

HOT FLUSHES.

The honey bee is a regular merchant. It cells combs for a living.

Ice is very popular just now, but we can remember a time not six months ago when almost every one was down on it.

The days of the book agent are numbered. A German firm has invented a steel-clad bullet that will penetrate four inches of brass.

An old colored preacher, after exhausting himself on an attempt to describe heaven, wound up thus: "I tell you, my brethren, it is a very Kentucky of a place."

Young Wife (petulantly)—"Well, even if I don't come to meet you every night as I used, what does it signify?" Young Husband—"That we have been married six months."

Kate—"Louise, dear, there's craps on the Van Brinkets' front door. Some one must have died." Louise—"Impossible! I'm positive the doctor hasn't been there for several weeks."

Mr. McFaddle—"Let me off at Mike-town." Conductor—"We don't stop. This is a through train." Mr. McFaddle—"Thin, please, sor, will yer stop long enough far me to tell Bridget that it's carried through I am?"

"Do you know who that gentleman is, Mary, who is always sitting at the window opposite? He seems to take an extraordinary interest in my movements." "Oh, Lor, Miss! He ain't no gentleman. He's got a wooden leg!"

Only a girl who has run a type writer at four dollars per week and finally marries her employer can enter a dry goods store and paralyze a lady clerk receiving six dollars per week. It's no use for a millionaire's wife to try it.

Miss X.—"Just think, dear. I had a pain in my knee and had to show it to young Dr. Smith." Friend—"And what did he do?" Miss X.—"He banded it." Friend—"What result?" Miss X.—"We are to be married in October."

Three Frenchmen who were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their native language endeavored to translate into English the well-known opening to Hamlet's soliloquy—"To be or not to be." The following was the result: First Frenchman—"To was or not to am." Second ditto—"To where or is to not." Third ditto—"To should or not to will."

A Startling Prediction.

Two hundred years ago in China there was just such a craze about natural gas as we have in this country to-day. Gas wells were sunk with as much vim and vigor as the celestials were capable of, but owing to a gas explosion that killed several millions of people and tore up and destroyed a large district of country, leaving a large inland sea, known on the maps as Lake Foo Chang, the boring of any more gas wells was then and there prohibited by law. It seems, according to the Chinese history, that many large and heavy pressure gas wells were struck, and in some districts wells were sunk quite near together. Gas was lighted as soon as struck, as is done in this country. It is stated that one well with its unusual pressure, by induction or back draught pulled down into the earth the burning gas of a smaller well, resulting in a dreadful explosion of a large district, destroying the inhabitants thereof. Lake Foo Chang rests on this district. The same catastrophe is imminent in this country unless the laws restrict further developments in boring so many wells. Should a similar explosion occur there will be such an up-heaval as will dwarf the most terrible earthquakes ever known. The country along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky will be ripped up to the depth of 1,200 to 1,500 feet and flopped over like a pancake, leaving a chasm through which the waters of Lake Erie will come howling down, filling the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and blotting them out forever.—*Am. Paper.*

The Afghan Boundary Settled.

After two years of negotiation the Afghan boundary question has been settled. The chief matters in dispute, it will be remembered, were the possession of the Penjeh oasis, between the Kush and Murghab Rivers, and the Ameer's claim to Badakshan and Vakhan, in the north-eastern portion of Afghanistan. The new boundary gives Turkestan, which is friendly to Russia, 7,000 square miles of territory on the west, claimed by the latter, including the valleys of the Murghab and Kush. Russia's claim to Vakhan on the east and the exclusive control of the Upper Oxus is surrendered. As it was admitted that her claim to the district in the west was well founded this settlement should be satisfactory to the British Government.

Business is Business.

Our fellow-subjects of the Queen in Australia, while willing to make some financial sacrifice to provide the Pacific route from Canada to the East, do not propose to allow their brotherly love for us to interfere with their business interests. The Melbourne *Argus* says:—"There is no objection at all to abandoning the present San Francisco contract for a Canadian service. On the contrary, Australia ought to make a financial sacrifice to promote the change—a change which means an American route through British territory; but, on the other hand, we cannot afford to check the development of the Cape and Canal routes, which are giving us the magnificent new vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental and Orient lines. Sentiment is sentiment, and we value the Canadian-Australian sentiment highly. But business is business."

