

THE UNSALTED MAN.

An Individual Who Can Be Found Every-where and at All Times.

Probably the best-natured man I ever knew, and at the same time the readiest provoker of ill temper in others, was John E. Phresh. There was hardly anything that Phresh could not do in the way of accommodation. He would work himself into utter exhaustion, quite disinterestedly and without asking or hoping for reward, at any and at all times, and for anybody that happened to be in the way. It was held, however, by some ungracious ones that he merely did these things because they gave him opportunities of being obnoxious.

And then such spirits! Wherever you found him, in the social gathering, in the public street, at a wedding, or at a funeral, his presence was like a city set upon a hill, and his voice was always to be heard, ringing out loudly and merrily. Indeed, it not seldom happened that his obnoxiousness became so painful (for the best things in life tire through satiety) that an attempt was made to subdue him. Vain attempt! He was like a well-inflated foot-ball, which bounds aloft in direct ratio to the force with which you beat it to the earth. The more you sought to suppress him, the more surely and the more obstreperously did he assert himself. I have met Phresh far out in the quiet country at the midnight hour, when all was still, and I have seen him surrounded by bass drums and loud-mouthed brazen instruments, and in the latter, equally as in the former case did his voice fill the surrounding space.

And then he was so free and unconfined. There was nothing surly or reserved in Phresh's composition. Not a bit of it. Shame-facedness was not his failing. Neither was there aught of formality or rigidity in his address. It was wonderful to see how he got on with a stranger. His manner was as breezy as a Western cyclone and as fresh as the waters of our great lakes. If the stranger had a name that could be abbreviated, Phresh knew it instinctively, and he he stranger never so much exalted in position and never so eminent in attainments, Phresh in five minutes' time was Dicking or Tomming or Jacking him with an easy lightness that was really marvelous. It is held by Phresh's acquaintances that Phresh will not be in Heaven half an hour before he will be hobnobbing with the celestial host in his old-time artless manner and addressing St. Peter as Pete and making the golden streets resound with the sound of Gabe when he would attract the attention of the Angel Gabriel. And right here it is proper to remark that nobody who knew Phresh ever doubted that Phresh is sure to bring up in the better land. At all events, if he should fail to secure an entrance, it would be the first time he was thwarted in an attempt to enter a place where he wanted to get in.

An enemy would, no doubt, characterize Phresh as a loud-mouthed, empty-headed ass, at most times pestilential nuisance; and yet, as I have already said, Phresh was the soul of good nature. His appearance, to be sure, was against him. But whether it was from some hereditary taint or merely through excess of animal spirits, it was the hope of the more sanguine of his acquaintances (friends he had none) that he might cool off in time and remotely resemble the ordinary, every-day specimen of the *genus homo*; that he might cease to be the fly in humanity's pot of ointment, the aloe in its cup of happiness, and the black cloud which covers the face of its sun of joy; that, in short, he might be purged of his freshness and of his officiousness be voided.

So mote it be!—*Boston Transcript.*

A PECULIAR FISH.

The Curious What-Is-It Recently Caught in Cape Cod Bay.

A curious fish was recently caught in Cape Cod Bay, which failing to be identified by fishermen, will be submitted to the Natural History Society at Boston. It is a sort of flattened out fresh-water bream or cunner, though, laid down, it covers five times its area. It swims erect. Its propelling flukes are of the broadest expanse consistent with its size, and of a gauzy consistency commensurate with its thinness of body. Its back fins extend nearly two-thirds of its length, and the projecting bones are long and pointed. The keel fin, if it may be so called, has horns slanting backward, and as marked as that of the back. But its eyes, set midway between the hardly perceptible mouth and the most prominent of gills, are beautiful—deep blue pupils, large in proportion to the white balls. They are the most distinctive feature. The mouth is round, and would scarcely take in a sharpened lead pencil pointedly. Over it is the horn of a miniature rhinoceros, broken. The gills are a third the distance of the body from the diminutive jaw, if jaw it can be styled, and are simply enormous. Still, this monster of the deep, with its plainly marked ribs, like those of a ship, hardly hidden by a thin, tanned, alligator-like hide, or scales they might be called, weighs scarcely a pound.—*Christian at Work.*

—Caller (to Mrs. Wabash, of Chicago).—“Were you at the dinner party given by Mrs. Breezy last week?” Mrs. Wabash.—“Yes.” Caller.—“It was a success, of course? Her dinners always are.” Mrs. Wabash.—“Yes—every thing was very nice, but there were only nine kinds of pie. Mrs. Breezy explained that the baker had disappointed her.”—*N. Y. Sun.*

LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

The Good That Has Been Done by the Guardians of Our Coasts.

