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In writing this book, it has been the purpose to make it so plain that it would be adapted to all classes. There is no person, of whatever calling, who cannot find many things in this book that will be of practical value. It is divided into different departments. The medical department is made up of valuable prescriptions, recipes and treatment for the different diseases, written in a clear, concise manner, enabling one to give their family the best of treatment in time of sickness.

It contains a large number of the very best and most valuable prescriptions known to the medical profession. They are written in plain language, so as to be easily understood by everyone. These subjects which are of the greatest importance, such as dyspepsia, constipation, kidney, liver and lung diseases are treated at great length and so illustrated as to make it very plain to all just what the disease is and what is the best method of effecting a complete cure.

The farmer or stock owner will find recipes for treating his domestic animals when sick. The housewife will find the cooking recipes to be reliable, as every one has been tested and has come from some of the best professional cooks and from housekeepers of experience and ability. The toilet department contains recipes that will be found very valuable, and the same can be said of the laundry department, as well as the miscellaneous receipts.

The Appendix is a very valuable treatise, giving the cause, symptoms and the best treatment of diseases. It not only gives valuable prescriptions for each disease, but the best of medical advice is given in regard to the care, nursing, food, etc.

Most books of this kind have a large number of receipts for each disease, when not more than one will be valuable and a non-professional person is unable to select the one which has value. In this book only the best prescriptions are given and those that are not valuable have been excluded, making this book the most valuable of its kind.

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MUSIC AND THE PURITANS.

Macaulay wrote as if the whole body of Puritans thought it sin to "touch" the organ. The Puritans did, indeed, forbid all amusement on the Sabbath, re-enact Queen Elizabeth's statute against the disreputable street minstrels, and object to the use of the organ in worship, but they did not object to everything pleasant, says Notes and Queries.

The organ was in those days used not in the same way as now, either in England or abroad. Thomas Mace of Cambridge, who was in York during the siege (1644), says in "Musick's Monument" that in York Minster the congregation sang a psalm accompanied by the organ, a custom which he had heard of nowhere else. That custom is now universal; but the ordinary use of the organ in the seventeenth century was to add brilliancy to the vocal music sung by the choir, and all possible embellishment by fluted runs seems to have been employed.

The Puritans objected to that style of sacred music, and so should we object if it were heard now. The result was a blind rage which led to the destruction of several cathedral organs, and to a law that all organs should be removed from churches; and as this is popular knowledge, it has gradually developed a legend that the Puritans objected to all music, and that the art was prohibited during the Commonwealth. Several musical historians have stated or implied so much, but it is an absolute and unqualified falsehood.

The practice of secular music was in no way interfered with, and not only Cromwell, Milton, Whitelocke, but also Hutchinson and others of the leading Puritans, were among the best amateurs of the day. And they were not exceptions. Milton, in "Areopagitica" (1644), writing in Puritan London, says that lutes, violins and guitars were to be found "in every house." Only the Quakers objected to music in itself, and the art was flourishing during the Commonwealth, when more music was published than during the whole reign of Charles I.

Can Produce Dreams.

An English physician claims to have discovered a new and efficacious cure for persons afflicted with nervous or mental maladies. If such persons, he says, can only procure pleasant dreams they will soon regain their health, and his aim is, therefore, to furnish them with delightful dreams.

For this purpose he uses a soft leather cap, which covers the patient's head and ears and leaves only his face uncovered. Beside the ears are placed two metal plates, which are joined by a rubber tube to a phonograph. The patient rests on a divan in a dark room, and in front of him is a sort of magic lantern, from which are projected at frequent intervals various enjoyable pictures. In this way, it is claimed, the eyes of the sick person are delighted, while at the same time his ears are soothed by the vibrations of the phonograph.

As a result, weariness comes upon him and is soon followed by slumber, and it is while he is dozing in this manner that happy dreams are evoked, thanks to the phonograph and the stereopticon. After this light slumber comes a deep sleep, which, we are assured, is always most beneficial.

Several tests of this kind have been made with success, and it is said that not only are the tired nerves refreshed by this method, but that the patient's body also rapidly increases in weight. That pleasant sounds and sights are soothing to the nerves we have all known for a long time, but that pleasant dreams have a tendency to make persons fat will certainly be news to the general public.

The conductor of the train had answered them civilly. "How kind everybody is to us!" whispered the bride, with a happy smile. "Yes, even inanimate things are kind to us!" cries the bridegroom, for the car window had just submitted to being opened by him with little or no resistance.

Green rests the eye, the resting of the eye often means to rest the nerves, and the refreshment of the eyes is as necessary to comfortable life as the renewal of the other bodily forces by food.

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THE BOUNCING BOY.

