Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - MISSOURI

THE VOYAGE.

A level sea like a broad, gray floor.
  A tropic calm, and a languor mild;
A shallop pushed from a palmy shore,
  That bears a beautiful sleeping child.
His dewy lips and his dreamful eyes,
  A fair young peace rests freshly on;
Untried, unproved, how calm he lies,
  In the pure, pale light of the solemn dawn!

A buoyant sea and a rippling wind,
  When light is beauty, and breath is joy;
A quiet harbor left far behind,
  By a fleet sail bearing a fair-haired boy.
He laughs aloud in his childish glee,
  As his light bark flies like a bird released,
He laughs to the sky and the purple sea,
  And a bold, red sun leaps up in the east.

A booming surf by a bluff sea-wall,
  Where breakers curl and rattle and roar;
A blithe young sailor, ruddy and tall,
  Who scans the sky and the sea and shore.
But his ship is stout, and his heart is strong,
  And he sings as the salt spray strikes his face,
For care is fleeting, and life is long,
  And the sun in the sky mounts up apace.

A grisly sea and an inky sky,
  Where wild winds cry, and the lightnings glare;
A bearded man with a stern, bright eye,
  And lips that move in a silent prayer.
A ship, like bird with a broken wing,
  With scream of cordage and crack of pine,
Is fighting death like a living thing,
  And the sun in the zenith gives no sign.

A sobbing sea and a ragged sky,
  Whose strength is dying and fury spent;
A weary man with a fading eye
  And locks where the black and gray are blent.
His ship drifts on with her blackened beams,
  Her idle wheel and her tattered shrouds:
When lo! from heaven a glory streams:
  The sinking sun has conquered the clouds.

A quiet harbor whose tranquil breast
  Is never stirred by a thought of storm;
A sea-worn hull at her anchored rest,
  Which bears a motionless, sleeping form.
His hair is white as the driven snow,
  His pale hands folded as if in prayer.
Such peace is his as the angels know,
  In the solemn dusk and the soft night air.
—*Mary B. Dimond, in Chicago Advance.*

MOAT-GRANGE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"Stand away yourself, old man. Who said we was a going to hurt her?" roughly retorted Dyke. "Tain't likely, and you've said the reason why. Ma'am, do you see them ruins? Does they make you blush?"

"I am very sorry to see them, Dyke," answered Mrs. Dalrymple. "It is no fault of mine."

"Is it hard upon us or not, that we should be turned out of the poor roofs that sheltered us? We paid our bit of rent, all on us, not one was a defaulter. How would you like to be turned out of your home, and told the poor-house was afore you and a order for it, if you liked to go there?"

"I can only say how very sorry I am," returned Mrs. Dalrymple, much distressed; as well as terrified. "I wish I could help you. I wish I could put you into better cottages to-morrow, but I am as powerless as you are."

"Will you tell him to do it? We are a coming up to ask him. Will you tell him to come out and face us and look at them ruins, and then go and see our wives and babies a huddling in barns, lent us out o' charity? Tell him, ma'am, please."

Dyke moved away, and Mrs. Dalrymple lost no time in speeding away to the Grange. Reuben, when he had seen her safe in, returned home.

Mr. Dalrymple was in the oak parlor, comfortless and cold-looking at that season without fire, when his wife entered. She threw herself into a chair and burst into tears.

"I have been so terrified. As I came by the commons with Reuben, the men were there, and——"

"What men?" interrupted Mr. Dalrymple.

Those you ejected from the cottages. They were not insolent to me, but they stopped me, and began to speak about their wrongs."

"Their—*wrongs*—did you say?"

"Yes, and I must say it," she firmly answered, goaded by fright and excitement to remonstrate against the injustice she had hitherto not dared to interfere with. "Cruel wrongs. Oscar, if you go on like this, oppressing all on the estate, you will be murdered as sure as you live. They will not bear it."

"Who will not bear it?"

"Any of them. I hear that there is a meeting at Lee's to-night."

"Their chance of meeting on my estate will soon be ended," calmly responded Oscar Dalrymple. "They are a set of wretches, all; all in league against me, and that determined me to get rid of them."

"It is your own fault that they are against you. They never were against papa."

He did not think it worth while to reply.

"It is cruel to the farmers to turn them away, but it is doubly cruel to these men to have forced them from their cottages," continued Selina. "They paid their rents. Their wives and children, poor creatures, are to refuge in barns. The men said they would tell you to go out and look at them, huddling there. I would not have acted so, if I had not a shilling in the world, for I should expect a judgment to overtake me for my cruelty."

Mr. Dalrymple wheeled round his chair, and fixed his eyes on his wife.

"Whose cruel conduct has been the cause of it?" he asked, in his cold voice, ten times worse than another's anger. "Who got into secret debt, to the tune of some six or seven thousand pounds, and let the bills come in to me."

