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DAVID'S RASH WORDS

"I SAID IN MY HASTE, ALL MEN ARE LIARS."

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches to a Great Multitude on the Dangers of Pessimism—The Gospel of Cheerfulness—A Place of Safety.

Pessimism a Sin.

When Rev. Dr. Talmage came upon the stage in the Academy of Music at New York Sunday afternoon, he found before him an audience such as is seldom seen in any public building in America. The vast space was crowded from auditorium to topmost gallery, and the aisles and corridors literally blocked, while many thousands who had come to hear him preach crowded 14th street and Irving place, unable to gain admission. He took for his subject "The Dangers of Pessimism," the text selected being Psalm cxvi, 11, "I said in my haste, all men are liars."

Swindled, betrayed, persecuted, David, in a paroxysm of petulance and rage, thus insulted the human race. David himself faltered when he said, "All men are liars." He apologizes and says he was unusually provoked, and that he was hasty when he hurled such universal denunciation. "I said in my haste," and so on. It was in him only a momentary triumph of pessimism. There is ever and anon, and never more than now, a disposition abroad to distrust everybody, and because some bank employes defraud to distrust all bank employes, and because some police officers have taken bribes to believe that all policemen take bribes, and because divorce cases are in the court to believe that most, if not all, marriage relations are unhappy.

There are men who seem rapidly coming to adopt this creed: All men are liars, scoundrels, thieves, libertines. When a new case of perjury comes to the surface, these people clap their hands in glee. It gives piquancy to their breakfast if the morning newspaper discloses a new exposure or a new arrest. They grow fat on vermin. They join the devils in hell in jubilation over treachery and pollution. If some one arrested is proved innocent, it is to them a disappointment. They would rather believe evil than good. They are venturers, preferring caution. They would like to be on a committee to find something wrong. They wish that, as eyeglasses have been invented to improve the sight and ear trumpets have been invented to help the hearing, a corresponding instrument might be invented for the nose to bring nearer a malodor.

A Glowing View.

Pessimism says of the church, "The majority of the members are hypocrites, although it is no temporal advantage to be a member of the church, and therefore there is no temptation to hypocrisy." Pessimism says that the influence of newspapers is only bad, and that they are corrupting the world, when the fact is that they are the mightiest agency for the arrest of crime, and the spread of intelligence, and the printing press, secular and religious, is setting the nations free. The whole tendency of things is toward cynicism and the gospel of smashup. We excuse David of the text for a paroxysm of disgust because he apologizes for it to all the centuries, but it is a deplorable fact that many have taken the attitude of perpetual disgust and anathematization.

If the theory of the pessimist were accurate, society would long ago have gone to pieces, and civilization would have been submerged with barbarism, and the wheel of the centuries would have turned back to the dark ages. A wrong impression is made that because two men falsify their bank accounts those two wrongdoers are blazoned before the world, while nothing is said in praise of the hundreds of bank clerks who have stood at their desks year in and year out until their health is well nigh gone, taking not a pin's worth of that which belongs to others for themselves, though with skillful strokes of pen they might have enriched themselves and built their country seats on the banks of the Hudson or the Rhine. It is a mean thing in human nature that men and women are not praised for doing well, but only excoriated when they do wrong. By divine arrangement the most of the families of the earth are at peace, and the most of those united in marriage have for each other affinity and affection. They may have occasional differences and here and there a season of pout, but the vast majority of those in the conjugal relation chose the most appropriate companionship and are happy in that relation. You hear nothing of the quietude and happiness of such homes, though nothing but death will them part. But one sound of marital discord makes the ears of a continent, and perhaps of a hemisphere, alert. The one letter that ought never to have been written, printed in a newspaper, makes more talk than the millions of letters that crowd the postoffices and weigh down the mail carriers with expressions of honest love.

Hark, from the Tombs.

Tolstoy, the great Russian author, is wrong when he prints a book for the depreciation of marriage. If your observation has put you in an attitude of deprecation for the marriage state, one of two things is true in regard to you—you have either been unfortunate in your acquaintanceship, or you yourself are morally rotten. The world, not as rapid as we would like, but still with long strides, is on the way to the scenes of beauty and felicity which the Bible depicts. The man who cannot see this is wrong, either in his heart or liver or spleen.