The Government at Washington has just issued the customary volume embracing the acts and the progress of the Life Saving Service for the last official year. The report is striking and valuable. It shows, to begin with, that at the close of the time covered there were 211 life-saving stations upon our sea and lake coasts; that 322 disasters befell documented vessels during the year; that on board these vessels were 2,726 persons, and that 2,699 were saved of that number and 27 lost. These statistics of the immediate past are accompanied by a vast collection of others of a comprehensive and instructive character. A general summary of the latter shows that since the introduction of the present system, November 1, 1871, to the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1886, the total number of disasters has been 3,885; the total value of vessels wrecked, \$39,733,495; the total value of cargoes, \$18,643,754; the total value, therefore, of property involved, \$58,377,249; the total value of property saved, \$41,449,267; the total value of property lost, \$16,927,982; the total number of persons involved, 28,083, and the total number of lives lost 486. This exhibit speaks for itself. It offers a ratio of salvage of property in shipwreck in vivid contrast with the figures of days gone by. But the disparity in the saving of life is more remarkable still, and on this ground alone, in the absence of any other, the existence of the Life-Saving Service is abundantly justified. It should be remembered that the results we have broadly presented have been reached in a cumulative manner. At first, in the season of 1871-2, the service was limited to the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey; in 1873-4 this was extended so as to take in Cape Cod; in 1874-5 the whole coast of New England was added, and the range between Cape Henry and Cape Hatteras; in 1875-6 the coast from Cape Charles to Cape Henlopen was included, and in 1876-7 all the foregoing, together with the east coast of Florida, were embraced, with portions of that of the lakes; while all this during the past six years has been augmented by the coast of Texas. Most of us remember the eagerness which we first read of “Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea.” The pages of the present report have the same attraction and add to it the immediate contemporaneous element that goes so far to heighten interest. Here are tales of courage, of devotion, of self-sacrifice, that no romance can equal. Here are passages of adventure, or perilous ‘scapes, of moments when but a thread or a plank is between human life and destruction; passages that make one hold one's breath and marvel that such scenes in scores have been and constantly recur almost in our sight, but which are only fully realized when thus described together in all the eloquence of simple, unvarnished narration. The practical worth no less than the nobleness of the Life-Saving Service has been made clear. It is hardly needful to point out the good that is done by the spectacle of heroic deeds, but we may usefully invite all Americans to acquaint themselves with the particulars of one of the grandest branches of their public service, the increased efficiency of which assuredly betokens that growth of civilization which goes hand in hand with the growth of the spirit of humanity.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Medical Uses for Eggs.

For burns or scalds, nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer, as a varnish for a burn, than collodion, and being always at hand can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the “sweet oil and cotton” which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary accidents of this kind; and any thing which excludes air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied. The egg is also considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed, it tends by its emollient qualities to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on those organs to enable nature to resume her healthful sway over the diseased body. Two, or at most three, eggs per day, would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and since the egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.—*Farm and Fireside.*

A Sorry Joke, After All.

He had his photograph taken one day when he was at the beach with the boys. It was not a good picture, for he was not exactly in condition for taking a good one. But he thought he would have a joke with his wife about it, so when he reached home he handed it to her, saying: “There is the picture of a man who loves you.” She looked at it, and a deep blush overspread her face as she said: “It is like Jim. Where did you see him?” He would give a good deal to know now who Jim is.—*Boston Courier.*

—John, said the wife of a Kentucky editor, “your patent combination pocket knife is all rusty—all but the corkscrew part.”—*Washington Critic.*

WATER ON THE FARM.

Various Methods of Obtaining a Copious and Never-Failing Supply.

