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**Tuberculosis in Rats.**

For seven years I have been making almost daily experiments upon the internal organs of dead animals in order to increase my knowledge of comparative pathology. The postmortem examinations were made for the most part at the Lamparter Glue works, in the suburbs of Lancaster, Pa. Here of course were the bodies of large numbers of animals which afforded me an abundant supply of subjects for examination. The vicinity of the works swarmed with rats. Many of those, the workmen told me, sickened and died from time to time, and I became curious to know something about the disease that carried so many of the rodents off.

I could find next to nothing about the rat in books, so the thought growing upon me that the disease so fatal to the rat might be made dangerous to the rat's nearest neighbor, man himself, I undertook a series of experiments. My first rat subject was a sick one which I captured in the yard of the glue works without any exertion. The animal crawled about, made no effort to escape from me and when picked up offered no resistance. Its appearance indicated that it was dying of general debility. Its body was greatly emaciated. Its back was arched and its face bore an expression of distress. It refused food, was racked with a constant cough and in a few hours after being captured was found dead in the comfortable prison in which I had placed it.

My next subject was a healthier and more active rat. I caught him only to mark him and then gave him his freedom. He came into the yard regularly for his rations of flesh from various animals, but gradually showed the same symptoms that marked the condition of my first subject, and in fourteen days after capture he, too, was dead. The postmortem examination of these two cases developed the fact that the lungs were badly diseased. Tuberculosis had destroyed the right lung of each and only a part of the left remained.—Dr. S. E. Weber's Lecture.

**Changes in an English School.**

In 1824 Mr. Milnes Gaskell writes from Eton that an upper boy "got spurs and rode some of us (lower boys) over a leap positively impossible to be leaped over with a person on your back, and every time (which is every time) we cannot accomplish it he spurs us violently, and my thigh is quite sore with the inroads made by those dreadful spurs; my new coat is completely ruined." In the next year Ashley minor, a son of Lord Shaftesbury, died in consequence of a fight which lasted two hours and a quarter on the same evening. The quarrel originated about a seat in the upper school.

Dr. Keate spoke about the sad event to the school three days later; he blamed the boys for letting the fight go on so long, but was not to be "seduced into any nobby pamby peace-at-any-price sentimentalism." He said: "Not that I object to all fighting in itself; on the contrary, I like to see a boy return a blow." Such a state of things has fortunately entirely disappeared; a clergyman, a head master, a doctor of divinity, however much he might feel that the meek acceptance of injuries was not the sign of a keen and generous character, yet would now hesitate to mark fighting with his approval before an audience of boys whom he was bound by statute to instruct in Christian principles.—National Review.

**How His Heart Was Won.**

When Colonel Van Wyck was running for congress many years ago in the Fifteenth New York district, there was a certain Irishman who steadfastly refused to give the old soldier any encouragement. The colonel was greatly surprised, therefore, when Pat informed him on election day that he had concluded to support him.

"Glad to hear it, glad to hear it," said the colonel. "I rather thought you were against me, Patrick."

"Well, sir," said Patrick, "I wuz, and whin ye stud by me pippen and talked that day fur two hours or worse ye didn't budge me a hair's breadth, sir; but after ye wuz gone away I got to thinking aow ye reached yer hand over the fence and scratched the pig on the back till he laid down wid the pleasure of it, and I made up me mind that whin a rale colonel was as sociable as that I wasn't the man to vote agin him."—Nebraska State Journal.

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**A Drowning Man's Experience.**

To prevent any person from interfering with my design I jumped into the river late in the afternoon Friday. No one appeared to be about at the time. When I struck the water I immediately sank, going down and down, and yet being carried forward until I thought I would never again arise. A sound roared through my head; it seemed to me it would burst. I opened my mouth and attempted to breathe, being unable to endure the pressure longer, but the water rushed in and I closed my mouth. I was again compelled to open it. More water entered. The feeling was horrible.

Just when I thought all was over I reached the surface of the water about fifty feet from the shore and 100 feet from where I had jumped in. Near by was a steamboat on which stood a man with a long pole with an iron hook on the end. It took only a second to see those things, and in fact I had just time to get one breath when I again sank with my mouth open. My past life flashed before me, and I was again a child. The picture of my father and mother stood out in bold relief. I reached out my hand to them. The roaring of the water sounded like the sweetest of music. Suddenly I saw light and thought I was in paradise. A large green field covered with roses and other flowers, whose fragrance I could smell, came in view. I felt as if I was being borne up by some winged messenger whom I could not see, but whose presence I could feel.

