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JOHN PEARCE.
Lindsay, Nov. 22, 1892.

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NEW YORK NOT NECESSARY.

Mr. Bok on Literary Successes Made Outside of New York.

The greatest literary successes have been made outside of New York City, writes Edward W. Bok in an article on "Literary Chances in New York" in the January Ladies' Home Journal. The most successful books of the past ten years, with two or three exceptions, have neither been written in New York nor published within its borders. The literary men and women of former reputation do not all, by any means, live in New York; although New York publishes the bulk of the best-known periodicals, the two American periodicals having achieved the largest and most merited circulations are both published in other cities than New York, and that the three poets conceded now to be the truest representatives of American poetry are not one of them residents of New York. I do not say that all this may not be changed in the future; in fact, I think it very probable that it will, but these are potent facts as they now exist. In no sense do they question New York's supremacy. I cite these facts merely to let them testify to the undoubted truth that a literary success can be made outside of New York just as well as from it. "Charles Egbert Cradock," did not go to New York to win literary fame, nor did she even choose a New York publisher, and the same is true of Edward Bellamy. Nor did Eugene Field or James Whitcomb Riley feel that they needed to go to New York to reach eminence as writers. Mr. Howells made his success years before he went to New York. Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page spoke from the south and were heard in New York. Lew Wallace did not find it necessary to go to New York to write "Ben Hur." And thus one might go on indefinitely. But these men and women had something to say that the rest of the world had not said, and the man who can do this will be heard from, whether he writes from the most obscure of western towns, or from the most central point in New York City. It is not so much the place as it is the man. Cream will rise to the surface whether the cow is milked in New York or in the backwoods of the wildest and farthest western mining town.

ELECTRICITY ON THE FARM.

Everything Done by the Motor Except the Lifting of the Mortgage.

A vast field for electricity is opening up in its practical application to farm work, and the discussions of this subject in various engineering journals has created considerable interest. The Electrical World has begun the publication of a series of articles upon the practical application of electricity to the various farm operations and implements, with illustrations of a plant which is situated in one of the finest agricultural states of the west, and which shows in detail how the electric motor can be made to perform most of the work which the horse or the steam engine is now called upon to do.

There are four classes of farmwork to which electricity is applicable: First, for power purposes; second, lighting; third, heating, and fourth, for the operation of telephones, signals, alarms, etc. Examples under these various heads are numerous. For instance, hay, grain, and other products can be hoisted by electric power, which can be also applied to ordinary elevators. An electric motor may run pumping apparatus, which will furnish water for watering the garden, use in dairy houses, etc.

All such miscellaneous machines as threshers, grinders, shellers, hay presses, grindstones, etc., can be readily operated by electric motors. It is very probably that in time electric railway lines may exist over the best agricultural regions, furnishing communication between different farms, as well as small tramways on separate farms, connecting the different buildings, which electric ploughs and vehicles of all sorts are among the possibilities.

One of Sarah's Slaves.

Madame Sarah Barnhardt has lost one of her sincerest admirers. A poor fellow named Benetre, who has just died at the Bicetre madhouse, near Paris, went literally raving mad for love of her. He had seen her in "Ray Blas" as the Queen of Spain, and from that moment he could talk and think of nothing but her talents and charms. At that time he occupied a very good post in connection with the Paris Municipal Council, but he had to leave for neglecting his business. In vain he wrote to the popular actress imploring her to wed him, and in vain he haunted the stage door of the Porte St. Martin. The tragedy queen looked so coldly upon her eccentric suitor that she refused to grant him even an interview. Then came her marriage with the late M. Jacques Damala, and this finally upset what little mental equilibrium the poor municipal employe still preserved. He had to be taken to Bicetre asylum, from which he was destined never to come out alive.

The King of Sweden.

King Oscar of Sweden celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as a doctor of philosophy last month. As Duke of Ostgothland the University of Lund conferred that degree upon him a quarter of a century ago in recognition of his services to literature and science. His Majesty spent the day at the university and allowed the Bishop of Flensburg to place again a wreath of laurel upon his brow. The university is naturally proud of its adopted alumnus, as the King is a man of learning, able to converse intelligently upon almost any topic, and a poet of no mean parts. He has also composed music. His Majesty is the tallest monarch in Europe, overlapping even the Czar of Russia by several inches. A fine shock of hair covers his head, and a long, heavy beard, adds dignity to his face. In his robes of state he looks the ideal king.—Chicago Times.

In England clerks of a large provincial bank jointly own a cottage by the sea, 50 miles away, where all pass their holidays, occupying it in detachments during the summer.

The new brewery tax is causing general depression in the beer business in Germany. The Altona Brewery Union has already raised its price three pennings the half-litre.

