ONLY A BABY'S HAND.

"Big time, to-night," the drummers said,
As to supper they sat them down;
"To-morrow's Sunday, and now's our chance
To illuminate the town."

"Good!" cries Bill Barnes, the jolliest—
The favorite of all;
"Yes; let's forget our troubles now
And hold high carnival."

The supper done, the mail arrives;
Each man his letters scanning,
With fresh quotations—up or down—
His busy brain is cramming.

But Bill—"why, what's come over him—
Why turned so quick about?"
He says—just as his pards start forth:
"I guess I won't go out."

His letter bore no written word,
No prayer from vice to flee;
Only a tracing of a hand—
A baby's hand—of three.

What picture comes before his mind—
What does his memory paint?
A baby at her mother's knee—
His little white robed saint.

What cares a man for ridicule
Who wins a victory grand?
Bill slept in peace, his brow was smoothed
By a shadowy little hand.

Nought like the weak things of this world
The power of sin withstand;
No shield between man's soul and wrong
Like a little baby hand.

—Chicago Journal.

THE PILOT'S TOWER.

On the 18th of November, 1662, the good city of Dunkirk was in that peculiar state of agitation which pervades a bee hive when its tenants are about to swarm. News had that day been received that Louis XVI, who was then king of France, had purchased the city from the English, to whose share it had fallen by the treaty of 1658; and as the sun was sinking behind the horizon, the French squadron came into the harbor with a light wind, and anchored off the citadel. A hundred years previous the French army, commanded by the Duke of Guise, had ravaged the town with fire and sword; but time wears away all resentments, and the Dunkirkers were now ready to swear allegiance to the haughty monarch who sought to make Paris the dominant city of Christendom.

The quays of the city were thronged with fishermen, who gazed on the French fleet with critical eyes, as they discussed the models, rigging and general appearance of the respective vessels. Merchants, notaries and priests, each wearing their peculiar costumes, were also attracted to the water side, every one taking a great interest in the coming change of rule, save those who (and they were few in number) were on intimate terms with the English garrison. The officers of this force, too, were exceedingly vexed, as most of them were comfortably located, and loudly did they censure their young King Charles. In so doing, indeed, they but echoed the public sentiment in England, for it was evident that the inexperienced monarch, fond of pleasure and in need of ready cash, had been enticed into the sale of a flourishing portion of his kingdom for a tithe of its value. All of his ministers had opposed the transfer, and when they found their exertions useless, they set to work to so hamper the sale with conditions as to diminish the value of Dunkirk to the French.

The news soon reached the environs, and nowhere did it produce a greater excitement than in the collection of miserable cabins, which dotted a plain, covered with frames of brushwood, upon which the fishermen cured their spoil. Leaving their nets half spread out, the men had gone to the quay the moment that the French squadron anchored, and by sunset most of their families had followed them. In the cabin of Cornille Bart, however, a light twinkled as night came on, and a faint wreath of smoke curled upward from the low chimney. Bart had gone to the quay, taking his two sons, Gasper and Jean, with him; but his good wife Catherine, like a good housewife, remained at home to prepare supper.

Her domestic zeal, strong as it was, could not eclipse her curiosity though, and every time that she turned the johnnycakes of barley meal, which were being baked before the fire, she gazed eagerly through the small and only window of the cabin.

"Well, well," she soliloquized, "here the cakes are done, and no one to eat them. Nor do I know a thing. Dear, dear, but women who keep house are unlucky"— Here a rapid cannonading interrupted, but she soon continued: "Saluting at last—bang, bang—and I do not know what it's all about. Well, when the powder is burnt I may look for my stragglers. That is, if there are no fireworks. But here comes a man and two boys—is it them?"

Soon a familiar knock at the door dissipated the good woman's doubts, and she hastened to admit her husband.

"Well, dame," said the burly fisherman, "you are waiting supper for us, are you not?"

"That I am, Cornille; and it was not very charitable in you to stay away so long, for you know my curiosity; at any rate, you tell me often enough."

