Miller Jim's Daughter.

that's the old mill over there!
rty and romantic-looking, ain't it?
ns awful lonesome to us folks as
ll of life and just piling in the
y long. That there water-wheel
for repairs in them days; it just
ng all the time, and the team
around, and you'd see the boys
the hill ridin' an old mare, with a
of grain thrown over her instead
—trit-trot, trit-trot, and a half-
refooted boy on her neck—folks
a boy to the mill in those days, if
ne. And you see that there old
here's where Miller Jim and his
d. We boys used to cast sheep's
t that door, I tell you, and when
and look out kind of unconscious
rtend not to see us, but shade
ith her hand and look way down
it was just as if an angel from
d lit down there. Purty? Why,
't a chap in Sugar Valley that
k she was the handsomest gal in
and when she smiled on any of
at kind of sort of sweet insinua-
he had, we'd just have walked on
neers for her and drawed lots for
ge.
are you figurin'? a sketchin' the
ell, ye don't see any ruin there,
f the senseless wood and stone.
was made by one of you painter
his picter! If I could have held his
e mill-race for half on hour, I'd
happy—and that's what makes
w like a poor, weak critter. I in-
him to her; he was a moovin' round
n' sketches, as he called 'em, of
, and I may as well own up he
, smart-looking, well-spoken chap,
his way liberally. He said he
working for amusement, and so it
, and one day I told him he hadn't
the prettiest picter in the place.
it was Miller Jim's darter, and
to see her. The next Sunday I
church and so was the painter
we happened to sit together, and
choir sang there was one voice
of carried the tune alone. I knew
d it made me tremble all over
piness, and the stranger listened
e, in a whisper, 'What a heaven-

says I, "and its her; the one in
bonnet and white veil, the girl
gin' air—that's Miller Jim's dar-

church nothing would do but I
oduce him—which I did, God for-
—and he walked by her and carried
just as if he had allus known her,
her father was with them, only he
any account, kind of shiftless, be-
erybody honest, till he found them
then he would kinder apolgize for
he'd lend money as long as he had
n his pocket, if anyone made up a
, and never locked a door, or took
or made a sharp bargin: kind of
r foolish, with a soft heart that
him poor, though I don't know
r wanted anything much.
beauty *is* a misfortune, if the
God doesn't go with it. Nobody
ed ennything wrong when all to
ame over us like a thunder-blast.
er's girl was gone; gone with the
hap, but we never knew how or
There was more than one of us that
to ask Miller Jim about it, but when
to look in his face we just didn't
hing. The miller was a changed
d ailers had a smile and a pleasant
us boys—he wasn't ever what you
jolly, but he had his quiet little
ey were the same old ones over and
we expected 'em. Now, he had a
s face as if something inside was
d his lips that used to be kind of
nd foolish, they were shut like a
he never mentioned her name to
rtal,.
he got sort o' absent-minded—for-
e toll from a widow's grist—used
ttle children and kiss them or pat
their heads, and there was allus a
falling from his eyes—cold, I
ause he didn't take any care of
and then he took a good bit of
a little child—a pretty little mite
—that lived near, and one day he
aning out of an upstairs window
n over and told her mother she
l mebbe, and get hurt; the woman
gly temper and she says to him,
"I kin take care of my own chil',
t's more than you could do with
and he looked at her sort of still
e for a moment and turned away;
lay the mill warn't goin', nor the
d on the third we looked, and
n in the race—but whether he slip-
drowned himself of purpose, of
body can tell for sure. I've often
to the faces of handsome wimmen
since then, and tried to find one
red that gal of Miller Jim's, but
down sweetness and rale beauty
r, seen her equal, and how she could
ll, as would have died for her, is
n I can conceit. That's a rale good
u've got of the mill, but you can't
ull of it—there's two people there,
ok at it, and one of them is—I
d the trick of painting a picture
nory—she—why there's something
s—it's the dampness I guess—this
llus does affect me just so."—*De-
Post.*

Husbands and Wives.

husband makes a good wife. Some
neither do without wives nor with
ey are wretched alone in what is
ngle blessedness, and they make
e miserable when they get married;
like Tompkin's dog, which could
to be loose, and howled when it
up. Happy bachelors are like hap-
nds, and a happy husband is the
of men. A well-matched couple
pyful life between them, as the two
ried the cluster of Eschol. They are
f birds of Paradise. They multiply
s by sharing them, and lessen their
by dividing them; this is fine
ic. The waggon of care rolls lightly
they pull together, and when is
ittle heavily, or there's a hitch any-
hey love each other all the more,
ghten the labor.

octors are now telling their credi-
all round after the gunning season
ed.