A copious supply of pure water is indispensable on every farm. This is one point to which particular attention should be given in selecting a farm. A clear, cool running stream through the pasture and near the barn, is the most convenient source for the supply of the cows, but unless the farm controls the springs from which the stream issues, it is apt to be the worst of all. If the water is contaminated in any way, the quality of the milk will invariably suffer; and many cases occur in which a dairyman, suffering from supposed mysterious trouble with the milk, and the butter or cheese made from it, has at last found the cause to be impurity in the water drunk by the cows. Moreover, a large quantity of water is required in a dairy for cleansing the pans, and if this water is not pure, the very source of the supposed cleansing brings impurity into the dairy. The writer's supply of water was procured from springs which were opened in the bottom of a slope between the house and barn, by digging three or four feet down to a bed of fine clean sand and gravel; when the water immediately flowed out over the brim and down to a small spring stream in the bottom, which was fed by a large number of bubbling springs in its bed. Such a source as this, conveniently close to the barn, and not so low that it can not be brought up in pipes by means of a pump, is the very best; as the water is pure and cool in summer and warm in winter, and in unlimited supply at all seasons in the year. The manner in which this supply of water was made available is as follows: A reservoir or tank was cut out near the foot of the slope sufficiently deep to hold an abundant stock, and to secure an even temperature, which averaged from forty-eight to fifty degrees in midsummer, and forty-five to forty-eight degrees in midwinter. The pool was lined with a wall of stone laid closely and covered with a small building for protection. Other springs were opened and walled in the same way, and arched over with stone, after providing a safe outlet with drain tiles, and an air-trap to prevent access of any small insects or animals. Pipes of galvanized iron were laid from these springs in trenches three feet deep, so as to be safe from frost, and to preserve coolness in the hot weather, and connected with pumps in the house, stable, barn and barnyard. Where the height of the hillside was too great to permit the use of a common suction pump, a dry well was dug to a sufficient depth, viz., eight feet, and the pipe was carried to the bottom of it and connected with a force pump, by which the water could be carried by means of a hose to any part of the yard or stables. A nozzle attached to this hose made it easy to throw a stream of water over any of the buildings, a most useful thing in case of fire, or for washing the stable floor and other desirable purposes.

Where springs of this kind are not available, common wells are next in value. But as wells are quickly contaminated by drainage from the surface, when in or near barnyards or stables, it is advisable to have the well for use in a dairy at some safe distance from the stable and yard. It is only a question of time when the percolation of water fouled by the manure in a barnyard, constantly leaching by the rain, will reach the well; and though the water is filtered to some extent by its passage through the soil, yet in time a filter becomes fully charged with the sediment and can not act any longer.—*American Agriculturist.*

SENSE ORGANS OF BEES.

Hairs That Enable Them to Experience the Sensation of Touch.

In the matter of sense organs we are met by serious difficulties of interpretation. As said the Danish naturalist Fabricius, nearly one hundred years ago, “nothing in natural history is more abstruse and difficult than an accurate description of the senses of animals.” And this abstruseness and difficulty is the more keenly felt in studying creatures so widely different from ourselves as the bee. Such an insect would seem at first sight to be about as susceptible to the delicacies of the touch as an ancient armor-sheathed knight. Head, thorax, abdomen, limbs—all are sheathed in chitinous armor. The bee has his skeleton outside. As an American gentleman once observed in my hearing, the main difference between an insect and a vertebrate is this, one is composed of flesh and bone, the other is composed of skin and squash. The question is: How can delicate impressions of touch be transmitted through the tough den. e. skin so as to affect the sensitive “squash” within? If you will examine one of the feelers of the bee you will see that the surface is richly supplied with hairs. It is by means of such sense hairs that the bee experiences a sensation of touch. Each touch hair is hollow, and within it is a protoplasmic filament containing, it would seem, the delicate terminal threadlet of a nerve. A curious modification of the touch-hairs is found on the last joint of the antenna. They are here bent sharply at right angles so as to form rectangular booklets.—*Murray's Magazine.*

—A writer in the *Boston Herald* claims to know from long experience that cedar boughs laid on shelves or in corners infested with ants of any color will drive them away. Green tansy is equally good.

—Rainy weather work—repairing tools.

—Cholly.—“Did you hear about that bank smashup yesterday. Gawge? Cashier ran away with the funds.” Gawge.—“Common occurrence; I don't pay any attention to such reports any more.” “I tell you, if a man has got any surplus cash nowadays it stands him in hand to put it where he knows it will stay. By the way, can you let me have a ten this morning?” “Really, dear boy, you offer me such excellent advice about putting money where I know it will stay that I am almost sorry I have no surplus funds.”—*Binghamton Republican.*

—Ticket Agent.—“Sonny, how old are yer?” “Fifteen-year-old Boy.” “Where do you mean? On the rail road or to home?”—*Judas.*

MARGARET COLEMAN.