"Never mind, Catherine; serve supper, for these lads are half starved, and as they eat I will give you all the details."

"And you, Cornille, have you left your appetite on the quay?"

"Yes, indeed! The news weighs heavily on my heart, and I do not feel like eating a morsel!"

"Our Lady preserve us, what is to happen!" cried the good woman as her anxious glance shot from husband to children.

"I will tell you," replied Cornille. "You have heard that the king of France," and as he spoke the fisherman loyally raised his woolen cap, "has repurchased Dunkirk for five million of francs"——

"Certainly; but that is good news for us all."

"At first sight, Catherine, it seems so. But when one learns the conditions of sale, it is anything but good news."

"And what are these conditions?"

"What are they? Why, every public building is to be razed to the height of the highest dwelling house. By the great white whale, Dunkirk fisheries, though worth millions now, will not then be worth that morsel of barley crust."

"But how will the cutting down of the fortress do this? Faith, I have often thought that it was more cost than profit."

"No one cares for the fortress, Catherine; but for the church steeple—the beacon by day and the directing light by night for those who enter the port. No fisherman will dare to venture out—no coaster will dare venture in to purchase—in short, Dunkirk is ruined!"

There was an interval of gloomy silence, but, at length, Cornille said:

"Come, my boys, go to bed. You must get up early to-morrow."

"And you," said his wife, "will you go to bed now also?"

"No! I do not feel like sleeping now and will take a smoke; but you need not wait for me. Let us repeat our evening prayer." And all kneeling, repeated together a beautiful canticle, for in those days the French were a religious people.

The lads were soon between their coarse brown sheets, and Catherine, throwing herself upon the bed, apparently went to sleep. Cornille sat for nearly an hour silently watching the circling smoke of his pipe, and then, with a stealthy tread, went to the door. As he shot back the bolt there was a slight movement on Catherine's bed, which arrested his progress, but as she did not speak he opened the door, closed it gently behind him and set out for Dunkirk. He had not gone more than two-thirds of the way when he heard rapid footsteps coming behind him. Was he pursued? Did he not know that step? Was it the echo of his own? No. Another instant solved his doubts, for his wife approached him.

"I knew," she said, "that you had concealed something from me."

"My poor Catherine, it was that you need not be alarmed. We fishermen have agreed to meet to-night in the priest's garden to see if something cannot be done to save our beacon tower. But you see that women could do nothing at such a meeting."

"Saints preserve us! but if you men care so much for the steeple, do you suppose that we women do not care for the church? There we were married, there our children were baptized, there we joined in masses for our deceased parents. O, Cornille, let the women pray that the church may be spared, if nothing more, for fervent prayer can never injure any enterprise."

"That's what I think, mother," said a soft voice; and Jean Bart, the youngest son, came from behind a fish flake. He had followed his mother, but feared his father's anger, and hid himself until he could see how she was received.

"Another hand at the oar," murmured the fisherman.

"Don't send us back," entreated both mother and son.

"Well, well," said Cornille; "come along."

Half an hour afterward the trio entered the priest's garden, where they found about a hundred fishermen, some of them, like Bart, accompanied by their families. All were in groups, discussing the threatened demolition of their church. In the center, surrounded by the oldest of the party, was the venerable priest. When all who were expected had arrived he stood upon a wheel barrow and requested silence. Every head was uncovered, every tongue was silent.

"My children," said the priest, "you asked me to permit you to assemble here to-night, and I granted your request. Now, have any of you any project for saving our dear city, with our loved church, from the parting destruction of the English?"

Several propositions were made, but the priest shook his head as he heard them. Each one was more impossible than was its predecessor, and all were based upon some act of violence which would have drawn the wrath of both nations upon the city.

Catherine, profiting by a moment's silence, addressed the priest.

"Supposing, reverend father, that we women, leading our children, go in procession to see the English commissioner and implore him to spare our tower?"

"It would be useless, my daughter, for England seeks to ruin our part that hers may flourish. Your idea is hopeless."