FACTS ABOUT BEARS.

Bear Ordinary no More Dangerous than a Woodchuck.

I rise for a few remarks on the bear. I
ve known bruin for the past forty years.
have met him on the trail in northern
lichigan. Pensylvania, and the North
oods. I have seen him in Wisconsin and
nnesota.

Ordinary bruin is about as dangerous as a
coon or the festive woodchuck. But it
es happen that the mother of any mammal
ill ignore danger to herself in defence of
r young. Almost any animal will go wild
nd reckless of danger in defence of her
oung, and the bear is wonderful on muscle.
Consequently, when a bear turns on her tor-
entors it is well to keep back about eighty-
ve and a half feet. She doesn't want to
urt anybody. She only wants to get her
abes away from that fearful biped with
he Derby hat and a dead rabbit cut on his
air.

If you humor her you are safe enough. If
ou want to put your hounds on her, mak-
g the escape of her cubs doubtful: well,
you takes your choice." If you drive her
desperation and she has the grit to stand
y her cubs, "better you stand a leedle
ack."

I have bagged a good deal of bear meat. I
ave been twice on a lone cruise in the
North Woods. I saw several bears there—
ll intent on their own affairs.

So light was the danger from wild ani-
als there, and so childish seemed the im-
ense arrangements of the average tourist,
hat I came to leave not only my rifle, but
y revolver behind. And I found the eight-
unce rod and the pocket hatcher all suffi-
ient for defence against wild beasts. All
he same, a she bear with cubs may be
angerous. I will give three instances that
can vouch for:

Forty years ago "Jim Steele," with a re-
ord of seven panthers, twenty-one bears,
nd 1,300 deer, resided at the mouth of
'Asoph Run." He sent his son aged 14, up
he creek for the cows one evening. The
oy come back frightened and crying, say-
ng that a big bear had chased and nearly
aught him. Old Jim was disgusted at the
oy's cowardice. Leaving his rifle he went
back with the boy, and at the mouth of the
Kennedy Run the boy commenced to say,
"it was just here," when an immense bear
umped from under the bank, reared on her
ind legs, and, showing all the teeth she
ad, growling, snarling, and threatening,
made at the party. Old Jim took it in at
nce. "Jump on my back," he yelled to
the youngster, which the boy did at once;
nd yelling, backing, and flourishing a knife,
ll the weapon he had, old Jim and the boy
got away. Then they saw the mother bear
cross the "riffle" on the creek and scatter
up the mountain side, to be seen no more of
men forever.

Thirty-two years ago, "Harry Ellis," born
nd bred on Pine Creek, guided a party to
the huckleberry hills of the Barrens. While
prospecting for the best berrying grounds he
was suddenly confronted by an immense
bear, which arose from behind a large fallen
trunk, and, rearing on her hind legs, made
directly at him, roaring, grunting, snarling,
and showing her best array of teeth. Harry
seized and flourished a pine knot, whooping
and yelling at the top of his voice, as he ran
backward at his best pace for a few rods
only, when the bear turned and quickly con-
veyed her two cubs out of danger.

On the same range of hills I once went
huckleberrying with Farmer T., his wife,
and daughter on invitation. Our rig was
a two-horse farm waggon, the bottom of the
waggon packed with inverted tubs and
buckets. Distance to the ground, twenty-
one miles.

By dint of starting at 3 a. m., and abusing
the horses to unwonted speed, we were on
the ground at 11 a. m., among the berries so
plenty that the ground was absolutely hid-
den. It was a short job to pick a bushel of
berries on such ground; but I had been there
before, and I thought I knew a place about
three-quarters of a mile westward, where
the berries were equally plenty, but larger.
So I took a large tin pail and started. Half
way to the ground there is a gulch to be
crossed, and this gully was badly blocked
with fallen timber. When near the bottom
I halted to select the best route for getting
by or over some fallen trees that lay in my
path, when a very large, dingy-looking
"brown-nosed" bear sprang on a pine,
sprang off again directly at me, got on her
hind legs, and began to play the usual game
of scare—showing all her teeth, making the
savage, roaring, barking, growling noise
common to enraged bears. On the instant
I commenced a lively retrograde movement.
Once I caught my heels and tumbled over
backward, but got up suddenly. It was a
Chinese fight. Growling, snarling, teeth and
claws on one side; whooping, yelling, and
pounding tinware on the other. Nobody
hurt. Bear badly scared. As for myself,
I wasn't scared a bit! As for the bear; it
goes without saying that when she had play-
ed me off a few rods, she got down on all
fours and took herself out with her cubs
for all she was worth.—*From the Forest and
Stream.*

How to Cool an Apartment.