I was stopping at the worst hotel in Dubuque, and you can't know what that means unless you've been there. After dinner, as was my wont, I went out to get something to eat, and at the restaurant my vis-a-vis was a queer looking little man with a patriarchal beard, honest-looking eyes, one of them green and the other blue, and an expression of the most childlike innocence. I am not averse to talking to strangers, and we soon fell into conversation. When he heard that I was from the metropolis, he said:

"New York? I had more fun in that town one afternoon than you could shake a stick at."

"Do you mind telling me what you did?" I asked, scenting a story.

"Mind telling you why you couldn't stop me, honest, you couldn't." He tucked his napkin under his chin, tied his beard behind his neck to keep it out of the soup, and began:

"Five years ago I was living in New York. I've lived three months in every state in the union, taking 'em in turn, and it was New York's turn to have me. That's how I came to be there. Now, I've never cared for children as children, but I've often thought that there were possibilities laid up in a boy that to a person with an inventive turn of mind and no compunctions might yield good results. I had just invented a pneumatic suit and I wanted a boy to try it on. I went to an orphan asylum and picked out a boy. I asked for one extraordinarily light framed and with small bones and I got him. He weighed forty pounds and was ten years old. I took him to my lodging and began to reduce his weight."

"How did you do it?" I asked.

"How would anyone do it? I starved him. I fed him just enough each day to give him strength to get about and that was all. In six weeks he weighed fifteen pounds and was ready for my purpose. He was a smart lad, but very good natured. He'd let me do anything to him without complaining. He seemed to be grateful to me for giving him enough to keep him alive; said some men would have starved him outright. I was glad to see he was not an ingrate, and I really liked him as well as I can like anybody but myself. Well, when he was so light that I could lift him up with my little finger, I dressed him up in the pneumatic suit. It was made in such a way that it could be inflated with gas, and Billy—that was the boy's name—would then look about as well developed as any boy of 10. He didn't look fat at all. Then over the rubber suit I put a light cloth suit, and we filled the inner one with gas, and there we were. Well, sir, when he was inflated it was all he could do to keep his toes on the ground. He went swaying around like a balloon when it's being filled and I held tight on his hand for fear I'd lose him.

"Where'd you take him?" I asked.

"My friend finished his soup and then said:

"Why, I took him down to Madison Square to give a public exhibition of him. You see there was to be a review of the firemen, and I judged that the open space opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel would be the best place to show him off. On the way down I told him what he was to do, and he seemed to enjoy the prospect. Poor fellow. He didn't know what was in store for him. But neither did I, so I don't care. I left him in the crowd and started to walk across Fifth Avenue and Broadway to Madison Square. Of course a policeman yelled to me to keep back, but I kept on. Then Billy ran up behind me, and tried to pick my pocket. I turned and caught him in the act, and taking him by the nape of the neck I hurled him up in the air.

"The cops all stood still and the crowd forgot to breathe. He came down like a bit of thistle down and I landed a kick in the middle of his back that sent him over to the Worth monument. He laughed as if it were great fun, and half the ragged urchins in the crowd wished they were as light as he. The coppers were too astonished to say a word. I kept up a running fire of scolding at Billy, and every time he came down I sent him higher until he landed at last on the Fifth Avenue roof. Then I yelled, 'You'll pick my pocket again will you? Come down here and I'll teach you.'

"Billy grinned, and to the great joy of everybody he jumped off the roof of the hotel and started down. But a storm had been brewing over toward Long Island and now there came a mighty gust of wind that caught poor Billy and blew him seaward. I never saw him again, for I took an afternoon train for Pennsylvania, which was my next state. But I'll bet that New York crowd never forgot the fun I had with little orphan Billy. I've often wondered what became of him."

My friend became expansively at his fish, which had just been brought in, and I went out and pondered on the example of Ananias.

THE PEACEMAKER.

Henry Wallis and I had had a very serious quarrel. He was my only neighbor, and he, my one friend, had accused me of being guilty of stealing his cattle. I naturally resented the accusation and words rose high, the result being that we arranged to fight a duel on the following morning at daybreak.

I do not know exactly how it was, but I could not help feeling very lonely that evening. It was a cold and stormy night and the wind moaned diabolically in the trees. I thought the moor looked terribly dark and desolate, and I resolved to make myself as comfortable as possible indoors. I managed to make my wood fire burn brightly, and I tried to compose myself to read.

I could not have been amusing myself in this way very long, however, before I fell asleep. I must have slept for at least three hours, when I was aroused by hearing a faint tapping at the door of my cabin.

I attributed the sounds to the wind, and tried to sleep again. But the knocking was repeated; there could be no doubt about it this time, there was some one at the door. I got up to see who it could possibly be, so late on that stormy night, when I was surprised to find a little girl—quite a child—standing there. I soon recognized her; she was Mary Wallis, my neighbor's little daughter.

It was raining very fast, and the poor child was shivering with the cold and wet.

I pulled the little one into the hut and placed her in a seat near the fire. I took off her shawl, which was dripping with rain.

