was comparatively rich, for I had a good and increasing practice—that at last I made up my mind to ask Lucia to be my wife. I should not have had the face to do it even then, only a young good-for-nothing aristocrat was perpetually coming to the house, and I knew that if Lucia, so young, simple, and innocent, became the wife of that man, her life would be miserable. The fear of this, and some amount of jealousy, perhaps, made me speak out one day. I shall never forget Lucia's face when I had said some strong, earnest, passionate words. She put her little hands once more into mine and looked up with her beautiful truthful eyes, as she half sobbed:

"Oh—do you really mean it? Because, somehow, I think I have—loved you ever since——"

"Ever since you gave me my first fee, my darling," I said, as I drew her beautiful head on my shoulder and—well, never mind the rest. "Well, Lucia," I added, "I loved you the first moment I saw you. So you see I loved you long before you cared for me."

There was still the question as to what Mr. Dillon would say about it, but our true love, which had had to wait so long, this time ran smoothly. Mr. Dillon, who still suffered from his wretched constitution, was delighted at Lucia's choice, and said all kinds of complimentary things about my rising fame and my other qualities. And so we were married, and the five girls from home were bridesmaids, though they were soon afterward married from our house under Lucia's care. And though I often tell Lucia that the last person she should have married was a popular physician, considering she is never ill, yet she always shakes her pretty golden head and says gravely:

"But, perhaps, Arthur, some of the children may inherit papa's wretched constitution."—*The Argosy.*

New Electric Appliances.

Mr. W. H. Akester, F. S. A., electrician to the Universal Electric Company, has constructed an instrument, which operates by electricity, for gathering apples, mowing lawns, reaping cereals, hairing hides, singeing horses and shearing sheep. It pulls apples and chestnuts off trees with great success. It consists of a telescopic bamboo, which can be lengthened to the height of any ordinary tree. There is a calico shoot attached to the end of this electrical apparatus, into which the fruit operated on falls, and thereby is transmitted into the basket or other vessel provided for its reception, the latter being placed in any convenient position either at the root of the tree or elsewhere. In fact, the whole of the apparatus, when denuded of the necessary connecting wires to the battery, dynamo or secondary, simply resembles an ordinary walking-stick. Besides having his family sewing machine driven by a beautiful motor, Mr. Akester has lately, though not the least in ingenuity, constructed an electrical fly-catcher, which in confectionery and other such establishments, where flies "most do congregate" must be invaluable. It consists of a series of plates, one-eighth of an inch apart, the spaces between being filled with a composition of glue and treacle, which attracts flies in great numbers. Every alternate plate is positive and negative, and the moment the flie alights on the plates he receives a shock which causes instaneous death. We wonder to what electricity and magnetism will be applied next.

Going Two Ways at Once.

A mining superintendent at the West says that by the use of the chronograph he ascertained the fact that the long pump bobs in his mine moved down at the top before they stopped coming up at the bottom—that is, they went both ways at once. This seems absurd, but it is rational, for the pump bob being 3,000 feet long, and made of wood, some time elapses before motion at one end is transmitted through to the other. I would be interesting to know exactly where the neutral point is.

The new statue of the late Hon. George Brown is now in the hands of the artists, and will be completed in about a year at a cost of $5,000.

A FEAT IN SURGERY.

Transplanting a Part of a Rabbit's Eye Into a Man's.

An unusual and interesting operation was performed yesterday, in the public eye clinic that is held every Friday from 1 till 2 o'clock in the amphitheatre of Jefferson College hospital, which will no doubt turn out entirely successful. It consisted in transplanting the conjunctiva (which is the layer of tissue forming the inner lining of the lids and reflected on to the eyeball) of a rabbit into the eye of a man who was brought into the hospital a couple of months ago, suffering from a severe burn that had entirely destroyed his sight. He is a young Irishman named Michael McMullin, 28 years old, just over from the old country, a few months, a strong, well-formed, healthy fellow, but as helpless as a child in his blindness. Shortly after coming over he secured employment in a large chemical works, and while handling strong sulphuric acid the fluid splashed up over his face and head, burning him terribly and suddenly and completely blinding him. The right eye was destroyed entirely, and the left one was so injured that anchylo-blepharon resulted—that is, the lids grew fast to the ball, the burn having destroyed most of the conjunction. It was decided by a consultation of the surgeons in the eye department to resort to this rare operation, with the hope of restoring the ball and the lids to their normal condition, and afterward of securing sight to the injured left eye. The chief surgeon, after some trouble, succeeded in getting a healthy buck rabbit, a large fine fellow of the lop-ear variety. He was fastened firmly to an apparatus used in experimenting on animals, and ether being administered to the man and rabbit both were soon under the influence of the anæsthetic. Four of the operating surgeons soon had the eyelid of the man loose from its firm adhesion to the ball and ready for the new conjunction which two others had carefully and skillfully dissected from the left eye of the unconscious rabbit. The part, still warm and bleeding, was rapidly transferred to the under surface of the man's eye lid and neatly stitched to its place. He was then removed to the ward up-stairs, and it is hoped that in a few days the wound will be entirely healed. That much being accomplished, another different operation will be resorted to that will most likely restore to the man the invaluable blessing of sight.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Vital Science.

