YOUNG FOLKS.

"LOVELY."

A True Story.

BY M. L. BISLAND.

He was the sorriest little dog in the Territory. Such legs! Bowed as barrel hoops, and his dingy hide almost naked, with just enough stiff yellow hair left in patches to prove the original color. One eye was gone, and he must have been in an awful lot of fights, for both ears and tail were chewed off pretty nearly down to the roots. I picked him up in Tombstone one day, or rather he picked me up, limping at my heels, and then trotting lamely out after me to the cabin that night. He was such a mean, sickly looking cur, at first I hated having him about; and whenever the fellows came over from camp they jeered at and plagued Lovely, as they called him, till I had half a mind to drive the ugly beast off. But he wouldn't go, and by the time his foot got well no one ever saw me without my dog.

I was just about this time that I sold enough silver ore to go into the packing business. You boys in the geography class know how rough the country is in Arizona, and how thinly settled it was fifteen years ago. Well, as soon as I could buy five stout mules, I contracted to carry the mail and merchandise across the mountains between Tucson and Total Wreck, Tombstone and Silver King mining camps. I filled orders at the capital, and usually returned loaded down with a queer assortment of hams, rope, coffee, nails, boots, candy, stamps, and dynamite.

Now it was that Lovely showed up in strong colors, and after our second trip I bragged he was worth a brace of lazy Mexican half-breeds, and that "handsome is as handsome does."

As for those mules, he was harder on them than any slave-driver before the war. All day he travelled with his one good eye on the train. If old Molly stopped long enough just to tickle her nose with grass, you should have seen that dog. He would try to eat her up, barking, spitting, and kicking up dust, until I'd have to crack my whip and set the whole party off at a gallop.

It was funny to see him treat them like servants, and I can tell you they were trained, too. There was Mose, a tall, black, lumbering creature, vicious and ready to buck if you looked at him. But Lovely never stood foolishness off of a mule, and the second day out from Tucson he fixed old crosspatch good fashion. We had trotted pretty briskly since noon, and I was riding ahead, watching the sun wheel down behind great thunder heads hanging low to the mountains, when all of a sudden such a pawing and kicking and braying as there was, and Mose bolted by, Lovely stuck on his back like a circus rider. I laughed till I cried at those two; but the dog whipped in the first round, and from that time on, whenever he felt a bit tired, just swarmed up on one of the mules and rode till he was rested.

The minute we reached camp and unloaded, I turned the whole train over to Lovely. He knew where to find water, drove them to drink, sat by patiently till they were satisfied, and then started the gang off at a canter for the corral or pasture. After finishing my business up at the mines, I always found the mules greedily browsing, and Lovely, his ragged ears erect, keeping a keen outlook to make sure they played him no tricks. Till I came to relieve him, nothing could have induced the dog to desert, and not the sleekest of squirrels ever distracted his attention from that flock. No wonder he declined to trust them, for, in spite of his diligence, they led him a dance.

I remember one day in Tombstone, when time came to load up and start off across the country, I called Lovely and told him to drive up the train, which now numbered ten. Away he went, was back in a few minutes, rubbing gently against my leg and wagging his stumpy tail, as if asking approval. As I did not stir, he glanced hastily around, and in a flash discovered his mistake. Old Toby, the meanest mule in the drove, was missing.

Giving me a bright look, as if to say, "You mind these till I get back," he was off like the wind. Down he raced to the corral, flew round and round the scrub to see if Toby was in hiding, and finally darted off on the trial. He returned presently, his tongue out and panting furiously, but no Toby in sight. He had evidently nursed a hope that the truant would repent and come back, but seeing his mistake, sat on his [illegible] an instant. Then, as if struck with an idea, he made off for the camp.

In and out, smelling at every house corner and shed, went the little yellow shepherd, even upsetting boxes and barrels in his search. After many a sharp turn, sure enough, there was the sly black varmint, cunningly flattened out against the side of a cabin, not a vestige of tail or mane showing on either side. He was chewing a wisp of hay, with a malicious twinkle in his knavish eyes.

Lovely was mad, I tell you. He barked out his opinion, and after one vicious snap at Toby's heels dog and mule came flying up like lightning. Before that trip was over, Toby wished he had never been born, for Lovely wouldn't even allow him to switch his own tail without a scene.

By this time I learned to trust the dog in everything, and loved him too, for he was as gentle and affectionate with me as he was harsh and domineering with the beasts. Besides standing guard half the night, his one eye skinned for Indians or wolves, he helped mind the drove, kept me company, and was a first-class rabbit hunter. It was not, however, until my three finest mules disappeared from the corral at Silver King that I appreciated my dependence on him. Lovely was just as much distressed as I was that morning. Over and over again he went through the herd, counting them, one after another, as plainly as I could myself, and then apparently scratching his head, trying to think.

High and low and up and down we hunted those wretched brutes through half of Pima County. Penning the remaining seven, I scoured the country on horseback, Lovely following. Worn out and disgusted, I at last abandoned the search, and came to the conclusion they must have been stolen by the thievish Apaches, who had grown daring of late.