"How on earth did you come here at this time of night?" I asked.

The poor child burst into tears; she seemed very tired and ill.

"Are you going to fight father tomorrow morning?" she asked piteously. "Don't hurt him; please don't hurt father."

It was quite evident that she had heard of the duel that was to come off on the following day, and had walked all the way—some 10 or 11 miles—in the dark and wet, to beg me not to hurt her father.

"Mary," I said, "you are not old enough to understand; do not let us talk about your father. Let me make you some gruel and wrap this cloak around you."

But she was inconsolable, and she soon returned to the point.

"Promise me you won't hurt father," she said.

Before very long there was another knock at my cabin door. It seemed that Henry Wallis had come to fetch his daughter, for whom he had been searching on the moor. He had been looking for her in all directions, and was delighted when he found her. But he would not speak to me, and without either of us uttering a single word he took her away.

At daybreak on the following morning I arose fresh and strong, quite prepared to keep my engagement with Henry Wallis. But the visit of his little daughter Mary on the previous night had not been by any means in vain; I took the bullet out of my pistol. Wallis might shoot me if he had the will, but I had made up my mind not to deprive Mary of her father.

"My child tells me that she asked you not to hurt me," he said, in a husky voice; "allow me to examine your pistol, so I may see if you have loaded it."

Taking the pistol quickly out of my hands, he at once perceived that there was no bullet in it.

"I cannot fight with an unarmed man," he said.

"Wallis," I exclaimed, "I took care my pistol should be unloaded because your little daughter Mary begged me not to hurt you; won't you shake hands with me for her sake?"

Poor little Mary Wallis never recovered from the cold which she caught when she called on me on that dark and stormy night. She was gone to be with a holler father.

The little peacemaker's work was done.

CHICAGO'S GREAT TREE.

Cook county has a tree almost within the limits of Chicago that is trying in a modest way to keep pace with the city in growth. It rears its majestic height in a field on the farm of Charles Kotz, two miles and a half west of Gross Point.

It is the biggest known tree in the United States, the giant sequoia of California alone being excepted. Three feet from the ground its girth is 41 feet. The diameter is 13 feet 6 inches. The height is 130 feet.

Yet this marvel, which hundreds of years ago may have been worshipped by a savage race, has gone on year by year producing its foliage and in the order of nature casting it off, all unnoticed by Chicago. About its only admirer has been the owner, Charles Kotz. He guards it as jealously as he does his own children.

Aside from the great height and girth of the trunk is a remarkable hollow or room at its foot. This hollow is 26 feet in circumference, 8 1/2 feet in diameter and 20 feet in height. A natural doorway 9 feet high and 4 feet wide at the broadest part. A horse and its rider can easily pass through to the interior. Three horses can easily be sheltered inside the mammoth trunk. The hollow is big enough to permit a dining table to be spread in its bounds, and there is room enough to spare for chairs about the table.

The height of the first limb is 70 feet. A man of average size must take 24 paces to complete the circuit of the big trunk.

A competent authority on forestry has estimated that the tree, which, by the way, is of the cottonwood family, is no less than 600 years old. In the days of King John and Magna Charta this tree was flourishing. When Columbus discovered America it was as large as its companions in the forest. It is known that even half a century ago it was as big and majestic as it is today.

Malt and Mortar.

Our readers who have studied old accounts relating to masons' work are aware that there was a practice, which has only died out in recent times, of blending beer with the lime and sand used for mortar when the work that had to be done was required to have special stability, as it was assumed that the beer rendered the mortar much stronger, says the Athenaeum. The people of Sheffield in 1616 acted on this opinion, for a bushel of malt was bought for "blending of his lime" when John Pittes repaired the Lady Bridge. We presume that beer was made with it before the blending process took place; and there cannot be a doubt that John Pittes and his workmen tasted thereof, just to assure themselves that it was of the proper strength and quality.

St. Lothaire, in the Jura mountains, has erected a monument to Charles Marc Sauria, the country doctor who in 1831 invented the lucifer match, but was too poor to patent his invention. There are Austrian and Hungarian claimants to the priority of the invention.

Stammering

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DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

He scorched along the boulevard; He scorched along the hill; He scorched into a cable car; We think he's scorching still.

A West Philadelphia young woman, on the ground of economy, induced her betrothed to waive the formality of an engagement ring and to give her the money, \$100, instead. After they had been married six months she informed him that she had invested the money in a life membership in a woman's suffrage society.

To prevent people from reading the contents of a newspaper without buying a new press attachment is to send the pages with a piece of wire inserted in the corner of the leaves after folding.

Mexico reported \$42,000,000 worth of minerals last year.



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"Is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" asked the judge.

Thereupon the bailiff laughed. He couldn't help it. He was a married man and the defendant was a woman.

"But a question!" he chuckled to himself.—Chicago Post.