There was a murmur of discontent through the crowd, and one of the oldest fishermen, elbowing his way up to the priest, and with a countenance purple with rage, said, or rather growled:

"Look here, father, we hoped that you would lead us in saving our church and tower, but you appear disposed to throw cold water on all our projects. Indeed, everything that is suggested you object to. I didn't expect it."

"Master Perron, you have the fire of youth under the debilitated envelope of age; but you do not possess the wisdom that belongs to your gray beard. I do not wish to throw cold water upon any reasonable project, but those suggestions thus far are wholly impracticable. Neither, my children, can I suggest anything myself, and if heaven does not aid us, why"—

"Our tower must be demolished," murmured several voices.

"Not at all," cried a shrill, childish voice.

"Who spoke? What boy is that?" said Cornille Bart, in a severe tone.

"Your son, Jean, father; and I think I have the idea which you all seek. Do you care much for our cabin at the flakes?"

"Jean," cried Cornille, "I will thrash you if you say another word."

"For pity's sake," said the priest, "let the lad speak. Remember that God has often chosen a child to deliver those whom he loves, and Jean's thoughts may be like the pebbles in David's sling."

"Well then, Jean, as the priest wishes it, go on, but speak quickly. As for our cottage, it is all we have to shelter us; but I will cheerfully sacrifice it, if it will do any good at the present critical moment."

"Then, father, tear down our cottage to-morrow night and rebuild it before morning upon the top of the church tower. It will then—dwelling house as it is and will be—be higher than any other edifice in Dunkirk, and the city will be saved!"

A burst of applause, hushed by a gesture of the priest, hailed this bright thought.

"Silence, my children," said he. "You see now that Providence protects us. And as for you, my lad, you will be spoken of hereafter."

"It's not to be praised that I made the plan," murmured Jean. "But I love Dunkirk and I hate the English. There it is."

"But you will become famous, my boy, and your mother will be proud of you. Now, friends, shall we execute the child's plan?"

"Yes, yes. Once get Bart's cottage on the top of the tower, and we are safe."

"Well, then, meet here to-morrow night at sunset, with such tools and building materials as you can conceal under your sea jackets. Master Perron here will act as foreman, and tell each one what to bring. And now let us implore a blessing upon our deliberations and ask a continuance of Divine aid for to-morrow night's work."

The next day the priest, accompanied by Cornille Bart, called upon Monsieur Wostyn, one of the richest merchants and ship owners of the city. They found him sad and thoughtful, for the destruction of the beacon tower would be the downfall of his fortune. But his countenance brightened up as he heard of the project of little Jean Bart.

"Dunkirk is saved!" he exclaimed, clapping his hands joyfully. "And as if to aid you in accomplishing your task undiscovered by the English, Providence has so ordered matters that all the officers will pass the night on board the French squadron. As for the soldiers a few jugs of Dutch gin will quiet them.

"How?" asked the priest.

"Why, some strange fancy, as I thought, prompted the Count d'Estrades to offer a ball to our late enemies, and they will thus be all out of our way."

After mutual congratulations, the priest repaired to the church, and Cornille Bart to his cottage, which Catherine was preparing to leave. The family were gladly received by the neighboring fishermen and before night the cabin was entirely demolished, and conveyed, concealed under loads of brush wood, into the priest's garden, which adjoined the church.

Meanwhile, all was in motion on board of the admiral's frigate. The upper deck, covered by thick awnings, was converted into a magnificent ball room. Flags of all nations decorated the sides, while clusters of fire arms, highly polished, chandeliers and mirrors, gave a fairy like appearance to the scene. Below were long supper tables, spread with every delicacy, and a full band of martial music prompted the inspiring dance. The other vessels of the squadron were brilliantly illuminated, and, as may well be imagined, there was not a British officer in Dunkirk by 9 o'clock. About that time, too, various landlords became very generous towards the English soldiers, and even gave them bottles of gin for those of their comrades who were on guard at the citadel.