A simple way of cooling the air of a room
is described in the New Orleans *Picayune* of
a recent date. The composing room of the
Picayune is situated in the upper story of
its publication house, just under the roof,
and in summer is extremely hot. This sea-
son an inspiration seems to have come to
one of the oppressed occupants, and in ac-
cordance with it a vertical wooden box was
constructed in the corner of the room, with
openings at the floor and ceiling, and fur-
nished with a pipe for supplying water at
the top, and a pan and drain at the bottom
for receiving the flow and carrying it safely
away. The supply pipe was bent over the
upper end of the shaft, and fitted with a rose
like that of a watering pot, so as to deliver
a shower of spray instead of a solid stream.
On connecting it with the service pipe, the
movement of the water was found to cause
an active circulation of the air in that part
of the room, which was drawn in at the
upper opening of the draft and issued again,
cool and fresh, at the floor level. The most
surprising thing about the experiment seems
to have been the effect of the water in cool-
ing the air to a degree much below its own
temperature. With Mississippi water,
which when drawn from the service pipe in-
dicated a temperature of 84°, the air of the
room, in which the thermometer at the be-
ginning of the trial stood at 96°, was cool-
ed in passing through the length of the shaft
to 74°, or about 20° below the tempera-
ture at which it entered, and 10° below
that of the water which was used to cool it.
Of course the absorption of heat by the evap-
oration of a portion of the water accounts
for its refrigerating effect, but the result
seems to have been so easily and inexpens-
ively attained that the experiment would
be well worth repeating in other cases.

MURDERER OR MADMAN.

The Confession of Westgate to the Assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish.

A letter from Kingston, Jamaica, dated August 21, states: Westgate, alias Patrick O'Brien, the alleged murderer of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, has been removed from her Majesty's ship Fantome to Spanishtown jail, as the Fantome was ordered to Barbados to take the place of her Majesty's ship Dido, now stationed at Port Royal. The prisoner (Westgate) is a man of ordinary build. He has a full and rather dark beard, about three inches in length all round, had nothing on his feet when on board the Fantome, and was dressed in blue trousers, jacket and slouched hat. He looked nervous, but would have easily been mistaken for one of the "tars" if at liberty. He still adheres to his former confessions. He has several time threatened suicide, and a close watch is kept over him to prevent any accident. He says that he left Dublin on the night of the assassination and proceeded by the night mail to Holyhead, and thence went to Cardiff, and from Cardiff he sailed in the Gladstone for Porto Cabello, where he was arrested by the British representative on his own confession. He says that the authorities at Porto Cabello treated him very harshly, and that he has been very kindly dealt with on board the Fantome. He was in a very dirty condition, and had to undergo a thorough washing when delivered to the officers of the Fantome. When asleep he is troubled with fearful dreams, and raves very excitedly. The doctor was called several times to ascertain what was wrong, and the ship and prison doctor affirm that he is suffering acutely from very intense excitement. He confessed to having returned before entering the car, and to having given Lord Frederick Cavendish a stab in the back, and that he was employed and paid £20 by Mr. O'Connor, member of Parliament, for his share in the deed. He says that his wife resides in Dublin, and that her father also lives there. He wrote a letter to his father-in-law, but not to his (prisoner's) wife. He is a hearty eater, and he is liberally supplied with all the necessities of life. He even got whiskey on board the Fantome when he called for it. He speaks with a strong Irish accent, and one night he called on a man named McColl, saying: "Well, Mr. McColl you have got your money and I have not got mine yet. I was on board the mail steamer and saw the Captain and postman, but I have not got my money yet."

