

NUTRIMENT IN EGGS.

Their Value as a Food and Their Use in Certain Diseases.

Six large eggs will weigh about a pound. As a flesh producer one pound of eggs is equal to one pound of beef. About one-third of the weight of an egg is solid nutriment, which is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones and tough pieces that have to be laid aside. Practically the egg is animal food and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. Eggs at average prices are among the cheapest and most nutritious articles of diet. Like milk, an egg is complete food in itself, containing everything necessary for the development of a perfect animal. It is also easily digested, if not damaged in cooking; indeed, there is no more concentrated and nourishing food than eggs.

The albumen, oil and saline matter are, as in milk, in the right proportion for sustaining animal life. The valuable or important salts are contained in the yolk, and hence this portion of the egg is most useful in some forms of disease. A weakly person, in whom nerve force is deficient and the blood impoverished, may take the yolk of egg with advantage. The iron and the phosphoric compounds are in a condition to be easily assimilated, and although homoeopathic in quantity, nevertheless exert a marked influence on the system. The yolks of eggs, containing as they do, less albumen, are not so injuriously affected by heat as the whites, and a hard-boiled yoke may be easily eaten by invalids without inconvenience.

HE KNEW TOO LATE.

Lacking the Information He Had Been Scared in Right Along.

"Could I get a little information from you?" asked a farmer-like-looking man at the Northwestern station in Chicago.

"Yes, sir," replied the officer.

"Well, I want to know how these confidence men work?"

"In various ways. Sometimes they borrow money and give a worthless check on bank."

"They do, eh?" gasped the man, with a sudden start.

"Yes; or perhaps they borrow money and turn over a check for a trunk. When you go to look for the trunk it is not to be found."

"By George!" muttered the man.

"Then again they sell you a bogus bond, or borrow money on it."

"Sakes alive!"

"And they sometimes hire their victims to boss a mill or factory somewhere, and then borrow money to pay a freight bill."

"Four different ways!" shouted the man, as he jumped clear of the floor.

"Yes."

"And I'll be hanged if I haven't been taken in on every one of 'em in a ride of a hundred miles! Say, come down and show me the river—the deepest spot in the river—the place where I can drop in and won't never come to the surface again with my dough-filled head."

THE LITTLE BIRD.

The Latest Form of Literary Hysterics Touched Upon.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. Afar down the alley a lone ragman drove his chariot slowly along and chanted his plaintive lay. The wind moaned through the chimney pots, the red sun looked dimly down through the smoke, and the little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. Sadly the stray policeman in the gray distance swiped a banana from the cart of a passing Italian and peeled it with a grimy hand. He was thinking, thinking. And the dead leaves still choked the tin spout above the rain water barrel in the back yard.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. Adown the gutters in the lonely street ran murky puddles on their long, long journey toward the distant sea. Borne on the wings of the sluggish breeze came a far-off murmur of vagrant dogs in fierce contention, and life was a hollow mockery to the homeless cat.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. And it softly said:

"I scratch because it itches."

Why Hayes Didn't Carry a Watch.

Ex-President Hayes did not carry a watch, the reason for which peculiarly illustrates one of the traits of his character. It appears that in his younger days the watch he then carried was the cause of sending two men to the penitentiary. It was stolen from his pocket; the thief was captured, tried, convicted and sent to the penitentiary for a term of years. Mr. Hayes recovered his watch and a second time it was stolen. The thief turned out to be a poor man with a large family, and after he had been sent to the penitentiary Mr. Hayes came to the conclusion that he would get rid of the cause of so much trouble to his fellow-men. Since then he never owned a watch.

Highest Gold Mine in the World.

Late reports from the gold mine of Mount Morgan, in Queensland, Australia, the richest in the world, show that the prospecting which has been carried on makes it evident that gold bullion to the value of scores of millions of dollars will be taken from this deposit before it is exhausted. Transitions in value are rarely contrasted more strongly than in this astonishing gold find. Ten years ago the entire hill which goes by the name of Mount Morgan was sold for \$3,200. Since that time it has paid in dividends to the stockholders in the company that owns the mine more than \$15,000,000, with the prospect of almost unlimited pavements in the future.

TO INSURE LONGEVITY.

An English Member of Parliament's Diet at 86 Years Old.

Mr. Isaac Holden, M. P., is 86. He appears about 60, and in the small hours of the morning, when the house of commons is having a late sitting, he looks fresher than anyone else. The Bradford Observer has lately published an interview in which Mr. Holden explains the way to live long. The normal duration of life, it would seem, is 120 years, being five times the period that it takes for the bones to harden. If people consume much lime their arteries become ossified and the capillary vessels blocked up. If their brains are cut into when they are reaching middle life it is like cutting into a sandbag. To arrive at a normal old age a man must take a good deal of walking exercise and see that the air is frequently changed in the rooms in which he lives. Starch diet produces acidity in the blood, and has to be converted into sugar of fruit before it is assimilable. A meat diet is also undesirable. The meals must be regularly taken, and eating and drinking must not go together. Mr. Holden's daily bill of fare is as follows: For breakfast and supper he takes one baked apple, one banana, one orange, twenty grapes and a biscuit made from banana flour with butter. His midday meal consists of three ounces of beef or mutton, reduced to powder in a mortar and then passed through a colander, with a half-cupful of soup occasionally poured over it. Theory is all very well, but Mr. Holden has proved his case by his health and vigor at a period when most men are, to say the least, verging on old age.

