Boxing The Ears.

There is a certain class of cases that from time to time come under the aurist's care, in which the serious, offensive and at times even fatal results of that pernicious and objectionable form of correction or amusement, boxing the ears, are forcibly illustrated and from what has lately come to my notice I cannot but think that this is another item in the bill of indictment against the present cram and over-pressure system in vogue at our schools.

THE STOMACH AND EDUCATION.

A poor, scrofulous-looking child, perhaps not normally too bright, from general il health and not infrequent semi-starvation (for it often happens that from the morning breakfast of dry bread and tea to the evening meal of the same luxurious and nourishing materials these poor little atoms of humanity have to go without food) is rendered on some occasions incapable of fixing the attention or in any way mastering the most ordinary of tasks, which he would quickly learn another day, when perhaps an extra meal or a rather more sumptuous breakfast is the moving power. The teacher, annoyed that the child is not going to pass the standard examination, and attributing to obstinacy and wilful inattention that which is due really to physical inability, has recourse to the book or pointer, should he have them in his hand; or employs the palm, should it be empty; with what result? Certainly not increasing the pupil's aptitude for acquiring knowledge, and most likely ruining the child's future career by rendering him deaf, or objectionable from a fætid discharge, if he does not contribute to his early death; for it is especially in these cases of halfstarved, scrofulous, or phthisically disposed children that a membrane ruptured or inflamed from a box on the ear is liable to run into a state of chronic suppuration, with the consequences to be presently described. Rupture of the drum-head from boxing the ears occurs, I am sure, much more often than is generally supposed, for not infrequently, when these children come for treatment for the "running from the ear," the original cause of the disease is forgotten, and only remembered on strict cross-examination; while in the strong, healthy boy at one of our public schools, well fed, and with a good constitution, living in purer air, and with plenty of healthgiving exercise, should the membrane be ruptured from this cause, it frequently heals at once, with little or no pain; or the pain, if great, only lasts for a short time, and no further notice is taken of it though some loss of hearing power may exist, and the seeds be sown of further ear mischief in the future. When the ears are boxed it is, I presume, generally supposed, if any consideration is given at all, that the auricles are the only parts that suffer. No thought is given to the fact that a great concussion of the air in the external auditory meatus is caused when the entrance is suddenly occluded, as by a blow with the palm of the hand. This concussion forces the drumhead suddenly backwards, and thus, notwithstanding the great resisting power of the tympanic membrane (Guiber's experiments on a drum-head which had been in spirit showed that it took a column of mercury 143 ctms. high to break it), rupture will at times occur, and this is more especially the case when the blow has taken the recipient unawares. When a rent has thus been produced a more or less acute inflammation of the drum-head sets in, causing pain, which at times is most severe. This inflammation and pain will quickly disappear, and the rupture heal, if prompt and proper treatment is employed; and at times, as I stated above, it may cure itself without any treatment at all.

RESULT OF NEGLECTED TREATMENT.

But, on the other hand, if neglected, the inflammation may spread to the tympanic cavity, and a chronic suppuration, with deafness and its other attendant miseries and fatal results, ensue. Thus adhesive of the retort. bands may be thrown across the tympanum, tightly binding down the membrane; mastoid disease may be set up, caries and necrosis may attack the temporal bone in any of its component parts, the brain and its membranes may become implicated, and meningitis, cerebral and cerebellar or subdural abscesses, epilepsy, or insanity may result. Facial paralysis may occur and become permanent. The large blood-vessels may become affected, producing phlebitis and thrombosis of the lateral sinus, and so causing metastatic abscesses in the lungs, liver, or kidney, from small pieces of the clot, breaking off and being carried into the circulation, blocking the small vessels. Or an ulcerative process may ensue, extending to the large vessels, which may become eroded, and fatal hemorrhage result. Pyamia may also be caused by the absorption of putrid material. The more serious and fatal of the above have a greater tendency to develop should a chronic suppuration exist at the time the blow is received; for although this condition might go on for years without producing fatal consequences, the extra stimulus of the acute attack brought on by the blow is enough to start any one of those intra cranial complications which have such disastrous endings.