He has revealed the names of his alleged accomplices to the authorities, but the names he gave are kept strictly secret. The general belief here is that he had something to do with the Phœnix Park murder, and this belief gains ground even although news has been published here stating that Westgate had sailed previous to the murder. The prisoner may not be Westgate, bnt it is certain he is either a murderer or a madman. One day while looking carelessly through the Sunday at Home magazine his eye caught the words. "The assassination of Lord Mayo,', and he jumped with fear and asked his keeper, "What's that?" He then turned over the leaves excitedly, and seemed to be lost with fear and excitement. No one is permitted to see Westgate in prison, unless those who have of necessity to see him.

The authorities here are waiting further orders for England. Meantime the prisoner is continuing to eat heavy meals, and his general appearance is that of a heartless, helpless witling.

The Catacombs of Rome.

Among the wonders of the metropolis of the world the catacombs or subterranean vaults and passages are certainly not the least. The first Christians, persecuted with atrocious cruelty by the pagan imperial government of Rome, sought refuge for safety, occasionally in the catacombs, and sometimes also that they might assemble without incurring suspicion, in large numbers, to instruct themselves in the doctrines of their new religion. These subterranean passages were also undoubtedly the resort of fugitive slaves and other miserable beings, who sought refuge from the tyrannical government of imperial Rome, over which have presided some of the direst monsters that ever existed—Nero, Caligula, Heliogabalus, and other despots in purple. Among these subterranean passages there are, it appears, different kinds. Some were constructed for the purpose of receiving the dead, others were used as water conduits, and supplied the city with rivers of fresh water for a population of two millions. The Cloaca Maxima, which led from Rome to the sea, is a famous example of many more smaller hidden roads, constructed by rich private individuals at an enormous expense, in which they could secrete themselves from the depredations of those greatest of all robbers, the Emperors, and in later times from the persecution and massacres of the barbarians. The soil upon which Rome is built, as well as that in its immediate neighborhood, offers great facilities to the excavator, being composed of volcanic clay, easy to pierce, yet sufficiently solid band impenetrable against damp to form a secure habitation. In fact, to this day many shepherds, with their flocks, lodge in these artificial caverns.

When an orchard requires fertilizing it is best to do this all over the ground and not to apply manure only near the trees. This produces a large growth of roots close to the trees, for roots grow where soil is richest. Orchards need lime and ashes more than manure, and these soon produce healthy, smooth bark.

An explosion of fire damp has occurred in a mine near Dortmund, Germany, and 20 persons were killed or injured.

FARM NOTES.

Practical Hints for the Farmer.

LATE SOWN RYE FOR SPRING FODDER.

There are differences of opinion as to the value of late sown rye as a crop for early spring feeding. These differences are almost entirely due to the circumstances of the soil and season. Should the soil be poor the rye crop, like any other, will be poor, and should the season close in with hard freezing soon after sowing, the plants will not have made sufficient roots to save them from injury. If, on the other hand, the soil is rich and mellow, and the sowing is done so early that strong, well rooted plants may form, then a profitable crop may be expected. The writer has seen most satisfactory results obtained by plowing under a sod—previously well manured—in late autumn, and the ground sown to rye. In the spring this field yielded a heavy growth of fine green fodder, which was used to feed a flock of sheep and other small stock. After this pasturage was over the rye "stubble" was turned under with a heavy coat of manure, and the field planted to corn. In this case the rye was what is termed a stolen crop. Some portion of the field was clay and the additional tillage had a good effect upon the mechanical conditions of the soil. The green crop thus produced came in at just that time in the spring when a supply of fodder of this kind is of special value—the pastures not having fully started and the dry stored food being limited in quantity and of high price.

NOTES ON LIVE STOCK.

The horses of the farm should be called upon for hard work this month. Plowing and other field work is a steady pull upon horse-flesh throughout the month, and to get good work we must feed well. Many horses cannot work on new grain (corn, oats or barley) unless it is thoroughly dried. It will get dry in time by ordinary exposure, but enough may be dried for daily use by artificial means, and often with the best results. Young stock and pigs may have nubbins and soft corn, but do not feed the work or road horses with such stuff. Take good care of old horses; a horse sound at fifteen years is worth two colts; give him good feed and pasturage, and steady work on the farm. The younger horses may do on the road, but take care of the old servants for steady work. They will repay the care. Farm horses are not half groomed as a rule. There are no surer safeguards against disease than regular feeding and watering, and thorough grooming.