A recent number of the Philadelphia *Medical Times* contains an interesting article on the origin of the blood corpuscles by Dr. Ryder, of Toronto. This is a subject which still puzzles scientific men, and none have proved how these corpuscles develop, or why the white corpuscles are uniform in size while the red vary. A Boston scientist has lately shown that the individual red corpuscles associate together invariably in odd numbers of 3, 5, 9 and 15 and are enclosed in a membrane, thus giving the aspect of variation in size, but why this association exists does not appear. Dr. Ryder made some experiments in wine by which he found that fermented wine before being clarified contained opaque atoms which did not obtain in unfermented wine, in other words the unfermented wine was translucent, the fermented wine not, unless the opaque particles are removed by clarification. He was led to remark the analogy between this and the fact that the blood as seen through the hand of a living man, held against a light, was translucent, while that of a dead man's was dark or opaque. He concluded that the opacity was due to the destruction of the cells by fermentation, these cells having previously existed in the fruit from which the wine was made; and that the living cells in the human body are recruited and maintained from the living cells in the fruit and grain which we eat. The cells in our food grains are the same as those in our fruit and vegetables except that in the fruit they are already filled with water. This is merely a difference of condition and is so arranged by Providence that food may be preserved without fermentation or decay. That it is a difference merely of condition, is seen by the way in which the cells fill up and enlarge when water is added in cooking, a very small quantity of dry meal making a large quantity of porridge. The process of digestion therefore is not a chemical one, he argues; the cells are not destroyed and reconstructed into new blood corpuscles, but simply transferred. Vital laws organize, while chemistry breaks down organisms. Chemistry has never produced a living germ, nature abounds in its wonders of vitality, which leads him irresistibly to the conclusion that God has reserved to Himself the power of endowing matter with life. * * The living cells which we recognize as the blood corpuscles must of necessity find their primary source in the realm of vegetable growth. This is the first part in the process of elevating the 'dust' into which man was made into that wonderfully interesting being." From Dr. Ryder's theory it would follow that grain, vegetable and fruit foods give better vitality than flesh foods, as it is assumed that the living cells abound more numerously in the former; and it must be confessed that the theory agrees with the facts wherever they have been faithfully examined. According to ancient writers, apart from the Bible record, primitive man was a vegetarian and was very long lived. The Mosaic record gave to man as his food "every herb bearing seed and every tree in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed," and some of the early generations of men lived to nearly a thousand years. Pythagoras, who travelled extensively, tells us of the same simplicity among the people of his day; and Hippocrates and Didorus confirms it. The Romans in their most vigorous days were grain and fruit eaters and degenerated through refinements; and the Patagonians, who are descended from a race of vegetable eaters who were literally giants, have steadily degenerated in the last two hundred years during which they have been flesh eaters.

Italians in South America.

The great current of Italian emigration has till now been directed to South America, and especially La Plata. In the republic of Uruguay there are now about 450,000 inhabitants, and there land at Montevideo every year about 17,000 Italian emigrants. The celebrated hygienist, Signor Paolo Mantegazza, wrote, not long ago, that on arriving there one seemed to be transported into an Italian colony. The boatman who landed you, the porter who carried your baggage, the hotel keepers, all were Italians. Italian emigration develops enormously on the other shore of the estuary of La Plata. It is calculated that from 1857 to 1875 more than 440,000 were Europeans, and that from 1875 onward the average annual number of emigrants is 40,000. Therefore, in a period of twenty-five years there is a total of 850,000 emigrants, of whom quite a third are of Italian origin. During the last few years Italian emigration to Buenos Ayres amounted to 1,000 persons a week. At Rio Janeiro the official census of 1879 marked the landing of 22,000 emigrants, of whom 9,600 were Italians. Of late years Italian emigration seems tending more toward the United States.

