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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

VOL. 25, No. 41. RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1893. WHOLE No. 1288.

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a Specialty. Also, all kinds of galvanized Iron work, and Stove and Furnace repairing.
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You will find a house full of goods,
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Today We Talk of Clothing

Special offerings throughout our entire stock of

Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's

SUITS!

Which will be a pleasure to those who have not yet seen our immense line of the above goods.

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Our $7.50, $9.00, $9.50, $10.00, $10.50, and $12.00 Suits Have been great sellers with us. If you have not purchased one of these magnificent Bargains, come early, before the choicest of the stock is gone.

OUR FANCY PERCALE SHIRTS in all grades can not be excelled in Fit, Workmanship or Style, they are fast sellers—they go like hot cakes on a cold Winter morning.

We may be the youngest, but we are by far the most VIGOROUS, HEALTHY, and LARGEST Clothing House in town. We sell goods on their merits, guaranteeing thorough excellence in every article sold.

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A sewed shoe that will not rip; Calf, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

The following are of the same high standard of merit:
$4.00 and $5.00 Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed.
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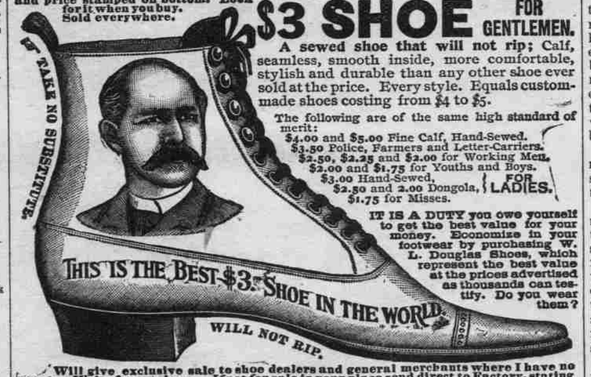
$2.00 and $1.75 for Youths and Boys.
$3.00 Hand-Sewed, $2.50 and 2.00 Dongola, $1.75 for Misses. } FOR LADIES.

IF IS A DUTY you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value at the prices advertised as thousands can testify. Do you wear them?



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An Arbor Day Song.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants a friend of sun and sky;
He plants the flag of breezes free;
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of a coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap, and leaf, and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good—
His blessing on the neighborhood
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.
—H. C. Bunner in the Century.

A PREMONITION.

We were lolling in a couple of easy chairs on the veranda one evening after dinner, Stanfield and I, when my friend sent the glowing stump of his cheroot pirouetting down the steps, and turning in his chair said, abruptly:

"Do you know, Dick, a man was shot once just where you're sitting?"

Naturally I was startled, and instead of replying to Stanfield's remark glanced uneasily down the long, ghostly veranda, of which the outer edge lay in bright moonlight, while the inner portion was wrapped in the dense shadow of the partly drawn bamboo jalousies.

"I know the feeling," said Stanfield, noting my uneasiness. "I never sit here of an evening without getting a creepy sensation all over me. The servants say the old bungalow is haunted, and I shouldn't wonder if they are right. Anyhow, if it isn't it ought to be, for the story connected with it is an uncanny one altogether. See that hole in the jalousies there on the right?"

"Do you mean the oblong slit just above the balustrade? 'Pon my word, against the moonlight it looks for all the world like a malignant eye!"

"So it is," said Stanfield, with a slight shiver. "It was through that hole Judge Robertson, my predecessor, was shot."

"Ah! I've heard there was a strange story connected with his death, but I know none of the particulars. Suppose you light another weed and talk me out of this creepy fit."

"Talk you into a worse one, more like," retorted Stanfield, striking a fusee. "I'll wager you never heard a weirder story, but you shall have the facts and then judge for yourself."

With that he settled himself in his chair and after puffing reflectively at his cheroot for some seconds went on to tell me the story of the shot through the jalousies.