Cows.—There is an abundance of feed for milch cows this month on farms where roots form a prominent crop. The tops of beets, mangels, rutabagas and carrots, to say nothing of cabbages, are exceedingly well relished, and are excellent milk feed. This is one of the best months for cows to calve, because provision may be made for having so much good feed at little cost. Everywhere within a hundred miles of a large city, or within the proper "milk radius" of any town, milk is worth much more in winter than in summer, and should be produced.

Veal.—Fall calves rarely get the size that spring calves do, because they cannot have so much milk, but by using a little milk, and that skimmed, after the second week, they will do very well on hay tea and boiled linseed-cake gruel, to which some milk is added. They must be gradually accustomed to this diet, but will thrive upon it and make excellent veal at six or eight weeks old.

Sheep.—Ewes bred in October, "yean" in March—rather early, except upon farms which can make early lambs a specialty. Sheep make as good manure as any farm stock, and whoever has much wheat straw should consider what better use he can make of it than to buy up some cheap sheep if he can find them, and winter them chiefly on straw, with a very little hay, and corn enough to coat their ribs well before spring, when they can be turned off at "cost and expenses," with a fine lot of manure for clear profit on the investment.

Pigs for slaughter should be confined and not allowed to forage for a living. They will fatten rapidly on little food. Small potatoes boiled, with a little meal added, will push them forward so that advantage may be taken of the market in case prices advance, or so that they will be well protected by fat against cold snaps should they come suddenly. It is truly said that nubbins will go further in October than sound corn in November.

Brood sows should have the range of the orchards, where the wind-falls and grubs will furnish a good part of their food, and warm snug shelters where they can lie together during storms and keep one another warm.

Poultry.—There is always a time early in November, or before, when well fattened poultry will sell for much more than fowl of the same quality will at Christmas. In fact, if the weather during next month be raw and cold, pigs and poultry may be fed well and not only not gain at all in weight, but not sell for as much as they would bring now. After the holidays, prices begin to advance again. When poultry are once fat, to keep them so at little cost they must be kept warm, fed at least three times a day, and always have fresh water.

Laying fowls should have warm quarters, well lighted—supplied with dust boxes, by which the whole establishment may be made intolerably dusty in every corner—fed twice a day—soft feed with a little meat at 10 o'clock, and hard grain at dusk, with a good range, and plenty of pure water.

KEEPING GRAPES.

In keeping grapes, the first essential is a grape that will keep. The varieties differ greatly in this respect, the one most cultivated, the Concord, being the poorest keeper. Catawba, Diana, Iona, and Isabella, are among the best keepers. These do not succeed everywhere, but in localities where they will do well, they are still among the most profitable. The generally popular Delaware keeps better than the Concord, but not so long as those mentioned. To have grapes keep in the best condition, they must be carefully handled, as the broken skin of a single berry will cause decay to set in. The usual method is to pack the fruit in wooden boxes, holding three or five pounds. These boxes are made at all the grape centres. While paste-board boxes will answer for grapes that are to be sold at once, wooden ones are required for those to be kept. To keep well, the fruit must be thoroughly ripe. An experienced eye will at once know by the manner in which the cluster hangs from the vine, if the fruit is ripe. The stalk by which the cluster is attached loses its stiffness, and the bunch hangs directly down. Handling the fruit removes the bloom, and injures its appearance, hence the bunch should always be held by the stem. The implement stores have scissors which hold the cluster after it is cut, and all handling is avoided. The fruit is picked, is placed in shallow trays or boxes, these are conveyed to the fruit house, and stacked up in such a manner that the air will circulate among them. Large vineyards have special fruit houses, these are built like an ice-house, with double walls filled in with saw-dust, and a stove is provided to use in severe weather. In the absence of such a house a room in the dwelling or in an outbuilding may be used. The object is to keep the temperature uniform and as cool as may be, without freezing. There should be abundant ventilation, and the direct sunlight excluded. The grapes in these trays will "cure" in a few days, that is, the skin will become toughened and the stems less rigid. When cured, they may be packed in boxes, or they may be left in the trays until marketed. Some growers pack at once, as soon as the fruit is in proper condition, and keep it in the boxes until it is sent off. The boxes are opened at the bottom and the bunches laid in, taking care to select such clusters as will pack closely; they should be so full that some pressure will be required in nailing on the bottom. The label of the grower is placed upon the top of the box, either before or after packing. The care as to temperature already mentioned must be observed with the fruit after it is packed. Put up in this manner many tons of grapes reach markets just before the holidays. For grapes that are sold as soon as ripe, various kinds of paper or wooden packages are used, according to the preference of the market to which they are sent.

