

A MIDNIGHT I SHALL REMEMBER.

Jack Templeton had been my closest friend in boyhood, was my cherished companion in the days of my early manhood at college, and my delightful correspondent during the ten years that had gone since the close of the happy period of student life. This correspondence had not been the only communication between us, for we agreed, on the final leave-taking of our old college quarters, that visits on each other should be kept up, Jack setting aside at least two weeks in one year to be spent with me wherever I should be settled, and the year following I was to visit with him for a short season. This arrangement had been observed by both with punctuality and regularity, and we became well acquainted with each other's mode of living, occupation and surroundings. Jack was a physician in Greenwich, Conn. Anyone knowing him during the character-forming period of his life would have marked him for a future physician. He possessed those traits of character, those oddities of native disposition which mean strong individuality. He was dryly humorous in his ordinary conversation, candid in his intercourse with his acquaintances, cheerful enough on occasion, ingenious in his estimate of people, not by any means brilliant, but studious and determined, especially so when concerned in the investigation of subjects belonging to the obscure and having a dash of the mysterious. To him the Greek grammar and Latin construction were dull plodding, but mathematics, and especially the study of mental science and of those questions the solution of which involves an exploit into the depths of psychology, were to him a genuine pleasure. Exploring the mysteries of the human mind was that which made up the texture of his thoughts by day and was apt to weave the fabric of his dreams by night. A trick of magic, no matter how obscure, did not interest him because there was no pretence that its operation depended on anything but some clever mechanical contrivance or sleight of hand. Such things were lacking in that essential, the supernatural, which so absorbed his every thought. But an exhibition of mesmerism filled him with wonder, for he recognized in it the manifestations of the unseen workings of the human mind, and much of his time was spent in the study of its strange phenomena. It was his claim that could mesmerism become other than the ungovernable thing it now is and be brought under the subjection of the human will, it would prove not only a mighty aid in medicine and surgery, but would very likely afford an explanation of those strange mental conditions which so puzzle the world to-day. Having a mind thus fashioned it was the most natural thing for Jack to take to medicine as a profession—medicine in its broad sense, the enthusiastic study of which will gratify the thinking man in his search for light upon the intimate and intricate relation of the human body to the human soul.

The newspaper field had been chosen by me as the one in which I would exploit whatever of learning and energy and determination I possessed, and at this time I was engaged on a morning daily in a vigorous Michigan town.

It was Jack's year to visit me, and the time being at hand when he might be looked for I had completed the few preparations about my bachelor belongings which his coming would make necessary, so I was not surprised when just at twilight one evening in July he came in upon me, sitting alone, in a meditative mood, in my second-story flat apartments. Not surprised, I say. At the time, truly I was not. I remember the date of his coming. It was Friday night, the 12th of July, 1877, a fact which in the light of what followed I had good reason to remember. Our greetings were as cordial as usual, our handshaking as vigorous, and our mutual inquiries about the things that had come into our lives since the last meeting were as rapidly and enthusiastically spoken as ever. My own experience for the twelve-month, commonplace and comparatively uneventful, were soon told, but what they lacked in novelty and volume was made up by the perfect avalanche of incident and adventure Jack had to relate of himself. He told me that night the details of experiment after experiment he had made with the human physical organisms; how he had tested and analyzed and theorized in his endeavor to sift down, satisfactorily to himself, the grand mystery of what portion of man's body was most closely related to his soul; what one of the various systems in the human framework gave shape and motion and energy to the sublime thing, mind. This was his hobby. He did not spare me. He never did spare me when thus occupied. He had become accustomed to having me indulge him when on his favorite theme. In this connection he had many new interesting stories to tell about mesmerism and what he called its measureless possibilities. He related how he, while in the mesmeric sleep, at the will of a person who possessed the power of putting one under its influence, had been sent, at the instance of a hired person, a stanger, to a far distant city where he had never been before, not at least in the ordinarily understood sense of being, and had described scenes and objects about the streets of that city accurately enough to be easily recognized by the third person, whose home it was. Several tests of this kind had been made, each time with the most astonishing results. Jack's enthusiasm in this narration was only equalled by the readiness with which he came to his conclusion, that the mind of the mesmerized subject had, unhampered by matter, time or space, been transported at the will of a designated person to a place chosen by that person, and being present in that place had, of course, actually seen subjects there, and, easily enough, could tell of them; in other words the objects had made their impressions on that mind, and, that mind returning to its accustomed habitation, the subject's body, could readily give an account of those impressions.