The evening of the third day after their disappearance I was pretty low in my mind, but next morning got up at daylight, whistling for Lovely to round up the mules, so we might get an early start. Seeing nothing of him, I supposed he must be off larking, and so thought no more of the matter.

All that day passed without one trace of my dog. At first I hoped and looked, and then raged around, vowing there was foul play or Lovely would never in all the world walk off and leave me alone. I hung around the camp all the rest of that week, neglecting my work, and getting bluer with every day that passed. I could not believe he was really gone, and never gave the mules a thought now in my new trouble about the dog.

Finding it was useless to delay any longer, I pressed on for Total Wreck. But instead of riding ahead, as of old, when I had some one to bring up the rear, I was forced to drive that gang of scampish mules, forever yelling and popping my whip over their stubborn heads. They fretted the life out of me, cutting up all sorts of shines—Molly particularly, who would run half a mile out of her way after three blades of grass.

Saturday, returning to the King, doleful as a moulting owl in the dark of the moon, I was thinking of cutting the whole business, when presently I spied a cloud of dust in the distance. Poking slowly along, and idly wondering what it might be, I could scarcely believe my eyes on recognizing one after another of those vagrant mules. But it was all three, sure enough, and smartening our pace, we were soon alongside. Not until I heard a feeble little bark near my stirrup did it occur to me who the detective had been.

There was Lovely, all beaten out, too stiff and lame to hobble another step, yet with his longest ear proudly cocked as he scanned the company and counted his flock once more complete.

Before you could say "Jack Robinson" I was out of the saddle, with the dog in my arms, kissing and petting him like a good fellow. He was modest and loving as ever, but I carried him in triumph into Silver King, where I heard the rest of the story.

Jim Ellison told me that a couple of hours earlier in the day the lost mules came in on a sweeping trot, Lovely growling and limping behind them. He began looking for me at once, visiting first one cabin and then another, and whimpering like a child at every fresh disappointment. Jim said they tried their best to make him stop for a rest and bite to eat; but deaf to all entreaties, Lovely kept right on, gathering up his captives, and setting off on the road he knew I had gone.

Such a hero as he was in camp that night! Dick fiddled, Jim Ellison danced a breakdown, and we had a big spread of pork, beans, and griddle-cakes, with the dog as guest of honor.

You would like to see him, eh? Well, just you boys come round to my ranch on Sixtieth Street, and I'll show you all that was mortal of poor Lovely mounted on a block of Arizona ore in my library.

Golden Thoughts For Every Day.

The Sabbath Chime.

This is the day of Light!
Let there be light to-day!
O, Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of Rest!
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of Peace!
Thy Peace our spirits fill!
Bid Thou the blast of discords cease;
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer!
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

This is the First of days—
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise.
O, Vanquisher of Death!

Monday—

The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern, and their king—

He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for his dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for Thee!

John Keble.

Tuesday—Every little while we hear it said: What an interesting time this is to live in, with its eager activities and rapid gains, its marvelous inventions and triumphant forces, its conquests by hand and brain, its telling out aloud of the secrets of the earth, and sea, and air, and stars! But we are living, all of us, in the presence of a far more majestic movement, and it is the old miracle of the Galilean Mountain side, and the hungry wayfarers over again. Underneath, within, beyond all these mechanisms and expositions of mortal energy and skill there is building silently another commonwealth, a house of almighty justice and love for the brotherhood of men, a cry of God out of heaven, not reared by the builders of roads or factories or ships or empires or universities. Ministers of the gospel proclaim it; statesmen may help bring it on; scholars may serve in it—but so can each of us, like the common men who before they were apostles handed the bread to the multitude—our young men and boys like the lad with the loaves. Out of the class-rooms of colleges, out of libraries, lecture halls, work shops, and the fields ought to come workmen in that work, and master workmen. Out of the homes of a believing and thankful people and the arms of gracious mothers should come laborers just as needful and just as true as those of Galilee, who find it honor enough and mastery enough to follow the steps and share the homely lot of Him who is the Master of us all. And all this will be the people's gospel.—*Bishop Huntingdon.*

Wednesday—

My Shepherd's name is Love—
Jehovah, God above;
Where tender herbage grows,
And peaceful water flows,
He gently leads, He kindly feeds,
And lulls me then to sweet repose.

If e'er I heedless stray,
He shows my feet the way;
Yea, though through dreary glades
I walk in dismal shades,
No harm I fear, for Thou art near,
Thy faithful staff my progress aids.

—Jas Taylor.

Thursday—

Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,
Crushes to earth our hopes, and under the earth is the graveyard;
Then it is good to pray unto God, for his sorrowing children
He ne'er turns from the door, but He heals and helps and consols them.
Yet it is better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful fortune
Kneels before the Eternal's throne, and with hands interfolded
Praises thankful and moved the only Giver of blessings.

—H. W. Longfellow.