Look at the great Bible picture gallery, where Isaiah has set up the pictures of abstinence, girdling the world with cedar and fir and pine and boxwood, and the lion led by a child, and St. John's pictures of waters and trees, and white horse cavalry, and tears wiped away, and trumpets blown, and harps struck, and nations redeemed. While there are ten thousand things I do not like, I have not seen any discouragement for the cause of God for twenty-five years. The kingdom is coming. The earth is preparing to put on

bridal array. We need to be getting our anthems and grand marches ready. In our hymnology we shall have more use for "Antioch" than for "Windham," for "Ariel" than for "Naomi." Let "Hark, from the Tombs a Doleful Cry!" be submerged with "Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come!" Really, if I thought the human race were as determined to be bad, and getting worse, as the pessimists represent, I would think it was hardly worth saving. If after hundreds of years of gospelization no improvement has been made, let us give it up and go at something else besides praying and preaching. My opinion is that if we had enough faith in quick results and could go forth rightly equipped with the gospel call the battle for God and righteousness would end with this nineteenth century, and the twentieth century, only five or six years off, would begin the millennium, and Christ would reign, either in person on some throne set up between the Alleghenies and the Rockies, or in the institutions of mercy and grandeur set up by hisransomed people. Discouraged work will meet with defeat. Expectant and buoyant work will gain the victory. Start out with the idea that all men are liars and scoundrels, and that everybody is as bad as he can be, and that society, and the church, and the world are on the way to demolition, and the only use you will ever be to the world will be to increase the value of lots in a cemetery. We need a more cheerful front in all our religious work. People have enough trouble already and do not want to ship another cargo of trouble in the shape of religiosity.

The Gospel of Cheerfulness.

If religion has been to you a peace, a defense, an inspiration and a joy, say so. Say it by word of mouth, by pen in your right hand, by face illumined with a divine satisfaction. If this world is ever to be taken for God, it will not be by groans, but by hallelujahs. If we could present the Christian religion as it really is in its true attractiveness, all the people would accept it and accept it right away. The cities, the nations would cry out: "Give us that! Give us that in all its holy majesty and gracious power!" Put that salute on our swords! Throw back the shutters for that morning light! Knock off these chains with that silver hammer! Give us Christ—his pardon, his peace, his comfort, his heaven! Give us Christ in song, Christ in sermon, Christ in book, Christ in living example!

As a system of didactics religion has never gained one inch of progress. As a technicality it begets more than it irradiates. As a dogmatism it is an awful failure. But as a fact, as a reinforcement, as a transfiguration, it is the mightiest thing that ever descended from the heavens or touched the earth. Exemplify it in the life of a good man or a good woman, and no one can help but like it. A city missionary visited a house in London and found a sick and dying boy. There was an orange lying on his bed, and the missionary said, "Where did you get that orange?" He said: "A man brought it to me. He comes here often and reads the Bible to me and prays with me and brings me nice things to eat." "What is his name?" said the city missionary. "I forget his name," said the sick boy, "but he makes great speeches over at that great building," pointing to the Parliament House of London. The missionary asked, "Was his name Mr. Gladstone?" "Oh, yes," said the boy, "that is his name, Mr. Gladstone." Do you tell me a man can see religion like that and not like it?

An Illustration.

There is an old-fashioned mother in a farmhouse. Perhaps she is somewhere in the seventies; perhaps 75 or 76. It is the early evening hour. Through spectacles No. 8 she is reading a newspaper until toward bedtime, when she takes up a well worn book, called the Bible. I know from the illumination in her face she is reading one of the thanksgiving psalms, or in Revelation the story of the twelve penury days. After awhile she closes the book and folds her hands and thinks over the past and seems whispering the names of her children, some of them on earth and some of them in heaven. Now a smile is on her face and now a tear, and sometimes the smile catches the tear. The scenes of a long life come back to her. One minute she sees all the children smiling around her, with their toys and sports and strange questionings. Then she remembers several of them down sick with infantile disorders. Then she sees a short grave, but over it cut in marble, "Suffer them to come to me." Then there is the wedding hour, and the neighbors in, and the promise of "I will," and the departure from the old homestead. Then a scene of hard times and scant bread and struggle. Then she thinks of a few years with gush of sunshine and fittings of dark shadows and vicissitudes. Then she kneels down slowly, for many years have stiffened the joints, and the illnesses of a lifetime have made her less supple. Her prayer is a mixture of thanks for sustaining grace during all those years, and thanks for children good and Christian and kind, and a prayer for the wandering boy, whom she hopes to see come home before her departure. And then her trembling lips speak of the hand of reunion, where she expects to meet her loved ones already translated, and after telling the Lord in very simple language how much she loves him and trusts him and hopes to see him soon I hear her pronounce the quiet "Amen," and she rises up—a little more difficult effort than kneeling down. And then she puts her head on the pillow for the night, and the angels of safety and peace stand sentinel about that couch in the farmhouse, and her face ever and anon shows signs of dreams about the heaven she reads of before retiring.