With such a formidable list of evils loom ing on the horizon every one must ackowledge that the old proverb, "prevention is better than cure," particularly applies to these cases; but should a hasty temper get the better of discretion, and in an unguarded moment the mischief be done, no time must be lost, and the ear should be seen as soon as possible by a competent medical man; I lay great stress on the competent-or, as an old teacher of mine used to say when he wished to emphasise anything, "Put fortyfive scratches under it"-and mean a man who has practically studied diseases of the ear; for even in these enlightened days, when the knowledge of aural surgery is increasing by leaps and bounds, medical men in large practice and most competent in in other branches of the profession are still | nation sets forth in a distinctive way some to be found who know nothing whatever of | more or less essential features of the truth. the simplest forms of ear trouble, and who | No one has it all, but each types some phase even advise their patients to do nothing to | which is needful to the symmetry of truth. stop a discharge from that organ, saying It is only by correlating and dovetailing tothat it was salutary rather than otherwise | gether the representative denominations, that -a doctrine Du Verney disputed over 200 | we get the whole truth. Truth is a wheel of vears ago. - W.R.H. Stewart, Aural Surgeen, Great Northern Central Hospital,

The Domestic Doctor-

Brighten the eyes by bathing them in cold water, and always press them toward the nose when drying.

ed to as high a temperature as it can be drunk or sipped, above 100° but not to the boiling point, is of great value as a refreshing stimulant in cases of over great-exertion, bodily or mental. To most people who like milk, it does not taste so good hot, but that is a small matter compared with the benefit to be got from it. Its action is exceedingly prompt and grateful, and the effects much more satisfactory and far more lasting than those of any alcoholic drink whatever. It supplies real strength as well as exhiliration which alcohol never does .- Good House

keeping. For diphtheritic sore throat, use the following: One teaspoonful of flour of sulphur dissolved in a wine glass of cold water. Put the sulphur into the glass first and pour on a very little water, add together with the finger, than fill the glass with water. Sulphur will not mix with water easily and itis necessary to use the finger in place of a spoon. Gargle the throat well with this mixture, allowing some to be swallowed. Repeat every three or four hours until the white spots disappear. If the throat is too sore to permit a gargle to be used, let some one take dry sulphur in a quill and blow it into the throat of the patient.

Cripples are so common a sight in everyday life, says Dr. J. B. Bissell, in Babyhood, that unless our attention is arrested by an aggravated case, we pass them daily with hardly more than a sympathetic look. Yet, 1609. our feelings would surely be aroused if we realized that most of these cases are due to the neglect of some one who had charge of them in their early years. A fair amount of care and consideration (after proper instruction, perhaps), on the part of mother or nurse or these maimed ones in their infancy, would, in all probability, have made the difference detween a human being capable of earning a living and a useful and happy member of society, and a miserable, decrepit, defenseless creature, dependent upon the community for its livelihood and upon charity for existence. The greater number It comes on gradually, without apparent | £2,000 or £3,000. cause, getting better or entirely disappearing at times, to return again later, and in a more marked form each time, but lulling the victim and its relatives into a sense of false security, until it is too late. In this common bone inflammation, the earlier it is recovery without abscess or deformity. moderate amount of knowledge on this subject would have taught the mother that at the first suspicions of trouble in walking, the child ought to have been placed under the observation of some one competent to judge of the condition and the necessity of treating it.

LIGHTED BY GAS FROM WOOD. A Canadian Town That Utilizes the Waste Product of Her Saw Mills.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Sun thus describes the process of manufacturing gas from wood by which the darkness at Deser-

onto is relieved :-One day last week a stranger came to town and said that over in Canada he had seen a whole town, Deseronto, that was illuminated by gas made by distilling wood instead of coal. The facts as he related them

are interesting. The gas plant consists of a series of castiron cylinder placed like boilers in a brick or not he should remove a comma, applied furnace. Near one end of each cylinder is a to his superior, and the reply pencilled on big hopper. The hoppers are kept filled with sawdust brought from a bin by an end- | the body of the text and repeated in the less screw that works in a wooden trough. From the hopper the sawdust is conducted also in another 12mo edition of 1819. by other serces through iron pipes into the retort. There it is taken by another screw and pushed along to the rear end. Because of the heat of the retort all of the volatile matters in the sawdust are driven off, and the wood becomes charcoal, when it is ready

The gas passes through pipes from the to? of the retort to purifiers, such as are used in common coal-using gas works. Lime is the chief constituent of the purifiers. It comes out with an odor not very much like that from bituminous coal. It smells more like smoke from an outdoor fire than anything

The town of Descronto consumes about 20,000 cubic feet of gas a day. To produce this requires the distilling of two tons of dry sawdust. A cord of hard wood furnishes sufficient fuel to do the work. One man is employed to keep the fires going and do the heavier work, and one stout boy is required to assist him. The sawdust costs nothing but transportation from the mills.

