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HARVEST.

The South wind breathes a chant as it goes,
Blessing the ripened ears that bend
And murmur low as if each one knows
The warm South wind as the touch of a friend.
The inland sea has no epic song
Of storm and conquest and trophies rare;
The sweet South wind as it sweeps along
Has no note in it of fear or care.
The golden strings of the inland sea
Sound rich full chords of a grateful land;
Plenty and Peace are all that I see
Where the bursting wheat ears nodding stand;
Garners full with a yellow store,
Cupboards once empty no longer bare,
Labor repaid, nor craving more,
Joy and contentment everywhere.

—*London Society.*

DOCTOR GEORGE.

About the only earthly possession of any value George Hixson had on his twenty-second birthday was a handsome diploma of parchment tied up with a blue ribbon. The diploma was from a medical college of very high standing, and George had worked hard and faithfully for four long years for that diploma. That he deserved it made it a valuable possession.

He had with it a good deal of capital in the shape of courage, enthusiasm, faith in himself and the world. He was honest, manly and patient, and could begin life at the right end of the ladder. He was so poor that he had to walk part way from the college to his old home, the village of Sharon. The first man he met at the end of his tiresome journey was old Enoch Lampson, a man who had known George from the day of his birth.

"How de do, George, how de do? Home again, eh?" was the old man's greeting.

"Yes, sir," replied George, "home to stay this time."

"So yer a full fledged pill maker, an' ready to go into partnership with old Billy, our graveyard sexton, hey?" asked the old man, with poor wit.

George felt disposed to resent this, but he did not.

"Ye don't cal'clate on settlin' down here in Sharon, do ye?" continued old Enoch.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Wall, now, I duno—I duno 'bout that, George."

"Why shouldn't I begin here?" asked the young man; "I hear that old Dr. Edmonds has died lately, and no one has yet come to take his place. Why should I not do so? I am young—"

"That's hit, George! that's hit!" interrupted old Enoch; "yer too young; that's jist whar the shoe pinches. Leastwise, that's one place whar hit pinches. 'Nuther thing is that—that—"

The old man scratched his head in evident confusion. He looked keenly at the young man, whose face began to flush.

"Wal," resumed the old man, "you know as well as anybody, George, jiss w'at yer fam'ly connections is; you know that—"

"I know it so well that you need not take the trouble to enlighten me any further on the subject," replied the young man, very quickly; "I know to my sorrow that my father was a common drunkard, and that I am generally known as 'old Joe Hixson's son.' I know that my eldest brother followed in my father's footsteps, and was killed in a drunken brawl in this town. My other brother has gone to the bad, too. But I know, as you know, too, Mr. Lampson, that my mother was as good a woman as ever lived through years of shame and suffering, to die at last of a broken heart."

"That's even so, George," admitted the old man. "I knowed your mother when she was purty Mary Jackson, 'fore it was ever her misfortune to know yer reperbate father, an' she was, as you say, as good a woman as ever drawed breath; but h'i's yer father's name you've got, an' the name o' Hixson don't stan' very high in these parts. But I'll say fer you, George, that I hain't a word to say agin you pussonally an' individooly. I am free ter say an' b'lieve that yer of a mind ter do what's right, an' that you want to raise yer name far 'bove the o'jecum that's now on hit."

"I do want that," was the young man's earnest reply," and it's strange if the Christian people of this town refuse to give me help and encouragement. My own record here is clear; I am not ashamed to have it read. Of course, I am young, and most people are a little afraid of young physicians; but all physicians were once young, and I must have a beginning, you know.

"Now, I have studied faithfully, carefully, even prayerfully, for four long years. I have spent every dollar I had educating myself. No one knows of the deprivations I have had to suffer for this," and he held up his diploma as he spoke.

"I have earned it," he went on; "it is my own by right of four years of hard study. Of course, I know of the opposition I will probably meet with in the beginning. I am young; I know more of theory than of practice so far. But there are several reasons why I want to locate here in my boyhood's home. I am bound to win in the end; you will see that I do."

"Wall, George, I hain't a thing ag'in you myself. I wish you well as far as I'm concerned. Yer gritty; I remember that you had that streak in you when you was a little youngster. But I jist made up my mind that I'd tell you fair and square what the chances wuz for an' ag'in you here."