"Robertson, you must know, was an Eton boy. We were chums in the old days and that is how I came to know of a peculiar tradition that is said to have been in his family for centuries.

"It seems that for hundreds of years no Robertson has ever died without having a distinct premonition of his approaching end and, what is more remarkable still, the warning always comes in the form of an odor—an earthy smell; the smell of a new-dug grave.

"Well, about a week before his death, when he was on his way to take up his appointment here, in fact, Robertson passed through Malariabad, where I was at that time stationed as collector, and of course I put him up for the night. After dinner we were sitting smoking just as you and I are now, when presently he says:

"'Stanfield,' says he, 'there's a devilish queer smell about. Been having any digging done on the premises?'

"'No,' said I, 'I haven't and for the life of me I can't smell anything except these Dindiguls we're smoking.'

"'Perhaps that's what it is, then,' said he, doubtfully.

"Just as we were making a move for bed, however, he suddenly grips my hand and 'Stanfield,' says he hoarsely, 'for God's sake tell me that your people have been digging somewhere near or that there's been a shower! I can't get that earthy smell out of my nostrils; it's like standing over a new-made grave.'

"Well, all of a sudden it flashed upon me what the poor fellow was driving at, and just to reassure him I said I thought there must have been a shower somewhere to windward, and probably it was that he smelled.

"Just a week later to a day I was at work in my office one morning when a peon brought in a telegram. Dick, that telegram brought the news that Robertson had been shot dead by his own butler at 8 o'clock the evening before!"

"By his own butler!" I exclaimed, horrified, for while Stanfield was relating this tragic tale I had heard the voice of his butler giving orders to the table boys in the dining-room at our backs.

"Yes, by his own butler," resumed Stanfield, "and on the very spot where you sit. Indeed," consulting his watch, "it happened just at this time, for it's now 8 o'clock to the minute."

"But," I cried, "why by his butler? For Heaven's sake explain!"

"I will," continued Stanfield, "but first I must hark back a bit and tell you that the telegram ordered me to proceed at once to this station as Robertson's successor; well, I did so and almost my first duty as a judge was to try the poor fellow's murderer."

"The butler?"

"The butler; and that brings me to the explanation. Robertson, it appears, had had a case before him in which a native was charged with maltreating his wife in such a brutal manner as to cause her death. Robertson did what almost any other English judge would have done under the circumstances, gave the scamp his deserts and sentenced him to death.

"Now this occurred only a few hours before he was murdered; in passing sentence of death upon the brutal native he virtually passed sentence upon himself.

"Robertson had in his service at the time a butler who was related to the man he had just condemned. Whether he was aware of the exact relationship existing between the two I don't know, but I am inclined to think not. As a matter of fact, when Robertson sat down to dinner that night, after sentencing the native to death, he was waited upon by the convict's own brother.

"You observed a rifle on the dining-room wall, I have no doubt, just opposite your place at table. It was from that rifle the fatal shot was fired.

"Not while Robertson was at dinner, though. The butler bided his time until his master had seated himself here in the veranda, taken his coffee and smoked his cheroot. Then, when these had begun to make him drowsy, the fellow took the rifle from the wall—it was always kept loaded—and crept through the bedrooms to the far end of the veranda, where, as you see, the shadow lies so deep.

"Sitting as we are now, you observe that the steps between the far end of the veranda and the jalousie with the hole in it are concealed by the row of pillars; and you will readily understand how a barefooted native might creep along those stems under cover of the pillars and apply his eye to the hole without being either seen or heard. Well, that is just what the butler did. Only he did something more.

"After applying his eye to the hole he noiselessly inserted the muzzle of the rifle in the aperture, took deliberate aim at his master's heart and fired. Poor Robertson! he never knew what hurt him."

Stanfield ceased speaking and a painful silence fell upon us both. So awfully real was my conception of the whole scene that at last, in sheer desperation, I spoke and so broke the spell.

"Hadn't Robertson a wife?"

"He had, and speaking of her reminds me that my story is still unfinished.