"And," he added, with a peculiar impressiveness in his voice, "I believe that if the conditions are favorable the subject under the influence of this subtle something can be transported in spirit to a distant place, can see and talk with a second person, and this visit with all its incidents will be to that second person in every way important an absolute reality—so real that he will never feel those unpleasant sensations that accompany what are called ghostly visitations."

Jack's conclusions and the earnestness of his manner were largely interesting to me, and although I instinctively inclined to the natural view of things—a view emphasized by a calling dealing chiefly with the real affairs of this life—had but little belief in

anything that could not be explained by causes we call natural and are easily understood, and would discredit the testimony of any person, no matter how near to me, if that testimony conflicted with what seemed to me reasonable, still Jack's seriousness and honesty strangely impressed me that night, and I confessed to him that that could not be proved need not necessarily be doubted; that there were likely stranger things on earth alone than were known of; and then with a wish to dismiss the whole subject for one more cheering I asked about some acquaintances I had in Greenwich, his home, to which inquiries he responded and in turn asked for my father's family, who still lived on the old homestead, a few miles from the city of my residence. I replied by arranging with Jack right there for a visit together to our early home, and straightway penned a note to my sister telling of his coming, and our contemplated visit home, and that arrangements might be made for our stay for a brief season. I sealed this letter with Jack's assent to the arrangement it conveyed, stamped it and put it in the postal box just outside my door.

The night was wearing on and bed was suggested, so with many pleasant anticipations of what the succeeding days had in store for us, Jack said good-night and went to his bedroom, previous visits having made him acquainted with my apartments.

The night passed uneventfully, not even a stray reminiscence of the evening's talk interfering with the senses' even repose. I awoke at 7 o'clock, dressed, thought of the planned visit home and the many agreeable things it promised. I did not hasten to arouse Jack, considerably thinking that the fatigues of his long journey and the late hour of retiring would prepare him for a prolonged rest. More than an hour passed and I began to feel the need of eating, and was promising myself the full enjoyment of a breakfast with Jack for my company; so I went to his bedroom to call him. My astonishment was pretty evident when opening the door Jack was not in the room, and what was stranger still, nothing it contained indicated that he had been there. The bed had not been disarranged in the least. Not a chair or other article of furniture apparently had been moved from its accustomed position. Altogether there was not a shadow of evidence that any person living had been in that room the preceding night. There were no windows in the room and no door save the one opening into the room where I slept.

A person then could not get out of that bed-room and out of the house except by coming through that door and leaving by the hall door. I remembered that when I awoke this outside door was locked and bolted as usual on the inside; this was recalled by the difficulty in sliding back the bolt that morning. This showed that even had Jack been disposed to leave me in that shabby manner in the middle of the night, he could not have done so, not to mention that such a proceeding would be as unlooked for in the man as it would be unworthy of him. The truth remained, nevertheless, Jack was gone. But how he had taken his departure was a deep mystery to me. Strange as it was, though, no suggestion of the supernatural then entered into my calculations, and I contented myself with thinking that a reasonable explanation would offer itself in time. I said nothing to anyone of the occurrence, not caring to brave the doubt and ridicule the telling of it would likely provoke. I was extremely anxious to come to at least some plausible solution of the affair, yet the longer I sought one the more perplexed I became, till I had to conclude that the whole proceeding was a very vivid dream. A dream it might be; but such a conclusion was exceedingly disappointing and unsatisfactory, for in dreams persons don't grasp each other's hands, and smoke together, and talk for hours at a time connectedly on a subject, especially such a one as occupied our attention that night. Then another circumstance came to me with almost startling suddenness. The letter! Did I write that letter to my sister, or was that, too, only a part of the dream? If she got my letter that would be proof clear enough that that night's proceedings were not a dream, let them otherwise be accounted for as they might. If the letter was written while sleeping, that would be a somnambulistic feat too formidable for belief, and besides I had never been known to be a sleep-walker. I could easily find out about the letter anyway. I wrote to my sister simply asking her if she got my letter, in prompt answer to which she said she had, adding that they were all prepared for and anxiously awaiting our coming. Clearly, the letter was not a dream. Then what on earth, or above the earth or under the earth would explain that night's visit, that unceremonious and mysterious disappearance of Jack Templeton? It began to trouble me. A week had passed since that night, when a letter bearing the well known postmark of Greenwich was dropped through my door. It was from Jack. This is what it said:

"I am very sorry my professional duties and the amount of study I have laid out for this summer will tie me down at home, and I shall not be able to make you my usual visit this year."