She dropped her eyes then, for his reproach was true.

"And forced me to retrench almost to starvation, and grind down the tenants, to keep me from a prison? Was it you or I, Mrs. Dalrymple?"

"But things need not have proceeded to these extremes," she replied, her courage returning. "I am sure the debts must be nearly liquidated by now, and we ought not to have lived in this niggardly way, and made the Grange a by-word in the county. The management of the estate might have gone on as it did in papa's lifetime, and no oppression or cruelty been exercised. It would only have taken a little longer period to clear us. No, Oscar, though I have never liked to say so much, it is is your mean, grasping spirit which has prompted to this, not the debts. I foresee that when you are clear and in the enjoyment of your full income, you will still be a cruel landlord. It is your nature."

"If by exacting the last farthing from all who rent under me, means cruelty, yes," he replied, "and I shall never live otherwise than we are living now, so don't let your hopes involve you in disappointment. The world's against me, and I'll be against the world. I'll snap my fingers at it, and show that I despise it."

He took up a book, and set himself down to read, as he spoke. Mrs. Dalrymple fell into silence. She leaned her head upon her hand, and thought what a lamentable thing it was that he should be at the head of a fine estate. What a life's prospect was before her. And yet, perhaps, few would be inclined to pity her, for her own reckless extravagance, her deceit toward her husband, had led to it. But for that, he might never have become what he was.

Suddenly an even tramp of feet was heard outside the house, and before it had struck Selina what it might be, and given time to bolt and bar the doors, the malcontents of the common were in the hall, their numbers considerably swelled. It looked a formidable invasion—was it murder they intended, or was it arson, or what was it not? Selina in her terror flew to the top of the house, three stairs at a time, and the servant maid flew screeching after her; they both, with one accord, seized upon a rope, and the great alarm-bell boomed out from the Grange.

Up came the people from far and near; up came the fire-engines, the latter feeling exceedingly aggrieved at finding no fire; the farmers, disturbed in the midst of their pipes and ale, rushed up from Miss Lee's; Mrs. Dalrymple and Mrs. Lynn, followed by Reuben, also went; and, in short, everybody went.

The hall was a scene of contention. Oscar Dalrymple stood in the midst of his undesirable visitors; he could not get rid of them, and they would insist upon being heard.

Poor old Reuben, grieved to the heart at the aspect of affairs altogether, went outside the house, and paced about in the moonlight, for it was a fine light night. He had strolled near the stables, when he was accosted by some one who stood aloof, under the shade of their side wall.

"What's the matter here, that people should be running, in this way, into the Grange?"

"It's something like a rise, I should call it," answered Reuben. "The whole estate has been put upon awfully."

"Who lives at the Grange? Mrs. Dalrymple?"

"Are you a stranger, then," asked Reuben, "that you do not know?"

"I am a stranger. Until this night I have not been in the neighborhood for many years. But I was formerly on intimate terms with the Dalrymple family, and have stayed here with them for weeks together."

"Have you now, though!" cried Reuben. "In the squire's time, sir?"

"In the squire's time I remember you, I think, Reuben."

"Ay, I am, sir. Sad changes have taken place since then. My old master's gone, and Mr. Charles is gone, and the Grange is now Oscar Dalrymple's."

"I knew of Mr. Dalrymple's death. What became of his son?"

"He soon followed his father. It will not do to talk of, sir."

"What was the cause of his death?" returned the stranger.

Before Reuben could answer, Mr. Lee came up, and commenced a warm comment on the night's work. "I hope there'll be no bloodshed," said he, "but Mr. Dalrymple has sent off a private messenger to the police station."

"This gentleman used to know the family," interposed Reuben, "and has come to the place to-night for the first time in many years. It's a fine welcome for him, this riot."

"I was asking some particulars of what has transpired since my absence," explained the stranger. "I have been out of England, and now thought to renew my acquaintance with that family. What did Charles Dalrymple die of? I knew him well."

"He fell into trouble, sir," answered Reuben. "A nasty, random, wicked London set got hold of him, and fleeced and ruined him, and he could not bear up against it."

"Died of it?" questioned the stranger.

"He killed himself," interrupted Farmer Lee, in a low tone. "He threw himself off one of the London bridges one night. Westminster, wasn't it, Reuben?"

"How deplorable!" said the stranger, after a pause. "Was he buried here? Can you show me his grave?"

"He was never found, sir," answered Reuben. "His hat was, but his body was not. The tide carried it away."

"And so the Grange passed to Oscar Dalrymple?"

"Yes," said Farmer Lee. "He married the eldest daughter, Selina, Mr. Charles' sister. And something not pleasant was up about them. They went to London, and Mrs. Oscar got into debt, and her husband brought her back here; and since then he has been an awful landlord, grinding us down to powder. I rent under him."