"I am greatly obliged, I'm sure," said George, "but I was prepared for all you have told me. I feel that I shall succeed in the end. 'Commit thy way unto the Lord. Trust also in Him, and he shall bring it to pass.' There is the foundation of my faith and courage, Mr. Lampson. I have often proved the truth of that most helpful and most blessed promise. It gives me courage and confidence now. I know it will not fail me."

But there were many days and weeks and months after that when poor George's courage and confidence almost failed him.

Old Enoch had truthfully said:

"Dr. George will have a hard row to hig."

He had, indeed. The name of Hixson was in bad repute in and around Sharon. The people were prejudiced against the poor young fellow, although they could not but admit that his own character was above reproach. They had known him from his baby days up, and it did not "seem natural" to call him Dr. Hixson. And he was so proud of that hard-earned title.

Those who used it at all call him "Doctor George;" that took away half the dignity for him, and was a familiarity he resented in secret, although he dared not do so openly. Others called him "Doc," and that was simply galling to the high strung young man. He was daily hurt by covert or open sneers. Even children ridiculed him and his new title.

Could anything be more exasperating than to have a crowd of ill-bred urchins assemble in front of his poor, shabby little office, while one of their number sung out:

Doctor, doctor, kin you tell
What will make a sick man well?
Grease his heels and tar his nose,
And that will do, I suppose.

The doctor's office was a shabby little affair, and he was quite too poor to make it better. It had no carpet, no pictures, nothing but a cheap desk, a chair or two and the few old but valuable books which comprised the doctor's library. Appearances go a good way toward a physician's success or failure, no matter how greatly we may effect to underrate them. He should be well dressed. A shabby man can never assume a dignified appearance. His office should be neat and inviting. It augurs ill for the amount of a man's practice if his office is as shabby as poor Doctor George's was.

If the young fellow could only have had a chance. But there were the people sending ten miles to K—, a neighboring town, for Dr. Graves, who could ride over in his carriage and count their pulse-beats by a magnificent gold watch. His clothes were of the best and tailor-made, and he had graduated from the same college from which Dr. George's diploma had come. His father had left him a moderate fortune and he could begin his career in a manner becoming a physician.

And then George had to sit in his dreary office, in his frayed and patched garments, waiting for the patients that would not come, while Dr. Graves went driving by day after day. Every few days the disturbed and dejected young doctor heard rumors of a rival coming to Sharon, and the village paper openly published in its columns that "An experienced and competent physician will do well to locate in Sharon."

After that Doctor George thought he would really have to seek a new field of labor, and in depest despondency he feared that he had perhaps relied too much on the promise that had so long encouraged and consoled him.

But he read another promise, solemn and sweet, to his troubled heart:

"I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

"It will all come right in the end," he said; but the end seemed so far away.

He would be only "old Joe Hixson's son" to these people all the days of his life. There was no end to that shame and sorrow. The sins of a drunken and depraved father were visited upon the head of a son who was deserving of the world's honor and esteem. He had risen above them into the beauty and glory of a pure and noble manhood. Through shame and sorrow, discouragement and poverty, he had struggled up to a higher and a better life, and yet the good people of Sharon daily made him look backward to the life he had left. And no friendly hand was stretched forth to help him onward.

"It is really surprising to see the assurance 'old Joe Hixson's son' displays," said Mrs. Colonel Giddings, the wealthiest woman in Sharon, "with his antecedents, to set himself up for our physician."

During six months Dr. George had but two patients. One of them was a boy who had cut his finger badly, and the other was a child with the colic. He had not, however, wasted his time. He had studied and learned much.

But at last he made up his mind to go out West. Hope had died out in his heart. The people of Sharon were determined to ignore him. He could not succeed there. He need not be "old Joe Hixson's son" among strangers. But there were those precious promises!

"They will be fulfilled yet in the Lord's own time and place," he said, cheerfully. "He probably means that I shall go away from here to something better than I have dared hope for."

So he made ready to go. The home of his childhood was dear to him, and he was fond of familiar faces, even if they were not always kindly. He had always felt timid about going among total strangers. But his poor little trunk was packed, and he had gone around saying good-bye to the few friends who cared to say good-bye to him. He intended going on Tuesday.

On Monday afternoon a little tow-headed boy met him on the street.

"Say, you, Doctor George," he said, "my ma wants you to come up to our house and see if there's anything the matter of our Tommy; 'cause if there is ma wants to send for Doctor Graves."