A Lucky Guess.

Some time ago a gigantic balloon was inflated with gas near Rothessy, in the island of Bute, but before all was ready it broke away from its moorings, and shot miles into the air. Eventually it burst and fell near a gardener's cottage at Port Bannatyne. The enormous extent of silk which composed the balloon had completely covered the little cottage, suddenly and unexpectedly enveloping it in worse than Egyptian darkness. "Oh, John, John," said the gardener's wife, "it's the judgement day at last, and I've my auld class on!" "Nonsense, woman," said John, "it's just a disruption somewhere."

MAIDS OF HONOR.

Waiting on Her British Majesty is Any-thing but a Pleasure.

The maids of honor to the Queen earn every penny of the £300 a year which is their stipend for filling a very difficult position. With the best of intentions and with the kindest heart in the world, the Queen expects so much from herself in the way of physical toil, both for business and pleasure, that she may perhaps be excused for sometimes forgetting that the flesh, especially aristocratic flesh, is weak. The maids of honor are on duty for a month at a time, and at the end of the month they are generally fit subjects for a course of tonic treatment. While on duty they can not call their souls their own. After breakfast, which they take in their own rooms, they have to hold themselves in instant readiness to obey the Queen's summons, which comes the moment Sir Henry Ponsonby quits her Majesty's presence, with the big red morocco dispatch-box, containing his day's work, under his arm. After a brief "Good morning" the Queen suggests a little reading, and the doubtful maid addresses herself to the pile of papers wherein the proper passages for her Majesty's hearing have already been marked by Sir Henry. Through columns of parliamentary debate, leading article and correspondence has the poor lady to intone her dismal way, often having to repeat passages, for the Queen never leaves a subject till she has thoroughly mastered it, and is not at all sparing in her commands to "Just read that again, please." The maid of honor is so busy minding her steps and trying to modulate her voice that she had little chance of understanding a tittle of what she is reading, and yet the moment the reading is over she has to rush off and get ready for a drive with her royal mistress, during which she will be expected to make lucid remarks on the topics she has just read aloud.

After luncheon is the only real time the maids of honor have to themselves, and even that is spoiled for them by the uncertainty as to whether they will be wanted to walk or drive with the Queen later in the afternoon. They must stay in their apartments, for, if by any chance they should be sent for and were not to be found at the moment, their life for a day or two would not be a happy one; so that a stroll in the grounds on their own account is out of the question till after 4 o'clock, when, if the Queen has departed on a drive without them, they know they are free till 6 at any rate. On the Queen's return there is more reading aloud, this time of ponderous works on heavy philosophical subjects, or else the arranging of sketches, photographs, or it may be the charity needlework is brought out in such time as her Majesty goes to dress for 9 o'clock dinner, where, to the relief of the maid of honor, she is not expected to be present. By this time she is not unfrequently faint for want of food, for when not at court she would naturally be finishing dinner at the hour when it is the Queen's pleasure to commence it.

Young ladies do not, as a rule, jump at the post of maid of honor to the Queen until they have given themselves a fair chance of obtaining an "establishment." It is not until season after season has been drawn blank that disconsolate ladies have recourse to the dignity, very much minus the leisure of joining the "Household in It follows that, though by no means the sear and yellow leaf, the majority of the maids of honor are not in the first blush of budding girlhood. The present senior maid is the Hon. Harriet Lepel Phipps, a cousin of the Marquis of Normandy. Miss Phipps will never see her forty-fifth birthday again. The Hon. Frances Drummond, a daughter of Viscount Strathallan, is thirty-nine. The Hon. Ethel Cardogan was born 1853, which puts her credit thirty-three Summers, and the Hon. Maud Okeover, a niece of Lady Waterpark, by whose influence she got the appointment, is only twenty-seven.—*London Letter.*

Doherty's Farewell.

