

A City of Slaughter.

Now and then I got up to watch the slaughtering at the abattoirs of La Villette. In that quarter of Paris, just at the edge of the city and separated from it by the broad canal, are situated the great abattoirs in which are killed and prepared for market all the meats eaten in Paris. These abattoirs form a city in themselves, having their broad avenues and cross-streets, with their own police and fire department, a military guard and a special *octroi* to collect the city tax on the meat as fast as it is carried out of the gates into Paris. There are several thousand butchers employed there. Among these alert and stalwart butchers who sing and laugh as they rush through their work there are some who attract attention from the fact that they do not proceed as do the others. These are the Jewish sacrificers. There are four of them at the central abattoir. They are, according to usage, designated or appointed by the Grand Rabbi after a previous examination, for there are for them certain formulas to observe, and, as we know, the Israelitish race does not easily separate itself from its old customs. Every animal intended for the nourishment of the Jews must be killed by the cutting of its throat, and cannot, under any pretext whatever, be previously stunned or knocked in the head. This method, which pertains to the religious customs of their faith, is criticised by many people having other forms of belief as being cruel. As soon as the beast is dead it must be opened and examined with care, for if it is impure, it cannot be delivered to the people of God. Leviticus, chapter xxii., has enumerated all the causes which demand the rejection of meat intended for food. Formerly the Jews never ate the thigh of animals, as a remembrance of the wrestling of Jacob with the angel at Penuel, when Jacob had his thigh-bone put out of joint by the being with whom he contended. As is said in Genesis, chapter xxxii., verse 32, "And for this cause, even unto this day, the children of Israel eat not of the tendon which is found at the joint of the hip, because he (the angel) touched the hip of Jacob." The Italian Jews were the first who violated this injunction and ate of the forbidden tendon, and now no portion of the animal is abandoned to the Christians.

The animal about to be sacrificed must be, according to the ancient usages of Jews, fastened together by its four feet, in remembrance of the manner in which Isaac was bound by his father, Abraham, upon the altar of twigs to be sacrificed. When the animal is firmly fixed to the ring the butcher passes a running slip-noose to each of the front legs; the cord is attached to a rope worked by a windlass; by two revolutions of the wheel the animal is thrown on the ground, extended upon its side. A butcher places one knee on its shoulder, seizes it by the horns and draws the head violently backward. As you stand witnessing one of these spectacles you think involuntarily of the pieces of sculpture commemorative of worship of Myhras. Meanwhile the slicer is standing by; he holds his *damas* in his hand. This is a cutlass with a very short handle, a long, straight blade, rounded at the point. He runs carefully his nail twice across the edge, in order to assure himself that it is not nicked, for the Jews believe that if the blade should have a nick, no matter how slight it might be, the animal might be frightened, and in that event the blood would become coagulated in the heart from whence it would not flow. The sacrificer advances then; as he approaches he should say mentally, "Blessed be the Lord God, who has judged us worthy of his precepts and has prescribed to us the slaughtering." As he reaches the animal he stoops down, seizes the dowlap, and with a single stroke cuts his throat; he springs backward instantly to avoid the jet of blood which spurts forth, he rises up and twice again passes his thumb-nail across the edge of his knife to assure himself that he has not touched the spinal column, for in that event the meat would be impure. I do not know if it was a matter of chance, but all the animals which I saw sacrificed thus were turned in the direction of the east, the ideal direction towards which so many religious beliefs incline unknown to themselves and under various pretexts, as if they still retained souvenirs of the worship of the sun.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Past and Present.

There is a good deal of harmless prattle about the superior health, the strength, and the wisdom of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers. It is a common thing to hear old people, who ought to have better sense, talking about the good old times and the higher mental and physical ability of those who lived long ago. While we have great respect for the old folks, living and dead, we must not shut our eyes to the reality. The truth is that people live longer now than ever they did. The medical profession knows more now than ever it did; and we could put into the field to-day a bigger army of centenarians than our grandfather could in the good old days when they were young. Moreover, old people now are much more vigorous than the old people of times past. Our people are growing larger and stronger. It is not so many years since the American woman was a slight, delicate creature; now she is tall and portly. The numbers of singularly tall and well-proportioned young men and women to be seen in the streets of New York to-day astonish the old fellows who remember the boys and girls forty or fifty years ago. Some persons imagine that

this increase in size is confined to the children of our foreign-born citizens; but this is a great mistake, for the increased growth is general. Certainly the mixture of races may have something to do with it, but whatever be the cause, it is a fact plainly to be seen by any observer.