The insulting message made the blood fairly tingle in the young doctor's veins. But the next moment he laughed.

"Oh! well, it don't matter," he said; "I'll go. It will help me to say truthfully that I've had some practice."

Tommy was the very urchin who had sung the hateful doggerel before Dr. George's office.

The young physician examined the boy carefully; then he said:

"Well, Tommy, my boy, it will take something more than grease on your heels and tar on your nose to make you well; you have the small-pox."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy's mother, sharply; "I don't believe you know small-pox from the measles. I'll send for Dr. Graves right off."

"Very well, madame," said Dr. George, politely bowing himself out.

But late that evening Tom's mother came crying to Dr. George.

"Dr. Graves wouldn't come," she said; "he was going to, but when he heard that it looked like small-pox with Tommy he said he wasn't well, and just sent some medicine that ain't done him a bit of good. If you would come up, sir!"

It was the first time he had been addressed as "sir" for many a day.

"Of course I will go," he said.

That was the beginning of Doctor George's practice in Sharon. Within ten days there were fourteen cases of small-pox. The annals of the little town contain a record of how it was scourged by that fearful disease. Before the end came there were one or more cases in nearly every house. The means taken to prevent the spread of the disease had proved ineffectual. At last the town was quarantined.

When Dr. Graves was sent for a second time it was discovered that he had suddenly been called away "on business." He stayed away all winter.

Dr. George went back to his empty office after seeing Tommy a second time. He unpacked his trunk, lighted a candle, and began to read a certain medical work. He read until midnight, until 1, 2, 3 o'clock, until the dawn of day, that found him on his bended knees, prayerful, and even tearful. He felt that there had been given him work to do—that a change was coming in his life.

He became a tower of strength to those stricken people. He was doctor, nurse, consoler—more than he thought he ever should be to suffering creatures.

His success with Tommy was assured within a few days, and others came eagerly after him. His skill in baffling the disease was wonderful. Had he not the heavenly help? There were few deaths, and many people came forth, their fair and blooming cheeks unmarked by the dread disease.

Mrs. Colonel Giddings' beautiful daughter was stricken down while making preparations to fly from the town.

Mrs. Giddings' own carriage came for "old Joe Hixson's son." His contaminated presence was in her splendid parlors and in her daughter's dainty room. His skill and careful watching brought her beautiful daughter forth with all of her girlish loveliness unharmed.

He had hardly time to eat or sleep for many days. His very presence gave hope and courage to the suffering. He escaped the contagion, but when his last case was dismissed he was utterly exhausted, and quietly left the village for a week or two of rest. When he returned his heart sank within him. In the window of one of the handsomest office-rooms in the town he saw the word "Physician" in great letters of gold. Handsome curtains were before the windows. Everything indicated that the new-comer had been a successful man. He hardly dared to read the name on the door. When he did he read:

"Dr. George H. Hixson."

"Go 'long in an' see how you like it," said old Enoch Lampson, who stood grinning on the pavement.

The amazed young doctor opened the door and went into a beautiful office. A handsome carpet and rugs covered the floor, walnut and mahogany chairs with velvet and plush cushions were in corners, a mahogany table and secretary stood in the room, pictures and ornaments were on the wall, books filled a walnut bookcase with a silken curtain. Back of this pretty room was one for a private office, fitted up in the handsomest style.

"I—I—don't understand it," said Doctor George.

"Don't, hey?" queried old Enoch. "Wall, hit's a little s'prise fixed up fer you by Mrs. Colonel Giddings an' the rest of us. 'Bout the hull town hed a finger in it. Hit's all yer own, an' all paid for. I reckon you hain't lost nothin' by trustin' in the Lord. He gin'rally bring His promise to pass, you know."—*Boston Examiner.*

A Physician's Secret.