JOINING THE OCEANS.

A Great Engineering Project for Uniting the North Sea With the Mediterranean.

The object of the European canal, says the London *Post*, is to unite the North Sea with the Mediterranean by a navigable and maritime canal, accessible to the largest trading vessels, and which will unite the seas of China and Austria with the Atlantic and the Gulf of Finland. The project is not a modern one, for the Romans, and before them the Celts, had forseen the great advantage to be derived from the junction of the seas of Gaul by its great rivers. The scheme was grand, but it was necessary to study and furnish the means of putting it into execution. In 1878 Prince G. de Bearn, formally a staff officer, published at Dentee a brochure treating of the project of the canal between Marseilles and Dunkerque, passing by Paris, Lyons, and others of the richest towns of France. This project, largely planned as much from an agricultural as an industrial point of view, had the advantage of opening a direct and sure road to the vessels proceeding from England and the commercial ports of the north, which could thus cross the Continent and avoid the dangerous passage round Spain by the Straits of Gibraltar in order to reach the east. As the canal would realize, at the lowest, between the North sea and the Mediterranean, a saving a distance of two thousand kilometers, it would be found that the maritime commerce of Europe would benefit by about 175,000,000 francs.

On the 10th of June last M. Duclerc (senator) presented to the president of the French republic a first project, treating of a maritime canal running from the ocean to the Mediterranean. A commission appointed to examine this first project decided upon the urgency of studying it. M. Duclerc's project is simply a plagiarism of the Prince de Bearn's vast conception, because if it favors the southern and southwestern departments of France it would injure the greatest interests of richer departments. If the project of a canal which is to cost millions be put in question, one may ask why that of Bordeaux to Narbonne (project of M. Duclerc) should alone have this privilege. In fact, if M. Duclerc's project avoids, like that of M. de Bearn, the passage of the straits of Gibraltar, it does not avoid the Bay of Biscay and its rough tempests, so dreaded by seamen. Trading vessels will certainly never face this terrible gulf to get up a canal that will never be anything but an adjunct to Riguet's canal. Leaving aside the possibility of the execution of this canal, which ought to result in making Paris a seaport, we must study the question in a technical point of view. M. de Bearn's project is conceived in an exclusively French spirit. This vast conception ought to supplant all questions of local interest, for it makes Paris a great seaport of transit from east to west, and why should this project be impracticable, and why should they be unable to execute this canal, which would be supplied by the three largest rivers of France—the Seine, the Loire, and the Rhone? Indeed, it would be a chain a mountains to cross, but could there not be found on the higher point different terrents, the waters of which could be easily used for the supply of the canal?

Besides, M. de Bearn gives us the solution of the problem in a memoir which appeared two years ago. A glance at the map of France will suffice to show the superiority of M. de Bearn's work and the advantage to be derived from a canal, the place of departure being Dunkerque, and passing by St. Omer, St. Paul, Doullens, Avallon, Cholon-sur-Saone, Macon, Villefranche, Trevon, Lyons, Vienna, St. Valliers, Laix, Valence, Montelimart, Avignon, Tarascon, Arles. Beaucaire, and arriving at length at Marseilles, crossing countries favored by numerous and abundant water courses. Let us turn to the other side of the same map and follow the course of the canal projected by M. Duclerc and judge for ourselves. Let us compare the wealth of the departments crossed by the respective lines of both canals. But these questions, though of great interest, can only be of secondary consideration. The predominant question is to make Paris a seaport, which would result from M. de Bearn's project. There is another question which removes all doubt on the subject. Since the disaster of 1870 Paris has becomea bordertown. What advantage would there not be in the case of an invasion in Paris being in communication with the Mediterranean and the ocean? The French navy, the value of which was paralyzed in the last war, should be in a condition to supply the great city with provisions. Paris a seaport, Paris aided, supported, and supplied by the navy is invincible. Paris invincible makes France always triumphant.

Called Her "Darling."

As the train pulled out of Charleston I looked around the car and saw that there were seven of us occupying whole seats, while the eighth was a peart-looking girl about 18 years old. I think the idea with the other six men was to get some sort of an excuse to share the young lady's seat. One offered to open the window, but found it open and fell back. A second offered her a book, but she had read it. A third handed her a newspaper, but she had the same issue. The fourth was a drummer from Cincinnati. He pulled his cap down, picked up his grip and went to the door and banged it as if he had just entered.