"Oscar Dalrymple was always a grasping man."

"Ah, sir, but you have no conception what he is now," returned Mr. Lee; "there's not a more cruel tyrant going. We are most of us to be turned out next week from the farms that have sheltered us all our lives, that we have spent our savings upon and improved to what they are. And—as you know the place, sir, you must remember some poor cottages on the common."

"Very well."

"He has taken it in his head to build finer in their places, but the poor laborers would not go out, for there was no other low-rented hovels for them to turn to. So he pulled the roofs off, and forced them out, and they are living in barns, without any better shelter. These are the men that are making the disturbance in-doors now. Then Thomas—but it's of no use troubling a stranger with these details. He's playing old Nick over us, sir, and nothing less. It was a fatal night for us that took Mr. Charles."

"You would have been better off under him, you think?"

"Think!" indignantly cried the farmer. "I'd give the half of what I have saved, for the sake of myself and those around me, if Mr. Charles was squire now," he added, in a burst of generosity. "We have never called this one squire; not a man on the estate."

"Did Mr. Charles owe much in this neighborhood when he died?"

"Nothing at all."

"Does he owe you nothing?"

"Me!" echoed Farmer Lee. "Not he. I had sent some money to him just before it happened, and I did fear there was something wrong about that; in short, I thought it was lost; but it was returned to me afterward, all safe."

"Do you know," cried the stranger, after a pause of consideration, "it appears to me that you assume too easily the fact of Charles Dalrymple's death. He may be alive. His body was never found, you say."

This hypothesis was instantly attacked by Farmer Lee and Reuben. If Mr. Charles was alive, where could he be? where could he have disappeared to, and where could he have stopped? No, no; he was dead, beyond all doubt.

"I must still maintain my opinion—that there is no certainty about it. Indeed, I think the chances are that he is alive."

"Then, perhaps you'll enjoy your opinion in private," cried Farmer Lee. "For to talk in that senseless manner only makes us feel the fact of his death more sharply."

"What if I tell you I met him abroad, since the period you mentioned as having been that of his death?" continued the stranger.

There was a dead pause. Reuben breathed heavily. "Oh, don't tamper with us!" he cried out; "if my dear young master's alive, let me know it. Perhaps he is alive; perhaps he's near us; perhaps he came down with you to-night!"

The stranger unwound a shawl-handkerchief, in which his voice and chin had been muffled, raised his hat from his brow, and advanced from under the shade cast by the stable wall, into the moonlight.

"Reuben! John Lee! do I look any thing like him?"

Farmer Lee and Charles Dalrymple had to support the old man. His knees bent, his strength went from him, and they thought he would have fainted; the joy of recognizing his young master, raised—as it indeed seemed—from a six years' grave, was too much for him. Tears partially relieved him and he sobbed like a child.

"But it's magic," uttered the farmer, when he had wrung Charles' hand as if he would wring it off, "it's nothing less. Dead, yet alive!"

"I never was dead," smiled Charles. "The night when I found myself irretrievably ruined, a rogue as well as a madman——"

"Hold there, sir," sobbed Reuben; "a rogue you never were."

"I was, Reuben. Lee! ruined myself, I staked that night at the gaming-table the money I held of yours; staked it and lost it. When I wandered down to Westminster bridge afterward, and hung over it, the thought was in my heart to take the leap into the river, and into futurity, as my uncle had done before me. A young man, who came past pulled me back, indignantly asked what I meant by hanging there. To that circumstance I believe I owe my preservation."

"Your hat was found in the Thames and brought back to me next day," interrupted poor, bewildered, happy Reuben.

"It blew off into the river; it was one of the windiest nights I was ever out in, save at sea," answered Charles. "In the morning I pledged my watch and ring, both valuable, disguised myself in rough clothes, and went to Liverpool, and on board a packet bound for America. There I have been working honestly for my bread, as a clerk; and my cousin's death, which I saw in the papers, has brought me back."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT BEDS.

The Bedding and Bed-Rooms of the Sturdy Anglo-Saxons.