Friday—And so, within our narrow working spheres the truth stands for every one of us. Special instances of treachery and baseness we shall have to encounter, and where motives are not wholly bad, we shall find their quality confused and mixed, we shall find that it is not safe or wise to trust implicitly. Always we shall find room and need for the exercise of a broad charity; but we can only live truly and usefully by always recognizing the higher side of men, whether in masses or individuality, by appealing to their better instincts, their nobler selves, their loftier minds.—*Anonymous.*

Saturday—

Out of your whole life give but a moment!
All of your life that has gone before,
All to come after it—so you ignore,
So you make perfect the present—condense,
In a rapture of rage, for perfections endowment.
Thought and feeling and soul and sense—
Merged in a moment which gives me at last
You around me for once, you beneath me, above me—
Me—sure that despite of time future, time past—
This tick of our life-time's one moment you love me!—
How long such suspension may linger? Ah, Sweet—
The moment eternal—just that and no more—
When ecstasy's utmost we clutch at the core,
While cheeks burn, arms open, eyes shut, and lips meet!

Robert Browning.

Victoria at Balmoral.

The Queen's life at Balmoral is exceedingly simple. She breakfasts in her apartments between 9 and 10. Sometimes Princess Beatrice and other members of the family who may be staying at the castle take the matutinal meal with her, but ofttimes she breakfasts alone, and her family have a movable feast in the large dining room. The suite have a special dining room set apart for them, and there they can take their meals together, except on particular occasions when they are invited to her majesty's table. These invitations, however, are never issued for breakfast, for the queen prefers to be alone, in order that she may reflect over the programme of the day. Shortly after 10 the queen begins to devote herself to affairs of the nation, runs through the dispatches which are sent to her daily by the ministers, and, with the help of Sir Henry Ponsonby, jots down replies, Sir Henry acting as secretary. The work is usually over by 1, about which time the queen's messenger starts for London with the queen's dispatches to the ministers. At 1 o'clock the queen lunches. Afterward she goes for a drive or one of her vigorous walks, which are so trying to the less energetic of her ladies-in-waiting. The dinner hour is not till 9. After dinner the usual practice is that the queen makes a few observations to her guests, and at about 11 retires to her private apartments. Of late, however, there have been changes in the evening programmes in the direction of greater gayety.

Funerals are Expensive.

Family doctor—"I should no longer conceal the truth from you, sir. You have only a few days to live." Mr. Levelhead (weakly)—"Then, doctor, I wish you would buy me a ticket to Europe and have me placed on board a steamer." "But you could not live to reach Europe." "I do not wish to. I want to be buried at sea, so that my family will be saved the ruinous expense of a funeral and have something left to live on."

A Loving Woman's Reasons.

"I love you well, my sweetheart shy;
I'm true."
The maiden blushing answered, "I
Love you."

"Why do you love me, my adored?"—
A pause.
And then she answered with a word:
"Because."

Bachelor's Compensation.

Topley—"What a pleasure to hear a baby cry!"

Hayslitt—"Why, I should like to know!"

Topley—"Because it reminds you of what you have escaped."

Fond of Fiction.

Bagley—"That was a pretty strong story Johnson told you yesterday about Evans."

Bailey—"Yes, but I never believe Johnson's stories, although I wouldn't have him know it."

Bagley—"But how can you stand it to have a man lie to you so?"

Bailey—"Well, you know I was always fond of strong fiction."

HOUSEHOLD.

Giving Pleasure.

It is so easy, nine times out of ten, to give pleasure rather than pain.

It takes no money; it is a smile, an appreciative word when a servant or a child does well, a mention of what one likes to hear spoken of rather than an irritating reference.

Give pleasure rather than pain when you speak of your friend's dress. If she has on anything becoming, speak of that, not of the "thing that looks like a guy." If you search for it, you will always find something in every dress that might be praised. There is more misery caused among women and by women, to each other, over dress criticism, than results from any serious cause in their world. Nothing, in a small way, goes farther among girls than approving references to dress. "You look really pretty, my dear, in that." Do I? You are an angel." Ask her about you the next day, and she says, "I do like her so much! She is so pleasant always, the darling!" Yet the thing that won its way to her heart was your simple compliment on her appearance. On the other hand, women break friendships quicker over ugly remarks about each other's attire than from almost any other cause. Give pleasure, I repeat, and keep friendships.

Give pleasure to the housewife. Say, "The woman who made this pitcher of lemonade knew how to do a good thing." Say, "How skillful your cook is. This dinner is exquisitely to my taste." Compliment her home arts of adornment. Seem pleased with what she has done for your comfort. Don't be an ingrate; especially in hot summer weather; but take notice of her painstaking efforts to make home comfortable, her even crude efforts at household adornment. Heaven knows how much pleasure we men might give at home. Instead of which, how much pain we give, thoughtlessly, cruelly.

Give pleasure. Tell the grocer of the good things you have gotten of him. You have spoken often enough of the bad berries, the poor flour. Give the man a happy moment. Say, "I like your store, on the whole, better than any shop in town." That's true, or you would not trade there.