In the morning the day's work has begun down stairs, and seated at the table the remark is made, "Mother must have overslept herself." And the grandchildren also notice that grandmother is absent from her usual place at the table. One of the grandchildren goes to the foot of the stairs and cries, "Grandmother!" But there is no answer. Fearing something is the matter, they go up to see, and all seems right—the spectacles and Bible on the stand, and the covers of the bed are smooth, and the face is calm, but white hair on the white pillowcase lies

snow on snow already fallen. But her soul is gone up to look upon the things that the night before she had been reading of in the Scriptures. What a transporting look on her dear old wrinkled face! She has seen the "King in his beauty." She has been welcomed by the "Lamb who was slain." And her two oldest sons, having hurried up stairs, look and whisper, Henry to George, "That is religion!" and George to Henry, "Yes, that is religion!"

Religion Defined.

There is a New York merchant who has been in business I should say forty or fifty years. During an old-fashioned revival of religion in boyhood he gave his heart to God. He did not make the ghostly and infinite and everlasting mistake of sowing "wild oats," with the expectation of sowing good wheat later on. He realized the fact that the most of those who sow "wild oats" never reap any other crop. He started right and has kept right. He went down in 1857, when the banks failed, but he failed honestly and never lost his faith in God. Ups and downs—he sometimes laughs over them—but whether losing or gaining he was growing better all the time. He has been in many business ventures, but he never ventured the experiment of gaining the world and losing his soul. His name was a power both in the church and in the business world. He has drawn more checks for contributions to asylums and churches and schools than any one, except God, knows. He has kept many a business man from falling by lending his name on the back of a note till the crisis was past. All heaven knows about him, for the poor woman whose rent he paid in her last days, and the man with consumption in the hospital to whom he sent flowers and the cordials just before ascension, and the people he encouraged in many ways, after they entered heaven kept talking about it, for the immortals are neither deaf nor dumb.

Well, it is about time for the old merchant himself to quit earthly residence. As it is toward evening, he shuts the safe, puts the roll of newspapers in his pocket, thinking that the family may like to read them after he gets home. He folds up a \$5 bill and gives it to the boy to carry to one of the clerks who got his leg broken and may be in need of a little money; puts a stamp on a letter to his grandson at college, a letter with good advice and an inclosure to make the holidays happy, then looks around the store or office and says to the clerks, "Good evening," and starts for home, stopping on the way at a door to ask how his old friend, a deacon in the same church, is getting on since his last attack of vertigo. He enters his own home, and that is his last evening on earth. He does not say much. No last words are necessary. His whole life has been a testimony for God and righteousness. More people would like to attend his obsequies than any house or church would hold. The officiating clergyman begins his remarks by quoting from the psalmist, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fall from among the children of men." Every hour in heaven for all the million of years of eternity that old merchant will see the results of his earthly beneficence and fidelity, while on the street where he did business, and in the orphan asylum in which he was a director, and in the church of which he was an officer, wherever his equality, beneficence and goodness are referred to, his name will be said to bank director, and merchant to merchant, and neighbor to neighbor, and Christian to Christian: "That is religion. Yes, that is religion."

A Changed Man.

There is a man seated or standing very near you. Do not look at him, for it might be unnecessary embarrassment. Only a few minutes ago he came down off the steps of a happy home as there is in this or any other city. Fifteen years ago, by reason of his dissipated habits, his home was a horror to wife and children. What that woman went through with in order to preserve respectability and hide her husband's disgrace is a tragedy which it would require a Shakespeare or Victor Hugo to write out in five tremendous acts. Shall I tell it? He struck her! Yes, the one who at the altar he had taken with vows so solemn they made the orange blossoms tremble! He struck her! He made the beautiful holidays "a reign of terror." Instead of his supporting her, she supported him. The children had often heard him speak the name of God, but never in prayer, only in profanity. It was the saddest thing on earth that I can think of—a destroyed home!