Beds in some parts of the world—in Persia and in the far East—have generally served as couches, and even as thrones of state during the day-time. Those of the ancient Persians were of gold. The bed on which the Sultan of Turkey used to receive his Ambassadors in the porch or "sublime porte" (gate) of his palace is still shown, and is overlaid with plates of pure gold set with jewels, and covered by a tester on golden posts. Western nations have not made a display of their riches in such a shape as this. The beds of our ancestors were bags filled with straw or leaves (litter, from the Latin *legere*, to collect; *lectum*, a bed), like the modern palliasse, but not upholstered or squared with modern neatness. The bag could be opened and the litter remade daily, as the traveled reader will have experienced with the mattress of old-fashioned inns in Italy. There were few bed-rooms in the houses of ancient England. The master and mistress of the Anglo-Saxon house had a chamber or shed built against the wall that inclosed the mansion and its dependencies; their daughter had the same. Young men and guests slept in the great hall, which was the only noticeable room in the house, on tables or benches. Woolen coverlids were provided for warmth; poles on which they could hang their clothes, or hooks projecting from the wall; perches were provided for their hawks. Attendants and servants slept upon the floor. Bedding of this kind could be stowed away during the day, and as many guests could be accommodated as there was room for in the hall. All the rooms of the house, such as the hall, the chapel, the sleeping-rooms against the walls, the offices, were on the ground floor. After a time a room was built above the hall, called the solar, a chamber which admitted the sun freely, and had occasionally a gallery or terrace on which to take the air. It was approached by outside steps, and the terrace was probably a long landing-place or open-air passage. —*All the Year Round.*

AN UNPAID FEE.

A Bit of Ministerial Delicacy and Its Disagreeable Results.

A friend of mine, Rev. Mr. S——, in the early days of Montana, writes a pioneer, was called upon to tie the nuptial knot for a happy pair. As the gentleman to be married was a man of means it was but natural for the minister to expect a handsome fee in return for his services. After the ceremony was over the happy groom thus accosted the clergyman:

"Well, parson, how much do I owe you for your trouble?" his demeanor indicating that he was ready to hand out any reasonable amount that might be named.

"Well, it is not customary for ministers of the Gospel to make charges for such services," replied the old gentleman, but leaving the man to infer that he was at liberty to make him a present of any amount from twenty-five to fifty dollars.

But the newly-made husband was too much of a matter-of-fact sort of fellow to take hints, and with a most generous impulse that gave evidence of his appreciation of the great kindness shown him, replied:

"Very much obliged to you, Mr. S——, very much obliged, and I'll try and do as much for you some time."

It is enough to say that my friend has long since despaired of ever getting that marriage fee.—*Youth's Companion.*

—It is said that shingles can be made fireproof by setting the butts into a trough of water in which half a bushel each of lime and salt and six pounds of potash have been dissolved.—*Chicago Herald.*

HE DEVOURS STONES.

A New Hampshire Glass-Eater Who Is No Professional and No "Fake."

"This is Harry Ollis, of Keene, N. H.," said Thomas Linsky of Main street, Charlestown Neck, "and I want you to sit down a moment or two and see him eat glass and devour stones. Mr. Ollis is not a professional man, but an ordinary citizen like ourselves. I did not believe until I saw the act performed by him that a human being could actually make a meal off of glass and small stones. Now, if you are ready, I shall be pleased to fill your orders. Mr. Mr. Ollis. What will you first eat?"

Ollis smiled and said: "I guess I'l try a lamp chimney."

The article was brought and the man, who sat opposite the reporter at the table, began to break the chimney with his right hand. After he had got several pieces of the size he desired, he said: "You are a reporter and have probably seen a good many fakes. Some of my friends go so far as to say that I can, in addition to eating glass and devouring small stones, eat tacks and telegraph wire and drink kerosene oil, but I can't. I can practice the arts of the prestidigitator and make some people think I do all these things, but when I say to you that I am going to eat pieces of this glass which you see before us, I mean it. That's glass, isn't it? You won't deny that?"

The visitor took a piece of it in his hand and said he was satisfied. Ollis again began to break the glass with his fist, and in doing so cut one of his fingers, which required a little attention.

Finally he said: "Bring me a glass of water, and I'll eat my luncheon." The water was brought, and Ollis began to chew and swallow glass, with an apparent disregard for results which was astonishing in the highest degree. He did not attempt to swallow without taking a drink of water. The first piece of glass cut his mouth and some blood followed, but he continued with his lunch till the chimney was nearly all eaten.

"If a man would give me fifty dollars in gold I wouldn't swallow a piece of that glass," said Arty Johnson, vice-president of the Alligators' Social Club. "I don't understand how others can do it and live."

"Neither do I," said Linsky, "for if you give a dog powdered glass on a piece of meat you'll kill him."

"Well, I chew and swallow glass," continued Ollis, as he began to eat a tumbler.

"I should think you would find a lamp chimney and a tumbler pretty heavy food," remarked the reporter.

"Oh," replied Ollis, "when I don't want a heavy meal I eat a light of glass. Wait a minute and I'll chew up a window pane."

After concluding his lunch on glass a half dozen or more of small stones were laid on the table, and after carefully dipping each in water Ollis swallowed them and then remarked: "The reason why I swallow these stones is because I sometimes have a sour stomach and don't want to have the glass come up in my throat."

"How long have you been eating glass and swallowing stones?" inquired the visitor.