"Merciful Heaven! The man hadn't been with me at all. Was he dead and did his shadow come to haunt me instead of his living body to visit me? That would not be likely, for his letter was dated five days later than that night, and ghosts, having a way of making their presence known at the precise time their disembodiment takes place, are always punctual. The letter did not so far lighten up the matter. It proceeded:

"You know my hobby, mesmerism, and you know how I ride it. Well, one night last week I mounted my hobby and took a long ride. I was away out in your country, in your town, in your very room, and I sat with you and talked with you and drank with you, and all but slept with you. To be exact, the night was Friday, the twelfth day of this month, July. Now, all this was so real to me that I want you to write me whether on that night you remember of being conscious of any unusual occurrence. Did I seem to you that I was in your company that night? I want all the facts, that I may see how they will fit a little theory I have lately been constructing."

There it was, and the subject talked upon by Jack, or Jack etherialized, and me, came back, with his startling assertion about a person in a mesmeric trance being able to communicate with an absent person, and that person to be conscious of being communicated with. So Jack in all things essential had been present with me that night. For is not the mind the conscious part, the soul, the essential thing?

This narrative deals only with the facts of

a very extraordinary personal experience. If the explanation given of his visit by my guest of that night, based upon the narrowly understood operations of mesmerism, is not sufficient, let him who, with a clearer view, has traversed further into the arcane of the mystical, advance his theory of Jack Templeton's strange visit.

HOUSEHOLD.

BARGAINS.

A writer in an exchange asks whether we always distinguish between false and true economy in shopping. She says: Is it needless to utter again the old saying that "a thing not needed is dear at any price"? We are sometimes apt to think that by getting things at low price; or by saving thirty cents in every dollar, we are saving money whether we are, or are not, in absolute need at the time of the article purchased. We have a vague feeling, it is true, that perhaps at some future time we might more easily spare the dollar, than the 70 cents at the present time, but we have made a "bargain," and we imagine that we are satisfied with it. There are, of course, real and profitable bargains to be made, but the excitement of shopping and of meeting others engaged in the same occupation is sometimes ruinous to the exercise of common sense. Woman's bargaining is often ridiculed, and sometimes justly so, because she does not combine good judgment and common sense with the knowledge of the means she possesses for future needs.

WOMAN'S BEST WORK.

To shut up every woman in a dwelling-house and make of her an animated broom and dust-pan is to abuse a great many women and ruin a great many houses. But though a woman may hold in her hand a pen tipped with the fire of genius, or a brush that paints her name in glory, or a chisel that carves her fame among the everlasting great—the woman who makes her home the perfect home for those who are of her family is the one that does the best thing any woman can do. Work and rest are the enforced conditions of life. Men must work, and home should be for them above all things a place of rest. It must be, then, a place of bodily comforts and mental cheer. It should be a cleanly place. Scolding and ill-temper and complaining spoil the spirit of any home. For a home is not a staid affair; it is an essence. True housekeeping consists not only in cleaning things but in keeping them clean. Still, there is such a thing as keeping house too anxiously. Cleanliness that forbids freedom is an evil. There are those who will not let trees grow about their house because they shed their leaves. I know a woman who calls up the members of her family to measure their finger-prints when she detects such marks on her window glass or wood work. I know a man who to his dying day never stepped on a door sill, but always carefully over it, so strong did the impression remain with him of his mother's rigid housekeeping.

CARPET SWEEPING.

There are many diverse opinions about carpet sweeping. Some good housekeepers maintain that to throw any damp substance on the floor to prevent dust rising is a mistake, also that every window should be open and the dust allowed to rise and be blown out—the more wind the better. Others, whose authority appears to me equally good, say, and I agree with them, that to sweep in a gale with nothing to "lay the dust," is to make a dirty, suffocating business of one that is otherwise not unpleasant. The fact seems to me that the dust so raised will only be blown out as far as it lies in the course of the wind, the rest will lodge on the walls and every part that may intercept it; and unless there is a window directly opposite the one from which the dust out at all; it will not go out against the wind, it will rather be blown back.