The seamstress, poor soul, has nerves and sensibilities like any other mortal. Why not ask her to go to ride with you? Why not put the library bouquet in her hand some evening when she goes home? Why not offer to take her with you to the opera, some evening? She will be as well dressed as you, I'll warrant you, when the time comes. And the music to her hungry ears, unlike your own surfeited ears, would be heavenly pleasure.

Give pleasure. Pay a poor man's debt. Send a broken man his bill receipted. Go forgive some one his debt to you, as you ask God to forgive you your debts. Surprise some one with a release from a heavy obligation, whatever it may be. Your joy will be greater than the money or service could bring you. Flowers to a sick-room; a call at the sick man's door if one is too busy to go in for a quarter of an hour's chat; a word of inquiry for the absent, so that his son as partner, may write that you asked after him; what trifles. Yet how much pleasure they are capable of bestowing in an ugly world. "Old fellow, I'm glad for you!" with a hearty slap on the shoulder, congratulating him on good fortune instead of being envious, what a real pleasure it is. I tell you, young men, it is such trifles that make a fellow welcome among men. The proprietor of a great Boston newspaper is reported to have said recently. "The good fellow is known everywhere. It makes no difference whether he comes from Omaha, New Orleans, or Boston." The good fellow, among other things, is he who gives innocent, hearty pleasure to others wherever he goes.

Give pleasure to children. God be praised that we are not all grown men and women in this world. But how often they are among the unhappiest of the race. They deserve not a pound of suffering—they carry tons. For Heaven's sake give them all the innocent pleasure you can. "What's the good of going to the circus? I've seen it all." Yes, but the children will enjoy it. That's reason enough. Yet that is the very last reason that some folks will consider. A child's pleasure is a target for many a brute's kick. Then he wonders that his son grows up an ingrate, and his daughter runs away from home. The care for their lawful pleasures which some wise school-teachers exercise is the fetter of gold that binds the child pupils. A school-teacher who never seems to think of anything beyond hammering certain precepts into a child mind is not fit for his place. The skillful teacher is often seen trying to arrange a game, planning a sport, suggesting some fun and let-up from the everlasting grind. When a child is dead, ah, then we are glad, oh, so glad, of every day we made it happy, and the memory of its smile is like the rosy dawn in the eastern sky when the west is dark and lowering.

Do not forget, ye who can so easily pay it, the ten dollar—ay the two or the one dollar—which you owe God's charity, the Fresh Air Fund, for the city poor in summer time. Do not always drive alone, fair lady, when the invalid girl is languishing by her one window in the low dwelling that you pass in reaching the gay park. Do not forget the bankrupt, discouraged and set one side, your old friend of boyhood and competitor of the market, when, sir, you give a birthday dinner in your fine dwelling. Do not forget the aged preacher, sacred heart of his, who is now long past any service to humanity, that he has loved so well for Christ's sake. Do not forget the minstrel and the actor, who, broken and old now, once made you many a glad hour. A thousand of earth's neglected are all about us. To give them pleasure may bless them a bit, but the blessing on our own hearts is a thousand times more health-giving.

Hints.

I have been an itinerant for more or less of my life, and although my travels were not extensive, being transfers from one house and garden to another, they gave me a good opportunity to see how few gardens were supplied with what they should be. Where one occupies a new house every season there is, generally, of course, no such thing as raising fruit; but there is no reason why any one owning a place, in a village at least, should not begin the season with horse radish, and go through the summer enjoying a goodly variety of vegetables and fruits in their season, and putting them up for the winter. Currant slips are easily obtained for the asking, and an hour of leisure will plant a good many. The nicest, smoothest horse radish I ever saw was what grew from roots too small to use, cut in two or three inch lengths and planted in rows.

Even the transient householder may raise his own supply of summer vegetables, and various pickles and substitutes for fruit to put up for the winter. Tomatoes make very good sweet pickles and preserves, and are liked by many as sauce in their season. For sweet pickles I prefer this recipe: seven pounds of peeled tomatoes, four pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar (varies with strength of this), spice with one heaping tablespoonful each of whole cloves and stick of cinnamon, tied in a mosquito bar bag. Let it boil until the tomatoes are done; then remove those and let the syrup boil down more, and then pour over fruit, and seal. I always keep these in crocks, putting a paper rubbed over with butter on the top of fruit, and seal by covering with cotton batting. I have never had any trouble in keeping them this way.

For preserves I use a scant pound of sugar to a pound of peeled tomatoes, and slice in a small lemon. As in pickles, I skim out the fruit when done and cook the syrup down, as I think a somewhat thick syrup is much richer than a thin one and keeps better. Preserves, too, I keep in crocks covered with cotton batting.

We like our pieplant juice better when baked than boiled. I use a brown china dish for this. I never use tin, as I knew of a serious case of poisoning from eating pieplant pudding which was cooked in a tin dish which had just been scoured by the neat housekeeper. I put sugar in the bottom of the dish, then the pieplant, not peeled, cut in half-inch lengths, then more sugar and just water enough to cover the bottom of the dish; cover it over with a tin and bake from twenty to thirty minutes, according to quantity.