The greatest known feats of physical strength and endurance are recorded to the credit of the young men of this age; and, indeed, it is hardly too much to assert that the greatest runners, the greatest walkers, the greatest jumpers, the greatest swimmers, the greatest oarsmen, the greatest weight-lifters, the greatest gymnasts, the greatest boxers, the greatest fencers, and the heaviest men that ever lived are among the living of to-day. There seems to be a universal increase in the growth of humanity. The height, the chest measurement, and the weight of the soldiers of the immense armies of Europe of the present time are at least as great as they were among the picked men of the much smaller European armies of fifty years past, clearly showing that the average man of to-day is as big and as strong as the picked man of long ago. The fact stares us in the face that the grown-up sons and daughters of the old people of this country are, as a rule, bigger and stronger than their fathers and mothers were. An ordinary-sized Englishman finds considerable difficulty in squeezing himself into the armor of one of the Norman conquerors of his country; but what could one of our Western farmers do with it? Certainly he could pick it up and look at it, but that is all.

We have great respect for the memory of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, as well as for our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, but we cannot afford to delude ourselves with ideas and notions that facts and figures set aside. People are inclined to overestimate the measure of wisdom and ability of the grand old fellows of days gone by. It is an amiable fault, but still a fault; because the truth is not so.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Perils of Lightning-Rod Men.

"Yes," chimed in the manufacturer of lightning rods who sat by, "it is risky some times. The worst job I ever had done was the rodding of the Central Presbyterian Church in Fifty-seventh Street, near Eighth Avenue. They wouldn't have it done when the steeple was put up, when it would have been easy, but after the lightning had given them one light touch, then they wanted it fixed up immediately. It would have cost \$100 to put up scaffolding to do the work safely then, but they would not pay that added sum, or anything like it. The best they would do was twenty-five dollars, and it was a puzzle to know how we could do it for that. J. B. Turner, the most daring and expert climber in the business, probably, took the job. He went up the inside of the steeple as far as he could, forty feet from the roof, and there poked out through two holes a couple of scantlings, on which he fastened a board. On that board he set up a couple of scantlings with cleats nailed across them like a ladder, nailing them on as he went up, and nailing other scantlings on to the ends of those when he got to the top. There was no possibility of fastening that ladder to the steeple until he got up where the steeple was so slim that he could throw a rope around it and tie it. It was simply leaned against the smooth-slatted side of the steeple. A puff of wind or a careless movement out of balance would have hurled him down. In that way he worked his way up sixty feet from the point where he started his ladder—about 100 from the roof, and say 150 from the ground. It makes my blood run cold to think of it. I wouldn't have attempted it for anything in the world. But he did it safely, fixed the rod, took down his ladder again, and fastened the slates ingeniously from the inside over the holes made for his scantlings, leaving all as good as before. This was in September, 1878.

"Another time Turner had to go up to put a lightning rod on a chimney stack up town. It was necessary to do the work on Sunday, so as not to interfere with the firing up of the works. When he got there on Sunday morning the chimney was full of gases and smoke from the fire still bedded down below, and almost red hot. They threw water on the fire and waited several hours, but still the heat was intense and the gases stifling. To get up he would have to ascend inside the stack by iron bars, like staples, fastened in the wall all the way up, after the fashion of a ladder. He wrapped rags around his hands so that the bars should not burn them, and started. Half way to the top he felt his forces giving way. The gases and heat were stifling him. He just managed to descend without falling. After a long rest he tried it again. The walls were still so hot that the rags on his hands crumbled. When he got to the top, 150 feet from the ground, he had barely strength enough left to throw himself on his breast on the edge, with his head and arms hanging over in the fresh air outside, and his legs dangling inside. There he hung for an hour before he could move. Then he hauled up tackle, made it fast, hauled up the rod, attached it, lowered the tackle, descended inside the stack again, and the job was done. But it was at the risk of his life.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—There is such a bad feeling among the Chicago editors that they refuse to drink beer at each other's expense. This, we believe, is what is called a Chicago vendetta.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Children at the Table.

Among the upper and middle classes of English society the practice of isolating children from the general family life is much in vogue. They have their nurses and governesses, are kept much in the open air, and spend more time in the country than in the city. Whatever dissipation the London season may bring to their elders, the effects do not reach the children. The little ones have their full amount of sleep, and eat by themselves and not with the family, while their food is plainer than that upon the tables of their fathers and mothers. To some extent this custom reaches to the lower classes.