A pathetic story is told by the English medical journals. Dr. Warburg compounded for many years a valuable remedy for malarious diseases, which was especially useful in tropical climates. General Gordon, when he was governor-general of the Soudan, declared that he owed his life to it, and the English medical profession came to regard it as one of the most powerful febrifuges. Professor W. C. Maclean appealed to Dr. Warburg to reveal the secret of its composition for the benefit of medical science. The request was heeded and the formula, which had previously been a well-guarded secret, was published in the London *Lancet*. The consequences were disastrous to the inventor's fortunes. Druggists in England and India prepared the remedy themselves and sold it for their own benefit. The inventor's income was taken away as soon as he parted with his secret, and his profits went to the wholesale and retail drug trade. The government of India made a grant of $1,000 to him in token of its appreciation of the value of the remedy. Otherwise the world was indifferent to his fate. He is now in destitute circumstances at the age of eighty-one, and the English medical journals are making appeals to the profession to relieve his poverty.

The *Medical Record*, in which we find the details of this interesting case, readily concedes the hardship and personal sacrifice of the man, who gave to "tropical medicine a powerful weapon to contend with a disease that kills twice as many victims as cholera and smallpox put together" It returns, however, an emphatic negative to the question: "Shall a physician keep secret his formulæ?" It maintains that whatever injustice may fall upon the individual, it would be demoralizing to the profession and injurious to the public if physicians attempted to make secrets of their favorite and most helpful remedies.

Egyptian Houses.

The towns on the Egyptian shores of the Red sea stand along the borders of the khors which come from the mountains back of them, which find their way through many shallow channels to the sea. These channels, which are dry three-fourths of the year, are passage ways, or streets, of the villages. The houses stand on the slightly higher ground between the channels. They are scattered about in a very irregular manner. The better class of houses are thus constructed: First, a framework is made of boughs and branches of the acacia tree; then a wattling of straw is woven closely among the boughs of roof and sides, so as to make a water-proof covering for the interior. Around the houses of the chief men inclosures of similar construction are made to keep prying eyes from peering into the sacred precincts of the harem within. The huts of the poorer people are mere tent-shaped structures, lightly covered with skins of animals or with coarse matting.

In San Francisco there are 300 Chinese laundries employing 3,000 men, the value of which is roughly estimated at $250,000.

AMONG THE LOG DRIVERS.

HOW THE HARDY FELLOWS WORK AND ENJOY THEMSELVES.

The Perilous Positions in Which They Place Themselves When Breaking a "Jam."

A Bangor (Me.) letter to the New York *World* describes the life of those hardy, daring, red-shirted fellows who drive the logs cut by the woodsmen through the tumbling, rushing streams and the swift waters of the Penobscot to the booms, whence they are distributed by their various owners to the mills: The principal drives are from the east and west branches of the Penobscot, the Mattawamkeag, the Piscataquis, Pleasant and Passadumkeag rivers, all tributaries of the one great watercourse.

Driving logs is a laborious and often dangerous occupation. When the winter work of cutting the logs is over and the icy brooks and streams are full of the great spruce, pine and hemlock trunks, the axe-swingers come out and the lumbermen engage their driving crews. To be a driver one must be active, fearless and equally indifferent to cold water and hard work. The drivers are generally Tarratine Indians, a liberal sprinkling of that much detested class known as the "P. E. I.'s"—Prince Edward's Islanders. The crews, with their bosses, go to where the logs are stocked, part of the way by rail and then by team, batteau or on foot.

Arriving at their destination they start the logs in the quick water and follow them down along the shore. If there were no falls, no edges or other obstructions the work would be easy, but if a single log of the rushing mass sticks on the brink of a dam, or is caught against a rock, thousands of others are stopped thereby and a jam ensues. This must be broken up at all hazards and some one must go out upon the logs at the risk of his life and, with what is known as a "cant-dog," set the mass in motion again. If he makes a misstep, or the obstructing log yields at an unlucky moment, the driver disappears in the whirl of waters and goes down to his death, and if his mangled remains be found it will not be until weeks afterward, many miles below.

One of the drivers I met to day. He was of muscular build, with that hearty manner peculiar to Penobscot rivermen. He had just "come down" and was quite communicative, talking intelligently, if unduly loud, as he punched the floor of the boarding-house bar-room full of holes with the steel calks in the soles of his shoes. He wore the conventional driver's dress—heavy trousers, red shirt, woolen socks and pendorous boots or shoes. I asked him why his boots were cut in several places at the toes. "Oh," said he, "that is to let the water which pours over me out and keep my feet from scalding." He said that driving was hard work until one became used to it: then there was a fascination about it which always kept one at the work. The driver, he said, is out day and night, as circumstances demand. Sometimes two or three men are sent ahead of the main body to keep the logs running free past a point where a jam is likely to occur. They are given a junk of salt pork, a frying pan, a dry codfish and a quantity of hard bread, as the task may require days. At night this advance guard build a big fire and sleeps on the ground.