Tests of the lights of ordinary gas burners show that the gas is from 12 to 15 candle power, varying with the sort of wood distiled. Oily woods give the higher power, of

"It is commonly supposed," said the man from whom these facts were obtained, "that wood is inferior to coal as a gas producer. But out of 100 pounds of coal they get 65 pounds of coke, while from 100 pounds of dry wood they get but 20 pounds of charcoal. They get, therefore, only 35 pounds of volatile matter from the coal to 80 from the wood. There is a coal tar produced from the wood, as well as from the coal. It is burned as fuel in Deseronto, but it could be worked over into many sorts of products. But the chief advantage of the sawdust plant is in the small amount of manual labor required. There is no other plant of the size in the world that is run by a man and a boy. The gas does not cost to exceed 40 cents a thousand feet, I am told."

Thoughts on Denominationa'ism.

The subject of denominationalism is being discussed in the religious journals. Denominationalism is all right, provided it be kept within the limits of charity. A generous rivalry does no harm-the rivalry of faith and good works. Moreover, each denomiwhich the respective denominations are the spokes. One spoke doesn't make a wheel-it takes all. But the trouble is that the various spokes are apt to forget their mutual dependence, and to set upon each one as being the entire wheel.

It is worthy of reiteration that milk heat "the letter that never came."

OURIOUS BIBLES.

A List of Strange' Errors That Have Crept into Various Translations.

Although the greatest care has been taken to make the various editions of the Bible perfect translations, still errors have been overlooked from time to time, and have given rise to various names by which the edition containing the errors has become known. The following list of these curious Bibles is extracted from an article in the Leisure Hour by W. Wright, D. D. :

THE BREECHES BIBLE.

"Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed figge tree leaves together and made themselves Breeches," Gen. iii. Printed in 1560. THE BUG BIBLE.

"So that thou shalt not nede to be afraid for any Bugges by nighte, nor for the arrow that flyeth by day." Ps. xci. 5. Printed in

THE TREACLE BIBLE. "Is there not treacle at Gilead? Is there no physician there ?" Jer. viii. 22. Print-

ed in 1568. THE ROSIN BIBLE.

"Is there no rosin in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" Jer. viii. 22. Printed in

THE PLACE-MAKER'S BIBLE. "Blessed are the place makers; for they shall be called the children of God." Mat.

v. 9. Printed in 1561-2. THE VINEGAR BIBLE.

"The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of "The Parable of the Vineyard," appears in the chapter-heading to Luke xx. in an Oxford edition of the authorized version which was published in 1717.

THE WICKED BIBLE.

This extraordinary name has been given of deformities begin in infancy and child- to an edition of the authorized Bible, printed hood. The most important of all the in London by Robert Barker and Martin varieties of lameness, because of its fre- Lucas in 1631. The negative was left out quency and because of the serious and of the Seventh Commandment, and William even fatal results which often follow it, is | Kilburne, writing in 1659, says that, owing that belonging to disease of the hip joint. I to the zeal of Dr. Usher, the printer was fined

THE EARS-TO-EAR BIBLE. Who hath ears to ear, let him hear. Mathew xiii. 43. Printed in 1810. THE STANDING-FISHES BIBLE.

"And it shall come to pass that the fishes discovered, the greater are the chances of will stand upon "etc. Ezek. XLvii. 10. Printed in 1830.

> THE DISCHARGE BIBLE. "I discharge thee before God." I. Tim, r. 21. Printed in 1806.

THT WIFE-HATER BIBLE.

"If any man come to me, and hate not his father . '. . yea, and his own wife also," etc. Luke xiv. 26. Printed in 1810. REBEKAH'S-CAMELS BIBLE.