How This Brave Irishwoman Saved Secretary Seward's Life.

Among Mr. Sumner's servants the one whom he most highly valued was an elderly Irish woman, Margaret Coleman. She was his housekeeper for the last two years, and now becomes a historic character.

Prior to entering Mr. Sumner's service Margaret was of the household of William H. Seward. When, on the 14th of April, 1865, the night of the assassination of President Lincoln, an attempt was made on the life of Mr. Seward, she was one of those in charge of his room, he then being confined to his bed from the effects of a fall from his carriage. Payne, the would-be assassin, was met by Mr. Frederick Seward at the head of the stairs. After wounding him severely and leaving him seemingly dead, Payne passed over his body to reach the room of his father. The noise had notified Margaret, who was in her own room on the story above, of Payne's approach, and his object. As Payne entered the sick room, Robinson, the male nurse, then there, confronted him. Payne struck Robinson to the ground with his knife, and then sprang at the Secretary. Mr. Seward was in a half-sitting posture, leaning his back against a sick-chair placed in the bed for his support. Realizing Payne's object, he pulled the bed clothing over his head for his protection. Payne struck him a number of times. One blow was so well aimed that it passed through the bed clothes, through his cheek into his neck on the right side, and another on the left side cut his neck.

Meantime all this was passing quicker than it can be told. Margaret had sprung upon him from behind, and Robinson had gathered himself up sufficiently to confront the assassin. Major A. H. Seward, Miss Fannie Seward and some of the servants of the household were now entering the room, and Payne fought his way out from among them. Margaret was struck in the face, apparently by Payne's clenched fist, so that her face was painful and discolored for some time, and she was hurried against the door-jamb with such force as to break her collar-bone. Major Seward was slightly cut in several places. But none of the women except Margaret was in any injured. Payne, after cutting his way out, mounted his horse and escaped. Meantime Mr. Seward had apparently disappeared, and for a moment it was thought that the assassin had thrown him out of the window. He had, however, rolled himself in his bed clothing, and fallen between the bed and the wall, but was so suspended by the clothing that he had not reached the floor. Margaret pulled him up, unrolled him, now nearly smothered in the blankets and the blood, and assisted in doing what was necessary before she found out how much she herself was injured. She recovered, however, sufficiently to continue to act as head nurse to Secretary Seward, to Mr. Frederick Seward and Mrs. Seward, who never recovered from the shock of that night, and who died in Margaret's arms, and, finally, as nurse to Miss Fannie Seward. She saw her pass away within the year.

When Mr. Fish succeeded Mr. Seward as Secretary of State, he took certain of the Seward servants, who agreed to stay with him until Mrs. Fish brought her own establishment to Washington. So Margaret remained with the new Secretary of State for six months, and then went to Mr. Sumner, with whom she remained until his death. The arrangement was particularly agreeable to the ladies whom Mr. Sumner received, as most of them had been accustomed to her friendly ministrations when visiting at the Seward and Fish houses.—*Cosmopolitan.*

A Sample of Turkish Justice.

You have often read wondrous and lying tales of justice administered with unerring judgment in Turkey. Here is a true story of Turkish justice: A drover complained to a cross-legged magnate at Rodosto that he had been robbed of two oxen. Three Turkish gendarmes were sent to recover the property, and soon discovered two peasants going off with two oxen. One of the men was shot dead. The other escaped, and the policemen hastily buried their man and came back in triumph with two oxen. But the man said those oxen had not been stolen from him, and it was plain that the peasant had been shot for driving his own cattle. The situation was uncomfortable, but Turkish diplomacy fixed things. Another man was found to swear he had been robbed of the two oxen, and they were turned over to him, which relieved the gendarmes from guilt. They did not go unpunished, however, for they had buried the dead peasant without first washing the body, which in Turkey is a crime except in case of a soldier killed in battle. For that negligence they were imprisoned.—*Levant Herald.*

—Mme. Carlotta Patti has been offered by the Czar of Russia a professorship of vocal music in the Imperial Conservatoire at St. Petersburg. She will, however, remain in Paris, having built a private theater at her house, 16 Rue Pierre Charron. Private representations of operas by members of Parisian society will be given there. Among the list of patronesses are Baroness de Rothschild, Mm. de la Rochefoucauld, Princess Mathilde Bonaparte and others.