"Once," said the driver, "on the west branch of the Penobscot, I and a companion were delegated to look out for a jam below and ahead of the main body of logs. We had no boat, and when a log stuck out in the stream we had to paddle out on a big spruce trunk to clear it away. In returning we landed in four feet of water, the big log grounded, and we had to wade ashore waist deep in the icy water. A fierce storm was in progress, and the walk back to camp was anything but pleasant. At another time I was with a crew trying to get some logs out of a small brook in which the water was low. It looked as though the logs would stay there all summer when we turned in one night at a little cabin on the shore. My friend had an upper bunk, in which he slept soundly until early morning, when he jumped out of his bunk. He landed in two feet of water, in which the cabin furniture was floating. There had been a heavy rain and the little brook had overflowed its banks."

The driver's work begins in the latter part of April and lasts until July 15 or a month later. A green hand is paid $1.12 per day; fairly good men $1.75 to $2.50; an experienced man $2.75, and a boatman $3, beside food, which is principally of beans. Woodmen have beans three times a day, drivers four times, with molasses for sweetness and dried apples as an anti-scorbutic. The woodsmen and drivers receive their money on arriving here and it generally amounts to from $200 to $300. The red shirters spread red paint at high cost for a week or two, the cheap bars and boarding-houses reap a harvest, the police station is crowded and then all is quiet on the Penobscot.

The Useful Thorn Plant.

The espinosilla, or thorn plant, says Marcial Oropeza, a well known Mexican naturalist, is a native of Mexico, and abounds in various parts of the republics, principally near this capital, at San Angel, Texcoco, Santa Fe, etc. It is one of those beautiful wild plants which adorns the plains of Mexico, and is found particularly in cold, dry spots. It has been thus christened because on touching it a sensation is felt similar to that which a plant covered with thorns would produce.

The Aztecs, lacking soap, so necessary to their health and their happiness, found its substitute in the espinosilla. They agitated a bough in the water and it produced a lather with which they washed, using the plant as a scrub bush. Even to-day it is used by women as a hair preservative, having extraordinary powers in that direction. But its most useful application is a medicinal to fight fevers, as it is an excellent diaphoretic. Its ancient name is beautiful. Hoitzitzilxochoti, a compound word, hoitzitzil—humming bird, and xochoti, a flower; thus translated, meaning "flower of the humming bird."

The Spaniards called it huichichile, signifying sparrow, a name given it on account of the resemblance between the color of the flower and that of a sparrow's head plumes.—*Two Republics, Mexico*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Hats are still large and bonnets small.

Ladies as well as gentlemen now wear traveling caps.

There are 18,601 female students in the American colleges.

Mediæval designs in gold are seen in gauze scarfs for trimming hats.

Pendent trimmings of all descriptions are more and more fashionable.

Ladies in Paris have just now a craze for adopting white rabbits as pets.

New bonnets for autumn are provided with ribbon strings to tie under the chin.

Wall lamps of all kinds and varieties are very much in vogue for any sort of a room.

Young ladies are writing with quills since sealing wax and stamps came in fashion.

The most marked feature of the fall dresses is the absence of the "bunchy" side draperies.

Pretty dresses are made entirely of the piece wool laces, and are lined with surahs the color of the lace.

Decorated fans of gauze, mounted on ebony or pearl sticks, are more fashionable than the finest lace and feather fans.

It is fashionable in London to burn Japanese pastilles after the fish course, to disguise the faint odor it leaves behind.

Miss Adelaide Randolph, a niece of Mrs. Garfield, has been made professor of Latin in the State university of Kansas.

Gauze draperies are carried from right to left and lose themselves in the drapery of the skirt, or terminate in full plastrons or fichus.

There are a great many parasols just now with the pattern of the black lace run in gold, the lace falling is festoons beyond the parasol.

The Princess Beatrice has over two hundred pairs of walking shoes. The princess should have married a man rich enough to keep a horse.

The New York *Ledger* declares that American girls of the present have more beauty than the American girls of a quarter of a century ago.

In the streets black toilets are more frequently worn than ever; some have narrow plastrons of very finely plaited white cambric or percale.