We no longer consider it necessary to boil sweet corn before drying, as we like it just as well without. Select corn rather under than over age for the table, silk carefully and cut from cob with a sharp knife. If I am having a fire for other purposes, I put it in dripping pans and dry in ovens, if not, I put it at once in my drying bags. These are an invention of my own, but they are good things. I have never seen them in use elsewhere, although they rob "corndays" of half their labor. No more constant watching to see if the wind has blown up the mosquito bar, or taken the cloth half off the platform, nor losing half the corn in putting out and taking in. I rip open a flour sack, cut a piece of white mosquito bar same size, and sew it into a bag, of which the cloth is one side, and the mosquito bar the other. I sew once through the middle, thus making two divisions. The corn once put in can remain until dry, or as it dries, different lots may be put together and fresh corn take the place of the other. When put out one has only to spread out the bag, and weight the open end, and there is no danger from wind or flies. If one has a tin roof over porch, shed, or bay window, it makes the best of dryers. Put the corn away in paper bags that have no holes to admit flies or moth, and tie tightly.

FRANK LAUREL.

We like to combine raspberries with pieplant for jelly, liking the flavor as well as the color, but some do not like it. We use one-third raspberry juice to two-thirds of pieplant, and a pound of sugar to a pint of juice. My main way of putting up pieplant is to dry it. Cut into half-inch lengths, without peeling, use one pound of sugar to seven of fruit, cook slightly and spread upon plates to dry, either in the oven or sun, as most convenient. Currants are dried in same way, and packed when dried, in crocks, covered with cotton batting. I usually mend all my broken plates for this purpose, keeping them to dry fruit on year after year. The most of my jelly is put up in mended bowls, cups, tumblers, which I use year after year. I use white lead, buying five cents worth at the druggists, some time before the first fruit season, and devote a half-day, if necessary, to the job. Assured that the edges are clean, I cover each edge with a thin layer of white lead, press tightly together, tie with carpet rags and put away to dry for weeks.

Rose Jars.

The leaves should be picked in the morning, as soon as convenient after the dew has dried from their petals.

These leaves are packed in a jar, a layer of leaves, then a layer of salt, filling the jars well. Stir them daily and keep them well covered for a month or so; then pour off the accumulated water, and to a two-quart jar add a tablespoonful each of ground allspice, cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, mace, and dried lemon and orange peel, also some orris root lavender, musk, and spikenard, if liked. In fact, the scent can be slightly varied by the addition of different perfumes in differing quantities. And a variety of sweet herbs can be added, in small quantities, so as to get a variety of scents for the different jars.

PERSONALS.

Count Leon Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, is recovering from what threatened to be a fatal attack of liver complaint.

Mary Angela Dickens, a granddaughter of Charles Dickens, has just written her first long novel, her previous attempts being confined to short stories.

The Duke of Edinburgh is a clever violinist, and also an enthusiastic postage-stamp gatherer, his collection being one of the most complete in the world.

Kossuth lives in retirement at Superga, Italy, and spends much of his time in writing. A slowly growing cataract threatens to rob him of his eyesight.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has given the ex-Empress Frederick a gold medallion, bearing her coat of arms, richly set with precious stones, and containing a lock of her hair.

Gladstone clings to his old hat and his seedy clothes with a tenacity that would make the average vender of cast-off garments despair. He hates to break in a new suit.

Prince Herbert Bismarck cherishes carefully the wreck of a watch which he carried during the Franco-Prussian war, and which stopped a bullet that otherwise might have ended his life.

Captain Kane, who successfully took the British war vessel *Calliope* to sea during the storm which drove several American men-of-war on the reefs at Apia, Samoa, has been made commander of the *Inflexible*, one of the most powerful battle ships in the English navy.

The original manuscript of Burns's great battle song, "Scots wha hae," was picked up recently for a small sum by John S. Kennedy, of New York, while he was abroad. He offered it to the city of Edinburgh for the price he had paid, and it was gladly accepted, with a vote of thanks from the Town Council.

The sound of the wedding bells in the tower of Westminster Abbey, the march played by the organ, and the hymn sung by a choir at the Stanley wedding ceremonies were all caught and recorded by phonographs; and a phonograph with these records was presented to the bride by Colonel Gourand.

M. Stambouloff, the Premier and practical ruler of Bulgaria, is about forty-six years old. He is short and rather stout, and with his round face, black mustache, and small gray eyes somewhat resembles the Chinese. He lives in a modest home, whose furnishings are extremely simple, and the only exterior sign of his power is the soldier who stands at the door of his house.

General Grant's famous log cabin, which once stood on the banks of the James River, but which was afterward removed to Fairmount Park in Philadelphia for exhibition, is rapidly decaying. From this hut General Grant issued some of his most important war orders, and here the rebel commissioners treated for peace. Under the same roof also gathered Lincoln and a number of the great Generals in conference.