—Statistics show that there are thirty criminals among every thousand bachelors, and only eighteen among the same number of married men. After such a statement as this, there can be no further doubt as to the answer to the question, “What shall we do to be saved?”—*Lowell Citizen.*

LOUISIANA BAYOUX.

The Highest Cotton and Sugar-Bearing Ground in the United States.

The track ran through interminable swamps of giant cypresses, magnolias and fig trees. Their myriads of gray trunks stood knee-high in water, opening in silent vistas on either side as the train passed through. Overhead huge vicious coils of vines knotted these bare columns together. It was March, but there was no coy, tender approach of spring here. Nature was a savage—fierce, prolific. The very leaves which in the North would have put forth a timid green burst open here like clots of blood or an angry glare of white; even the thickets of saplings were hoary as with age. Strange red and orange birds flashed through the somber recesses; now and then a huge alligator rose out of the plane of slimy water, stared at the train with dead eyes and plunged into it again.

They were on the border of that coast country of Louisiana which fronts the Mexican gulf between Barataria and Calcasieu bays; a remarkable region, unlike any other in North America in its peculiar features and in the somber splendor of its scenery. The cause of its peculiarity is easily explained.

The Mississippi in Louisiana makes a huge bend westward in the shape of a bow or crescent, the upper point being at Vicksburg, the lower at New Orleans, the middle of the arc running nearly parallel with the distant coast. To the northwest of this are a stretch of pine-barrens, intersected by ranges of low rolling hills, and broken by numberless lakes and ponds, extends into Texas. Through these the heavy blood-colored flood of the Red river urges its way, carrying with it all lesser water-courses, and emptying itself into the Mississippi near the highest point of this bow or detour. Its red stain tinges the water and the banks of all the outlets of the great river thereafter to the Gulf.

With this last great influx (holding all the streams in the Texan llanos and the mountains of Mexico), the Mississippi now receives the whole drainage of the continent between the Rocky and Appalachian ranges. Every spring and rainfall in that vast territory helps to swell its tremendous tide below Bayou Sara. Hence the flood of water there pushes its way directly to the sea with resistless power, not only on its acknowledged highway, the Mississippi, but through the whole southern half of Louisiana. It literally enters in and occupies the land, forcing itself seaward, not only by more than three hundred bayoux, many of which are mighty rivers, but by sluggish, scarcely-moving streams, by a perpetual soaking, creeping, oozing through all the earth, showing itself on the surface in countless lakes, ponds and enormous dismal swamps, and above it incessant heavy rolling fogs and mists. You can not dig three feet down in all this district without reaching water.

We must remember, too, that this spongy soil has been soaking in for ages the fat washings of all the rich alluvial river-bottoms on half of the continent. No such conditions enter into the formation of any other soil in the world. If Louisiana can ever be drained and rescued from the sea and the river, her fecundity under the hot tropical suns would be unparalleled.

As it is the parishes in this region include the richest cotton, sugar and orange-bearing ground in the States. The forests grow to the size of the woods before the flood, even the ghastly impenetrable swamps choke with rank life.—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in Harper's Magazine.*

Reached the Limit.

A Detroit peddler of tinware took out some egg-beaters on his last trip, and as the price was only fifteen cents each, and they worked on a new principle, he calculated on big sales. His first experience will answer for all others. He drove up to a farm house in the western part of Wayne County and took a beater in to exhibit. The people liked it exceedingly well, but the old farmer said: “Young man, I want to see your patent.” “I have none.” “Then your written authority to make sales.” “Don't need any.” “Then you must give me a bond, wit, two sureties, in the sum of \$1,000 that you will stand between me and any trouble.” “But I can't do that.” “Then I can't buy. I've just had to pay royalty on a drive well, damages for using an infringement on a patent gate, and have a law suit about a hay-fork and another over a wind-mill, and we don't even buy a dish-pan without a bond that it don't infringe on somebody's patent bath-tub.”—*Detroit Free Press.*

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TRUFFLE HUNTING.

How Dogs and Hogs Are Employed in Gathering the Delicious Tidbit.