Jenny June accuses English girls of tight lacing, and says they carry it to a much greater degree of absurdity than fashionable American girls do.

Sewing-silk grenadines in small armure designs, or with jet figures and profusely trimmed with lace, is the most genteel gown a lady who prefers black can wear.

The widow of the Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, is now forty-five years of age. The doctors note an extraordinary improvement in her condition and anticipate a complete recovery.

Moire is particularly in favor for bridal dresses. It is used with crepe de chine and lace. The soft folds of the crepe fall naturally, and give a graceful and elegant appearance to the whole toilet.

Cotton poplin is a fine material ribbed in the length, and so like wool that is is impossible to detect the difference till held in the hand; it is a serious rival of crepon for seaside and dainty country toilets, being so supple, and therefore wearing to perfection.

The first coffee ever raised in the United States is credited to Mrs. Atzeroth, who successfully produced it at her plantation near Manatee, Fla., in 1880. She has now twenty-five coffee trees and says that with proper cultivation coffee can flourish in that latitude.

A house made of beaten gold was a bridal gift in London recently. Whenever one touches a secret spring a door of emeralds and diamonds would open and there could be seen within a fine portrait. Mlle. De Bravura, who was married to Mr. Stanhope, was the recipient of the gift.

Tulle veils are made very long and quite envelop the figure. They are fastened on the head with fancy pins. Flowers are not as much worn in the hair by brides at present; orange blossoms are usually pinned about the corsage and skirt. If the sleeves are quite short gloves should reach them, and should be pure white or cream, according to the tint of the dress.

A new and elegant evening dress has a simple foundation of black surah silk, cut princess, and made low in the neck and without sleeves. Over this clouds of black tulle are looped, and very full ruching of tulle borders the foot of the gown, with tiny bunches of honeysuckle, bright red in color, caught in the center of each group of plaits. Large bunches of honeysuckle are caught among the draperies, and the shoulder straps seems to be made entirely of the pretty flowers continued in outline round the low-cut neck.

Look at the Bright Side.

The following extract is from an address made at the University of Paris by M. Rene Goblet: Life, after all, is good and made to be enjoyed in all its agreeableness and beauty. You are young; cultivate with care three qualities, wit, vivacity, good humor. But do not take for a model those who see only the gay side of things and laugh at everything. Isn't one worthy of our race unless he turns everything into mockery? Believe me, it is a meager use of wit to know only how to belittle. Perpetual irony is often a mark of impotence. Listen still less to those who see only the somber side of life; the sad, the discouraged, to use a term of the day, the pessimistic. It is said that at the present moment a new school is forming among our youth, and that, refashioning formulas that have already passed away, or inspired by a more or less sincere philosophy, borrowed from other nations which have nothing in common with our own, they seek to lead the world towards melancholy and despair. Ah, my friends, shun especially these unhappy tendencies and these pernicious teachings! Sadness may perhaps inspire in a solitary genius immortal accents. It is not a doctrine to guide a nation. Truly, the coming time is not made for sterile discouragement nor for a philosophic or poetic weariness. Of this you should be fully convinced.

Benevolence is allied to few less vices; selfishness to fewer virtues.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

According to the traditions of the Jewish rabbis there was no physical illness among men before the flood.

A Wisconsin girl has horns growing on the sides of her head. She conceals them by a careful arrangement of her hair.

It was formerly customary in various parts of England to have a garland of flowers or sweet herbs carried before a maiden's coffin, and afterward to suspend it in the church.

It is asserted that crows have twenty-seven distinct cries, calls or utterances, each readily distinguishable from the other, and each having an unmistakable connection with a certain class of action.

Salamanders fell from the clouds during a heavy storm of rain and hail at Velasco, Mexico, recently. A curious fact in connection with the case is that no lizards of the kind are to be found in the lakes round about.

Mr. Carles says that at Phyong Yang, in Corea, the hats worn by the poor women are baskets 3½ feet long, 2½ wide and 2½ deep. The men wear a similar basket, but smaller. It requires both hands to keep it in place. Women of the better class wear a white cloak over their heads.

A foreign paper says that a French physician, at the time of the pestilence at Marseilles, wore, on his round of visits, an armor consisting of a short morocco gown, a helmet of the same material, and a nose stuffed with aromatics, in order that the air which carries infectious germs might be kept from him.