As to the idea that you need to raise the dust from the carpet, that is quite true; you want the dust out of the carpet, but you do not want it to fly all over the place. Those who object to using wet paper or tea leaves to lessen the dust must be under the impression that they in some way prevent the dust from leaving the carpet, and that they simply roll over the surface of the carpet. The fact is, if you sweep with a long, light stroke, the damp leaves will prevent the dust and dirt from rising by taking it to themselves.

SUGAR AND SPICE.

CREAM FOR FILLING.—One-half pint of milk, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of flour. Flavor when cool; cut a slit in the side of each puff and fill with the cream.

DELICATE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, the whites of two eggs; two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with lemon.

CREAM PUFFS.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of cold water boiled together; while boiling add one cup of sifted flour stirring it until the mixture is smooth. When cool stir in three eggs well beaten. Butter a dripping pan and drop from a spoon to form twelve cakes.

CORN STARCH CAKE.—One cup of butter rubbed to a cream with two cups of powdered sugar, three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two cups of flour and one-half cup of corn starch, with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar sifted in. This may be baked in small loaves or little cake tins and is very nice if eaten when fresh.

MARBLE CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one cup of milk, one-half cup of butter, two and one-half cups of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of cream-tartar, one level teaspoonful of soda. Take one-third of the mixture and add to it a teaspoonful of several kinds of spice and a tablespoonful of molasses. Flavor the white part with lemon. Put it in the pan a spoonful of one kind and then one of another.

RAISED CAKE.—Eight cups of flour, three cups of sugar, three cups of butter, one pint of milk, one cup of yeast, the whites of three eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda. And nutmeg and raisins. Mix the flour, yeast, milk and one-half the butter; mix and let it stand over night to rise. Add the rest in the morning and mix well. Put in pans and let it rise a little while, then bake slowly. This is a very old recipe and gives a quantity sufficient for three loaves.

Better in the Morning.

BY REV. LEANDER W. COAK.

"You can't help the baby, parson, but still I want ye to go down an' look in upon her. An' read an' pray, ye know. Only last week she was shipin' round A pullin' my whiskers 'n' hair, A climbin' up to the table Into her little high chair."

"The first night that she took it, When her little cheeks grew red, When she kissed good night to papa, And went away to bed— Sez she, 'Tis headache, papa, Be better in mornin'—bye.' An' somethin' in how she said it Jest made me want to cry."

"But the mornin' brought the fever, And her little hands were hot, An' the pretty red uv her little cheeks Grew into a crimson spot. But she laid there jest ez patient Ez ever a woman could, Takin' whatever we give her Better'n a grown woman would."

"The days are terrible long an' slow, An' she's growin' wun in each; And now she's jest a sippin' Clear away out o' our reach. Every night when I kiss her, Tryin' hard not to cry, She says in a way that kills me,— 'Be better in mornin'—bye!'"

She can't get thro' the night, parson, So I want ye to come an' pray, An' talk with mother a little— You'd know jest what to say;— Not that the baby needs it, Nor that we make any complaint. That God seems to think He's needin' The smile uv the little saint."

I walked along with the Corporal To the door of his humble home, To which the silent messenger Before we had also come, And if he had been a titled prince, I would not have been honored more. Then I saw with his heartiest welcome To his lowly cottage door.

Night falls again in the cottage; They move in silence and dread Around the room where the baby Lies panting upon her bed. "Does baby know papa, darlin'?" And she moves her little face With answer that shows she knows him; But scarce a visible trace

Of her wonderful infantile beauty Remains it was betwixt. The unseen, silent messenger Had waited at the door. "Papa—kiss—baby—'tis so—tired." The man bows low his face, And two swollen cheeks are lifted In baby's last embrace.

And into her father's grizzled beard The little red fingers cling, While her head is whispered tenderness Tears from a rock would wring. "Baby—is—so—sick—papa— But—don't—want—you-to-cry—" The little hands fall on the coverlet— "Be—better—in—mornin'—bye!"