A German child, on the contrary, sits or stands at the table with his elders and consumes his full share of food and drink, while frequently very little attention is paid to decorous manners.

A few American families, who have wealth sufficient to afford a large retinue of servants, accustom their children to the same table habits at least as do the upper English classes. Yet to have a child's table is far from being the American style. Some sensible fathers and mothers, while permitting their little ones at the same table as themselves, do restrict them to plainer food; and demand of them a quiet demeanor while in the breakfast or dining-room. To strictly carry out this system requires vigilance on the part of the parent, and no little self-denial on that of the child. To be constantly watching the movements of little folks will more or less break up the harmony of the meal, and to place palatable food before a child, of which it may not partake, is a frequent cause of demands and concessions annoying in the extreme. This can be avoided by having the children served in the nursery a half hour or more before the family meal, and if it is impracticable to hire attendants, the mother herself can sit at their table and serve them.

Possibly this arrangement might serve as an aid to check the rampant growth of "Young Americanism," of which we hear so much. Such a suggestion will undoubtedly shock many excellent parents, who firmly believe in little ladies and little gentlemen. But old heads on young shoulders are so much the fashion that the style is becoming somewhat stilted, and the element of reverence is fast becoming eliminated from the typical American character.

Children ought to be children, and not miniature men and women, and isolation tends to keep them so. Even at their own table their manners should be carefully watched, and all tendencies to greediness or ill-temper quickly checked.

If impossible or undesirable, for any reason, to make this family arrangement, then the children's place and rights and the family table should be carefully respected, and a quiet, respectful deportment insisted upon.

Bibs are all but necessary for little folks. They should be large and tie about the neck with tapes. Brown or white linen of coarse texture make serviceable ones, or they can be made of gingham.

Cereals, milk and fruit should form a large share of their food, though there are exceptional cases in which meat in considerable quantity may be eaten with benefit by the child. Fresh berries or canned or stewed fruit is always preferable to preserved, and sweet baked apples invaluable. Simply cooked oatmeal, wheaten grits, hominy, rice, etc., and plenty of milk in sufficient quantity to satisfy hunger should never be denied a growing child. To one whose appetite has not become perverted, the wants or desires for food may be safely consulted, both as to quality and quantity. Habit will usually engender a regularity of appetite, yet a plate of graham crackers and some fruit placed on a side-table, and permission given to the child to partake of it if very hungry, is not altogether a bad plan. And, judiciously trained, a child will not abuse the privilege.—*Christian at Work.*

Fruit.

Whatever the chemical process that converts sour fruit to sweet may be, it forms a pleasant and refreshing diet when eaten in proper quantities at proper times. It exerts a greater influence upon the young members of mankind than upon the mature, because the mucous membrane of the food canal is more susceptible to all influences in the one than the other, and so seriously disturbs the health of infancy, even if taken in very moderate quantities and at regular intervals of time. It does not possess much nutritious value. Its per centage of tissue-making elements is very small, so that its chief value as sources of nutrition, must consist of groups of non-nitrogenous materials, as starch, cane sugar, grape sugar, gum and pectine, and all useful elements in the animal economy. Its acids and salts correct the bad health induced by dried meats or those that have been preserved by common salt and consumed during a long period of time. In various other ways good, sound fruit, taken in proper quantities and at proper times, is healthy for all but the youngest members of the human family. Stale, decaying fruits do an immense amount of harm. Green and over-ripe fruits are nearly as disastrous to health. Their cheapness tempts the poor to purchase them, so that what this class do not pay in cash they pay in maladies not easily controlled.

All, but particularly children, who can get sound, matured fruit should eat a reasonable amount each day and not a large amount on one day and none upon the next; but eat it when we may, the harder sorts need thorough mastication, so that they may be readily and easily digested. Some fruits contain free acids that change the condition of

the bowels from costiveness to looseness—a change that many persons need. Green and over-ripened fruits contain a large amount of acids, that are restless and riotous, showing a strong inclination to ferment and disturb the waste canal. They form new chemical associates and create more disease and suffering than physicians can always check. Fruit comes with heat, so that we are not always sure, in hot seasons of the year, whether it is heat or an excessive amount of fruit that invites much suffering to come and stay.