It is estimated that England's wheat crop for this year is about 55,000,000 bushels, or less than two bushels for each inhabitant. She must buy at least 150,000,000 bushels more from some outside source.

FOR NERVOUS WOMEN

WHO HAVE HEADACHES AND OTHER ANNOYING SYMPTOMS.

Reliable Information for Keeping in Good Health—A Remedy for the Trouble Outlined in Detail—The Headache of the Brain Worker.

The headache to which an anemic, nervous woman is subject, arises from entirely different causes from that of her fleshy, full-blooded sister. It comes from functional disarrangement, to be sure, but where in the one case the machinery is clogged-up and retarded by an accumulation of extraneous matter, in the other the functional inactivity is simply because of insufficient force, power or strength to keep up the necessary work.

The remedy is difficult because it depends so much upon the will and determination of the woman herself, but it is easy and sure when we can bring the patient to an understanding of her case.

Briefly: Take things easier. Do not fret. Do what you can and do not worry about the work left undone. Control your temper and your tongue. Avoid worry, and fault-finding. Sleep more than you do. Take your sleep the first part of the night.

Of course you will say: "Where is the use in retiring early when I just lie there awake." Simply another matter of habit, and one easily overcome.

Get your druggist to put up for you seven capsules of eight-grain anti-febrin each, and take one each night as you retire at nine o'clock. In a week you will have a new and good habit formed, and the old one broken up.

What I have previously written about attention to regular habits applies to all women.

But in the matter of eating and nourishment, do not eat what you like, whatever agrees with you, but eat slowly, masticate your food thoroughly, and depend entirely upon nature to furnish all the fluid that is necessary for mastication.

As for medicine, in all probability you need a tonic. A one-grain quinine capsule three times each day, if you are not in the habit of taking this drug; or tincture of iron, five drops in a wineglassful of water three times each day, for three days; then omit it for three days. It is a bad plan to take any preparation of iron steadily.

Always alternate say three days of medicine with three days of no medicine. Your system may not take kindly to iron; once in a while we meet with a person who cannot take it in any form. You can readily tell, however, by a dull pain which comes just over the eyes. The pain comes when one continues to use the iron too long, or takes it in too large doses, and readily disappears upon reducing the dose, or perhaps stopping its use entirely. An infusion tea, of wild cherry bark in water, is an old-fashioned, but valuable and safe tonic. Make it strong, until it is bitter and "puckery." Take a wineglassful twice a day.

You may consider the treatment I am advising a bit radical—too thorough. You may think that there ought to be a quick way to a cure for a simple headache, but do not deceive yourself. There are means of speedy relief, but the cure I want you to make is thorough, complete and lasting, and like all things well done, requires patience.

Do you know what that narrow chest of yours indicates? It means that you are only half living. It means that you are not well-balanced. Your brain and nerve machinery are working away at full speed, probably with abnormal activity, and you are breathing with half your lung power.

Every morning on rising bathe the throat, chest, shoulders and arms. Commence with tepid water and each morning use it a little cooler until in a month you can use cold water on the coldest morning in winter. Put a teaspoonful of alcohol or cologne in the water, and after the bathing rub yourself with a coarse towel until you are nearly out of breath with the exercise.

Now to sum up: The radical, permanent cure for sick headache in weak, nervous women must combine the following:

A general toning up of the system. Regularity of habits. Plenty of sleep at the right time. A cheerful, quiet, easy frame of mind.

As to immediate relief there is nothing better than menthol.

Get your druggist to make for you a strong solution thus: Menthol, half ounce. Alcohol, one fluid ounce. Mix.

For external application, use this tincture full strength. Paint it right over the pain. Then take half a glass of hot water and add from three to ten drops of the tincture, inhale the fumes until it cools off, so that you can drink it, and remember that it should be taken as hot as possible.

There is another headache which comes from unusual exhaustion, and is terribly acute. It is the headache of the brain worker.

It can always be stopped, however, by taking a fair dose, say ten grains, of quinine at bed time and a good night's sleep.

Then, too, we have the traveller's headache; even this may be avoided.

First, do not work yourself up into a nervous frenzy of hurry by trying to do a thousand and one things, and then rush to catch a train.

Do not worry all the way to the station about things you have left undone. Do not go too long without eating; when your regular lunch time or dinner time or tea time comes, eat something, if it be only a cracker.

An excellent plan is to take a few raisins in your pocket and eat them when you feel tired or relaxed. Raisins are peculiar, and while I would not advise you to eat many on ordinary occasions—they are indigestible—still they will give an empty stomach plenty of work, and their stimulant effect upon a tired, exhausted person is quick, effective and pronounced.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The smallest complete Bible ever published has just been issued by the Oxford University press. It is 3 1/2 inches long, 2 1/2 inches wide and 3/4 of an inch thick.