"Since I was ten years old," replied Ollis. "Allow me to tell you how I came to do it. When I was about the age I spoke of, my uncle, who used to read to me frequently in the evening, took up a copy of the New York *Herald* and read aloud a story of a Count residing in Paris, who, after drinking a glass of champagne, would eat the wine glass. I listened attentively to the narrative and at its conclusion I said to myself if a Count can eat glass I can. A day or two later I tried the experiment. I was pretty well scared and kept thinking I might die, for you know a boy will sometimes do things that frighten him, but nothing serious came from my first attempt and so I continued to do it. I suppose you can do it as well as I can. I don't know as there is any thing different in our internal organization.

"You want to know how I came to devour stones. I will tell you. You notice that I say I swallow glass and devour stones. I can't chew a stone; I can devour it; you see the difference. As I was about to say, I began devouring stones, that is, stones not larger than the end of my thumb, after I had had a talk with a sword-swallower. He said it was easy enough, and that the stones would not hurt me. He put a stone in his mouth, and then pushed it down his throat with the point of the sword. I came to the conclusion, the same as I did in the case of the Court of Paris, that if he could do it I could, and consequently I added stones to my bill of fare. I am thirty-seven years old."

"Would you be willing to submit to a scientific examination."

"Would I? I should be only too glad. Of course the doctors will not believe that I actually chew and swallow glass. I recollect meeting Dr. Griffin, of the quarantine department, in a hotel on one occasion. He doubted that I could chew and swallow glass and survive, and went so far as to say that if I could really do it then medical and surgical science had been greatly at fault. I told the doctor if he would send and get a piece of glass that I would demonstrate to him the correctness of my assertion. He did so, and I ate and swallowed the glass. What I have eaten has never hurt me, and you can see for yourself that I am fat and healthy-looking."—*Boston Globe.*

Looking at Samples.

"If I pick out some wall paper right away, can you send a man to my house to hang it this forenoon?" she asked in a paper store three or four days ago.

"Yes'm."

"Very well; you may show me some samples."

She sat in a chair before the sample rack until a quarter of twelve, and then went to dinner. She was back at one and remained until almost five, when she finally heaved a long sigh and said to the patient clerk:

"Dear me, but it's such a task and so late in the season that I guess I won't get any at all. Much obliged, and I'll probably buy of you next spring.—*Detroit Free Press.*

No Longer Under Obligations.

Man (to friend)—You didn't seem to treat that gentleman with politeness.

Friend—I spoke rather roughly, I admit.

Man—You have changed toward him. The other day I saw you cordially shaking hands with him.

Friend—Yes, he owed me then, but he has paid me, consequently you see that I am no longer under obligations to him.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—"The barbers in some cities are striking for a rest on Sunday." Well, why don't they let their customers do all the talking one day in the week.—*Norristown Herald.*

ABOUT BILIOUSNESS.

A Useful Chapter for the Guidance of Families and Individuals.

The symptoms of biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent, however. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast-eater. Too frequently, alas! he has an excellent appetite for liquids, but none for the solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough at all events. The digestive system is wholly out of order; diarrhea, or constipation, may be a symptom, or the two may alternate. There are very often hemorrhoids, or loss of blood even. There may be giddiness, and often headache, and acidity or flatulence, and tenderness at the pit of the stomach. The pain felt in the right shoulder indicates an extra bad case, but apart from this there are aching pains and even stiffness in the limbs, with more or less of cramps in the limb muscles, or burning in the palms of the hands, with hot, perspiring feet. There may be drowsiness and torpor by day, and sleeplessness by night, and all sorts of conditions of mind, especially irritability, fits of bad temper that come on suddenly and go off again, and that none are so thoroughly grieved at as the poor patient himself. Bilious people generally fly for relief to aperient pills, and there is no doubt that they often afford temporary relief by relieving the over-gorged liver. This really is antiphlogistic treatment, but it assuredly is not radical. When a fish pond overflows its banks, we may let off a portion of the water, but after this we ought, methinks, to find our way to the other end of the pool and lessen the inflow.

Well, just a word about treatment. First and foremost, then, in sudden bilious attacks, that are often accompanied by great prostration, and by urgent vomiting, it is best to send for a medical man. Such attacks generally come on in the morning, at the time the body is most weak. I do not think upon the whole I should be justified in suggesting medicinal remedies in this paper, for the simple reason that cases differ so. The mineral tonics and bitter vegetable tonics often do good. So does nux vomica and aconite. Then there is dandelion, and chloride of ammonium, and alkalies. But I can only generalize. A blue pill and colocynth, followed next day by a glass of Pullna water, will ward off many an attack if the patient goes in for preventive measures afterward and follows a course of rational living. The podophyllin pill, from a quarter to a half a grain of the extract, in three to five of extract of hyoscyamus, may do as well as the blue pill, if not better. Soda water and lithia water and milk should be drunk next day, and very little solid food taken, though beef tea mixed with arrowroot will be found very nourishing; or a raw egg beaten up in milk. Little good will accrue from treating a case like this, however, if when he is once more well, the patient returns to his old, non-hygienic habits of life.