We are now prepared to answer the question often asked, are fruits healthy? In adults and youth, the proper use of ripe fruit does conduce to health. An exclusive diet on fruit cannot meet the wants of the human body. The amount of nutriment is very small. The acids of mature fruits are not nutritious, but they correct the bad condition of the bowels in hot seasons of the year. They are largely composed of water, that is often needed to cleanse the food canal and the various ducts of excretion and thus promote health and growth. Few, if any, fruits are consumed for their healthy quality. They are chiefly consumed to gratify the appetite, but never to supply the means of growth and strength. A few fruits, growing in the torrid zone, may yield some plastic matter for building up the tissues. In hot seasons, some acidulous fruits are cooling and refreshing and so are useful to all who are under the influence of some inflammatory malady. To this class of fruits belong grapes and oranges that the sick, in their last extremity, may safely take. The great harm that fruit may do consists in consuming much on one day and none upon the next. The wise and useful way of consuming fruit is to give a small amount every day, and avoid those sorts that do not usually suit. All changes of diet are attended with some risk of disturbing the stomachs and bowels of infants. A mother should consider the condition of the bowels at the time when fruit is given and graduate the quantity accordingly, recollecting that nearly all fruits are somewhat relaxing to the alimentary canal. Even infants may have fruit when properly prepared. Roasted apples may be profitably given in habitual constipation. Apples stewed and mingled with light bread are often useful in the same condition. Raw apples scraped or thinly sliced easily digest and benefit the bowels.—*Prairie Farmer.*

The Grain Weevil.

The weevil (*Calandra granaria*), familiarly known as wheat weevil, grain weevil and barn weevil, preys upon all kinds of grain in the bin and the corn-crib. This weevil being quite small, is liable to be overlooked, particularly in a dark bin. Its mode of operation consists in piercing minute holes in the kernel and there depositing its eggs, from which are hatched small maggots that eat out the heart of the grain. The danger makes itself apparent by a minute white dust spread over the grain and a peculiar odor that permeates the bins. On pressing a kernel between the fingers it crushes readily, exposing a mere shell partially filled with dust instead of a round, plump grain.

When possible avoid storing grain in bins that have been infected. When it is inconvenient to change the place of storage fumigate the granary thoroughly with burning sulphur. Fumigation should not only be done before the grain is placed in the bins, but repeated in the course of a month or two after it has been stored.

The larvae of the weevils that are in the grain may be destroyed by heating the grain where one has ovens or kilns at hand for the purpose. A little kerosene oil poured into a tight barrel with grain is said to destroy the weevils, but this course is practicable when the grain is required for seed only, as the kerosene injures it for making flour. In addition to the precautions mentioned is that of changing the place of storage to a cool locality and frequently moving the grain from bin to bin.

The grain weevil is often confounded with the larvae of the corn moth that also attacks stored grain, and with the orange-colored maggots of the wheat fly that are found in the ears of the growing wheat. The true wheat or grain weevil is a slender beetle about one-eighth of an inch long. This insect both in the beetle and the grub state injures grains. As has already been explained, the female deposits her eggs in the grain after it is housed, and the young grubs hatched therefrom burrow into the heart of the kernel. In due time these grubs undergo transformation and come out of the hulls in the beetle to lay their eggs for another brood.

To recapitulate, when possible avoid storing grain in bins that have been infested with this pest. If said bins must be employed, fumigate thoroughly with burning sulphur. If there are indications of the pest's presence, kiln dry the wheat and destroy them.—*N. Y. World.*

—Cherries intended to be dried must be first stoned, spread on flat dishes and dry them in the sun or warm oven; pour whatever juice may run from them over them, a little at a time; stir them about that they may dry evenly. When perfectly dry line boxes or jars with white paper and pack close in layers; strew a little brown sugar and fold the top of the paper over them and keep in a dry, sweet place.

—"I'll join you presently," as the minister said to the young couple as he went for the church key.

—Hotel waiters have begun to gather in the "summer quarters" of the boarders.

Stories Told by a Lightning-Rod Man.