A PROTECTION FROM FROSTS.

A cold snap usually comes in early autumn, after which there are weeks of the finest days in the year. It therefore pays to take some pains to protect the more tender plants during two or three frosty nights, that their bloom may be enjoyed afterwards. A light sheet, or even newspapers spread over beds of geraniums, coleus, etc., will save them. A group of cannas may in this way be kept in its beauty, while, if left unprotected, the luxuriant growth is cut down by the frost, and soon becomes unsightly. Any one who has gone to all the care and toil of bringing a fine bed of tender plants to perfection, should certainly use every precaution to preserve the plants as long as possible.

A Texas Goat Ranch.

The editor of the *Uvalde Hesperian* made a visit to the famous Nueces Canon, including the Angora ranch of S. J. Arnold & Bros. Here the canon widens out for a distance of seven miles—in fact, it is the widest and most beautiful spot in the canon. These gentlemen own and control about 15,000 acres, embracing the rich valleys of the Maverick Creek on the west and Ranch Creek on the east, which are only miniature canons putting into the Nueces Valley from either side, furnishing an abundance of grass and water the year round, and which is used as a summer range, while in Kinney County they have another ranch where they winter their sheep until after the lambing season, keeping the goats on the home ranch during the kidding season. Six years ago these gentlemen commenced with 875 goats and 1,400 head of sheep. And now they have 4,000 of the former and 8,000 of the latter. Their losses in sheep will amount to about the same in money value as their purchases, while on the goat question they are $2,000 ahead of their losses, besides their increase. During this period their losses from disease and otherwise have not been over 2 per cent. on their goats. They run seven different flocks, which give steady employment to seven herders, besides a viciero (who superintends the flocks), as well as extra hands to attend to other work on the ranch. In the shearing, lambing, and dipping seasons of course the number is greatly augmented. On this ranch the goats have been improved up by the best of thoroughbred billies until the grades run from one-half to fifteen-sixteenths. Last spring their goat clip amounted to 1,200 pounds, which was sold in New York at an average of 40 cents. We have often heard the question asked, what profit is there in goats? In common goats the profit lies in the hides and tallow, which always command a good price, and the supply of good meat in shape that will not spoil in warm weather before it can be used up. By using Angora sires a flock can be graded up so high that the wool is more profitable than that of sheep, where the animal it elf is hardier, more prolific, and less expensive.—*Galveston (Tex.) News.*

The Matter With the Telephone.

"I doan' know vhat I shall do mit dat telephone of mine," observed a citizen as he entered the headquarters of the company yesterday and sat down in a discouraged way.

"Out of order, is it?"

"Sometimes it vhas, and sometimes it vhas all right. If I go to speak mit der coal man, or der City Hall, or der butcher, it vhas all right, und I can hear every word. If somepody vhants to order my peer I get de name shust as plain as daylight."

"And when does it fail?"

"Vhell, shust like two hours ago. A saloon man he owes me $18, and I rings him oop und calls out, 'Hello! hello! I likes dot monish to-hay!' Den he vhants to know who I m, und he says he can't catch der name. I tell him oafer und oafer, und by und by he calls oot dot he doan' deal in watermelons, und dot he goes in to pave Gratiot street, und dot he is sorry he can't sign any betition to der Council. Den I haf to go all oafer again, und he tells me to stand back, und to come closer, und to speak louder, und at last he gits mad und tells me dot if I call him a dandy again he'll proke my head. It's no use—I can't make one of my customers hear me. If sometings' doan' ail my telephone, it may be ash my voice is giving out. I vhish you would examine me und see if I had better let my son Shon do der talking vhile I keep der pooks."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. Stanley, the African explorer, has arrived in Lisbon.

Another Broken Neck Cured.

About five months ago a teamster named John Collery attempted to drive his team through a barn door, and in doing so had his head forced down upon his breast until his neck was broken. Police Surgeon Stambaugh made an examination of the injured man, and found that his seventh cervical vertebra was fractured, and that the spinal cord had been stretched out nearly two inches.