"And Rebekah arose, and her camels. Genesis xxiv. 61. Printed in 1823.

TO-REMAIN BIBLE.

" Persecuted him that was born after the spirit to remain, even so it is now. Gal. iv. 29.

This typographical error, which was perpetuated in the first 8vo Bible printed for the Bible Society, takes its chief importance from the curious circumstances under which it arose. A 12mo Bible was being printed at Cambridge in 1805, and the proof-reader being in doubt as to whether the margin "to remain," was transferred to Bible Society's 8vo edition of 1805-6, and

Talking at Table.

" There is no end to the modes of conducting table talk as a means of child education, says the "Sunday School Times; and there is no end to the influence of table talk in to be discharged through a pipe at the rear this direction, however conducted. Indeed, it may be said with truth that table talk is quite as likely to be influential as a means of child training when the parents have no thought of using it to this end, as when they seek to use it accordingly. At every family table there is sure to be talking; and the talk that is heard at the family table is sure to have its part in a child's training, whether the parents wish it to be so or not.

There are fathers whose table talk is chiefly in criticism of the mother's method in managing the household. There are mothers who are more given to asking where on earth their children learned to talk and act as they do, than to enquiring in what part of the earth the most important archæological discoveries are just now in progress. And there are still more fathers and mothers whose table talk is wholly between themselves, except as they turn aside occasionally, to say sharply to their little ones: "Why don't you keep still, children, while your father and mother are talking?" All this table talk has its influence on children. It leads them to have less respect for their parents, and less interest in the home table except as a place for satisfying their natural hunger.

It is potent, even though it be not profitable. Table talk ought to be such, in every family, as to make the hour of home meal time one of the most attractive as well as one of the most beneficial hours of the day to all the children. But in order to make table talk valuable parents must have something to talk about at the table, must be the children lovingly in mind as they do their table talking.

Married in Haste.

A German engine-driver had plighted his made her way to the engine where her stood on his hind legs to be caressed. sweetheart was waiting for her. The driver at once backed the train into a siding, uncoupled the engine, and the lovers, together | dog, and tried to move her hand toward him with the stoker, ran on at full speed to the to be licked. He quite understood the acnext station, where a clergyman, who had tion, licked the little hand lovingly, and been duly notified, married the pair, and then trotted contentedly away. After this the new couple returned as quickly as they he went up to see her regularly, as he had had come, to the spot where the impatient travellers had been shunted. The engine was again coupled to the train which proceeded on its way as if nothing had happened. Meantime the news spread like wildfire among the passengers; they congrat-A letter containing \$90,000 was sto on in ulated the parents on the happy event, and Wholesale dry goods men say that the transit between Pestn and Vienna. It was the latter wisely decided to pack their Southern wade is increasing, and will soon feelings and look pleasant.

Death of the Stag.

A stately stag comes down to drink

Around him towering to the skies

Beside the mountain lakelet's brink;