"About a year before her husband's death Mrs. R. went to England for her health, and when I last saw Robertson alive—the night he had that strange premonition—he was daily expecting her back. Well, it is a singular coincidence that the steamer she was a passenger by entered Bombay harbor on the very evening and at the very hour when Robertson was shot.

"Mrs. R. had gathered all her traps together, intending to disembark that night, and as soon as she heard the anchor dropped she left her cabin to go on deck. Just as she reached the foot of the companion stairs she saw that the hour was exactly 8 o'clock. At the same moment an indescribable terror seized her; she looked up quickly, and there, on the steps above her, stood her husband.

"She sprung up the steps to meet him but he suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. At the top of the steps she ran against the purser.

"'There's no hurry, madam,' said he, 'the tender's not alongside yet.'

"'But my husband!' cried Mrs. R. 'I saw him here just now. How did he come aboard?'

"'Madam,' replied the purser, 'you must be mistaken; not a living soul has boarded the ship to-night.'

"And he was right, for if Mrs. R. saw anything, as she declares she did, it must have been the spirit of her dying husband."

"Let us go in," said I, rising hastily; "this night air has given me a chill."

TITLES IN CHINA.

There Are Marked Distinctions Which Are Rigidly Observed.

Each of the nine degrees of nobility, the first five of which are subdivided into three classes are hereditary, the first from the first to the twenty-sixth generation, the last being only confined to one, says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. The honorable titles given to the state officers are also divided into nine classes, with a subdivision of each of these. These titles are entered in all the family records, death notices, ancestral trees, and tombstones. In many instances they are inscribed on wooden tablets, which are suspended over the entrance of the house. The patents of nobility are written on long silver rolls with five different colors, with a detailed record of the bestowal of the honor in the Mandschu or Chinese tongue.

The Chinese kingdom has also quite a number of decorations for its favorite sons. The highest honor for military services is the yellow riding coat, which can only be worn in the presence of the emperor. It bestows upon its lucky possessor the privilege of riding within the imperial precincts. Gen. Gordon, who suppressed the Taiping insurrection, was permitted to wear the yellow coat. The feather is the usual form of distinction given to meritorious government officers. Only noblemen of the highest rank and great generals are accorded the three-eyed peacock feather. The double-eyed feather is reserved for second-rate officers, while the one-eyed plume is given for any kind of public service. The blue crow's feather is worn by every member of the imperial guard.

Misquotations.

A writer in the London *Truth* expresses his surprise that one of the most familiar lines in Gray's "Elegy" is invariably misquoted. The common phrase is, "Kept on the even tenor of his way," but Gray wrote, "They kept the noiseless tenor of their way." But plenty of other instances of common misquotations could be suggested. For instance, not one person in a hundred could give correctly the text of Job iii, 17, which reads, "There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest." In comcom usage "where" is submitted for "there" in both cases, and "are" for "be." A worse but a common offense is to speak of somebody's departure to "that bourne from which no traveler returns" under the impression that Shakspeare said something like that. What Shakspeare did was to refer to "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns"—a bourne being a boundary line, whence it came to mean a brook. "But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison"—James viii, 8—is another passage that is always misquoted. The Vulgate translates the passage "Great is truth and mighty above all things" in the book of Esdras thus: "Magna est veritas et prævalet," but people quote it thus: "Magna est veritas et prævalebit," and they translate it accordingly. Numerous other just as striking instances could be given.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Feeding Hogs on Grass.

"One of the curious things we have taught our hogs to do at Klamath Falls, Oregon," said G. W. Smith, a merchant of that place, "is to eat hay like horses. They will do it, too, and thrive on it in fact; in winter they get nothing else. It is alfalfa hay we have taught them to eat. It is put in a rack that is not too high and that they can reach up to, and they pull it out just like horses and cattle. Hogs are to be our great profitable yield in the Klamath basin, as I believe they will be in the alfalfa regions of California. What do we do to stiffen up and round out the hay-eating hogs? Turn them into a field of wheat, a hundred acres or so, according to the number you have, and let them eat it right from the stems. It finishes them up in fine shape, and makes as handsome pork as you would wish to find anywhere."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Cultivated Land in Great Britain.