"What am I to do then?" may be asked. I will tell you what you are not to do. You are not to over-eat; you are not to use sugar or fat to any extent, puddings, pastry or cheese. You are not to touch alcohol. You are not to sit in over-heated rooms. You are neither to over-work nor worry yourself. And you are not to shirk the morning tub, nor plenty of exercise. What are you to do for the acidity? Abstemiousness, and regulation of diet and habits, will entirely banish it, and you will have the pleasure of knowing that its absence is a sign of rejuvenation of the liver. If you but try a week of the treatment I suggest, I feel convinced you will once more feel a pleasure in life and an interest in all your surroundings. But acidity often leads to rheumatism. I shall be quite satisfied with my present paper if it puts a few of my readers on the right road to health, and that can only be got at by seeking for and removing first causes instead of treating symptoms.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

WITHOUT SUNLIGHT.

Improvements by Which Photographs May Be Taken in the Dark.

Captain W. de Wyecleslie Abney, Royal Engineers, F. R. S., has made remarkable discoveries in photography, and much of the recent progress in the art has been due to him. Captain Abney paid special attention to photographs of the solar spectrum, and had some remarkably good results. In trying different chemicals in preparing his plate and developing it he discovered a combination which proved sensitive to the heat rays in the spectrum, which are not visible to the naked eye and are located beyond the red of the spectrum. This discovery is based on the theory that heat and light are the same thing, and was a further argument in support of that theory. To illustrate: Radiant heat is light, if we could only see it with the eye, and not merely discern with the mind, as we do, that it is perfectly continuous in quality with the species of radiant heat which we see with the natural eye through its affecting the retina with the sense of light. Thus, a white-hot poker in a room perfectly darkened from all other lights is seen as a brilliant white light, gradually becoming reddish and less bright until it absolutely fades from vision in a dull red glow. Long after it has ceased to be visible to the eye, the fact that heat is being radiated from it is proven by our senses. There is a continuity throughout the process, in the first part of which the radiant heat is visible, and in the second part invisible to the human eye. We may suppose, however, since we have plenty of illustrations in the animal kingdom of eyes more sensitive in darkness than the human one, that some of them, say the cat's, for example, can see the poker long after it has become invisible to the human one.

This gave Captain Abney his idea, and since the camera is an artificial eye, he argued that some plates might be obtained which would be more sensitive to the heat rays than the ordinary photographic plate, which appreciates light only. Captain Abney experimented on the spectrum, as being the most convenient method, and after innumerable attempts found that the sensitiveness of a plate coated with a special form of silver bromide, called by him "green" silver bromide, in collodion, and developed by ferrous oxalate, extended far into the invisible part of the spectrum. He accordingly prepared a plate, and, performing the simple experiment with the poker mentioned above, he exposed the plate at the instant the iron became invisible to his eye. After a long exposure he developed his plate and obtained an excellent photograph of the invisible poker. He then varied the experiment by taking as an object a teakettle of water, the temperance of which was gradually raised. His results in this case were still better, and he obtained a series of teakettle photographs almost as good as those taken in the light.

This is the present stage of the game, as the sporting editor would say, and the time has not yet arrived when the amateur photographer can go out and photograph pussy on the back-fence by the aid of his animal-heat radiations. The loving couples of to-day can still seek the seclusion granted by a dark nook in the garden, and weep over the terrible perils which will surround the loving young couple of the future. The necessarily long exposure also hampers the popularity of the new process, but—the world will get there.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

DESTROYING A DUDE.

An Interesting Page from the Base-Ball History of Concord Corners—The Biters Bit.

Last week a regular silver-plated city dude struck Concord Corners. He wore the name of E. Bensing Compton, and an outfit that included checked pants as big as meal-bags, and a spotted collar as high as a cuff-box. He lugged a buck-horn cane and cavorted considerably among the girls. He said he had come to the country for his health, but his seven-story airs and sick lobster smile pretty soon turned all us fellows against him, even if he wasn t exactly well. If he hadn't put on so much all-fired style, and hadn't made a walking chromo of himself, we wouldn't have minded; but when the boys met down at the cross-roads Friday night, it was the general impression that a few feathers had to be pulled out of that particular peacock's tail, whether he got the health he was looking for or not.

After talking the matter over, Ben Thompson suggested that we invite him to play a game of base ball. "We'll put him on first base," said he, "and by the time the game's over we'll have to carry him home on a board."

