

THE RESULT OF A FAINT.

Mrs. Rachel Lyons had fainted dead away. Her husband, Dan Lyons, found her lying by the hog-pen. She had carried a big bucket of buttermilk to the six shoats in the pen, and had evidently fainted when pouring it into the trough, over the high fence in front of the yard. The bucket, with half a gallon of buttermilk still in it, was lying half inverted, against the still form in the faded calico dress, saturated here and there with the spilled fluid when she fell.

Such a thing had never happened before in all the married life of Dan Lyons, now nearly twenty-five years, and he was, for once, really scared. He called for his son, James, a stout lad of eighteen, and they carried her to the house, and then Jim was sent for the doctor.

Doctor Hare, the family physician, knew what was wrong. He administered proper restoratives, and in half an hour Mrs. Lyons was lying comfortable, but weak, propped up with pillows, on the old lounge in the sitting-room.

It was a very hot day in early July, one of the first real hot days of the season. The clover hay harvest was in progress, and as soon as Dan Lyons thought his wife was all right for recovery, he hastened to the fields with Jim and a hired hand. The doctor said he would stay an hour or two to see whether his patient was threatened with an attack of fever, or was simply exhausted. He had a long talk with her, in the cool sitting-room, while Helen, the daughter, and the eldest of the children, prepared dinner.

Dan Lyons owned three hundred acres of fertile land, half of it river bottom and half rolling upland. He was a wiry, muscular, tough specimen, a hard worker, and ambitious to be rich. When he married Rachel Cowden, nearly a quarter of a century before, he had taken her from a Vermont home to a log house on 100 acres of this same farm that his father had given him. She was a comely bride, the pick of the neighborhood, and she brought a thousand dollars with her, which was immediately invested in an adjoining eighty acres, the price of which was two thousand dollars, with a debt of one thousand dollars, they commenced to work, and scrip and save, and it had been work and scrip and save ever since. The two thousand dollars were soon paid and another thousand saved. Then an adjoining 100-acre farm was for sale for three thousand dollars, and he bought it, taking another debt of two thousand.

All this time the wife had no help, and three children were added to her cares. She mildly protested against this last purchase, but her objections were overruled, and the grind was again taken up, and continued by yet another purchase.

Dr. Hare knew all this, and in the quiet of that July afternoon he placed her duty to herself so plainly before her, that she could make no mistake.

"You have had twenty-five years of constant toil and care," said he. "You have denied yourself comforts and even common necessities. For what? That you might get more land and leave your children better off. Your duty to your children does not require the sacrifice of health and even years of life. Your children do not want this. You have enough to make you comfortable the rest of your life without doing any more work than you feel able to do. It is time to stop. You are now going downhill in life, and have no energy to waste. It should all be husbanded, to draw from as nature demands."

"The work must be done, doctor," she replied, "and we have no money to waste in hired help."

"Money paid for hired help in your condition, is not wasted. I do not know how it could be expended better. I happen to know that you can afford to rest and hire your hard work done. And you must do it. I give you fair warning. You will not live a year longer unless you take my advice."

"Is it as serious as that?" said Mrs. Lyons, started out of her indifference.

"Have I any fatal disease, doctor?"

"No, but your nervous system is ready to break down with a little more overwork. If you stop now, you will be in time, and may have many years of health and happiness. If you go on, you will save a few dollars and lose your health, if not your life. You should seriously ask yourself if it will pay to do this."

The faint click of the mower could be heard in the distant field and the drone of insects all round the embowered old house. The windows were raised to let in the air, and the quiet rustle of the ivy and morning-glory leaves that shut out the sun's fierce rays, had a pleasing effect. A load of hay passed and the smell of it wafted into the room. Pretty soon Dan's voice was heard in the kitchen, asking after the invalid, and a moment later he came into the sitting-room.

"Hello!" he said, going up to the couch. "You're better, ain't you? Be back in the kitchen to-morrow, hey? Helen was just wondering whether she would have to stay home from the church picnic, but I guess you'll be able to let her off."

"I'm not going back into the kitchen again."

She said it in a quite tone, but the voice was firm, and the face had a determined look that impressed Dan Lyons.

"Goin' to quit work, hey?" said he, with a forced laugh that was not in harmony with the surroundings. "Doctor, have you been trying to scare her?"

"No, but I have been telling her some truths, and I'll tell you one now. If your wife goes back into the kitchen and resumes her old toilsome life you had better be looking around for her successor. I told her she would not live a year."