And night around baby is falling, Settling down dark and dense. Does God need the stars in heaven That he must carry her hence? I prayed, with tears in my voice As the Corporal solemnly knelt With grief such as never before His great warm heart had felt.

Oh! frivolous men and women! Do you know that round you, and nigh,— Alas! God needs the stars and haughty Goeth up evermore the cry: "My child, my precious, my darling, How can I let you die?" Oh! hear ye the white lips whisper— "Be—better—in—mornin'—bye."

Child Widows in India.

The recent telegram announcing Lord Dufferin's decision regarding Hindoo widow marriages receives emphasis from the outbursts of fanatical hostility which are agitating Northern India.

The decision arrived at is characteristic alike of the statesman who now presides over India and of the new point of view from which the Indian government regards questions of internal reform. Lord Dufferin expresses a genuine sympathy for the party of progress, but he does not allow his sympathy to blind him to the grave political difficulties of the case.

There are over 200,000 of widows in India, and 2,000,000 of them belong to castes who practice child marriage and insist on the celibacy of their widows. These customs are not enforced with equal rigor in all parts of India nor among all the castes who follow them. But, broadly speaking, there are about 2,000,000 Indian women of good family who are condemned to a life of penance or of shame.

This, however, is a very mild statement of the case. For it must be remembered that the cruelty of enforced widowhood in India is aggravated by the circumstance that a vast number of widows have only been wives in name. In Bengal 271 Hindoo girls out of every 1,000 between the ages of five and ten are married, and no fewer than 666 are returned as married before the ages of ten and fourteen. This applies to the general Hindoo population. But among the higher castes, who enforce the celibacy of their widows, the proportion is much higher. Practically every Hindoo girl of good caste is either a wife or a widow before she reaches the age of fourteen. In thousands, indeed in hundreds of thousands of cases the child has never known what it is to be a wife.

It is essential for the honor of a Hindoo family of good caste that it should contain no unmarried daughter of mature years. The existence of such a daughter is not only a social disgrace, but a religious crime. When, therefore, a female infant is born, the first idea in her father's mind is not one of pleasure, nor perhaps regret, but simply how to find a husband for her. It is not necessary that she should become a wife in our sense of the word. It suffices that she should be given in marriage, and go through the ceremony of the Seven Steps, which completes the religious rite.

Aged Brahmins of good family still go about the country marrying, for a pecuniary consideration, female infants whom they sometimes never see again. Within the memory of men still living this abominable practice was a flourishing trade. A Kulin Brahman, perhaps white-haired, half blind, and decrepit, went the round of his beat each spring, going through the ceremony of marriage with such female infants as were offered, and pocketing his fee, and perhaps never returned to the child's house.

So long as he lived she could marry no other man; when he died she became a widow for life. The Hindu child-widow is looked upon as a thing apart and accursed, bearing the penalty in this world for sins which she has committed in a past existence. Her hair is cut short or her head is shaved altogether; she exchanges her pretty childish clothes for the widow's coarse and often squalid garment; she is forbidden to take part in any village festival or family gathering; the very sight of her is regarded as an ill omen. Her natural woman's instincts are starved into inanition

by constant fasts, sometimes prolonged for seventy-two hours. Amid the genial and brightly-colored life of the Hindoo family she flits about disarrayed, silent, shunned, disfigured—in some parts of India a hideously bald object—forbidden all joy and all hope.

Diseases of Children.

"Until two months ago," says Dr. Keith, "I had never seen a well marked case of membranous croup arising in any child who was not an habitual egg eater. Of course, anything which will give an excess of fibrin in the body may produce this disease. I have known multitudes of instances where spasmodic croup was caused directly from the hearty supper of crackers and milk, and cold feet going to bed. And I have known children who were fed upon a daily diet of milk and potatoes who were constantly subject to spasmodic croup, but I have never known of a child who was fed on oatmeal mush, or cornmeal mush, or gruel, for supper who was subject to croup."

Does milk and crackers cause croup? Certainly not. But the milk in excess predisposes the body to a condition where a sudden chill brought on the attack. In the case of the oatmeal or cornmeal eater the subject was not predisposed toward croup, and the sudden chill could not produce croup. The common mind and the average mother imagine that croup comes from cold. But this is not half true. Millions of children have a cold, but not a tithe of them suffer from croup.