Walking along the street one day, an impersonation of all wretchedness, he saw a sign at the door of a Young Men's Christian Association, "Meeting for Men Only." He went in, hardly knowing why he did so, and sat down by the door, and a young man in broken voice, and poor grammar telling how the Lord had saved him from a dissipated life, and the man back by the door said to himself, "Why cannot I have the Lord do the same thing to me?" and he put his hands, all a-tremble, over his blotted face and said: "O God, I want that! I must have that!" and God said, "You shall have it, and you have it now!" And the man came out and went home a changed man, and though the children at first shrunk back and looked to the mother and began to cry with fright they soon saw that the father was a changed man. That home has turned from "Paradise Lost" to "Paradise Regained."

The wife sings all day long at her work, for she is so happy, and the children rush into the hall at the first rattle of the father's key in the door latch to welcome him with caresses and questions of "What have you brought me?" They have family prayers. They are altogether on the road to heaven, and when the journey of life is over they will live forever in each other's companionship. Two of their darling children are there already, waiting for father and mother to come up. What changed that man? What reconstructed that home? What took that wife who was a slave of fear and drudgery and made her a queen on a throne of affection? I bear witness all through this assembly, I know what you are saying: "That's religion! Yes, that's religion!" My Lord and my God, give us more of it!

THE FARM AND HOME.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

How to Detect Adulterated Honey—Mixed Grasses the Best for Pastures—Cleanliness as a Cosmetic—The Color in Milk—Odds and Ends.

Adulterated Honey.

There is much prejudice against honey because of alleged adulterations. But anyone who knows the taste of good honey cannot be deceived, albeit the honey made by bees has a number of distinct flavors according to the flower from which it is made. Buckwheat honey is known by its dark color as well as its peculiar flavor. White clover makes the whitest, and, therefore, the most popular honey. But to many tastes honey from Linden or basswood flowers is best of all. It is a little darker than clover honey and a better flavor. Modern scientists have discovered that for the bee a labor-saving device that is almost as beneficial as are the new inventions for saving human labor. The bees can make many pounds of honey while they are making one pound of wax. So modern apiarists furnish the bees foundation combs bought much cheaper than the bees can make them, and set the industrious little insects at the work that they can do best. The bees build up from these foundations, fill the cells with honey and cap them. The same comb can be used many times over, for with care the honey can be taken from it and it restored to the hive. This to a skillful apiarist makes the honey cost much less than it used to do. It also sells for much less. Pure honey is a cheap and healthful food. It ought to be more generally used than it is. When bought in the comb no good judge of honey need be deceived. The bees may be fed with candy and water, and thus induced to fill the combs with inferior honey to that made from flowers in the old-fashioned way.—Ex.

Bulky Food for Hogs.

Twenty years ago Joseph Harris stated to me that "in feeding pigs he could do better with three bushels of corn and one bushel of potatoes than with four bushels of corn." I know this to be true from experience, and state the fact to show that we cannot take the chemical food value of a grain or vegetable as a strict guide in practice. The potato, for example, has a very poor food value chemically compared with corn or wheat, yet practically it is worth more than a bushel of corn, as stated above. In 1865 I fed hogs on wheat with unsatisfactory results. The wheat cost me 37½ cents per bushel, while corn was \$1. A large per cent of the wheat kernels was undigested. If the grain was boiled the hog would not eat enough to make any gain. In fact, after two or three days they would refuse to eat. Soaking in cold water, and allowing it to stand until fermentation set in was the only way I could prepare it so they would consume enough to make any gain. If the wheat is crushed and fed as slop it is a profitable ration. It must be remembered that bulky plays a very important part in a profitable hog food. The pig's stomach must be distended. Grass-fed hogs do better than those kept in pens, for the reason they have larger stomachs. Until experiment stations recognize these facts, their chemical analyses will amount to little.—Baltimore American.

Cleanliness a Cosmetic.

The thorough cleansing of the surface of the body will do more toward improving the complexion than all of the applications ever invented. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of young persons that three-fourths of the eruptions and pimples are traceable to thorough washing of the face and neglect of the remainder of the body.

The much-washed portion is made to do duty for the entire system. It is, as a matter of fact, much better for the complexion to avoid a thorough washing of the face, provided the body is neglected. The reason for this is apparent when one considers that the pores of the remainder of the skin are still closed with perspiratory matter, and that the face and hands furnish the only means of egress for the impurities of the skin. Having to do not only double duty but tenfold duty, what wonder that they become overtaxed and weakened, and that a good crop of pimples and other eruptions is the result?—Grange Homes.