The doctor had an object in presenting the matter thus. He knew that Mrs. Lyons had spirit and will enough to demand and secure what she needed, but under ordinary conditions they would not be called into exercise. Under her husband's selfish arguments she would take the wrong course. But the idea once fairly lodged in her mind, that she was working her life out for the

benefit of a successor—that would settle it. And it did.

Dan went back to his work, and to his thoughts. The doctor rose to leave.

"Let me tell you, Mrs. Lyons, what you probably do not know. Your husband has five thousand dollars in the Newton savings bank. The interest on that will pay for competent help to take your place. You need not quit working, but you must quit slaving. Go away from home, for rest, and to get rid of responsibilities you cannot shirk if you stay here. Stay away all summer and come back in the fall restored to health and ready to enjoy life."

Mrs. Lyons was able to go out to the table, at supper, and Dan was elated.

"It's only a brush—overcome by the heat—you'll be all right by tomorrow," he said. "Dr. Hare's tryin' to work up a case. They'll all do that."

"So you have \$5,000 in the Newton savings bank, have you?" was Rachel's reply.

"Who told you that? It's some more of Hare's meddlin', I'll bet."

"Never mind who told me. Is it so?"

"Seems to me you're gettin' cranky. You never meddled with my business before."

"Not half as much as I will hereafter," she said, and there was a glitter in her gray eyes that told Dan he was waking up a sleeping lion.

"I was savin' up to buy the Baker farm that joins ours on the north," he said apologetically.

"I knew you had nearly \$3,000 loaned out," she said, "but I never suspected the savings bank. That makes \$8,000 saved up."

"Well, it's a peerty nest egg, and I've been savin' it for you as well as me. You don't blame me for savin' it, do you?"

"No, but I blame you for not letting me know your plans. I have earned and saved as much as you and have just as much right to know what becomes of it."

"Well, when we get the Baker farm we can quit savin' and enjoy what we make as we go along."

"We're not going to buy the Baker farm, Daniel."

Dan almost let a piece of meat fall out of his mouth at this announcement. For years he had worked and planned and saved to get this farm. His wife had said, when they bought the last farm, that it was the last, and Dan had saved in secret ever since, knowing her opposition. He believed she would not object when she knew it could be almost paid for down. This quiet, emphatic veto dazed him.

"More land makes more work and worry and responsibility. Eight thousand dollars will bring in \$480 a year, \$40 a month. That will hire help and give us something to travel on, and if it don't, we can use some of the principal."

"You'd have us in the poorhouse in two or three years," groaned Dan. "Land is a sure thing. There's no better investment."

"You have too much land now. You ought to sell that 160 acres to Mr. Beidle. He offered you \$8,000 for it. With that on interest too, the income would be \$960 a year, and that's more than you clear with all our work thrown in. We're getting old, Daniel, and it's time we were thinking about something else besides saving money. I have had a whole day's thinking, today, and have had many a day of it before, without saying a word. My mind's made up now."

Dan was unusually quiet the rest of the evening. He was pondering over his wife's words, and was beginning to admit to himself that she was more than half right. It is more than probable that he would have held out a few days, however, had not an unexpected thing happened. That evening Mr. Beidle came over and offered him \$8,000 for the 160 acres. And I'll throw in that 5-acre lot that comes out of the corner of your east farm. It really belongs to it, you know, and you offered me \$400 for it five years ago."

Dan closed with the offer, and then went in and kissed his wife. It was an unusual exhibition of tenderness on his part, and she asked if anything was wrong.

"A good many things have been wrong," he replied, "but please God we'll try to right some of them. I've taken your advice and sold the 160 acres to Beidle."

In a week's time Dan and his wife left for the old Vermont hills where she was born. They were gone two months, and returned looking ten years younger. Affairs at home were well looked after by James and Helen and the hired man and his wife, the latter being installed as housekeeper. All this happened fifteen years ago, and Dan and Rachel are still living and enjoying life, with their children settled around them comfortably. Dan says:

"We are growing old gracefully, but we'd never done it if Rachel hadn't fainted away down by the hog-pen, and Dr. Hare hadn't told her the truth and knocked himself out of many a fee."

Borrowing Trouble.

Were it possible to make an exact computation of the true sources of both the joy and sorrow of humanity, it would probably astonish most of us to find how large a proportion comes from ourselves rather than from our circumstances. Probably imagination furnishes us with acuter forms of pleasure and pain than any actual occurrences can give, and our emotions are more deeply stirred in moments of anticipation than at any subsequent time. It is safe to say that there is more sorrow in the imagination of misfortune than in the misfortune itself. The vision of pain connected with the dentist's chair is often more vivid and poignant than the actual pain endured while sitting in it. It is the thought of the cold plunge that affects the man who stands shivering at the edge of the water. When he has actually taken it he is surprised to find himself so little disturbed. The farmer, prophesying a drouth that shall wilt his crops, or a flood that shall rot them, or a worm that shall destroy them, is full of misery. Yet when such fatalities come, they are not so bad as he feared, or the strength to bear them has increased.