During the last twenty years the area of land in England under the plow has diminished by very nearly 2,000,000 acres, or over 14 per cent. The amount of arable land in Wales has diminished 21 per cent in the same period. In Scotland, on the contrary, it has increased by 78,000 acres. The difference is partly explained by the relatively large area of land in Scotland retained under clover and rotation grasses, more than one-third of the whole cultivated area. In England the proportion of cultivated land so occupied is little more than one-tenth of the whole.

John the Baptist ate locusts and wild honey.

THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

They Have Traits Which Defy Civilizing Influences—How They Are Slaughtered.

It is a fact that it is hard to teach the Australian aborigines anything useful, says an article in the *Californian*. They are naturally lazy and indolent, unsettled and of a roving disposition. They will not stay long in any place, and if raised from their degraded position into more comfortable conditions, necessitating the breaking with their natural mode of living, they will almost invariably return to this at their first opportunity, and the same may be said of the half-castes, who otherwise are far superior to their sable parents and her relatives.

It is an oft-repeated occurrence in Australia that a half-caste child has been removed, when eight or ten years old, to the surroundings of civilization, has been given an education equal to any white child of the better classes of the community, and notwithstanding this, upon coming into contact with his own race, has returned to the black fellows' camp, ignoring book learning, fine linen, and the comforts of civilized life.

In two capacities the black fellows have been found satisfactory—as trackers and in the native police. I can only find a correct expression for their power of tracking by calling it instinct. I have been with them searching for men whose every trace had been practically lost, but the black tracker has found them in spite of all. They are more sure than bloodhounds. When the track ceases, through some mysterious agency, they seem to know where to go to find it again.

In the native police they are very useful as trackers. This police consists of small troops of mounted, uniformed black fellows under the command of European officers. They act as gendarmes in the outlying districts, and are principally used for the purpose of bringing marauding blacks to account. It is not uncommon that the up-country blacks spear the cattle on the station or murder travelers or settlers, and it is principally in such cases that the native police becomes useful.

The manner in which they surprise a camp of savage aborigines is characteristic. Having ascertained that they are near a camp some of them dismount and strip to the skin. Then they fasten their carbine to their ankle by means of a piece of rope or a chain, and, trailing it through the long grass, approach the camp.

The unsuspecting blacks come to meet their sable brothers, when, quick as lightning, the trooper stoops, brings his carbine to a level, and sends death and destruction into the camp.

The aboriginal thinks of a good deal more of his dogs than of his women. Dogs are always found about the camp in large numbers. They are of a mongrel breed and generally starved to ferocity. The black fellow in most places is a polygamist, and his wives are used for carrying everything from their babies to their husband's weapons—including all their camp paraphernalia, rations, or whatever else they may wish to transport, while the lordly master marches along with perhaps a waddle or a boomerang as the only burden to impede his progress.

But if, as in many instances, the blacks be savage the white men with whom they come into contact are no less so. The life of a black fellow is counted as nothing, and the depredations perpetrated upon them by settlers are numerous and often particularly cruel.

The spearing of a few head of cattle on a station, where thousands are grazing on the runs, has often cost the lives of many black fellows, and I know of several instances where the camp had been raided and the women carried away by white men, while it is a fact that there are settlers who have made it a point to shoot any black fellow found on their vast domains to avenge some murder committed in the first place by the blacks.

The Coming Viking Ship.