FACTS ABOUT TREES.

Uses of Their Woods and Leaves—Valuable for Many Things.

The butternut is a tree that likes best a rocky, uneven soil, and in whose shade neither shrub nor herb will thrive. The bark is used as a dye-stuff for woolens. Curled and bird's eye maple is a wood of the same family that sometimes have curiously arranged fibre, one which curves, the other with eyes, hence the name. White ash is used in carriage works. It is poisonous to snakes. It is said a snake is never found in its shade. White oak timber is valued in ship building. Apple is excellent for food and fuel. Weavers' shuttles are made of the wood. Black birch timber is used in basket works, and that tree is claimed by the Indians as their natural inheritance. It emits a pleasant odor when burning.

Mountain laurel wood is used in making combs. The leaves are poisonous to some animals. Black wild cherry timber is much valued in cabinet works. The bark is highly medicinal. The leaves, when wilted are poisonous to cattle. Of dogwood, weavers' spools and handles of carpenter's tools are made. Witch hazel is a large and curious forest shrub. The small branches we formerly used for "divining rods," and an extract from it is valued in medical practice. The wood of the American aspen, or white poplar, is used in the manufacture of paper.

A New Swindling Scheme.

A gang of sharpers are having success in a swindling game in the interior towns of West Virginia. A well-dressed man puts in an appearance at a country store, and informs the proprietor that he is searching for rare coins, giving a list of specimens and their alleged value. He asks the storekeeper to keep a sharp lookout, and in case he gets any of the coins mentioned in the alleged list, to keep them until he returns, which he says will be in a short time. Soon another stranger casually drops in and buys some little article, and, in making change, exhibits several coins which, he says, are pocket pieces. The proprietor consults his list and finds the value of the alleged pocket piece put down at \$40 or \$50 each. Anxious to make a good thing, the storekeeper usually pays a good big price for the pieces. He then waits for the man who made the tempting offer, but he never turns up.

SAVED!

Rescued From Death by the False Tail of His Horse.

"When I see the docked tails of the horses of the fashionable," said Armand Cherie of Detroit, as he sat in the hotel rotunda, "I recall the ludicrous escape from the Paris insurgents of 1848 of one Captain Prebois. The captain had on his person important instructions, and had just turned the corner of the Place Vendome, when a band of insurgents seized the reins of his horse and asked him to surrender the papers he was carrying. He refused. 'Down with him! Shoot him!' they cried.

He put spurs to his horse and it plunged and reared. One of the insurgents got hold of the animal's tail, and immediately there was a loud roar of laughter. The now hilarious mob let the horse gallop off, and so Captain Prebois escaped. He rode a magnificent thoroughbred. Its noble and splendid symmetry of form had been every morning the admiration of the loafers in the Bois de Boulogne. When it galloped off, leaving its tail in the hands of the ragamuffin who had seized the appendage, there was nothing to do but to laugh, for it was a false tail that this proud and presumably faultless horse had been wearing all the time."

Overworked Her Teeth.

A contributor to a New York paper says: "I met a hotel chambermaid the other day whose lower teeth were nearly all missing, and from a singular cause. She had been for a great many years in the habit of holding the pillows in her teeth while she drew on the slips with both hands and it resulted in the loosening and gradual loss of those teeth upon which the strain was the greatest.

A WARM SPOT.

The Pleasure of Imagination to a Poor Little Fellow.

In the process of cleaning the streets of recently fallen snow the laborers in New York found it necessary to heap the snow up in big drifts or piles at intervals along some of the more frequented streets. In the course of a day or so these drifts became black with the soot of the city, but the drifts were snow just the same. One afternoon there was a little boy seated in the middle of one of these drifts with his hands in his pockets and his toes cuddled together.

"Why are you sitting there, my lad?" asked a passer-by.

"Cause I was run down," answered the boy.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, see, I went into the saloon on the corner to get warm, and I just got me back again the registrum, or whatever they call it, where the heat comes out, an' they fired me, see?"

"But didn't you get warm, and if not, why are you out here in the snow?"

"Why, yer see, boss, dis here is de warmest spot I kin find. You don't know how good it is if you ha'nt tried it. Yer just settle down here, like as if yer was in yer easy chair at your library, wid a fire in front of yer and, though it's cold at first, you don't know, boss, how warm it seems after two or three minutes."

Poor chap!

AFTER YEARS IN EARTH.

Curious Instances of the Preservation of Human Bodies.

The tomb of Edward I, of England, who died in 1307, was opened on January 2, 1770, after 463 years had elapsed, and his body found to be almost perfect, the face even retaining its expression.

Canute, the Dane, who crossed over to England in 1017, was found in 1776 by the workmen who repaired the cathedral. His body had reposed in the grave for nearly 750 years, but was perfectly fresh and life-like.

In 1569 three Roman soldiers were dug out of a peat bog in Ireland, where they had, in all probability, been interred, and their bodies found to be almost perfect, the face even retaining its expression.

Canute, the Dane, who crossed over to England in 1017, was found in 1776 by the workmen who repaired the cathedral. His body had reposed in the grave for nearly 750 years, but was perfectly preserved, even to skin, hair, eyes and nails.

In the reign of James II, of England, the big church at Warwickshire fell. In clearing away the debris it became necessary to move the tomb of Thomas Gray, at one time marquis of Dorsetshire. When this had been done it was found that the body of the marquis was as fresh as a corpse newly buried, the joints even being pliable.

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