Retaliation.

Wool—How do you like your new flat?
Van Pelt—All right, except that the man across the hall is learning to play the flute.
Wool—You ought to get an accordion.
Van Pelt—I did, that's why he got the flute.

THE HUMAN FORM DIVINE.

Some Interesting Information About This Body of Ours.

Each ear has four bones.
The stomach has four coats.
The tympanum is really a drum.
The human skull contains thirty bones.
Every hair has two oil glands at its base.
The sense of touch is duller on the back.
The lower limbs contain thirty bones each.

The globe of the eye is moved by six muscles.
The cerebral matter is about seven-eighths water.
The exact detail of the functions of the spleen are unknown.
The normal weight of the liver is between 3 and 4 pounds.

The human skeleton, exclusive of the teeth, consists of 208 bones.
Hair is very strong, a single hair will bear a weight of 1,150 grains.
The color of the skin depends on pigment cells in the inferior epidermis.

The enamel of the teeth contains over 95 per cent. of calcareous matter.
The wrist contains eight bones, the palm five, the fingers have fourteen.
The roots of hairs penetrate the skin about one-twelfth of an inch.

The weight of the average sized man is 140 pounds; of the woman, 125.
The only involuntary muscle composed of red or striped fibers is the heart.
Men have been known to lose by perspiration 5,000 or 6,000 grains an hour.

Straight hairs are nearly cylindrical; curly hairs are elliptical or flat.
The glands of the ear which secrete the wax are long, highly contorted tubes.
The fibers of the brain average a ten-thousandth part of an inch in diameter.

The air vesicles of the lungs are about one-seventy-fifth of an inch in diameter.
On an average, the lungs contain about 280 cubic inches, or nearly five quarts of air.
A woman's brain is larger in proportion to the weight of the body than that of a man.

The longest, largest and strongest bone in the human system is the femur, or the thigh bone.
The height of a fully grown man should be three and a half times that at his birth.
There are in the human body 527 distinct muscles, of which 261 are in pairs and five are single.

Frequent cutting or trimming of the hairs increases their thickness, but not their number.
Some Chinese and many Africans use the ear as a pocket to carry coins and other small articles.
The papillae of the fingers are about 1-100th of an inch high and 1-250th of an inch in diameter.

The little canals which permeate the dentine of the teeth are only 1-12,300th of an inch in diameter.
The image formed on the retina of the eye is inverted; so that all things are really seen upside down.
A perfectly formed face is one-third forehead, one-third nose, one-third upper and lower lip and chin.

In the space of a quarter of an inch square, Withof found 147 black, 162 brown, and 182 flaxen hairs.
The oil glands of the skin are most numerous where there are fewest perspiratory glands, and vice versa.
The teeth, like the hair and nails, are appendages of the skin and form no part of the osseous system.

The eye adapts itself to view objects near and distant by a change in the curvatures of the crystalline lens.
The brain of an idiot contains much less phosphorus than that of the person of average mental powers.
The characteristic odors of the dark-skinned races arise from the oil secreted by the glands of the skin.

Under normal circumstances, a man throws off 2 pounds every day in sensible and insensible perspiration.
The heart ordinarily beats about seventy times a minute, and throws about 2 ounces of blood at each contraction.
Lieberkuhn estimates that the extent of respiratory surface in the human lungs is not less than 1,400 square feet.

Hair may be transplanted, and under proper conditions will grow as well in its new as in its natural situation.
The leg of a perfectly formed man should be as long as the distance from the end of his nose to the tips of his fingers.
The tongue contains a bone which gives support to its base and furnishes an attachment to the muscles that move it.

The liver, like the heart, is never idle, though its period of greatest activity is several hours after digestion has begun.
The chemical composition of the epidermis of the heel is nearly the same as that of the matter of nails, horns and hoofs.
The liver secretes a kind of animal sugar. In the hepatic tissue this has been found in the proportion of two parts in a thousand.

An injury to the tongue is said to be repaired by nature with greater rapidity than is the case with any other part of the system.
Sanctorius, an Italian physiologist, estimates that five-eighths of all the solids and liquid food taken are exhaled by the skin.
The sense of taste is most acute in the base, tip and edges of the tongue, and is almost wholly lacking on its inferior surface.