Sailor men who have seen pictures and read descriptions of the viking ship which is soon to start from Norway across the Atlantic to this city predict that her voyage may prove an eventful one in ways not so far set forth. She had a narrow escape from being crushed to splinters in the ice on her trip from Christiansand, and her crew nearly froze to death. She is much smaller than was Leif's ship, and sailor men say that the viking ship was never intended for ocean voyages. The bulwark protection is not considered to be sufficient for the wash of the big Atlantic waves. The viking ships were not decked over. This one is to have a canvas screening to protect the seamen, but sailors think this will not avail much. The vessel, they say, is little more than a big open row boat, excellent in its way and day and for the kind of trips the vikings made, but not calculated to well stand an ocean voyage. Even Leif's big ship made a coasting trip to America. The seamen who are to bring the ship over seem to have no fear whatever concerning the trip, but many sailor men will watch its fortunes with anxiety as well as interest.—*N. Y. Sun.*

President Arthur and the Domestic.

Speaking of presidents reminds me of an amusing incident of the late President Arthur's administration, which, I believe, has never been related before. As is well known, Mr. Arthur was something of an athlete and pedestrian. He seldom used his carriage for about-town visiting. One evening he called at the residence of a friend in the west end. He rang the doorbell and a colored woman answered the call. The servant did not recognize the president, and in a pert manner informed him that none of the members of the family were at home. President Arthur apparently doubted her statement, and in his most courteous manner said:

"I am President Arthur."

"I am Clara Brown," promptly replied the domestic, acknowledging the self-introduction of the president. The latter retraced his steps to the white house, while "Clara" went down-stairs to tell her fellow-servants of the politeness of the president in introducing himself to her. The old cook heard the unsophisticated housemaid relate her story and exclaimed: "You'se a fool, nigger. He didn't 'tend to introduce hisself to you. He was simply leaving his name for de family."

Cuff Buttons Out of His Pay.

Congressman Bryan, of Nebraska, has a memento of his first day's work as a representative which *Kate Field's Washington* says he is going to hand down to his son. The salary of a member amounts to $13.70 per day. Mr. Bryan got two five-dollar gold pieces, which he took to an obliging jeweler, who converted them into handsome cuff studs for the consideration of $3.70. On the front is engraved "Bryan," while the reverse has the congressman's residence.

The milliner would soon be swamped if she didn't know how to trim her sales.—*Elmira Gazette.*

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

AN ANECDOTE OF BISMARCK.

His Adventure on a Hay-Wagon and Fondness for Tobacco.

Bismarck is fond of tobacco and good drink. "Southerners," he once said, "are born with a bottle of champagne inside them. We northerners have to put it in, and the moment we cease putting it in we shall knock under to the southerners."

That he smokes excellent tobacco one man at least can testify. During his recent stay at Kissingen the ex-chancellor went for a drive one afternoon, and after passing the little town of Neustadt he met a farmer who was seated in his wagon on top of a load of hay. Dismounting from his carriage, he went up to the astonished farmer and said jovially, "Come, my good friend, make a little room there for me; I want to have a chat with you." The farmer made room, and Bismarck took a seat beside him, his carriage meanwhile following slowly behind. For three or four miles the two men rode together, one wondering why his companion preferred a hay wagon to a luxurious carriage and the other doing his best to make himself agreeable by asking thoughtful questions about his companion's family and the outlook of his crops. The farmer at first was very shy, but Bismarck's genial manner produced the desired effect and, when the latter asked if he could be of any service to him, he replied boldly: "I don't know that you can. I've got my little house and my bit of land, and that's about all I want. Still, if you want to do me a favor tell me where I can get some of that fine tobacco you're smoking." "I'll do that for you, my good friend," said the ex-chancellor, as he took a note book from his pocket and wrote the farmer's address, "and I'll see, too, that you get some of the tobacco." With these words he returned to his carriage and was soon out of sight. A few weeks later the farmer received a dozen packages of the very best tobacco, such as Bismarck himself always smokes. Not until then did he learn the name of his genial companion on the hay wagon.

Fishes Asleep.