An attempt with electric omnibuses is to be made on Liverpool street, in London. The cost is estimated at three pence a mile, as against five pence for horse power.

WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

A Living Spring That is an Unfailing Wonder.

Maj. Jones, Government Engineer in charge of the improvement of the Upper Mississippi and tributaries, and in charge of the roads and waters of the Yellowstone Park, is just back from an exploring tour through the Shoshone range of mountains, which skirts the park on the east. He was shown by a rancher a barometer spring and found it to be one of the most wonderful freaks of nature ever discovered. The Major yesterday gave this account of his trip and the spring:

"Soda Butte is a mound of travertine on a small creek in the northeast portion of the park. It was formed by the deposition of sediment from a calcareous spring similar to those at Mammoth Hot Springs. The spring is now dead, but along the creek just below are several small ones highly charged with gases and salts of sulphur, soda, etc.

"One of these has developed into a peculiarity that is decidedly unique. Passing by it recently in the midst of a severe storm, I was struck with the peculiar blackness of the sediment upon the bottom of the spring and the short outlet which leads its waters into a creek. Just then a rancher came along and, seeing me, said:

"See my barometer? That spring is the finest barometer in the United States. When it's going to rain or raise h-l with the weather that spring gives the hull snap away by turnin' black all over its bottom. Otherwise its bottom is all the same as the lilies of the field, mister. The gray of the mornin' and the roses and pinkies of the evenin' kinder get mixed and mingled all over it, and she's a daisy then. The bottom turns whiter than the swan when it's going to snow, redder than a volcano when it's goin' to be hot, greener than an emerald when a tenderfoot looks in it."

"I thought he was telling me a fairy story. A month later found me again at the spring. The day was semi-clear, but fine. Ominous little clouds were gathering in the upper sky, and it was getting to be something of a question what was coming. Snow in the mountains in November is something serious.

"Going to have a little change in the weather," suggested I to the rancher, who stood near me.

"Not much, partner; barometer says no."

"I went to the spring. The blackness was wholly gone, and in its place was the pearly gray of the morning, while in the outlet the gray was softly blended with delicate hues of pink and lilac. It was beautiful to the eye, but the fumes of the hydro-sulphuric acid were unbearable.

"It is a very curious fact that the sediment from this spring changes color with the changes of weather.

"When mother earth wrinkled out the Rocky Mountains there was left a very soft and tender spot in the region where the Yellowstone Park now lies. Here her surface crust of rock was softened from close contact with the heat which is supposed to hold her interior in a fluid condition, and there was a ragging of volcanoes through craters and fissures many miles in length. The face of nature must have been a lurid show in those days. Great rivers of melted rock flowed down the mountain sides, spread over great areas of valley and plain, and incidentally piled up the greatest of all the wonders of the park, the Shoshone Mountains. This range is a mass of peaks, in width about sixty miles, in length more than 100, which are almost wholly composed of lava. It lies in apparently horizontal beds, cut into mighty canons by the streams and peculiarly weathered into the vertical cliffs which generally cap the summits of the peaks. I have measured a thickness of over 5,000 feet of lava among these lofty peaks, which reach with considerable regularity altitudes of 10,000 to 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. The mountain walls are weathered into peculiar shapes of colossal magnitude, making the scenery novel and magnificent.

"The record of the rocks shows no place in all the earth where so much volcanic energy has been expended, and the geysers and springs now in action are considered to be part of the dying throes of the pent-up spirit of volcanoes."—St. Paul Globe.

Cheerful Chat.

It is said that the oak must go, if no more or forebuds will drop, But we ardently, crossly pray That it will be saved from the soup. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Dawson—I saw seven doctors go into the house across the street. Is there a patient with some puzzling malady?

Dempsey—Yes, a messenger-boy was over-heated with running.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"I know my feet are to stand on," said a crabbed individual in a crowded cable car to his neighbor, "but if it is just the same to you I would like that privilege exclusively for myself. Will you please get down on the floor?"—Philadelphia Record.

"I read Schopenhauer in German." "Why, I never knew you understood German." "I don't. But Schopenhauer is no harder to understand in the original than in English."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Bingo—"Don't you think, dear, it would be a good idea for you to give me an expense book, so that the coming year you will know where all the money goes?" Bingo—I can tell without any expense book, darling. All I have to do is to look on your back.—New York Herald.

A short theatre in New York was opened a few weeks ago by Mrs. Beere. She didn't take, and now they are going to try "The Isle of Champaun." It's a big jump from "Beere" to "Champaun," but New York will probably be able to stand it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Well, I'll be blowed," as the safe said when it learned that it had been sold to a man who lived in Chicago.—Buffalo Express.

The maiden who is "faddish," Who is always in "the grate," Is just now devoting a rare, Of her time and all her powers To the study of the right way to say Padresewski's name. —Brooklyn Eagle.

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