The brown Sierras sharply rise. This is the haunt of silence; here Dwells loneliness akin to fear, And as the stag with agile tread Crosses that ragged lava bed, The careful putting of his feet But makes the stillness more complete. What means this utter dearth of sounds? Are these the happy hunting grounds? Now gracefully the neck of him, So beautiful, so sleek, so slim, Bends bowlike, till at last he sips The crystal tide with velvet lips. One moment, and the spell is past! His antlered head on high is cast; His thin red nostrils sniff the air, As though it said to him "Beware!" A moment thus, and then a quick And nervous sound, a warning "click"-The four hard hoofs together met Sharp as a Spanish castanet. Away! away! at every spring A shower of pebbles round him ring. He falls, rolls over-now again Is rattling down the rocky glen. Gone like a flash, and silence now Sifts down from cliff and mountain brow. The silence grows. What ailed the stag No grizzly looms against you crag, Grim, clumsy, ponderous and gaunt; Here is no mountain lion's haunt; No city hunter and his hound This rocky fastness yet has found. Ah, none of these! And yet the deer Had sudden cause for direst fear, For yonder, up the rough ravine, A runner comes, brown, lithe and lean; A perfect athlete, trained as one Who in Olympic games would run. Stark naked, save for sandals tied Beneath his feet, thin strips of hide; Unarmed, save that his fingers clasp A long, keen knife in bony grasp. Gods, what a runner! Deep of chest, And all his muscles at their best-See how above the skin they rise, As every move their temper tries! How free his action! Slightly bent, His eyes upon the ground intent, He moves along with easy swing, A Mercury who needs no wing; Yet, not too fast, but more as one Who wins the race before 'tis run. This is the primal hunter, this The man whose weapons never miss-The runner of New Mexico, Cliff-dwelling Candelario. His half-starved dog before him goes, Leading the way with faithful nose. The stag is doomed, for never back Turns Candelario from the track. All day through canyon dark and deep, Through mountain passes, rugged, steep, Up walls of rock more wild and sheer Than ever clomb Swiss mountaineer; And over plains of scrub mesquite He follows with untiring feet. He sleeps upon the trai at night And starts again at grayest light. But one such other hunter's name In all this world is known to fame, Or e'er was shaped of human breath, And such a one, I ween, is Death. He follows so each mortal wight, So camps upon the trail at night, Sure that his game, if slow or fast, Must weary of the flight at last. Three days are gone since first began That race between the deer and man, A noble course, and nobly run! The better animal has won, And now the stag, tired, hungry, weak, His hair no longer smooth and slick, But trickling sweat and dusted gray, Stands gamely waiting, brought to bay. His antiered head is bended low, And near the ground swings to and fro; His eyes, though shot with streaks of gore, Blaze fierce defiance all the more. Not long he waits, for soon there glides Into the opening where he bides A naked runner, brown and lean, Clutching a knife, long, wicked, keen. Then each the other quickly spies, And first they wage a war of eyes. The hunter, bending at the hips, With twitching hands and parted lips, Glides watchfully around and round The stag that turns, but holds his ground, Disdaining, though he often feels The starved cur snapping at his heels. Some moments thus, and then at last The snarling mongrel seizes fast Upon the deer's hock ; mad with pain, The forest monarch leaps in vain; He leaps, he stamps, he turns his head-Swift as a shaft from bowstring sped, The swarthy hunter forward springs, His left hand to an antler clings, His right the gleaming weapon wields. The stag sways to and fro, he yields, He slowly shrinks to earth, his gore Smokes on the ground, and all is o'er ! And all is o'er, but who would check The Indian's joy, as on the neck Kneeling, he swings his knife on high, And wakes the hills with one will cry? -[George Horton.

A Pur of Brains.

My dog is a pug, writes Mary H. Barford to the London Spectator. He is a very choice specimen of his kind, and was given to me by the late Dr. Wakley, editor of the Lancet, who was a great connoisseur in dogs. He is devotedly attached to my baby, and always accompanies me in my morning visit to the nursery. On one occasion the child (who is just as fond of him as willing to talk about it there and must have he is of her) was very ill, and for three weeks was unconscious. As soon as this was the case, the dog ceased to go near the nursery as if by instinct he knew he would not be

Mr. Walters, from Reading, was attending troth to a young lady whose parents would | the baby, and the dog soon got to know the not hear of the engagement. The lovers time he paid his visits. He would watch concerted a scheme for the attainment of him upstairs, and when he came down listen their wishes. It was arranged that she most attentively to his report. At length should accompany her parents on a holiday | the child was pronounced out of danger. The trip, and, during the journey, she left the very next morning up went Master "Sam," carriage under some pretext or other, and made his way straight to the child's cot, and

Although she had taken no notice of any one for some time, she seemed to know the been accustomed to do.

Spring millinery will be profusely ornate with gold and silver and other metallic braids, embroideries and ornaments.

I rival that of the West.

In a Tiger's Jaws.

Russian hunters are said to look upon a combat single-handed with a bear as only an ordinary experience. It is doubtful, ho wever, if many instances of a man attacking a tiger, armed with a sword only, can be vouched for, but Colonel Seaton relates the following:

One morning, just as we were leaving the parade ground, a man came rushing up breathless, looking as scared as if his life were in danger.

"Get your guns, men," he said in terror, "there is a tiger in the hollow by the fakir's hut and no one dares go by?"