Italy is the home of the truffle-hunter and the truffle-dog. Most people have seen, if not tasted, a truffle. In shape it is more or less spherical, sometimes studded over with warty protuberances, sometimes smooth. Its size varies greatly. In England it is seldom greater than a large hen's egg or a moderate-sized apple, but on the continent it is often found much larger. In color also it is variable. The commonest kind is the white, which has a coarse flavor and is but little esteemed. This is probably the sort with which the ancients were acquainted.

A red or purple variety is also found, but is rather rare. The black is the best known, and is generally considered to have the most delicate flavor.

The geographical distribution of the truffle is wide. It extends over most of Europe and parts of Asia, even so far as Japan and the East Indies. In England it is found in most of the southern and midland counties, and probably could be procured all over the kingdom, but the regular truffle-hunting is carried on only in Hampshire, Wiltshire and Kent. In some parts of Somersetshire another fungus of an entirely different species, and only resembling the truffle in being subterranean, is sold under the name of “Bath Truffle.”

Since its growth is entirely subterranean, without any shoots or other signs of its presence above ground, the hunters resort to a peculiar method to obtain it. Some animals, notable the dog and the pig, which possess a delicate sense of smell, have also a strong liking for the truffle, which is turned to account.

In England and some parts of France and Italy, dogs are employed in the search, a small white woolly dog being specially trained for the purpose. The English dogs are inferior in skill to those used in Italy, where they are often trained so well that the hunter can send his animals out, even at night, without troubling to follow them, and yet be sure that they will bring back all they find, without tasting them. But in England a close watch has to be kept on the dogs, or they will devour the dainty as soon as it is unearthed.

An Italian writer, Vittadini, tells of some dogs in his possession which he had trained to such perfection, that if he wanted a supply of any particular variety, he had only to give them one to smell, and they would search for that kind only.

As a rule the dogs hunt in couples. Sometimes the hunter is furnished with a stout ash stick, tipped at one extremity with iron to the depth of about three inches. This is used for digging up the truffle.

In parts of France and Italy, instead of dogs, a pig is used. The kind known as the Perigord pig is thought to be the most expert. This animal also is susceptible of a certain amount of training. “As soon as the pig has disinterred the truffle,” says Figuier, “it remains for a few moments motionless like a pointer; but if it is kept waiting too long, its gluttony frequently gets the better of its training.” According to the same authority, a truffle pig, well taught, is worth about two hundred francs.—*Leisure Hour.*

FORMS OF VERTIGO.

The Sensations Experienced by Sufferers From This Affliction.

Vertigo is from the Latin word that means to turn. It denotes an ailment characterized by a sudden feeling of dizziness, and at times by actually falling. Sometimes surrounding objects seem to the person attacked to whirl around, or the floor or ground to rise up. The fact that vertigo is often one of the earlier symptoms of apoplexy frequently fills the person with terror, lest that deadly disease may be impending. But in the majority of cases it has no such significance, not even as indicating a tendency.

One form of vertigo, a very persistent form, is due to irritation of certain nerves within the inner chamber of the ear, the so-called labyrinth. This is what Dean Swift suffered from so long, and, to the physicians of this day, so unaccountably. One of its symptoms is temporary deafness. This distinguishes it from all other forms.

Another form connects itself mainly with the eye. Of this kind is the feeling of giddiness which some people have when being on a train at rest, another train slowly passing deceives them into the idea that it is their own train which has begun to move. The giddiness occurs at the moment when the false and true sensations become confused together.

In the case of the near-sighted, the internal muscles of the eye, often being unduly strained in their efforts to converge the eyes sufficiently for the sight of near objects, suddenly give way, when the eye-balls turn out and the letters run into each other. This is accompanied with a feeling of giddiness, eyecache, headache and sometimes nausea.

A third form connects itself with some slight disorder of the stomach, and occurs most often when the stomach is empty. There is a sudden swimming in the head, objects seem to revolve, and the person totters and perhaps falls.

A fourth form is purely of nervous origin, and is due to nervous exhaustion. It may be caused by intellectual over-strain, long-continued anxiety, physical excesses, or the immoderate use of tobacco, alcohol or tea. Elevated positions may bring on an attack. It rarely results in falling, but sterner in the feeling of being about to fall.—*The Earth.*