A health society in London finds by experiment that currents of air in a room have direction and angles definite as those of billiards. An illness of the Duchess of Connaught was caught on a sofa exposed to a draught of foul air from the basement, which would not reach her bed. Speaking tubes, pipes and hoists are all conductors of dangerous air from the lower regions of a house.

A Georgia paper says that before the war there was a bird in the South that fed exclusively on cockle burrs. At certain seasons of the year these birds would sweep down upon the fields and when they departed not a burr remained. The smell of burnt and burning powder for four years seems to have been too much for the burr-eaters, since now not a bird of the kind is to be found in the bush.

The rope that binds a murderer is utilized by those who know the superstitions of negroes. After an execution in Georgia a colored coachman got a piece of the rope and went among the negroes and sold the bits to them for charms. He had no trouble in finding buyers, the negroes all believing the little pieces of white rope to possess hidden and powerful charms for both evil and good. He said that he got from twenty-five to seventy-five cents for each bit of the "charm rope," realizing a handsome sum from his trade.

A Practical Lesson.

Mr. W. is quite an elderly, wealthy gentleman, having for his second wife a lady many years his junior, and much petted. Any expressed wish of hers he has at once gratified, if money could be the medium. One evening she remarked, in her charming way: "I saw to-day, at — store, a lovely camel's hair shawl, that I want ever so much. Would you bring me home to-morrow a check? It's only $1,500."

"Yes, dear," he replied, "I will bring the money," and the next evening, with the assistance of his porter, he did bring home, and placed on the parlor table, fifteen hundred silver dollars. At the sight of this pile of metal, weighing nearly a hundred pounds, the wife exclaimed: "What are you going to do with all that money?"

"Why, love, it's the money you wanted for the new shawl."

"Does it take all that to make $1,500? Why! I had no idea it meant so much. I will do without the shawl, and will put it all in the savings bank, if you will let me." She did so, and has since added several sums to the deposit. Mr. W. affirms, on his honor, that since that evening she has not asked for a quarter part so much money as before the incident. The above is not a fancy sketch. It all really happened.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Iron Crown.

During the middle ages the iron crown was the subject of much interest and superstition. It was a crown of gold, having inside of it a ring of iron, which was said to have been forged from the nails of Christ's cross, and it was made by order of Princess Theudelinde for her husband, Agilulf, king of the Lombards, in the year 591. The crown was afterward given by the queen to the church at Monza. Charlemagne used this crown at the ceremony of his coronation, and after him all the emperors who were also kings of Lombardy made similar use of it. Napoleon I. it is said, when at Milan in 1805, put this crown on his head, saying: "God has given it to me; woe to him who shall touch it." The "great woodman of Europe," as Victor Hugo called Napoleon, founded the Order of the Iron Crown, which still exists in Austria It fell into disuse after Napoleon's fall, but was revived by Francis I. in 1816, and is now regarded as a high honor in Austria. The iron crown was taken by the Austrians to Vienna in 1859, but was presented to the king of Italy in 1866, and is now among the royal treasures in Naples.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Food and Conscience.

Never go to bed in any danger of being hungry. People are kept awake by hunger quite as much as by a bad conscience. Remembering that sleep is the essential force which the whole scheme starts, decline tea or coffee within six hours before going to bed. If the women-kind insist, you may have your milk and water at the tea-table colored with tea; but the less the better. Avoid all mathematics or intricate study of any sort in the last six hours. This is the stuff dreams are made of, and hot heads, and the nuisances of waking hours. Keep your conscience clear. Remember that because the work of life is infinite, you cannot do the whole of it in any limited period of time, and that, therefore, you may just as well leave off in one place as another.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

CHESTNUTS.

The chestnuts brown are falling down
Where long, rich grass is deeply green;
The light is clear, the sky seems near
Where far-off purple hills are seen;
Wild hedge flowers make shady bowers,
Shading the warm sun's amber light;
A fleecy veil, transparent pale,
Melts away in the blue so bright.

The ivy's shade is softly laid
On the old wall where lichens grow,
Where soaring swallows' nests are made
In chestnut branches bending low.
Dreaming I lie beneath the sky
Listening to the linnet's tune,
While soft, white clouds above me fly,
And bees on thistles softly croon.