"A lightning-rod man came down to Uncle Daniel Drew once, with a note from some professor at the theological college that he was interested in, suggesting that the college should be rodded. 'What will it cost?' asked Uncle Daniel. 'I cannot say, positively,' said the man, 'until I have measured it; but it may be as much as \$400, or possibly, even \$500.' 'Oh! That's all right; go ahead,' said Uncle Daniel, and he gave him a written order. The work was done and the bill was sent in for \$1,500. Uncle Daniel declared that he wouldn't pay it; that the man who took the order said it would be only \$400 or \$500. 'Ah!' replied the bland gentleman who came to collect, we cannot be responsible for the mistakes and bad judgment of our employes.' Uncle Daniel had to send a man to the college to see if they had actually put up as many feet of rod as they claimed. He found the building overlaid with rods until it looked as if it was in a big cage. That professor would not let him dig to ascertain what the ground connections were, but he did pull up one ground rod on the sly, and found at the bottom of a deep hole eighteen feet of rod coiled up. Uncle Daniel eventually paid the bill, but I never heard of his buying any more lightning rods.

"It will not do to be too economical in ground connections, however, as that Egyptian official was who put a lightning rod on his powder magazine, but deemed it nonsense to carry it down to the ground, the result of which was that on the occasion of the first thunder storm that magazine was spread over about forty acres of ground, more or less, and his faith in lightning rods was forever blasted.

"I never heard of a lightning-rod man getting the worst of a job except in one case, and I don't vouch for the truth of that. It is said that one of the crat drove up in front of a fine new and large house out West and told a man who was reading at the door that he ought to have lightning rods on his house. The man said he hadn't thought about it. Then the peddler said, 'Have you any objection to my putting up a rod on this corner?' 'No,' the man said, 'I have not.' And as the peddler's wagon was right behind him, the expert climber had the rod up in a few minutes. 'Now,' said he, 'that corner is safe,' addressing the man, who was still reading; 'but lightning might come along and knock blank's delights out of one of the other corners. Have you any objection to my putting up a rod on each of them?' And the quiet reader looked up from his paper and said that he hadn't any objection. When the job was done the peddler presented his bill. 'What's this?' said the man, yawning and folding up his paper. 'Bill for the rods,' explained the peddler. 'Rods! I didn't order any rods!' 'Why, certainly you did.' 'Not at all. I only said I had no objection to your putting them up. And I hadn't. This is the County Court-house. I don't even live in this county. Of course I had no objections.'—*N. Y. Sun.*

Brother Gardner Explains.

"Doorin' de pas' week," said the President of the Limekiln Club, "I have received scores of letters axin' me if I am de Gardner who has lately bin 'lected President of Liberia. I desire to say right head dat I am not de pusson. It am simply a coincidence of names."

"Coincidence?" queried the Rev. Penstock, as the President paused.

"Yes, sah, coincidence, sah!"

"I—I begs your pawdon, sah, but am—"

"Brudder Penstock," said the old man, in very solemn tones, "de penalty for interruptin dis Cha'r when he am talkin' am a fine of six hundred dollars. You have bin guilty of dis offense mo' dan twenty times, an' nadin but my respect for your cloth has prevented de enforcement of dat penalty."

"But I desired to k' rect de language of de Cha'r. De Cha'r said coincidence."

"K' rect de language of dis Cha'r! What has language got to do wid our proceedings here?" Sartinly I said it was a coincidence of names. What am wrong about dat? Doan' coincidences happen every day? Doan' we hear of dem in ebry ishure of de papers? Can't we fin' dem on ebry street co'ner?"

"Yes, sir; but—"

"Brudder Penstock, sot down—sot down wid all yer might! Do you 'spose de President of dis club has stood still an' let de world move away from him since he was 'lected? Not much, sah! I am free to acknowledge dat sich words as 'carniverous' an' 'capillary' stretched out a rod long in my eyes fo' y'ars ago; but whar' am dey now? Why, sah, I could sit down wid you in de mawin' an' spell de hull day on sich words as 'contemporaneously,' 'bituminously' and 'authenticity,' an' not sweat a ha'r! Doan' imagine, sah, dat you has got all de eadication in de kentry. Your teef look white, an' you keep yer ha'r well iled, but de calamitous infringement artistically portrayed towards de indefatigable sequestration may have a carboniferous understanding!"

Penstock wilted. In twenty-one seconds he lost seven pounds of fat and all his confidence, and it will be a long time before he recovers from the avalanche. Cheers greeted the President's grand *finis*, and some one took advantage of the excitement to hit the sleeping Elder Toots full in the mouth with a musty banana.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A girl died in Springfield, Mass., recently from brain disease, and the attending physician has returned as the first cause of her death, "the graded school system;" second, meningitis.