It Pays to Test Your Cows.

A cheap and convenient tester may be made as follows: Take as many tumblers or jelly glasses as you have cows; fill each one to the brim with the milk from one cow and let them stand for twelve hours, and you will get a fair idea of the cream or butter producing capacity of your cows. We do not recommend this to take the place of the Babcock, or even the churn, but any sort of a test is better than none at all. In that once a dairyman gets started in testing his cows with a home-made tester he is not satisfied until he uses the churn test or the Babcock. There is probably no dairyman who hires a new hand but that for the first few months keeps close watch over him

to find out what kind of a man he is, but how many dairymen are there who know how many pounds of butter each cow will make? There came to our knowledge recently an instance where a farmer was milking two cows, one of which was just fresh, and the other was due to calve in a few weeks. He was making over six pounds of butter a week besides what cream his family used. As the milk from the cow due to calve became bitter, it was given to the chickens, and to the farmer's great surprise the yield of butter fell off about one-half. He was always of the opinion that his cows were equally good, but a test revealed the fact that one cow made as much butter a few weeks before calving as the other made a few weeks after. It is really very little trouble to save one cow's milk separately for seven milkings, and our word for it, it will pay, and pay well, too. You would not keep a worthless hired man and pay him a good man's wages; why, then, should you keep a poor cow, and give her a good cow's rations and care? If we are in the dairy business for fun, why, then, let us keep on in a haphazard manner; but if we are in it to make a living then we must follow it in the most careful and painstaking manner of which we are capable.—National Stockman.

The Hot-Water Bag.

When the india-rubber hot-water bag is as inexpensive as it is at present, it becomes almost a duty to possess one. The water to fill them is always attainable, and the comfort of the possession will amply repay the expense. Frequently they relieve pain in a far simpler and more effectual manner than does any medicine. A bag placed on the side of the neuragic face will cause the blood to flow to that part and bring nourishment to the starving nerve. A fit of indigestion may be overcome in a similar manner. The weak heart may be assisted by a very carefully filled bag being placed under the left arm, against the side. In the summer hotel on a rainy day it will make one quite fearless of the half-ardent sheet and chilly bed and thereby ward off that attack of the "blues" which cold, unseasonable summer weather often produces.

Then again, carefully concealed in its dark-colored bag, what a comfortable companion for a long, cold country drive. Many as are the blessings of the hot-water bottle, it must not be forgotten that it is also a source of some danger. Always see that the stopper is absolutely tight, and never use it without a thick cover.

Many a painful burn has it given, especially to an unconscious patient or to an old person. In old age, the circulation being weaker, the vitality becomes low. A thick cover will keep the water longer warm as well as insure against burns. Filling the bag quite full will also cause the heat to be retained for a longer time, but will not be as comfortable as when half full. When not in use, the bag should be emptied.—Good Housekeeping.

Odds and Ends.

When the eyes are tired and weak if they are bathed in slightly saline water they will soon become soothed.

To keep layer cakes from sticking, put paper in the pan, grease it, then sprinkle of flour. The paper then peels off readily.

A simple plan for disinfecting rooms consists in putting a saucerful of salt in the middle of a room and pouring on it a dram or two of sulphuric acid. The fumes that arise do the work of disinfection.

Nothing is better to ward off colds and pneumonia than good digestion and a freedom from fatigue. This does not give license to overeating and laziness, which are actually as weakening as the reverse, but again points to the golden mean as a good motto to live by.

Flannel skirts which have grown too short from washing may be lengthened and at the same time beautified by adding a deep frill of woven lace. Or the skirt may also be taken off the band and sewed to a cotton yoke, which should fit smoothly across the hips.

To prevent oilcloth, patent leather and similar materials from sticking together when rolled, purchase a few sheets of paraffin-impregnated or otherwise prepared paper, and roll with the material. This will prevent the sticking, also the fading of the colors or gloss by keeping out air and moisture. The evaporation of the oil is likewise prevented to a great extent.

Try some way of amusing your child if he cries during his bath—a cork which will bob about with every movement of the water, or an egg with the contents blown out. In fact, any little thing which will amuse a child will attract his attention and prevent his crying during the process of bathing. Once the child is broken of the habit of crying this trifling amusement will be unnecessary.