Darius L. Goff, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, who has a fancy for mechanical curiosities, possesses a clock that never runs down. Through an ingenious contrivance it is kept wound by the simple opening and closing of the front door of the house. Electrical appliances, operated by the running of the clock, raise the gas jet in the hall at dusk, and lower it at bedtime; ring an early-rising bell for the servants, a later one for the family, and, an hour later, the breakfast-bell; and when the hour is struck, musical cathedral chimes respond in the chambers of the house.

Sir Morell McKenzie, Queen Victoria's physician, is one of the busiest men in London, and works on an average fourteen hours a day. He lives in Harley Street, Cavendish Square, a thoroughfare given over to the medical profession, for out of one hundred and fifty houses on the street, two-thirds are occupied by doctors. He calls on his patients during certain hours, receives calls for consultation from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m., and divides his time as methodically as possible. During his boyhood Sir Morell had to work his own way, and not till he was nearly nineteen years old was he able to leave his position as a clerk to study medicine. After making throat diseases a specialty for twenty-eight years, however, he stands at the head of his profession in that line, and his efforts to save the life of Emperor Frederick of Germany will not soon be forgotten.

Lord Dunraven, known on both sides of the Atlantic as a sportsman and statesman, and more recently a competitor for honors as a yachtsman, has mingled work and pleasure more equally during the forty-nine years of his life than the ordinary inheritor of titles and wealth is accustomed to do. His name is Wyndham Thomas Wyndham-Quin, and he is an Irishman. After taking his degree at Oxford he joined the Life-guards, but soon resigned his commission to go to the Abyssinian war as a newspaper man, red tape and army etiquette prohibiting his presence there as a soldier. In his new role he achieved considerable distinction, and during the campaign to Magdala he occupied the same tent with Stanley. When he returned he married, and in 1871 he succeeded his father in the earldom and the family estates. The old family mansion, Adare Manor, and its fourteen thousand acres of land, are in County Limerick, not far from the town of Limerick; while in Glamorganshire, Wales, is Dunraven Castle, with twenty-four thousand more acres of land, which was acquired by marriage in 1820. At these two country-seats Lord Dunraven has plenty of good shooting and fishing, which, with his tastes for yachting, rowing, and fencing, keep him in excellent health, notwithstanding the hard work he does in the House of Lords while Parliament is in session. Lord Dunraven has three daughters, but no son, and his peerage will eventually pass to a distant cousin.

She Couldn't Carry Out the Programme.

"Eva," he said softly as he strolled through the park, "let me call you Eve. It will make this place seem still more like the Garden of Eden."

"Certainly, George," replied the bewitching maid, "but I can't call you Adam. You—you are not my first man, you know. Not by several, George."

HEALTH.

Coffee Inebriety.

Dr. Mendel, of Berlin, has lately published a clinical study of the neurosis, his observations being made upon the women of the working population in and about Essen. He found large numbers of women who consumed over a pound of coffee in a week; and some men drank considerably more besides beer and wine. The leading symptoms were profound depression of spirits, and frequent headaches, with insomnia. A strong dose of coffee would relieve this for a time, then it would return. The muscles would become weak and trembling, and the hands would tremble when at rest. An increasing aversion to labor and any steady work was noticeable. The heart's action was rapid and irregular, and palpitations and a heavy feeling in the precordial region were present. Dyspepsia of an extreme nervous type was also present. Acute rosacea was common in these cases. These symptoms constantly grow worse, and are only relieved by large quantities of coffee, generally of the infusion. In some cases the tincture was used. The victims suffer so seriously that they dare not abandon it, for fear of death. Where brandy is taken, only temporary relief follows. The face becomes sallow, and the hands and feet cold; and an expression of dread and agony settles over the countenance, only relieved by using strong doses of coffee. In all these cases, acute inflammations are likely to appear any time. An injury of any part of the body is the starting point for inflammations of an erysipelatous character. Melancholy and hysteria are present in all cases. Coffee inebriates are more common among the neurasthenics, and are more concealed because the effects of excessive doses of coffee, are obscure and largely unknown. Many opium and alcholic cases have an early history of excessive use of coffee, and are always more degenerate and difficult to treat. A very wide field for future study opens up in this direction.

Filtering Waters.

Boiling sterilizes water, and within 30 minutes will have killed harmful bacteria.

Drugs and other agents acting chemically, if used in amounts which are commonly safe, do not sterilize water.

The prolonged heat which water undergoes in the usual process of distillation destroys all germs which may be in the water undergoing the process.

Ordinary filters, even if satisfactory as strainers, fail to remove all bacteria from drinking water. So far from lessening the number in the original water, the filtering substance may allow a more rapid multiplication than these micro-organisms would ordinarily undergo in the unfiltered water on standing, and the germs of disease, even if held back by the filtering substance, may be harbored in all filters.

The finer the substance through which the water passes, and the lower the pressure, the more perfect is the action of the filter in holding back the bacteria.