Blind persons acquire so great a delicacy of touch at the tips of their fingers that they may really be said to see with their hands.
Anatomists say that the tongue of woman is smaller than that of man, but married men regard this statement with grave suspicion.
The tallest man of whom there are authenticated measurements was Funnam, of Scotland, 11 feet, and a little more than 6 inches.

The tissue of the liver is composed of an immense number of polygonal masses, from a sixteenth to a twelfth of an inch in diameter.

Involuntary muscles are generally pale or nearly white, and are composed of cells or granules about 1-3,000th of an inch in diameter.
A woman of perfect form should measure about a foot more from her waist to her feet than from her waist to the crown of her head.
The tallest people in the world are the Patagonians, whose average height is 6 feet; the shortest are the Laplanders, averaging but 5.

The fattest man was Daniel Lambert. A few days before his death, in his 40th year, he was weighed, and turned the balance at 739.

Chinese bank notes are more like promissory notes than our bank notes. There is not and never has been a national bank, and notes are not used as currency to any extent. The banker merely writes the amount on the note, and puts his private seal or chop over it.

Such notes are made out for all sums from 5 to 20,000 taels, and the Chinese banker never goes back on his signature. He pays the notes when they are presented in silver or gold. The silver is usually paid according to weight, in lumps, the shape of a toy bath-tub, ranging in value all the way from \$1 to \$50. The usual size is worth about \$50, and it weighs about five pounds. The gold is made in long, thin cakes, and is 20 carats fine.

The banker stamps with his private seal every piece of silver he pays out, and even the Mexican dollars are marked thus with Indian ink. Every big bank or company has a man who takes all of the silver dollars that comes in, and fits them into holes made in a board, so that when they lie on their surface is level with the board. He then takes a brush and water and washes them as white and clean as though they had just come from the mint. He now stamps his chop on each of them, and this means that he guarantees their payment.

Anyone who has been in China will see the necessity for this. There are no shrewder counterfeiters in the world than the Chinese, and they are especially adept in the plugging of coin.

The other day an American got a silver dollar in trade at Hankow, and attempted to pass it at the bank there. He was told it was not good, and upon his questioning the matter, the Chinese cashier sent for a candle and lit it. He then held the coin over it, and lo! in a moment it began to melt. The sides fell off and in the centre there was a piece of copper. The counterfeiters had split a genuine coin and had hollowed out the two pieces on the inside so that the copper could be fitted into them. They were then patched together so neatly that only the experienced ear of the Chinese shroff could detect the fraud.

CHINESE BANK NOTES.

In the Absence of National Banks They Are Like Promissory Notes.

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LEAVES AND RAIN.

Methods by Which Plants Dispose of an Excess of Water.

Mr. E. Stahl has been making a study of leaf-forms in relation to the rainfall, chiefly in the Botanic Gardens of Buitenzorg, and he says that while a large leaf-surface partly provides for the removal of water by transpiration, there are other distinct methods by which plants are helped to dispose of any excess of water accumulating upon them as speedily as possible. One of these is the adoption of the sleeping position by leaves, such as those of the sensitive plant, so that when the horizontal leaves bend upward the raindrops run off by the base of the leaf. Most frequently, however, excessive moisture is drained off by long points to the leaves. These points occur on the lobes of dividend leaves, but are most remarkable on long ovate leaves.

In some plants the prolonged midrib has the form of a wide channel, but generally it is that of a tapering and narrow point slightly curved at the end. As the water trickles down the inclined narrow point it passes from the upper to the under surface before dropping from the leaf, and the bent tip accelerates this action. Stahl tested this theory by experiments, and found that the leaves of *Justicia peltata*, which he carefully rounded, retained moisture for an hour, while those with the drooping points left on were dry in twenty minutes or less. This rapid removal of water from the leaf lightens its weight, helps transpiration, and cleanses the surface. In verification of this we are reminded that after a shower the pointed leaves of the ash, willow, etc., have had the dust quite washed out, while rounded leaves like those of the oak are still dirty.

Underground London.

It gives an impressive idea of what subterranean London is fast becoming to learn that on emerging from the river the new City and Waterloo line will, in its passage up Queen Victoria street, run for a part of the way under the low level main sewer, which, in its turn, runs along beneath the district underground railway. So that at this point in the city we shall have, first, a busy main thoroughfare, below that a steam railway, then a huge metropolitan sewer, then an electric railway, reaching its terminus at a depth of about 63 feet below the streets, and here it will communicate with another line—the Central London—which will lie at a depth of 80 feet.