"I was in the drill square Royal Engineer barracks. A squad of recruits were at drill, amongst whom was an Irishman named Doherty, over six feet in height. At that time the sergeant-major was Mr. G., who was only five foot four inches. On this day he was seen approaching the squad looking sharply about for some fault. All squared up with the exception of Doherty, and the sergeant-major made straight for him, when the following dialogue ensued. Sergeant-major: "Heads up, that man!" Doherty raised his head slightly. "Up higher, sir!" The head was raised again. The sergeant-major, by standing on his toes, managed to reach Doherty's chin and poked it higher still, with the remark, "That's better. Don't let me see your head down again." By this time all were interested on seeing Doherty staring far away above the sergeant-major's head, when just then a voice from above in a rich brogue said, "Am I to be always like this, sergeant-major?" "Yes, sir!" Doherty: "Then I'll say good-bye to ye, sergeant-major, for I'll nivr see ye again."

Brainless.

A tourist at the Carragh was strolling round the outskirts of the camp with a party of ladies and gentlemen, when they found a man laboriously turning a windlass which hoisted from a shaft a bucket filled with rock. The only thing remarkable about the man at the windlass was his hat, the crown of which was cut clear off, allowing the hot sun to pour down on a perfectly bald head, some waggish friends having recommended this arrangement as sure to produce a crop of hair. The gentleman and his party stood watching the man toiling unceasingly at his heavy labour for several minutes, when the kind-hearted visitor spoke up with concern, and said, "My friend, why don't you cover up your head? The hot sun will affect your brain."

"Brain, is it?" cried the man, as he gave the windlass another creaking revolution. "If I had any brains, d'ye think I'd be here pullin' up this bucket?"

He Became Ominously Silent.

She—"I saw you talking to Miss De Ponsonby the other evening, Mr. Cataway-coat. Are you fond of her? She's an artist, isn't she? Does she paint very well?"

He—"She paints, but not very well. Half of it came off on my coat sleeve."

She—"Where was your coat sleeve?"

He—"Becomes ominously silent."

HEALTH.

Bed Time.

This is not a "standard" time for every one that has reached adult life, but should be so for every child under fourteen years of age.

Babies may early be taught to sleep in a quiet, cool, dark room, and if this habit is formed during the first three months of infant life, it is the greatest blessing in the world to the tired mother.

City babies, particularly the first-born in families, are often kept up at night to "see papa," who feels as if he were defrauded of part of his enjoyment in life if baby falls asleep before he comes home from business, and thus baby is robbed of his "beauty sleep" very early in his little life.

At the age of two and even younger, the little ones are kept up, and dressed to see company that has been invited for the evening, and allowed to stay up until after refreshments have been served, said refreshments consisting of food which is very improper for the little folks.

These parents would be horrified if they were told they were abusing their children, and yet they are doing so as surely as if they neglected them in many ways.

Children are taken to evening entertainments, parties, etc., in the mistaken idea that children must have "a good time," when the excitement of the evening causes their pulses to throb and beat, and often sleep is a difficult thing for them to find when the excitement has passed away.

Let seven o'clock be the bedtime for the little ones, and from the five year old to the fourteen year old, fix their hour for retiring at eight, and let that time invariably see them all tucked away in bed, with the good-night kiss of mother, the last episode of their childhood's day. In our reckless waste of our faculties later in life, we too often burn the midnight oil for thrift or pleasure, or, unhappily, sin; so let us for those that are our sacred charges make a firm foundation on which to build the structure of life, which, to be fair and comely must be substantial with Health, and cemented with good principles.

"Early to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Airing Beds.

As soon as dressed in the morning, the occupant should open the bed, placing pillows in open windows and spreading out bedclothes to catch the breeze in such a way as to be fully aired; wheeling the bed into position before the windows stripped of every article of clothing, thoroughly shaken up, that the air may penetrate every part of it. Even the boys should be taught to do this, that the busy house-wife, employed with preparations for breakfast, may be saved a trip up-stairs.

The making of beds should be the very last duty of the morning's work, that every trace of the night's emanations may have had a chance to disappear with the fresh breeze and cleansing sunshine. But as essential to health and sound sleep as is this precaution, feather beds and pillows should not be placed in the sunshine, but given a northern, or northwestern exposure, where a stiff breeze is very often to be found of a bright morning.