Of all substances thus far furnished for domestic filters, porous, rebaked porcelain, carefully selected, I have found to be the best. If thick and strong enough to allow the use of a large surface, and the substance remain perfect (without flaw or break), this may yield a fair flow of clear water, free from all bacteria; yet under our ordinary croton pressure of one atmosphere or less, this yield is only in rapid drops, unless the apparatus be complex.

To insure the permanency of this action, the filter should be occasionally sterilized throughout by steaming or by other means; for under prolonged pressure, various kinds of bacteria can go through, and in the copious organic matter collected on the filter some harmful miro-organisms can retain a high degree of vitality for weeks longer than I have ever found them to live in pure water.

A Prescription for Longevity.

One of my prescriptions for longevity may startle you somewhat. It is this: Become the subject of a mortal disease. Let half a dozen doctors thump you, and knead you, and test you in every possible way, and render their verdict that you have an internal complaint; they don't know exactly what it is, but it will certainly kill you by and by. Then bid farewell to the world and shut yourself up for an invalid. If you are threescore years old when you begin this mode of life, you may very probably last twenty years, and there you are,—an octogenarian. In the meantime, your friends outside have been dropping off, one after another, until you find yourself almost alone, nursing your mortal complaint as if it were your baby, hugging it and keeping alive by it,—if to exist is to live. Who has not seen cases like this,—a man or a woman shutting himself or herself up, visited by a doctor or a succession of doctors (I remember that once, in my earlier experience, I was the twenty-seventh physician who had been consulted), always taking medicine, until everybody was reminded of that impatient speech of a relative of one of these invalid vampires who live on the blood of tired-out attendants, "I do wish you would get well —or something!" Persons who are shut up in that way, confined to their chambers, sometimes to their beds, have a very small amount of vital expenditure, and wear out very little of their living substance. They are like lamps with half their wicks picked down, and will continue to burn when other lamps have used up all their oil. An insurance office might make money by taking no risks except on the lives of persons suffering from mortal disease.—[Atlantic.

Care of the Teeth.

The temporary teeth should have the best possible care. Their function is an important one; they are to "hold the fort" till the permanent set are ready to come upon the scene, and should then give way to their successors with the cheerfulness of a displaced politician. It is, therefore, a mistake to suppose that on account of their temporary character their decay is a matter of little consequence, or that they may be extracted at any time without injury. They should be kept in the best condition possible until the development of the successors absorbs their roots, and they become loosened. If this loosening fails to take place, as frequently occurs, they should be drawn as soon as the crown of the permanent tooth appears through the gum, in order that the latter may take its proper place in line. Two or three times a year is not too often to have a dentist examine the mouth of a child, till the permanent teeth have developed.

The first molar of each set—known as the six-year molar—may appear anywhere from five to seven years of age, and this, besides being the first of the permanent teeth, is also specially liable to decay. Very generally it is the first tooth requiring the dentist's forceps, and may be drawn before the 12-year molar of the same set makes its appearance. In this case the loser, as the cavity will be partially filled by other teeth when they appear, often believes that his quota of teeth has been less than his neighbor's. Even parents often confound these molars with the temporary set and neglect them when known to be diseased, supposing they will soon give place to others. The second set of molars appears at about the age of 12, and the last of wisdom teeth, five or six years later. The advent of any of these is liable to be accompanied by soreness, ulceration, or more serious complications; the eyes or ears may be affected, or serious nervous troubles may result. When these or similar complications arise, not readily understood, it is well to look for the cause in the mouth.—[Good Housekeeping.

The Domestic Doctor.

A little soda water will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion.

Dr. Flint is quoted as saying: "I have never known a dyspeptic to recover vigorous health who undertook to live after a strictly regulated diet, and I have never known an instance of a healthy person living according to a strictly dietetic system who did not become a dyspeptic."

Camphor in various forms is frequently recommended for cold in the head, although Dr. George Johnson and others long since indicated the dangers attending the use of concentrated alcoholic solutions. The following method of application is suggested in a Swiss pharmaceutical journal, and certainly has the merit of simplicity; A jug is half filled with boiling water into which a teaspoonful of well-powdered camphor is thrown. A funnel-shaped paper cap is then placed on the top of the jug, and a hole torn in it just fitting the nose. The camphorated steam is inhaled through the nose for ten or fifteen minutes, the inhalation being repeated if required, every four or five hours. If the patient resolutely persists with the inhalation, in spite of its unpleasantness, it is said that three repetitions will always effect a cure, however severe the coryza may be.