Let us make this clear. A child of five years excretes from the bowels say (to make it round numbers) sixteen ounces; from the kidneys, twelve ounces; from the skin (insensible perspiration), eight ounces. Not counting the solid matter excreted or thrown off through the lungs, there is 24 pounds that are eaten and drunk by the five-year-old child daily. Indeed, if the child is growing rapidly he must eat and drink about 24 pounds to cover the increase of weight and wastes. Now if the food is varied, that is, if the child is fed upon soup, mush and milk, ripe fruit and a reasonable amount of wheaten oatmeal, or cornmeal bread, mush and gruels, it is safe to assert that it never will and never can have spasmodic or membranous croup, no matter how many colds it may catch. But suppose the child is fed upon a daily diet of eggs.

Eggs are composed principally of albumen. Albumen in excess is capable of forming the excess of fibrin in the body of the child. In this condition the child takes cold, the insensible perspiration is retained in the cells of the lungs, the larynx and the bronchial tubes, and the sudden contraction of these cells from cold, and, in fact, the sudden contraction of the entire breathing apparatus, is the spasm of croup. Or, if the child has been an excessive eater of eggs the albumen of the body is in excess, and this albumen setting on the cells of the lungs produces a case of true croup. Or to state the case differently, the child takes about 24 pounds of food and excretes 24 pounds of material daily. Let us suppose that the child's food is composed principally of albumen of eggs. When the body gets cold and insensible perspiration is clogged, this excess of albumen is thrown in upon the lungs, liver and kidneys, to be carried off by these organs instead of passing out through the skin. It is evident that half a pound of extra material must be daily thrown out or retained. If the little one's cold continues four days the child has two pounds of dead matter (insensible perspiration) in its body, and as long as the cold continues the insensible perspiration accumulates.

This insensible perspiration alone passing into the lungs is sufficient to make a fetid breath and accelerate the pulse. When this insensible perspiration is combined with a clogged, starchy or albuminous condition we look at the quality of food which the child has eaten. If the food is varied and digestible the lungs, liver and kidneys throw it off with tolerable ease. But if the food has been in excessive amounts of albumen, casein or starch, the excess cannot be changed by the internal economy, and the deposited excesses in the cellular tissues of the lungs causes the spasm called croup. If the excess is especially starchy, as of potatoes, the excess of starch is thrown out upon the mucous lining of the throat, and the doctor, upon examination, pronounces the case diphtheria.

Do potatoes, then, cause diphtheria? Not at all. But mark you this fact, as long as diphtheria as a disease, has been known to the medical world, just so long is it recorded that starch eaters had the diphtheria. Even as far back as 490 years before Christ the Egyptian throat disease was known and recorded, and it does not require any stretch of the imagination to place the throat disease and barley-bread eaters in the same class. We can also find corroborative evidence in modern life, as only a few years have elapsed since 200,000 barley-eaters died around Odessa from a malignant form of diphtheria.

Excesses of any kind of food are greatly detrimental to the mental and physical welfare of the child. But when these excesses are of certain classes of food which are absolutely indigestible, and which are given to the exclusion of proper food, the matter becomes almost criminal. Thus, in the case of children under three years of age, potatoes are absolutely destructive to the healthy condition of the child. One of the reasons for this fact is because the liver of a child is much larger in proportion to its size than a grown person's liver, and it has not the capability of digesting the starch. It is asserted that a child who is fed on potatoes in excess can never have good teeth, their being no change from starch into bone or ivory, while the child fed on nuts or soups, oatmeal or corn meal has always good teeth.

At the present writing there is a large amount of diphtheritic croup, so called, in different localities of the country, and in some places this form of disease is especially fatal. Now I venture to assert that in every case these children are excessive egg or potato eaters, or continuous milk drinkers, and the condition of the child's body when under the influence of this class of food, or when the body is built up of these foods, is the very condition most favorable for these diseases to become especially fatal.—Dr. Keith.

"How much for two grains of sulphate of zinc?" queried the boy of the druggist. "Twenty-five cents." "But my father is a doctor." "O! Well, I must make a hundred per cent. profit on such things, anyway. Give me two cents."—Detroit Free Press.