Around the church all was life, yet grave like silence reigned. Some, by the aid of the booms brought from their fishing boats, rigged derricks upon the broad platform of the stone tower, others tempered the mortar, and the old sanctuary resembled an ant hill. The priest was on his knees before the altar, and the women kept watch and ward round about. To cheer them in their toil came the enlivening strains of music from the squadron. Nor did they cease until the cottage was entirely rebuilt, a fire burned in its kitchen, and Catherine had her coffee kettle on. It was sunrise, and when the ropes and accessories were taken down and the cottage stood there—the highest dwelling house in Dunkirk, and higher than any other building in the city—then they called out the old priest, and the assemblage, falling on their knees, sang the "matin hymn."

On board the flagship, meanwhile, all was hilarity and gayety, though, unlike every one else, M. Wostyn appeared uneasy. Occasionally he would steal out into the stern gallery (which all frigates then had), and cast an anxious glance towards the church tower. The Count d'Estrades noticed he did not dance, and after supper he introduced him to the English commissioner.

"Neither of you dance, messieurs," said the count; "and you may like a game of cards, chess or dominoes."

Both bowed assent.

"What shall it be? Chess?" said the Englishman.

Wostyn said yes, though it was with difficulty that he could bring his mind to bear upon the game, and he consequently lost several times. His antagonist became elated with success, and just as daylight shone in through the flags, he made a bold move and exclaimed in a boastful tone:

"Ha, ha! your castle is in danger, and I fear that it will fare no better than your old church tower. 'Tis a pity, by the way, that I must have that tower pulled down today."

At that moment the almost despairing merchant heard the hymn of praise and he knew that all was safe. Rising from the table he went out into the stern gallery, and requested his opponent to follow him. They found Count d'Estrades already there, and the poop of the vessel was already lined with curious observers—French and English. Plainly visible, in the glowing rays of the rising sun, was Bart's cottage, and through the open door all could see the honest fisherman and his family quietly eating breakfast. From the chimney waved the French flag.

"Check to your move!" said Wostyn to the English commissioner, significantly pointing to the cottage. "Behold the highest dwelling house in Dunkirk, nor is there even a weather vane above its level!"

"I give up the game!" said the Englishman, good naturedly. Then turning towards the count, he continued: "We may contend with you upon the battle field, but when wit and invention are at stake, we surrender. Gentlemen, we will evacuate the city today!"—Ben Perley Poore in Boston Globe.

An Experiment in Convict Treatment.

The physical discipline to which they were subjected consisted in (1) hot baths—three weekly, the Turkish and common bath alternating; (2) massage—kneading of the muscles, passive motions of the joints, and friction of the entire surface; (3) physical exercise—manual drill, free gymnastics and exercise with dumb bells ranging progressively from three to eight pounds in weight; (4) the substitution of a special dietary for the regular prison fare. The experiment was continued during five months—long enough to demonstrate the value of the method, but not to determine the full measure of success probably attainable by these means. At the end of this period, nine of the eleven men then living had risen from the third or refractory to the intermediate grade, the remaining two having merely maintained their original standing in this grade.

During the six months immediately preceding the experiment, the average marking for shop work, school work and conduct had been 46 per cent. During the experiment, the average for school work, previously lowest of all, rose to 74 per cent., the conduct improving at about equal rate. Shop work was discontinued, as the special training was thought to secure enough muscular exercise. During the six months following the term of the experiment, the average marking of the men in the three departments of shop work, school work and conduct rose to 71 per cent. as compared with 46 per cent. for the six months preceding the experiment. At the end of this period Dr. Wey reported that "although the men had been remanded to the former routine of prison life, mental development was still going on; six of the number had reached the first grade in school work, and two of the remaining five had every prospect of doing so."—Frances E. White, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

Aged.

An Irishman was ordered to make a coffin, which he did; and to paint the inscription on the lid, which he did after a fashion that caused a little excitement in the churchyard.

By dint of following the written copy, he managed to get as far as "Michael O'Rafferty, aged —;" but, try as he would, he could not imitate the 28.

At last he remembered that he could write 7, and that four 7s made 28. So he finished the inscription, "aged 7777." When they came to bury Michael, the coffin stood at the grave side, and the priest spoke as follows:

"Ah, he was a fine lad. He's lying there so still, taken away in the very prime of loife. Young he was, too, only"— Here the priest looked down at the coffin plate to see how old Michael was.