Spots come so easily that it may save a great deal of trouble to know what will remove them. If tea or coffee are spilled over a daintily embroidered cloth the stained part, while still wet, should be held over an empty basin while boiling water is slowly poured through the linen. If a little care be observed in the handling the cloth need not be crushed, and when the wet part has been dried and ironed the cloth will look as good as new.

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

Fifteen Hundred Millions' Worth of Them Issued Every Year.

To begin with, the Bank of England note is of variable thickness on the same sheet. In point of fact the paper is thicker at the left hand corner to enable it to retain a keener impression of the vignette there, and it is also considerably thicker in the dark shadows of the center letters and beneath the figures at the ends, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Counterfeit notes are invariably of one thickness only throughout. The printing is done from electrotypes—the figure of Britannia being the design of Maclise, the late Royal Academician—after the paper has been first damped with water in the exhausted receiver of an air pump. Even the printing ink is of a special make, and is manufactured at the bank. Comparing a genuine with a spurious note, one observes that the print on the latter is usually tinted with either blue or brown. On the real note it is a very deep shade of velvety black. The ink used in the plate printing is made of Frankfort black, which is composed of linseed oil and the charred husks and some other portions of Rhenish grapes. The notes are printed at the rate of 3,000 an hour on a Napier steam press, and the bank issues 9,000,000 of them a year, representing roughly about \$1,500,000,000 in hard cash. Each note is distinguished from all others by the number and date added to the denomination, and any person possessing this information can at the bank ascertain to whom the note was issued, when it was issued, when it was returned to the bank and who presented it. The practice of splitting bank notes for fraudulent purposes has been prevented by the printed surface being alone made to receive the water mark. Only the faintest possible trace of it would be retained on the split-off portion. Each note has thin, rough edges, uncut, not to be produced by any mode of cutting paper that is not made expressly for the purpose. In addition to the above precautions there are secrets connected with the preparation of the pulp from which the paper is made, chemical compounds being introduced at the time of manufacture, while the water marks are frequently varied, and even the ink has mysterious ingredients introduced into it.

CELLS SUNK IN THE EARTH.

Two Airless Dungeons in a New Jersey Prison Being Daily Used.

In the county jail in New Brunswick, N. J., there are two dungeons cells like of which cannot be found in the prisons of even darkest Siberia. These dungeons are entirely underground. They are stone cells, bare of all furniture save a filthy mattress. An iron ring is fixed in the floor, to which the prisoners who are unfortunate enough to be confined there are chained. The stone dungeons in the Weathersfield (Conn.) State prison, which heretofore have been spoken of as the only remaining relics of barbarism in this country, are palaces of luxury when compared with the damp, dark underground holes of the Middlesex County jail. The jail is under the charge of Sheriff Richard Serviss, of Middlesex County. He is a kind, easy-going fatherly old man, who was elected to the office a year ago. His residence is in the jail. The care of the prisoners has been entrusted by him to James Grady, a well-built, middle-aged man, who tries to do the best he can, but believes in putting men into the underground dungeon "to keep things quiet after 9 p. m.," as he said to a New York World reporter. There is absolutely no ventilation in these dungeons. There are three steam pipes overhead, and when the trap-door is closed, and even when it is open, the atmosphere is deadly. The dungeons have been in use for many years.

Not "Doctress" Nor "Doctorine."

"One of the English medical journals which I take," said a lady who has the right to sign herself "M. D.," "is devoting considerable space in its correspondence columns to the momentous question as to what to call us. By 'us' I mean the whole fraternity, so to speak, of women doctors. One would say simply 'woman doctor,' another prefers 'lady doctor,' a third 'female practitioner,' and others go as far as 'physicienne,' 'doctress,' and even 'doctressine,' which of course at once suggests oleomargarine or some such artificial and altogether unnatural composition. 'Now, for my part, and I think I express the feeling of the profession generally, I don't want to be called any thing but doctor. Either I deserve the title or I do not. If I do not then certainly the State has assumed a grave responsibility in turning me loose on the community to go about like a roaring lioness seeking whom I may destroy. If I do deserve to be designated as a doctor then I want that name and nothing else; I will not be satisfied with any modification of it into 'lady doctor,' 'physicienne,' 'female practitioner,' or any other name which begs the whole question."

South African Industries.

Basuto Land, in South Africa, produces and exports wool, wheat and hides.

For Lumpy Frogs.

A rucking-chair that is moved by electricity is a recent invention.