If placed where the direct rays of the sun may fall upon them, they will be very likely to emit a disagreeable, oily smell, caused by heat drawing from them the oil, which from long use has become rancid.

It is not necessary to state that the constant use of feather beds and pillows is very unwholesome at the best, but if they must be used, keep from the sun, but air thoroughly every pleasant day. To the other appurtenances of the sleeping-room, bed-clothing, mattresses, and so forth, together with the room itself, it is impossible to give too much sunshine.

Hints.

If a hang-nail seems likely to be sore and turn to a "run-around," soak in strong soda water, as hot as can be borne.

Beware of boils or eruptions. They indicate that the system is in a low condition, and an infectious disease will be more easily contracted than when the body is in a healthy state.

Coffee, especially the higher grades, in the occasional use, stimulates the bowels to action, but the habitual use of strong coffee gives the secondary effect, and torpidity is the result. Curiously enough, the poorer and cheaper the coffee the less deleterious its character. Java and Mocha may really be poisonous to an individual, while Rio coffee is quite innocuous.

The hot fomentation is a valuable remedial agent. It is rare to find acute suffering where it is not indicated. It alleviates neuralgia and rheumatic pain. It is good for biliousness, constipation and torpid liver. It relieves colic and flatulence. No well-regulated family should be without a hot water bottle. A wet cloth placed under a hot water bottle will give moisture, if desired. These rubber bottles come in sizes from one to four quarts.

Hints Upon Emergencies.

After all accidents use liquid food, especially milk. Never allow thirst, use ice if nothing else can be procured. In any case of doubt as to the existence of life, insert a needle in the flesh and let it remain half an hour. If the patient is alive, the needle will rust. Ether is a much better anesthetic than chloroform, as the latter sometimes causes paralysis of the heart. But if chloroform has been used, and the patient stops breathing, put him on his head. In administering ether, wring out a sponge from hot water, saturate it with ether, hold it to the patient's mouth for a breath or two. Stop, then apply the sponge again. But first of all put vaseline or cold cream upon the patient's face.

SYNCOPE OR SHOCK OR COLLAPSE.—First attend to the circulation. Loosen all garments at the neck and waist, use artificial respiration and apply dry cups to the head. For stimulants use mustard or coffee or brandy and water. In extreme cases inject brandy into the thigh and insert warm water and turpentine into the rectum. Aromatic spirits of ammonia may also be used.

HEMORRHAGE.—These may be from the bowels, kidneys, stomach, or uterus. Nourishment should be given in large quantities. In external hemorrhage, arrest the flow, raise the hands, and apply ice to the back of the neck.

APOPLEXY OR CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGES.—This arises in a rich man from high living, lack of exercise, causing the flesh to change

to fat. In a poor man it is caused by starved arteries. Death by apoplexy can be distinguished from disease of the heart, as in the latter case death ensues in a moment, while in apoplexy it is delayed.

CONVULSIONS.—Are chiefly caused by too much or too bad blood in the head. In epiglottis spasms, keep the tongue forward, for if the patient swallows his tongue, there is no hope.

Is it a Piece of a Comet?

From an illustrated paper by William Earl Hadden, in the August Century, we quote as follows: There has recently come into my possession the tiny iron meteorite whose fall to the earth has been observed.

It is, moreover, the first meteorite which seems to evidence a direct connection with a star shower. The mass acquires still further interest from the fact that it is presumably a fragment of the famous comet of Biela.

A brief account of this celestial wanderer will doubtless be of interest to readers. Astronomers have waited patiently for the fall to the earth's surface, at the time of the periodical star showers, of something tangible, but until now they have waited in vain.

In looking over a considerable amount of astronomical literature, only one record can be found of the falling of a body to the earth at such a time; this was near Paris, on the 10th of April, 1094, when "many shooting-stars were seen, and a very large one was said to have been found on the ground as a glowing substance."

From the 24th to the 29th of November, 1885, the earth was passing through a train of meteors that proceeded from the constellation Andromeda, and once formed a part of Biela's comet. These meteors are now known to astronomers as Andromedes or Bielids. The maximum of this shower occurred on the 27th, while it was yet broad daylight over America, and at an hour corresponding to 11 A. M. at Mazapil, Mexico.