"He was only," said his reverence again, and he put his glasses on and went nearer, to see how old he really was. "He was only," he continued, "seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven years!"—Christian at Work.

A Polish Election Dodge.

At an election in Poland the other day a smart young candidate tried a maneuver which almost deserved to succeed for its ingenuity. Nearly all the peasants were against him, and the problem was how to prevent them from voting. The interval is very short between the time when they leave off work and the closing of the polls, so that at the last half hour a great crowd was waiting. Suddenly there was a cry of "Fire" and a rattling of engines. But the ruse did not succeed, the stolid countrymen first waiting to record their vote, and then hurrying off to discuss the conflagration.—London Globe.

THE EDITOR.

BEFORE.

Who in his sanctum sits up late,
And strives, with sentences of weight,
To set to right affairs of state?
The editor. Admire him!

Who deeply molds the public thought?
For money who can no'er be bought?
Who always for the right has fought?
The editor. Respect him!

Who notes what great men do and say,
And files oblivion away
When they shall die, to print next day?
The editor. Revere him!

Who gives us cure for cough or cold,
Who suffers patiently and long
And seldom uses language strong?
The editor. Don't chide him!

Who ignorance must ne'er confess,
Who knows of all things more or less—
Or what he don't know sure can guess?
The editor. Consult him!

When youthful talent seeks to rise,
Who views its growth with friendly eyes,
Its merits quick to recognize?
The editor. Oh, bless him!

AFTER.

Who doth good judgment sadly lack,
Who has of taste not o'er a smack?
Who sent my little poem back?
The editor. Confound him!

—Exchange.

I AM CONTENTED.

The soldier said as he was called to die:
"I am contented;
But tell my mother in the village,
My sweetheart in the cottage,
To pray for me with folded hands."

The soldier's dead; his mother and his sweetheart,
They pray for him with folded hands.
They dug his grave upon the battlefield,
And all the earth was red
Wherein they laid him.
The sun beheld him thus, and said:
"I am contented."

And flowers clustered on his grave
And were contented there to bloom.
And when the wind would roar
Among the trees,
Then asked the soldier from his deep, dark grave:
"Was it the flag that fluttered?"
"Nay!" said the wind, "my gallant hero,
Nay; thou hast died in battle, but the flag
Hath won the day. Thy comrades
Have carried it away full happily."
Then said the soldier from his deep, dark grave:
"I am contented."

And then he hearkened to the wandering
Of herds and shepherds, and he asked:
"Is that the din of battle?"
"Nay!" they said; "nay, my gallant hero;
For thou art dead; the war is over;
Thy fatherland is free and happy."
Then said the soldier from his deep, dark grave:
"I am contented."

And then he hearkened to the lovers' laughter;
And thus the soldier asked:
"Are these the people's voices, who remember
me?"
"Nay!" spake the lovers; "nay, my gallant hero,
For we are they who never do remember;
For spring hath come, and all the earth is smiling;
We must forget the dead."
Then said the soldier from his deep, dark grave:
"I am contented."

—Carmen Silva in Independent.

THE USE OF COFFEE.

A Writer Who Holds It to Be a Blessing to Poor and Rich.

We are persuaded, from our observation of many years in Greece and Turkey, that the moderate use of pure coffee is, one might almost say, a blessing to rich and poor. Excess in its use, or the use of it at all, except when the decoction is made from the genuine coffee berry, and properly made, is beyond any question an evil. One must live in the East for a while, or if not there confine himself to partaking of the beverage in other countries where the character of the cafe, or the house where it is served, is a guarantee of the purity, to appreciate what a cup of coffee really means. It is a recognized fact that the mixture drunk by the majority of people in Europe and our own country under the name of coffee is a vile, or, at the best, an adulterated compound of inferior berries, beans or other substitutes, and that when occasionally the genuine coffee berry is the basis of the hot fluid served at the hotels, railroad stations, restaurants and even in private houses, it is not prepared properly, and more frequently than otherwise injures the digestion and, consequently, the health of the constant drinker.