After his removal to his home, Collery states that he was laid flat on his back with a sort of fence about his neck and head which kept him immovable for over two months. Both the body of the vertebra and the arching laminæ were discovered to be broken, and the operation of joining them together without pinching the spinal cord where it had sagged between the ragged edges as described is one of the most difficult ever performed. For a month the patient lay on his back, completely paralyzed in one-half of his body, and with but little feeling in the other. If he moved in the slightest degree during the first fortnight he could plainly feel the jagged edges of the bone grate together, and for hours after such an attempt he was content to lie on his hard bed without attempting to move a muscle for fear that the spinal cord should be crushed, and his existence ended in a twinkling.

The straightest position attainable was required, and to this end Dr. Stambaugh was compelled to refuse him a mattress, forcing him to lie on a wide plank. Collery says that before his eight weeks of enforced quietness was ended he thought the board was made of adamant. The most dangerous time experienced, he says, was one day when an attendant told him that a man whose neck could stand breaking as his had was not born to be hanged. His desire to laugh was irresistible, and the shaking up his merriment gave him caused his fastenings to burst, and the fracture came near breaking afresh. During the first five weeks he did not move a foot from the first posture.

The paralysis has now almost entirely disappeared, and Dr. Stambaugh yesterday promised him that he would be able to go work within six months. The average fatality in cases of clearly defined fracture of the spine is estimated at 999 in 1,000.

Fishing for Rats.

A novel mode of catching rats is thus described in the *American Angler*. The writer says that a person having the patience of most fishermen can have much sport in hooking the vermin.

The warehouse adjoining his place of business is infested by these "file-tales," and our friend may be seen in the early spring and late fall, on an occasional evening just after dusk, seated at the back window of his counting room (overlooking the yard of the warehouse), with an ordinary rod in hand, strong linen line, and a spring hook, commonly called a "sockdolager," baited with a lump of fresh beef, patiently waiting for a bite. It does not tarry long nor does it consume itself in nibbles, but with a hungry snap the bait is seized and the hooks of the sockdolager impales the rat, when the excitement commences.

A lusty rat is no mean antagonist at the end of a pliant pole and ten feet of line, and his plunges, twistings, and straight-away dashes are more perplexing to the angler than the leaps, surges, and sulkings of the gamy trout or bass. The rat is generally landed, after seasonable sport, and killed by a blow from a bludgeon.

In this connection we may state that thousands of small hooks are bought by sugar refiners for ratting purposes. The hooks are baited with small pieces of beef on each, and then distributed about the building. The rats swallow beef and hook—the first is digested, the latter is not—death of course results. The remedy is said to be infallible.

Treatment of Diphtheria.

The *Medical Press* says that Dr. Deuker, who, during twenty-four years of very extensive practice in the Children's Hospital, St. Petersburg, has treated upward of two thousand cases of diphtheria, and tried all the remedies, both internal and external, employed in this affection, has obtained the best results from the following method, which he has employed for the last ten years. As soon as the white spots appear on the tonsils he gives a laxitive mainly composed of senna, which produces an abundant evacuation. When the purgative effect has ceased he gives cold drinks, acidulated with hydrochloric acid, and every two hours a garg'e composed of lime water and hot milk in equal parts. Dr. Deuker affirms that when this treatment is commenced early it is generally and rapidly successful.

The Cradle of the Bootblack.

New York lays claim to be the place where the street bootblack first appeared, but Boston says the professional bootblack is essentially an institution of the "Hub." The *Traveller* of the latter city says at first the business was associated with window-washing, chimney-sweeping, clothes cleaning and waiting and tending. In time, however, it became a distinct branch, and many of the bootblacks of that day acquired a handsome independence and became real estate holders. The custom then was to call at the homes of the gentry, take the boots and shoes, string them on long poles and carry them to their respective places of business, polish and return them at an early hour the next day. These poles would hold a dozen or more pairs, and it was a novel sight to see the bootblacks passing to and fro.

England has no conception of really good coffee. That is the conclusion of the London *Times*. Adulterations by dealers and the unskilfulness of cooks combine to produce a beverage that is not what it ought to be. Englishmen can order the best Mocha coffee; they can be served with something which bears the name; they can pay highly for it; they can do everything but get it, and this, we are assured, they never do. All the best coffee which the Yemen district produces is kept for use in the East. Before it moves westward it has been carefully picked over, and the choicest berries have been extracted from it. It is only what remains after this process has been again and again gone through that ever reaches England.