I remembered nothing more until I felt a rough jerk. My rescuer had succeeded in fastening the boathook in my clothing. As my body was being pulled from out of the water the picture changed; instead of paradise, the place in which the devil dwells, with all its fires and swarming with hideous, red dressed creatures and other things, presented themselves in my mind, only to again quickly disappear and leave me in darkness. When I came to I was surprised to learn I had been unconscious. Every muscle in my body pained me, but my brain was perfectly clear. Drowning, after the first stages are past, is pleasant.—St. Louis Republic.

**Andirons as Ornaments.**

Genuine antique andirons are comparatively rare in New York, and they are for the most part of simple design, although ornate in detail often. The very earliest andirons were of wrought iron, and few of them have come down to this century, especially in America. One characteristic of early forms was the curved top, ending in a diamond shaped mass of iron, from 1 1/2 to 3 inches in diameter. The goat's foot, not with divided hoof, however, is a common characteristic of early form, in brass as well as iron.

When the andiron was developed as an ornament, small andirons, called creepers, came to be used with the large ones. The latter were for show; the creepers were to hold the logs, and perhaps to prevent them rolling out upon the floor. The creepers were of wrought iron, with front only ten or twelve inches high, curving into a ball. Later they were used alone in small fireplaces and imitated and elaborated in brass. They are not uncommon at the antique shops, and they are exactly imitated in wrought iron by modern manufacturers and sold at from \$1.50 to \$3 a pair. Another comparatively early form is a wrought iron strip with simply wrought iron feet and a brass knob at the top.—New York Sun.

**One of Labouche's Stories.**

One of Labouche's stories about the admiralty and the way "My Lords" conduct their labors at Whitehall is as follows:

A few years ago a gun was lost by bursting in the Sea of Marmora, and upon reading the report of the admiral in command of the fleet "My Lords" were moved to telegraph to ask whether there was any chance of the muzzle of the gun being recovered. The answer was that in view of the fact that the gun had been lost in eighty fathoms of water, nearly out of sight of land, where no cross bearings could have been taken, the likelihood of its recovery was very remote. Thereupon "My Lords" wanted to know why no engineer's accounts had been sent in from the vessel in question, but they ceased telegraphing when the admiral replied that the ship had been for ten years a sailing ship!—Cor. New York World.

**Natural Paint.**

Twenty miles from Newcastle, Northumberland county, New Brunswick, a deposit of natural paint (96 per cent oxide of iron) has been discovered, and so pure that it does not require refining or even manufacture, since it is ready for mixing with oil in the proportion of two pounds of paint to a gallon of oil. Exchange.

**Perfecting His Italian.**

Mrs. McLaugh—Is your son going to school now, Mrs. McGooghan?

Mrs. McGooghan—No, sure, he's 'trew wid the English branches. He's perfect in his Italian now.

"Where?"

"Helpin dig a sewer down on the road beyant."—New York Weekly.

**A Shrewd Investment.**

The investment of \$4,000,000 made by the British government in the Suez canal shares will in a year or two, according to Mr. Goschen, be worth \$19,000,000, which proves it to have been an excellent stroke of business as well as of diplomacy.—New York Times.

**Saving a Stamp.**

Mamma—Why did you put two stamps on this letter? One would have been plenty.

Little Tommy—One of the stamps was torn, and I didn't want to waste it.—Good News.

**The Earliest Lighthouses.**

Fire towers at the entrances to ports were established in the earliest historic times. Bonfires were built on top of them at night.—Washington Star.

**Soudanese Troops in Battle.**

I was told a delightful story of one recent action in which the Soudanese troops took a prominent part. The enemy was under cover not far off, but the firing line of blacks were blazing away at him as fast as they could open and close their rifles. In vain their officers tried to stop them. The waste of ammunition threatened to become extremely serious, and their commanding officer, a Scotchman who had seen many fights with them, losing his temper, rode up and down behind the line cursing them with every abusive epithet in a fairly adequate vocabulary of Arabic invective, but entirely without effect. At last one of them happened to turn and discovered the beloved bey in evidently a very excited state of mind. He at once rose, ran back to him, and patting him reassuringly on the boot he said: "Don't be frightened, bey. It's all right. We're here. We'll take care of you!"

The Scotch bey, however, was equal to the occasion. He rode out through the line, and walked his horse up and down in front of the rifles. "Now," he said, "if you must fire, fire at me!" After this it is not surprising to read in dispatches that this officer has twice recently had his horse shot under him.—Contemporary Review.