In Athens, broadly speaking, every third man indulges in cigarette smoking and coffee drinking, and this to an extent that astonishes the stranger. It is an every day sight, when entering an office or private sitting room, and not infrequently the family room, to see the tobacco box, cigarette paper and ash box lying on the table, and the visitor is expected, without invitation, to help himself and light his cigarette, as a preparation for, and a companion to, conversation. Little cups of black coffee follow as a matter of course, however early or late the hour may be. But the Greek does not confine his attentions to the coffee cup on these occasions. He often takes his first cigarette and his first cup in bed before rising, and continues the practice at intervals through the entire day. It is something akin to the habit of ice water drinking in the United States, but without the subtle, injurious results that follow an habitual use of cold liquids, which chill the stomach, impair the general health and produce decayed teeth. So far as our personal observation goes, strengthened by medical testimony, the Greeks in the condition of their general health do not support the theory that the habitual use of coffee injures the system or affects the eyesight.

The same is the case in Turkey. There coffee drinking is universal and continuous. The writer passed a greater part of four years in Constantinople, where he had occasion to call upon the officials of the Sublime Porte so frequently that it would be difficult to enumerate these official visits; and with few exceptions, when the visit was protracted to any length, black coffee, pure in quality and prepared with the grounds, was regularly served in small, delicate cups. All Turks, from the highest to the lowest, indulge in the beverage, a few swallows at a time, throughout the day, and without any evil effects. What makes the fact more remarkable is that neither the sedentary habits of the Turk nor the quick, energetic temperament of the Greek seems to be affected by the perpetual imbibing of this beverage. Spectacles, it may be remarked, are as little used in Turkey as in Greece; nor are complaints of the eyes more prevalent, if we except ophthalmia, which is brought from Egypt and exists chiefly among the unclean and dissolute lower orders. An old pasha once told us that he considered coffee to be one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed by Allah to the faithful, not only from its grateful aroma, but from its health preserving qualities. He referred, of course, to the "divine berry" of Mocha, and not to the questionable compound served up in the "infidel" countries of the west.—North American Review.

ILLUSTRIOUS SECONDS.

Some Notable Reproductions of Ideas in Literature—Evolution Inexorable.

All great writers have imitated here and there, but always consciously and for their own amusement solely. Many of these reproductions have been very brilliant, but upon no one of them has the fame of an author ever rested. When Coleridge wrote his remarkable paraphrase of the Bible, "The Wanderings of Cain," it was undoubtedly an event in the literary world, and brought him great praise; but if Coleridge had never written "Cristabel," or "The Ancient Mariner," or "Kubla Khan," what niche in literature's temple would Coleridge occupy today? Byron, in his "Heaven and Earth," wrote a description of the flood which for dramatic power, vivid portrayal and stupendous strength, far exceeds the Bible's picture; but because the flood had been the Bible's peculiar property for hundreds of years before Byron was born, so it will continue to hold its rights to the end of time.

To come down in the scale, "St. Elmo" and "Rutledge" owed their great vogue to the popularity of "Jane Eyre" and the inspiration their authors drew from that famous novel. The duchess and Helen Mathers pressed their lips to the fever stricken mouth of Rhoda Broughton and took the disease in a milder form. Rita and Amelie Rives have snatched the falling mantle of Ouida, divided it in half and wound it so closely about themselves that it has become an extra cuticle and could only be removed by a surgical operation.

Great original genius is only recognized and admitted after a desperate fight, because there is no greater coward than the intellectual public. The well furnished and critical brain has every shelf of its cells fitted up with the lore upon which centuries or generations of public approval have set their seal. It knows that to admire that choice library is both safe and proper: it gives one dignity and it gives one pleasure. Anything, therefore, which is radically different from the inhabitants of those precious shelves must perforce be worthless.