"Never saw a fish asleep, eh?" said Cornelius Hinman. "Well, I have. I've seen them sleep sound and much to their sorrow, especially catfish. There is nothing more wary than a fish. You know that you can't creep up on them nor drop a pebble anywhere within fifty feet of them but what they will dodge away; that is, when they are not asleep. How I come to know so much of this is that I have caught them without bait when they were sleeping, although I did use a hook and line. The first one that I ever caught this way was a large catfish that I observed daily to be in one particular spot—the base of a wooden pile that supported an ice-house chute that led out into the water. A kind of nest was there, a depression in the mud, and here that catfish was to be found every day at about 2 p. m. It would lay for hours in the rays of the afternoon sun and never move. I decided to catch it. First I fished around there day after day but to no purpose. Bait of any kind wasn't any inducement to that catfish. I concluded that it must be asleep when it would allow a fat minnow to swim by and never touch it. I got a sharp, plain hook, which I properly weighted so that it would act direct. I lowered it and moved it slowly up to the side of the fish. Then I turned the line so that the hook was directly under it. Then I gave a quick jerk. The catfish darted away, but not very far. I had him foul and all because he was sleeping. I have caught pike and sunfish the same way at least a dozen different times."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Farming One Hundred Years Ago.

Should our population increase as rapidly during the coming 100 years as in the last fifty it will be not less than 400,000,000. I am, however, inclined to think it will not so increase; for one thing, we will not have the same inducements to offer to immigrants. When the price of land goes up, as it is bound to do, and its acquisition requires more money; when more capital is required to undertake farming, except on the smallest scale, and truck farms near cities bring a high rent and call for the greatest intelligence as well as industry on the part of the farmer—one of the chief inducements to foreigners seeking our shores—namely; the acquisition of farms of their own—will disappear. At the same time the liberal tendencies of all civilized countries, even under monarchical governments, will lessen the number of those who leave the older countries for the sake of greater political freedom. Immigration to the United States will consist more and more of a few comparatively well-to-do persons seeking opportunities for the profitable investment of a small capital, and who, possessing some education and training in the art of self-government, will readily amalgamate with our own people, or of the poorest classes well content to serve for a time in the ranks of labor, provided the rate of wages is high enough to reward their frugality with moderate savings.—*Ex-Secretary Rusk in North American Review.*

Every Man to His Trade.

The story is told that the late R. B. Hayes had for a neighbor in Ohio a testy old fellow who ran a small truck farm. He was honest and upright and Mr. Hayes held him in high esteem, notwithstanding his lack of the social amenities and respect for persons. On one of his visits to Ohio during his Presidency he passed the old man's farm and found him planting potatoes in a patch near the road. The President, being somewhat of a farmer himself, noticed some peculiarity in his neighbor's style of planting, and after a few minutes chat he called attention to it and the old man argued the point awhile.

"After all," concluded the President, "I don't think you are doing it as it should be done for the best results."

The old farmer rested his arm on the fence and looked steadily at Mr. Hayes.

"They ain't neither one of us," he said, "above havin' fault found with us, but ef you jest go on Presidentin' the United States your way, an' I go on plantin' pertaters my way, I guess we won't be no wuss off in the end."

Mr. Hayes accepted the suggestion pleasantly and passed on.

DEPRESSING SIGHT ON THE COAST.

The Decay of a Beautifully Located Town From Which the Boom Has Fled.

The most depressing sight I saw in a month of recent travel on the Pacific coast was a dead city, says a writer in the *Northwestern Magazine*. I will not give its name or locality, for I do not want to add to the troubles of its few remaining inhabitants. At the height of its boom it had a population of 7,000, now it has a scant 2,000, and these are holding on only because they hoped that a railroad would do something for the place this year or next. The town is well built on the shores of a beautiful bay, but it has not a single wagon road leading back into the country. The forests hem it in on all the landward sides. It has not a single industry that I could discover to support the population, save one saw mill. The people are literally living on each other.