This was an intimation not to be slighted, so in all haste we got our guns and two elephants and hurried to the spot, where, in truth, a terrible scene presented itself. The tiger, bleeding from a cut in the head, was on the edge of the hollow, growling fiercely, with a man mangled and apparently dead lying beneath his paws. The unfortunate man was the fakir's son, a fine swordsman and first-rate wrestler, one of the champions of his regiment. He had come home only that morning.

Some people who went to draw water at the well had disturbed the tiger and on his rising they fled in terror. The brave but rash soldier, who happened to be near at the moment, on learning the cause of the commotion, immediately advanced to attack the tiger, and with his sword gave him a tremendous cut over the head, which, however, did not materially injure the powerful brute. The tiger rushed at the man, stripped the arm down to the elbow and, dashing him to the ground, held him beneath his paws.

When we came up we were at first at a loss how to act, for the man was as much exposed to our fire as the tiger. However, it was not a time for lengthened consideration-we fired and a lucky shot finished the an mal.

A Forty-Dollar Joke.

If a prominent physician over in the northwest hasn't got even with one practical joker then it doesn't lie in the telling. The physician lives in a very modern establishment. Not only is there a special night bell, but a speaking tube connects the doorsteps with the head of his bed. The practical joker has had fun with this. He has been coming along about 1.30 a. m. and standing on the opposite corner and laughing until his sides ached thinking how funny he was and what a good time he was having. Then he would cross over and ring the night bell and howl up the speaking tube as if a whole regiment of mothersin-law on the next block had ten-minute cholera and were dying by the wagon load. And the poor, tired doctor would rouse out of his first sweet sleep and "hello" down the tube. Then the funny man would say; "Does Dr. J-live here?"

"Yes."

"Have you lived here long?" "For twenty years. Who are you? What

the blazes do you want?" "Jest want to know why you don't move. That's all. Ta! ta!"

And then the funny man bounces down into the street and scoots home, where he laughs for half an hour straight.

He didn't laugh half so much the other night. The doctor was loaded for him. He knew that laugh and that yell and he stuck a funnel in the tube and poured in two quarts of aquafortis, Stafford's indelible ink, liquid lye and a few chemical whiffs of torment. It gurgled and gurgled for one second and then struck Dofunny in the mug just as he opened his mouth for another howl. It came with a thirty foot fall and a ten pound pressure to the square inch.

He swallowed a pint before he could get his mouth shut and the impromptu hose played all over his face and silk hat and shirt front and dress suit. It was a roofraiser and curled him like a cockroach on a hot shovel.

It will cast the doctor \$40 for plumbing, but he grins every time he thinks of it.-[Washington Post.

No Fashionable God.

We find the following lines in the Merchant Traveller. They contain more truth than poetry:

A fashionable woman In a fashionable pew;

A fashionable bonnet Of a fashionable hue;

A fashionable mantle

And a fashionable gown; A fashionable Christian

In a fashionable town;

A fashionable prayer book

And a fashionable choir;

A fashionable chapel With a fashionable spire;

A fashionable preacher With a fashionable speech;

A fashionable sermon

With a fashionable reach; A fashionable welcome

At the fashionable door; Afashionable penny

For the fashionable poor; A fashionable heaven

And a fashionable hell;

A fashionable Bible For this fashionable belle;

A fashionable kneeling And a fashionable nod;

A fashionable everything; But no fashionable God

Her Majesty's Turtle.

Among the delicacies which graced Queen Victoria's table at Christmas was a turtle 106 years of age, which had been brought from the Ascension Island a week previously by the Government cruiser Wye. So thoroughly did her Majesty enjoy the soup produced from the fat of the reptile that the Wye has just been despatched to Ascension -- a distance of many thousand miles-for a further supply of turtles. It is not every one who is thus able to make use of a man-of-war for the purpose of gratifying an inordinate cravng for turtle soup.

A Hard Question.

"Mamma," said Johnny, "can anybody hear with their mouth ?" "No, child, I don't think they can," re-

plied the ungrammatical mother. "Then, mamma, what made Mr. Jones tell sister he wanted to tell her something. and put his lips to her mouth, 'n tead of her

The mother didn't question Johnny, but turned her attention to Mr. Jones, and that worthy made it all right by the proper explanations.