People do not stop to compare or even to remember the difference between the succeeding literatures of past generations. Think of the monotony of the world's letters if no original minds had ever come to break loose from traditions, inaugurate new schools and plant new ideas! Suppose the glorious galaxy now illuminating our past had succumbed to the inevitable fire of public protestation, what sort of a literature would we have today? Unquestionably the literature of one generation, even of one decade, is the natural result of the literature immediately preceding it; evolution is inexorable. But upon this force of heredity operate the great and complex forces of the times, and the man who is thrust head and shoulders above the mass, as the target of his generation and a landmark for posterity, is he in whom both forces have met and been ignited by the divine spark that shot in his unborn brain, whence no man can tell.—Gertrude Franklin Atherton in North American Review.

No Apology Necessary.

A Michigan avenue car stopped at Second street yesterday to permit a young lady and a gentleman to get on.

As the former, who was young as well as pretty, passed forward to accept a seat offered her, she tripped over the outstretched foot of an individual who was sitting at the rear of the car.

In an instant she was almost at full length in the bottom of the car. The exclamations of the passengers and the black looks they directed at the extended stumbling block should have caused its owner to sink through the seat. Quicker almost than she went down, however, she was on her feet again, and gracefully acknowledging the courtesy of the gentleman who surrendered his seat.

She was greatly embarrassed, and her escort looked like a thunder cloud and as if he would like to punch the head of the fellow who had caused all the trouble. But he didn't. He contented himself with occasionally stepping vigorously on the still extended and offending foot. There did not seem to be the least sign of consciousness from its owner, while the passengers awaited the denouement. Finally, with a lurch from the car as an excuse, the foot received another ferocious dig that was so pronounced as to almost twist the man out of the seat. Thinking that perhaps he had really injured the man, the escort muttered an excuse that was received in great equanimity, with the gratifying explanation:

"Oh, don't apologize; it's a wooden one and used to being stepped on."—Detroit News.

Farm Life in China.

A farmer may be hired by the year for from $8 to $14, with food, clothing, head shaving and tobacco. Those who work by the day receive from eight to ten cents, with a noonday meal. At the planting and harvesting of rice, wages are from ten to twenty cents a day, with five meals; or thirty cents a day without food. Few land owners hire hands, except for a few days during the planting and harvesting of rice. Those who have more land than they and their sons can till, lease it to their neighbors.

Much land is held on leases given by ancient proprietors to clansmen whose descendants now till it, paying from $7 to $14 worth of rice annually for its use.

Food averages little more than a dollar a month for each member of a farmer's family. One who buys, cooks and eats his meals alone spends from one and a half to two dollars a month upon the raw material and fuel. Two pounds of rice, costing three and a half cents, with relishes of salt fish, pickled cabbage, cheap vegetables and fruits, costing a cent and a half, is the ordinary allowance to each laborer for each day. Abernethy's advice to a luxurious patient, "Live on sixpence a day and earn it," is followed by nearly every Chinaman. One or two dependent relatives frequently share with him the sixpence.—Adele M. Field in Popular Science Monthly.

Experiments with Splints.

In 1835 one of the well known lights of English modern surgery began making experiments, looking to the ultimate invention of a splint that would hold the head in an upright position when the neck could no longer be used for that purpose on account of fracture. In the course of his experiments he tried powdered egg shells and plaster of Paris in equal parts. The great diversity in the sizes of the human neck rendered this apparatus almost useless.

A few years later, probably about 1842, an eminent New York surgeon tried the virtues of closely woven cloth bandages which had been previously dipped in a solution of plaster of Paris and whites of eggs.

He must have cried "Eureka!" upon the first application of his newly discovered and curiously treated bandages, for they worked like a charm; the albumen of the egg supplied the necessary adhesive component; the plaster of Paris caused it to set firm and hold the parts immovable. The plaster cast splint was soon superseded by the light and airy albumo plaster bandages.

Broken neck is placed on the list of the modern surgeon as one of the curable accidents incident to humanity, provided the spinal cord has not been lacerated by the broken bones or drawn out too far to admit of it being reduced to its normal state by the head being pressed downwards, backwards or sidewise at the time of the accident. There is one case on record where the patient recovered after the cord had been drawn out two inches by the head being pressed down upon the breast at the time of the accident.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

They Need Nerve.