Like Robin Hood, in leafy wood,
I am sole monarch here to-day,
For Nature's subjects, kind and good,
No harsh, rebellious sounds display.
My monarch's crown, the chestnuts brown
That lightly fall upon my head,
The dewdrops here, on roses near,
Are all the tears my subjects shed.

—*Mrs. Henry O. Rogers, in the Current.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Sober thoughts—the kind that come next morning, you know.

Astronomers are generally peaceable men and yet a night hardly passes but they see stars.

When a miner has been eaten by a grizzly, the Western people speak of his as being admitted to the bar.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Ginger ale is said to be good for the blood. That's the reason the dude drinks ginger ale. The dude is a blood.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Cannibalism is still practiced by 1,250,000 people, and it is very evident that the demand for missionaries will long exceed the supply.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Lovers and burglars have some things in common. They both laugh at locksmiths, and they both have a good deal of cupidity about them.—*Boston Budget.*

Mixed with the sweetness there's some gall
In many young men's lives;
The pretty girls are angels all
Until they're wedded wives.

—*Boston Courier.*

The Atlanta *Constitution* propounds the editorial conundrum: "Does it pay to go in debt?" It certainly does. It's getting out of debt that grinds.—*Chicago News.*

An Ohio man has invented a practical thinking machine. It will be the greatest boon for dudes since the invention of the sword pointed shoe.—*Burlington Free Press.*

There is considerable similarity in one particular between a locust and a growing boy. It is supposed that a locust devours three times its own weight every fifteen days.—*Chicago Ledger.*

The citizens of Parsons, Kan., seldom question a stranger unless he is seen with a saddle and bridle on his arm. Then they simply ask him whether he prefers to be hung or shot.—*Free Press.*

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

Discretion's valor's better part.
And 'tis the wisest plan,
Whene'er your wife is mad, to start
Down town to see a man.

—*Boston Courier.*

Ella Wheeler sings "body and heart seemed shaken, thrilled and startled by that greeting." An enthusiastic admirer thinks that some big fisted fellow must have slapped Ella on the back and asked her how the weather suited her.—*New York Journal.*

My son, go catch the finny tribe,
And try and bring home plenty;
But should one weigh five or six pounds,
Why don't swear it weighed twenty.
Let all your thoughts, my gentle youth
Soar up for something higher,
And keep your friends from calling you
A piscatorial liar.

—*Evansville Argus.*

Eclipses of the Sun.

The eclipses of the sun are caused by the moon's passing between the earth and the sun. If the two bodies followed the same track in the heavens there would be an eclipse every new moon, but as the orbits are inclined, the moon generally passes above or below the sun, and there is no eclipse. Occasionally the sun is near one of the moon's nodes—the points were the planes of the orbits intersect—when it passes, and then an eclipse occurs. If the sun and the moon were always at the same position with regard to the earth, and always the same distance from it, the eclipses would always be of the same size. But as these conditions vary, so do the appearances of the eclipse. For instance, let us suppose that at the time of an eclipse the centre of the moon happens to pass direct over the centre of the sun. If the moon is near the point in the orbit which is at the least distance from the earth her apparent diameter will exceed that of the sun, and the latter will be quite hidden from view, and we have what is known as a total eclipse. Of course, even in this case, the eclipse will only appear total to the observers near the line joining the centres of the sun and moon. If, however, the three bodies occupy similar positions, but the distance between the earth and moon is greater, the whole of the sun is not covered by the moon, and the eclipse is annular. If the moon, however, does not pass centrally over the sun, it can only hide a part of the latter on one side or the other, and the eclipse is said to be partial. As the moon's orbit is quite elliptical, the distance of that body from the earth varies greatly. Its least distance is 221,000 miles, its greatest 259,600 miles.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The Fantee's Dead.

The Fantee of Africa is religious if anything. He lives in daily, hourly intercourse with departed friends, talks with them, sings to them, and feels that they are near him. We never meet an atheist in Guinea. He may revile his idol images when they do not please him, but he never disbelieves the ever-living principle of Good as well as the twin spirits of Evil. The Fantee is bound but by one tie—that of family. To its members he is ever kind and generous. His dead he buries under or near his house, that they may be near him. This custom, no doubt, is a relic of probably the first religion—the worship of the dead.—*Boston Bulletin.*

"Life is what we make it," and when you "make it" hearts, you want to get either a "lone hand" or a very good "pard."

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