**Jay Gould's Book.**

Occasionally some person knocks at the door of J. J. Gould's office in the Western Union building with a copy of "The History of Delaware County, New York, by Jay Gould," to sell. An impression exists in the minds of many people that Mr. Gould is desirous of suppressing this publication as completely as possible, and that he will pay almost any price to get possession of the few stray copies that are left. Residents of Delaware county are authority for the statement that several years ago an agent of Mr. Gould's scoured that county for these books and bought nearly all of them at fancy prices. Whenever a copy of this particular history of Delaware county is displayed in that county at the present day the older residents will advise the owner, "Just you take that down ter New York, an Jay Gould'll give yer thirty or forty dollars fer it." It is certain that nobody in Mr. Gould's office ever heard of his paying any such price for one of those books. And nobody is able to explain why Mr. Gould should want to suppress the publication, unless it is that he thinks there is too much sentiment in it for a man of his present reputation.—New York Times.

**The Unreasoning Crowd.**

Speaking of the queer things to be seen on the streets, it is really astonishing how instinctively one person imitates another. A man with a passion for psychological research has been proving this by some experiments which are, to say the least of it, original. Going along about dusk the other night in advance of a small party of folk, he suddenly turned out into the muddy street, as if avoiding something in front. Unquestionably every person behind did the same thing in spite of the mire.

It isn't likely that they felt the full humorous force of the incident in quite the way he did, however, when they saw him face about and walk calmly back in the beaten path. The sheep went to all the trouble of jumping over a bar of dust, to be sure, but it would really seem worth while if human beings could think a little more independently and for themselves. The truth of it is, it is just this blind unreasoning herding together that leads to half the accidents and panics which are cropping up on all sides.—Boston Transcript.

**Antidotes for Snake Poison.**

The effect of snake bite depends partly on the condition of the snake and partly on that of the person bitten and the part attacked. No effectual antidote has yet been discovered. Ammonia and permanganate of potassium will not suffice, although a solution of the latter will take away the poisonous property of the snake's venom if it be mixed therewith. Immediate amputation of a bitten toe or finger is the best course, as the delay of a few seconds may suffice to convey the poison into the patient's circulation.

If from the nature of the part bitten amputation cannot be performed, a very tight ligature applied after cauterization and sucking the part is the best course, and the administration of stimulants is generally recommended.—Quarterly Review.

**Rice and Wheat at Weddings.**

Throwing rice and wheat at a wedding is a relic of an old Roman custom, and has probably been common in England since Roman times. Brand gives several authorities for it. Friend refers to the case of the bride of Henry VII at Bristol in 1486, when wheat was thrown upon her with the greeting, "Welcome and good luck!"

Rice is used similarly at weddings in India, and the substitution of this grain for wheat in our own country of late years may be partly due to that fact; but where wheat cannot readily be come at rice would naturally suggest itself as a substitute.—Notes and Queries.

**A Physician's Fees.**

South Africa responds to modern innovations. A recent traveler in Kaffirland tells this incident:

As we were upsaddling, there passed us a man driving a small flock of goats and several head of cattle. This was the husband of a lady physician who is ruining the practice of the local witch doctors, and he was taking home his wife's fee for attending a patient.—Youth's Companion.

**Not the Man in Question.**

A laborer in a rough felt hat and long smock walked the other day into the Shakespeare library, and after looking attentively for some time at one of the custodians, went up to him and said, "I say, zur, be you Mr. Shakespeare as I've hearn speak of?" The custodian explained to Hodge that he was not the gentleman referred to.—London Telegraph.

**A Charming Tribute.**

"Papa," said a little girl who had been getting a great many satisfactory answers to a great many questions, "what's the use of our having a dictionary in the house while you are here?"—Harper's Lazar.

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**CHRISTIAN.**—Corner Locust and Eighth. Services morning and evening. Elder Galloway pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M.

**EPISCOPAL.**—St. Luke's Church, corner Vine. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor, vices: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday 8 at 2:30 P. M.

**GERMAN METHODIST.**—Corner Sixth St. Granite. Rev. H. H. Pastor. Services: 11 and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M.

**PRESBYTERIAN.**—Services in new church at Sixth and Granite st. Rev. J. T. H. pastor. Sunday-school at 9:30; Preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. The Y. R. S. C. of this church meets Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend meetings.

**FIRST METHODIST.**—Sixth St. between Fifth and Seventh. Rev. J. F. Britt, D. D. Services: 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Sunday 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

**GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.**—Corner Main and Sixth. Rev. W. H. Pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday 9:30 A. M.

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