Pietly in the Heated Term.

Primus—And the congregation voted down Dobson's motion to give the pastor a month's rest!
Sectundus—Yes. Dobson said of course he meant a month of Sundays.

Familiar Birds.

Teacher—"Mention some of the most familiar American birds."
Jersey Boy—"Sparrows, turkeys, and mosquitoes."

The King of Italy is passionately fond of horses, and he keeps over two hundred in his stable for driving and riding.

Thousands of Dollars



I spent trying to find a cure for *Saint Elizabeth's*, which I had 12 years. Physicians said they never saw so severe a case. My legs, back and arms were covered by the humor. I was unable to lie down in bed, could not walk without crutches, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged twice a day. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon I could see a change. The flesh became more healthy, the sores soon faded, the rashes fell off, I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for seven months; and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford St., Providence, R. I.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache. Try them.

AN ESSEX COUNTY MIRACLE.

How an Old Lady Was Released from Suffering.

Strong Testimony of a Reliable Witness Added to the Already Long Chain of Evidence—Why Suffer When the Means of Cure are at Hand?

From the Learnington Post.

Mrs. Mary Olmstead, a highly respected and well known lady residing south of the village of Wheatley, eight miles from Learnington, has been the subject of an experience that has created not a little wonder, and has excited so much comment in the vicinity of the lady's home that the Post believes it will prove of general interest.

Proceeding to the handsome farm residence, we were ushered into a room where sat the genial old lady. Upon enquiry she informed us that she was in her eightieth year, and for one of her years she is the picture of health. She expressed her readiness to make public the particulars of her suffering and cure, stating that while she did not care to figure prominently in the newspapers, yet if her testimony would relieve others suffering as she had done, she would forego any scruples in the matter. She then related the story of her case as follows: "About six years ago I was stricken with sciatica rheumatism, which first made its appearance in my left knee, but gradually took possession of all my limbs. Within three months after its first appearance I was unable to leave my bed, and day and night suffered the most excruciating pain. My limbs were swollen to more than twice their natural size, and drawn out of all natural shape. My feet were also badly swollen, and my right arm was in the shape of a semi-circle. For three long years I suffered in this manner, being unable to put a foot to the floor, the only way I could move around was by being wheeled in a chair. My appetite gradually left me until I had no desire or relish for food of any kind, and I got very thin and weak. During all this time I kept doctoring with the medical practitioners of the neighborhood, and swallowed gallons of medicine which cost my husband much money, but I am unable to say that I received any benefit from this medicine. My agony kept increasing and my system growing weaker, till many times death would have been a welcome relief to my sufferings. After reading in the newspapers about the many cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to try them. My case was a stubborn one, and it was not until I had taken half a dozen boxes of the pills that I began to feel an improvement. I continued taking the pills, however, and never had a relapse, and to-day I am as hearty and healthy as I was before the rheumatism came on. I am now able to knit and sew as fast as any young person, while for years my fingers were as stiff as needles. I owe my recovery entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the company's trade mark. Do not be persuaded to try something else.

State Ownership of Railways.

On the subject of the State ownership of railways much has been said, and much remains to be said, and it is a subject that is being discussed just now in the United States and England with considerable vigor. The appearance in England of a valuable treatise by Mr. James Hole, entitled "National Railways: An Argument for State Purchase," has resulted in a reopening of the controversy, and the recent occurrence at Chicago has brought the question prominently before the people of the United States. In a review of Mr. Hole's work in the current number of the Westminster Review, Mr. Hugh H. L. Bellot arrives at the following conclusion:—"There are, he says, 'two objections and two only, to the nationalization of our railways. The first is that it is impossible—the usual objection due to our conservative temperament made at every reform. The answer to this objection is that such nationalization has already been actually carried out in Prussia and elsewhere. The second objection is that State control is inefficient and extravagant. The answer to that is that the Prussian railways are managed as efficiently as any other, and pay higher dividends than any other large system in the world.'"

Queen Victoria presented the Duchess of York with two cradles for her baby. One is of white wood, and is the same bassinet as originally held the Empress Frederick of Germany. It has an inscription in silver letters to that effect, and also that the Queen gave it to the Duchess of York in 1894. It is fitted up with satin and Honiton lace. The other cradle is made of mahogany with a rich gilt inlay, and is upholstered in pale blue brocade. Both are furnished with sheets of Irish lawn edged with lace, and blankets as light as aspidochelone, composed of Pyrenean wool.