Thus, at the time of the fall of this meteorite, ten hours after the maximum number of meteors was observed, the earth was meeting with only the stragglers of the train. It cannot be doubted that the comical dust proceeding from the disintegration of Biela's Comet wholly enveloped the earth and was seen as meteors from every part of it. Such was the magnificence of the celestial phenomenon that in some parts of the Eastern Continent uneducated people believed there would be no stars left in the sky.

Of the countless host of meteors which crossed the earth's path on this 27th of November, only one is as yet known to have reached the earth's surface, and this fell near the village of Mazapil, in the state of Zacatecas, Mexico, at about 9 o'clock in the evening. It is of the rare iron-nickel variety, and weighs ten and a quarter pounds troy.

This meteorite was presented to me by Sr. Jose A. Y. Bonilla, Director-Professor of the Zacatecas Observatory, who received it, five days after its fall, from the ranchman who saw it descend from the heavens. This ranchman related the strange occurrence as follows translated from the Spanish:

"It was at about 9 o'clock on the night of November 27th, when I went out to feed certain horses; suddenly, I heard a loud sizzling noise, exactly as though something red-hot was being plunged into cold water, and almost instantly there followed a somewhat loud thud. At once the corral was covered with a phosphorescent light, while suspended in the air were small luminous sparks as though from a rocket. I had not recovered from my surprise before I saw this luminous air disappear, and there remained on the ground only such a light as is made when a match is rubbed. A number of people came running toward me from the neighboring houses, and they assisted me in quieting the horses, which had become very much excited. We all asked each other what could be the matter, and we were afraid to walk in the corral for fear of being burned. When, in a few moments, we had recovered from our fright, we saw the light disappear, and bringing lanterns to look for the cause, we found a hole in the ground and in it a ball of light. We retired to a distance, fearing it would explode and harm us. Looking up to the sky, we saw from time to time exhalations or stars, which soon went out without noise. We returned after a little, and found in the hole a hot stone which we could barely handle; this on the next day, we saw, looked like a piece of iron. All night it rained stars, but we saw none fall to the ground, as they all seemed to be extinguished while not very high up."

Upon further inquiry we learn that there was no explosion or detonation heard, and that the mass penetrated the earth only to a depth of twelve inches. This very circumstantial account leads us to believe that this meteorite is the first one to be secured and preserved that has come to the earth during a star shower.

Man's Chiefest Weakness.

Sydney Smith often wished he could sew. He believed one reason why women are so much more cheerful generally than men is because they can work and vary more their employments; and he is on record as saying that all men ought to learn to sew.

At an evening gathering in a pretty American city less than a month ago the writer of these words heard a lady say she always pitied men because they were unable to take up fancy sewing in their leisure hours at home. "My!" she exclaimed, "I couldn't get along at all without my sewing."

To a limited extent all men certainly should know how to sew—not necessarily as an employment, or even as a pastime, but as a part of the practical education which the necessities of the age demand. Even the man of family, whose practical sewing is done for him by the willing and nimble fingers of his loved ones—whose shirt buttons are nursed and tened with alert care, and whose raveled buttonholes are "made as good as new" from time to time—goes sometimes away from home. What annoyances he could avoid, and what economies he could practice during those presumably heart-breaking absences had he been timely taught to skillfully handle the indispensable needle and thread. Had all men learned to sew how many humiliating prints of "old bachelors" pathetically or comically struggling with an off button or a rent garment we should have been spared. Even the horrors which that immortal Song of the Shirt celebrates might thus have been mitigated or at least shared.

Moreover, could all men sew, it is more than probable that crime would decrease, for they would not, empty of their sewing to the saloon; and in the saloon the cradle of crime? This is high. So one might go on indefinitely extolling the blessings sure to spring from general masculine knowledge of the art of sewing, ignorance of which has driven so many otherwise happy and contented men to marriage by way of defense against the lawlessness in the face of buttonless waistcoats and other such bachelor afflictions. Then, if man will but intelligently commit his duty to himself and learn the practical (because usefulest) lesson of self-reliance, must forthwith learn to sew.