This plan prevailed. We had good club, and some of the boys could throw a ball so as to knock the eternal stuffing out of anybody who tried to stop it. Ben Thompson was worse than a dynamite gun as a thrower. We decided to to make him pitcher, and we knew very well that if that dude tried to catch one of his balls there would be a tragedy.

We waited on Mr. E. Bensing Compton that night, and asked him if he would join us in a game of ball next day.

"Certainly, dear boys, certainly. I'll be delighted, really."

It almost made us sick to listen to him; but we thought of the treat in store for the next day, and that was our recompense.

Saturday afternoon came. So did the base-ballists. We had whispered around that there was some fun to be seen, and as a consequence nearly everybody around the Corners was on hand.

When the dude arrived there was a quiet smile along the line, but he didn't seem to have sense enough to notice it.

We asked him if he was willing to go on first base. He said he wasn't much of a player, and didn't think he could attend to it; but we pooh-poohed the idea, and he at last gave in, while everybody laughed in their sleeves.

The game opened. The dude stood at his place just as if he was afraid the base would jump up and bite him. We led off the game rather tenderly at first, so as to lead him on. Ben Thompson tossed a ball to him as if he was a baby, and he caught it as if it was a can of dynamite. When he rubbed his hands and scowled, everbody laughed whispered such things as: "Ain't it tender." "Somebody go pet him." "Look out, it'll fall to pieces."

But the game went on. It warmed up. Ben Thompson turned his back to the dude and grinned to the crowd.

Then everybody knew what was coming.

Ben raised himself on his tip-toes, twirled around and shot the ball toward the first base.

The crowd was breathless.

The ball went like lightning.

The dude grabbed for it. It hit him in the hands and spun him around. The crowd laughed, while he stood there like a corpse trying to smile. In a minute or two he got alive again. In fact, he got considerably alive. He lifted his right arm, swung it around like a steam-engine drive-wheel, and let the ball go toward Ben Thompson. Ben smiled and put his hands out to catch it. But he didn't smile long. Somehow Ben fell, and when he got up and put his hands in his pockets, and said he wasn't well and wanted to go home, we knew he was telling the truth, for he was as pale as death and there were tears in his eyes.

Sam Simmons took Ben's place and tried to paralyze the first baseman, but the first baseman swung around as usual and came up with the same sickly smile. And by and by he tossed a ball to Sam. Poor Sam! He tried to catch it, but it slipped through his hands, and at the present writing the remains of his late nose are being remolded in a plaster cast.

Then the rest of us determined to do up that dude if it cost us our lives. We waded in. For an hour the battle waged. At the end of that time there was only one sound man on the field.

That man was Mr. E. Bensing Compton.

It was then we decided to adjourn.

"Enjoyed the afternoon immensely, I assure you," said Mr. Compton. "Hope to have the pleasure again."

But we didn't reciprocate. We didn't want reciprocity. We wanted solitude and arnica.

We went home, and that very night somebody picked up a daily paper and ran across this paragraph in the base ball news:

Mr. Compton, the wonderful thrower and excellent first baseman, has gone to the country for rest.

Last night we met at the cross-roads again, and after thoroughly kicking ourselves we passed a resolution.. The purport of that resolution was that if Mr. E. Bensing Compton wanted any health from Concord Corners, he was welcome to all he could get.—*Salem Dorchester, in Puck.*

Frogs Pursued by Mice.

That frogs have a formidable enemy in the common mouse is evidenced by the following incident: Mr. W. August Carter, of South Norwood, England, states that he observed, a short time since, several mice pursuing some frogs in a shed which was overrun with these reptiles. The alacrity of the latter, however, rendered the attacks of the mice futile for a considerable period. Again and again the frogs escaped from the clutches of their foes, but only to be recaptured, severely shaken and bitten. The energy put forth by the frogs was so great that they actually swayed their captors to and fro in their efforts to wrest themselves from their grasp. At length the wounds inflicted upon them rendered them incapable of further resistance, and they were easily overpowered by the mice, which devoured a certain part of them.—*N. Y. Post.*

GOVERNMENT PRINTING.

Condition of Male and Female Workers in the French Imprimerie Nationale.

The *Reveil Typographique* has been issuing a series of papers describing the condition of the workers in the State work-shops of France. Among others, the Imprimerie Nationale, or Government Printing Office situated at No. 87 Rue Vieille-du-Temple, Paris, comes in for notice. This establishment possesses the finest printing material in the world, and an annual budget of $1,400,000 insures its constant renewal, as well as the salaries of the managers, clerks and workmen. Most of the workers are paid by the piece. The higher official staff comprises a general manager at $3,000 a year; an under manager at $1,600; a superintendent over the interior department work at $1,200; an assistant to the latter at $900, and a score of others, such as cashiers, overseers, clerks, etc., with salaries ranging from $800 to $360.