In the big hotel I sat down to an excellent dinner servered by white-jacketed negro waiters, but there were only three guests besides myself. I walked about the lonesome streets and met nobody. I looked into the many stores and saw no customers. A daily paper appears regularly and trains and boats come and go, but there is no perceptible business transacted. The town was founded by a land company as a gigantic speculation and the company took in money enough from the sale of lots to accumulate a reserve fund from which the expenses of the hotel and newspaper are still paid. Perhaps the railroad company, which is constantly invoked as a special providence, will yet do something to revive the place. I hope so. In the meantime it offers a curious and striking study to the intelligent traveler who has watched the course of western town-site booms.

Fatal to Cholera Bacilli.

The imperial health office at Berlin has issued an announement to the effect that both oranges and lemons are fatal to the cholera bacillus. Placed in contact with the cut surface of the fruit, the bacteria survive but a few hours. They remain active for some time longer on the uninjured rind of the fruit, but even then they die within twenty-four hours. The destructive property as regards the cholera bacteria is supposed to be due to the large amount of acid contained in those fruits. In consequence of this quality the health officer considers it unnecessary to place any restriction on the transit and sale of these fruits, even if it should be ascertained that they come from places where cholera is prevalent at the time. Not a single instance was noted in which cholera was disseminated by either oranges or lemons.—*N. O. Picayune.*

KEPT AWAKE TO SAVE A LEG.

Afraid an Operation Would be Performed Through Mistake.

A certain Chicago lawyer recently went to a large private sanitarium for the purpose of having performed a delicate but not dangerous operation. The time of convalescence was rather prolonged and irksome, but the special pleader seems to have had enough to do to keep him busy.

"I tell you what it is," he said, "a fellow never feels safe in one of those big hospitals. When you go there you are nothing but a number. The nurses and young doctors don't know you at all, and they receive their orders on the number plan only. You can see what the result of a little mistake would be.

"I was in mortal terror all the time I was there that they would mistake me for some one else. One time the nurse came in with some medicine for me. She told me the doctor ordered it. I took it up and looked at it, and somehow it didn't seem suited to me. I made some cautious inquiries, and by the Revised Statutes that stuff was intended for a woman across the hall who had epileptic fits. I was No. 222 and the woman was 232. A difference of ten numbers was nothing to that nurse. I shudder to think what might have happened if I had taken that medicine.

"But there are even worse things. A young doctor stumbled into my room one night in a hurry. He had a case of instruments with him, and I'll be hanged if he didn't take them out and began looking at me with a critical air. If I hadn't been alert I believe he would have had my leg off before I knew what was happening. I never slept soundly at night for fear some fool of a doctor or nurse would get into the wrong room, chloroform me, and take out my talking apparatus before I could protest. I wouldn't mind a leg or arm so much, but a lawyer without a tongue wouldnt do even for one of the members of the Supreme Court of Illinois, to say nothing of ordinary practice.

"There is another thing. They don't want their patients to go without an order from the physician in charge of that particular case. Now you may not believe it, but it is a fact just the same, that one patient I knew was in that sanitarium for just three weeks after he was fully recovered, and all the time he was looking for a doctor to discharge him. Think what would happen if the doctor should be sick himself or go off on a spree some day. I didn't propose to fool away my time, so I sued out a little writ of habeas corpus, as you might say, appointed an administrator *de bonis non*, settled the costs of the action with the clerk, and left for home without waiting for the order to be 'sent down.'

"Talk of the law's delays. They are nothing to the red tape of a private sanitarium on a large scale, and if I ever have to go there again I'm going to wear a tag around my neck, giving my name, age, sex, color and disease, with a formal declaration on legal cap paper that I'll prosecute any doctor or nurse who makes any mistake on me. I guess that will do the business. If it don't I'll serve them out. I'll just keep well and ruin their old hospital."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Numerous metal ties have been invented and many roads have tried them, but all have proved unsatisfactory. The principal objection to them are their cost and their non-elasticity. A track laid on metal ties wears out rolling stock much faster than one laid on timber.

It is stated that 10,803 court-martials were held during the year 1891 in the British army.