The Wealth of Ancient Mexico.

Though gold in the ore is rich and plentiful in the Mexican country, the inhabitants could not have been aware of any method of obtaining it than by sifting from river sands. Notwithstanding the numerous observations of mariners, Biela's own words should establish this fact. Montezuma, he says, informed them that their gold "was obtained from the province of Zacatula, where the earth which contained it was washed in wooden vessels, and the gold-dust sank to the bottom." It was to be had, he says, in Tustepec, "where" Again, speaking of the expeditions sent by Cortes in search of mines, he says that Gonzalo de Umbria, who went to Zacatula, reported that there "the natives washed gold out of the sand in small troughs."

If this were the only means employed, it is improbable that the Spaniards saw it all the instances and in the great quantities that Cortez and Bernal Diaz describe; and that their statements in this regard were grossly exaggerated is evident from the fact that, with the exception of a few small trinkets, not a relic of the beautiful things of which they speak remains. Neither do the chronicles record a very great amount actually gathered by the rapacious conqueror, yet all the schemes which his mind could conceive must have been directed to this one object, not for personal greed only but to meet the expectations of the emperor to whom, when he had feared that he was to be deprived of his command, he had promised wealth and treasure. Though torture of the most barbaric description was employed to induce the natives to reveal the riches that they were supposed to hide, more were obtained; and, in order that the Spanish king and those about his court afterward understand the absence of the treasure in the kind and quantity which he had led them to expect, Cortez cautiously wrote that it was all lost in that disastrous revolution which first drove him from the city.

The Children's Jubilee.

One of the brightest and happiest features of the Queen's jubilee, recently held in England, was the treat given to the school children of London. A large sum of money was raised by a subscription opened by one of the London papers and on the day following the regular jubilee celebrating thirty thousand little girls and boys gathered in Hyde Park.

They were taken in a certain proportion from all the public schools of the metropolis, and a great many of them came from the most wretched and squalid quarters of the great city, issuing from miserable courts and alleys, from dreary houses teeming with beggarly occupants, from hot and dirty streets.

Possibly many of them had never seen a park, with big shade trees and pretty lakes, before. Many diversions were arranged for their amusement. They were amply fed on cakes, lemonade, and other good things. Punch-and-Judy shows and a hundred other amusing things attracted their attention and laughter. Bands played, and there were sounds of music and merriment all over the park. Each child also was sent home with a little memorial of the day in the shape of a mug.

The Queen herself, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, visited the throng of poor little children, smiling at them, and saying kindly words to them. Surely there was not one among all that multitude who will ever forget the pleasure and fun of the Queen's Jubilee.

In these days much more attention is paid than formerly to the amusements and recreations of children. Not only are the children of well-to-do or wealthy parents provided with amusements in many forms, but public-spirited and benevolent people have established societies for giving pleasure, now and then, to poor children whose parents cannot afford to procure them recreation.

Jenny and the President.

The following story is told of the individual who has long officiated as the gardener at the presidential mansion in Washington. President Cleveland had heard rumors that the gardener was drunk and uncivil to visitors at the White House, so one bright morning he summoned him into his presence to receive his dismissal. "Jenny," said the president, "I hear bad stories about you. It is said you are constantly drunk and uncivil to visitors." For a brief while Jenny was puzzled for a reply. "At last," said "Mr. President, beaded I hear those worse stories about you; but do you think I believe them? No, by the powers—I know they're all lies!"

Cause and Effect.

A certain University was once said to be a learned place from the fact that most persons took some learning there, while but few brought any away with them. So it accumulated.

He Was Willing to Quit.

A good story is told of an interview of the governor of a certain prison with one of the prisoners. Some of the prisoners were at work lathing a room during a recent official visit of the governor, and the latter was inspecting the progress of the work. After contemplating the process for a few minutes, the governor remarked, "See here, my man—you are laying those laths too near together; that sort of work will never do."

The prisoner calmly laid down his tool and said, "Governor, I am willing to be turned off and discharged, if my work don't suit. I never applied for this job or situation; and, if my work isn't satisfactory, I am willing to go."