The establishment is divided into three great services, named respectively first division, second division and reserve, with a superabundance of overseers and clerks. The *personnel* of the office consists of clerks and officials, 220; laborers, 50; bookfolders, sewers, perforators, gummers and females connected with the drying room, 310; bookbinders, 120; typefounders (15 males, 10 females), and machine boys, 120; pressmen, 110; compositors, 209, showing a total of about 1,200 persons occupied exclusively in the printing of Government work. The working day of the skilled workers is ten hours, but the laborers have to work eleven. The male workers receive six cents an hour extra for overtime; the females have to be content with four cents. The readers earn, thanks to extra work, between $1.75 and $2 a day; compositors, on an average, about $9.50 a week; machinemen, between $1.75 and $2.25 a day; pointers (male), on an average, $1 a day. The pointer is responsible for any paper that may be spoiled, and he has to do the spoiled work over again without any remuneration. The book binders and pressmen make between $1 and $1.25 a day; the typefounders about $9.50 a week.

The wages of the females may be thus classified: Booksewers, 50 cents a day; bookbinders, 60 cents; rulers, 68 cents; casemakers, 80 cents; gluers, about 75 cents; perforators, 75 cents. In the drying-room, where elderly women are chiefly employed, they earn 68 cents. The female pointers make 80 cents a day. Fines somewhat diminish these by no means exorbitant earnings. A quarter of an hour's lateness costs 10 cents; an absence of half a day, 20 cents; a whole day, 40 cents. The females are fined at half the above rates. Drunkenness, fighting and smoking may all be enjoyed at a charge of $1.25 for each offense.

The pay of the laborers is supplemented by means of an oppressive custom. They receive only $16.25 a month, but the workers have to make on their behalf a so-called optional contribution under the name of a gratuity—of four cents per man every week. Thus the state, which gives $3,000 to a manager, forces its own servants to augment the low wages of the porters whom it employs. After thirty years' service the male worker is is entitled to a pension of $110 a year; the female to one of $80. The officials receive half of their emoluments, which means, for example, in the case of the manager, $1,500 a year. When a worker has completed twenty-five years' service and reached the sixtieth year of his age, he is equally entitled to the pension. Infirmities contracted at work, along with twenty years' service, give the same right. A third of the pension is revertible to the widow when the marriage bond has existed for at least five years. This pension and sickness fund is maintained by a deduction of three per cent. from the salaries, by the fines, and by a share of the profits.—*The Bookmaker.*

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

The Chief Principle Upon Which the Successful Treatment is Based.

A vast number of children die every year of this disease because of improper treatment. Under the erroneous notion that an inflammation was at the bottom of the trouble, opiates have been freely given, and are still recommended by some of the best authors. The use of laudanum, paregoric, wine of opium, Dover's powders or other preparations of opium is frequently followed by stupor and convulsions. The bowel trouble may appear to be checked, but the poisonous materials are retained, and these, along with the drug, are more than the enfeebled infant can endure. The different "soothing syrups" and secret nostrums for the cure of this and similar affections all contain opium in some form, and their use is accompanied with the greatest danger. Astringents, like catechu, kino and extract of logwood are dangerous for the same reason, only that they are not directly poisonous in themselves like opium. The rational treatment is to give something that will kill the microbes, clear out the digestive canal, and not place any more germs of decomposition therein. In the first place, then, one of two things should be done: Give a dose of castor oil, or of rhubarb, to clear out all offending substances; this may be done if there is no vomiting. Follow this with food that has been thoroughly boiled, and plenty of cold water, for it is very necessary to keep the blood from becoming too greatly thickened by loss of fluids. If vomiting is a prominent symptom, neither castor oil or rhubarb can be retained. In any case, in these especially, a microbe destroyer that will not add to the irritation of the stomach should be given. The best of these agents is calomel in minute doses. One grain of calomel should be thoroughly mixed (triturated) with about ten grains sugar of milk, magnesia, prepared chalk, or any indifferent substance, so as to insure minute subdivision, then be divided into ten or twelve powders, one to be given after each act of vomiting or passage from the bowels. The powder should be given dry, followed by a mouthful of water; or mixed with a teaspoonful of pure cold water, that which has been boiled and cooled is best. The calomel soothes the irritated stomach and, at the same time, kills the microbes and acts as a mild laxative, thus meeting every necessity of the case. It is probably converted in a small but effective proportion into the bichloride of mercury, the most powerful destroyer of disease germs that has ever been discovered. The dose is so small that no harm can possibly be done by the calomel. It should be added that the most successful treatment of Asiatic cholera is based upon the same principle.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—A new York woman of social distinction has offered to pay an author if he will make her the heroine of a novel.