In severe cases of bowel and stomach trouble it is often difficult to find food that can be retained in the stomach long enough to nourish the patient, or that does not act as an irritant. Now, there is something called mutton custard which is both healing and nourishing. It has been used in critical cases with the most gratifying results. The materials of which it is made are one quart of milk, two ounces of mutton suet, a stick of cinnamon about five inches long, and one tablespoonful of flour. The suet must be from the kidney; sweet and free from all tough membrane. Shred it very fine and put it in the double boiler, with the cinnamon and milk, reserving however, a gill of the cold milk. Cook for one hour, and then strain. Return to the double boiler and place on the fire. Now mix the cold milk with the flour, and stir into the hot mixture. Cook for ten minutes. Give the patient as much of this as he will willingly take, say half a pint every four or five hours. Keep the patient warm and quiet. One other point in the care of the sick. When one is suffering from neuralgia in the head, put him in a warm bed. Make a brick very hot and cover it with several thicknesses of flannel. Fold a coarse, thick cloth and place it on the pillow. Lay the brick on this and wet thoroughly with rum. Rest the most painful part of the head or face on the brick and throw a blanket over the patient, covering the head. Keep covered in this way until the pain ceases. When the blanket is removed, wipe the moisture from the head, face and neck, and then bathe in alcohol or rum, to prevent the taking of a cold. Another remedy is to make salt very hot by straining it over the fire in a frying-pan; then pour it into a bag, which should be securely tied. Have the patient lie down and cover him well. Place the bag of hot salt on that part of the head or face where the pain is located. The salt will retain the heat a long time. This method is much easier than the first, but it will not relieve one so quickly nor so thoroughly.

A Smart Terrier.

Among the valuable dogs owned by J. F. Coope, of Ben Lomond vineyard, is a family of thoroughbred wire-haired terriers. These little creatures are very bright, and among other achievements are quite expert at snake killing. That they have an intuitive knowledge not only of how to kill snakes, but how to heal themselves if a snake gets the better of an encounter was proved not long since by an incident noticed by some of the employes.

The mother terrier having discovered a rattlesnake ready coiled for a spring, placed herself at a safe distance and began barking loudly for an assistant. One of her family of terriers responded to the call, when the two dogs placed themselves one on either side of the rattler, barking at it and slowly approaching it from opposite directions until within about striking distance for the serpent. The exasperated rattler at last sprang at the younger dog, when the mother in great fury pounced upon the snake. The terriers seize the serpents about midway of the body and shake them without mercy until life is extinct.

In this case the mother terrier attempted the usual mode of procedure, and was fairly successful, but the fangs of the snake in some way struck her, inflicting a wound. It was evident to those watching her that her sufferings began at once, but she did not lose her head with fear. She made for a bunch of snake weed not far off and ate freely of it. Her next move was to a pool of water that made a small muddy spot. Into this she plunged, rolling herself about in every direction and covering herself with mud. The onlookers gave her up for lost, but the canine physician had healed herself, and the next morning was entirely all right, as if she had never met his rattlesnakeship in deadly combat.—[Santa Cruz Surf.

Bismarck's Favorite Flower.

Prince Bismarck's fondness for heather, is not a new fancy. With him the heather is, more truly than the primrose was to Lord Beaconsfield, "his favorite flower." Nearly thirty years ago, when Minister to Paris, he made a trip to the South of France, visiting among other places Chambord. Writing to his wife from Bordeaux, under date July 27, 1862, Bismarck says: "From inclosed specimens of heather you will no long be able to see how purple this plant I am so fonder of blooms there, the only flower in the royal garden, and swallows almost the only living creatures in the castle. For sparrows it is too lonely."

"The plaintiff says," recited the Judge, "that you often deserted her; that you subjected her to shameful treatment; that even you often struck her brutally. You call yourself a man and strike a woman of twenty-five." The wife who is in the court room, weeping, with her face in her hands, raises it suddenly at this and exclaims: "I beg your pardon, Judge; only twenty-four years."

The heroine of the hour just now in Berlin is a German girl, Fraulein Sohanna Maestrick. Fraulein Maestrick was born near Berlin, but went with her parents as a child to Portugal. When she was 17 an impresario, struck with her size and beauty, offered to train her as a female bull-fighter. She has not yet appeared in an arena, but last week she came out in a trial fight at Oporto. A huge crowd collected to see the unusual sight. The young lady quickly laid two bulls in the sand, and rode off followed by a band of music amid thunders of applause. Crowds of people collected before the windows of the hotel at which the "Torera" was staying, and far into the night she was obliged to appear on the balcony in response to their calls for her.

A man known as the Bird of Death in the Vienna General Hospital has met with his fate in the discharge of his gruesome hospital duties. His name was Alois Pakes. A Vienna correspondent says he was a man of Herculean build, and for 45 years had carried all the corpses to and from the mortuary chamber. Hence the weired name the hospital jesters gave him. He died a few days ago of blood poisoning caused by handling the body of a patient who had died of an infectious disease. He had sold his skeleton to an itinerant museum many years ago and spent the money in drink, and his remains have been handed over to the purchaser.

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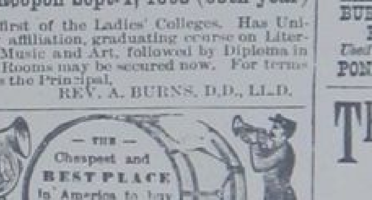

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