"Engineers at rest, sitting in the narrow cabs of their engines, lying at the depot waiting for the signal to start, often look to be a sleepy set of fellows," said the man the other night who runs the limited to Alliance. "Do you know," he continued, addressing a reporter, "that engineers are always wide awake when they seem to be indifferent to events happening around them? There are few things that escape their vigilant eyes. Many people have an idea that engineers 'go it blind' and trust entirely to the block system and the acuteness of good telegraph operators, but if they did this there would be wrecks and lives lost every day.

"A good engineer is always on the lookout. We see plenty of things ahead of us that harrow our nerves and make the hair stand up straight, but as long as the passengers behind us don't know it and we all escape uninjured, we heave a sigh of relief and say nothing. I tell you, it is no easy matter to hold a throttle, shoot around sharp curves and watch for obstructions. An engineer looks down for a moment at the connecting rods of the locomotive, moving backward and forward with lightning like rapidity. He doesn't know at what minute a pin may break and one of the rods knock his brains out as he leans out of the cab.

"We have to make schedule time, the road is full of curves, and we are likely to bang into these trains as we pass them. Little do people know how rasping it is on the nerves to be continually making narrow escapes, and yet one invariably feels that some day he is bound to 'get it in the neck.' It is the uncertainty of the business that is so trying."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Some Facts About Tea.

Tea came into use almost by accident. Some Buddhist priests, going on a missionary expedition from northern India to China, took with them the dried leaves and also some cuttings of an indigenous shrub which was said to have the power of correcting any injurious properties in the brackish water they might meet with on the way. The decoction thus made pleased the missionaries so well that they continued, as a matter of taste, to drink it after they had reached China, and introduced it to their converts. They also set about planting the precious shrub, and although it did not thrive so well in China as in its native Assam, becoming smaller both in stem and leaf, it was so well liked that it soon formed the foundation of the favorite beverage of all China. Thence it was brought to Europe, to be drunk and desired by Englishmen of every degree. And it is only of late years that Assam tea has come into the European market, to be looked upon rather suspiciously as the rival of its own degenerated Chinese daughter.—London Standard.

Birds and Telegraph Wires.

It has been supposed that birds become accustomed to the presence of telegraph wires, and are careful to avoid them in flying, but it would seem either that this is a mistake, or that the birds on the Scotch and English moors are less intelligent than their fellows. Systematic observation there along a line of telegraph wires has shown that great destruction of bird life goes on throughout the year, and that at certain seasons the roadside is literally strewn with the remains of unfortunate grouse, black game partridge, snipe and other birds. Every morning at dawn marauding bands of rooks come from the lowland woods to feast on the dead and dying, and the farmers and shepherds in the region declare that more grouse are killed annually by the telegraph wires than by all the sportsmen.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Case of Mind Cure.

A correspondent of The Fairfield (Me.) Journal gives the following instance of mind cure in the early days of that town: Dr. Thayer, who lived near what was called the Back Meeting House, was one of the best physicians in the county, but his skill was no avail in the case of his wife, who kept her bed for more than two years. One day there was no grown person about the house and her little boy came running in with a bad cut on his finger or hand, bleeding profusely. With true motherly forgetfulness of self, she sprung up, found bandages and properly dressed the wound; then, sitting down to rest, she looked around; everything seemed so pleasant and she felt so nicely, she decided not to take her bed again, and she did not. She lived several years in the enjoyment of comfortable health.

Dyspepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the demon dyspepsia and install instead eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for dyspepsia and all diseases of the liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at 50c and $1 per bottle by David Dowty, druggist.

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They that stand high have many blasts to shake them.

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.

It was just at ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could not live but a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottle of this wonderful discovery free at David Dowty's drug-store.

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The above cut shows evidence of Mr. Johnston's mistake. His wife having sent him for "GOLD DUST," but by some misapprehension he brought home soap greatly to her dissatisfaction. After a house-wife has once used

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