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Staunton Spectator.
RICHARD MAUZY,
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FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

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UNSWERVING IN ITS ALLEGIANCE TO RIGHT THEORIES AND RIGHT PRACTICES.

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nov 28-1yr

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BY C. AND O. RAILROAD.

5 a. m. from north, south, east and west.
9.57 a. m. from west.
2.40 p. m. from Richmond and intermediate points.
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BY B. AND O.

7.22 a. m. from Lexington and intermediate points.
1.50 p. m. from the north.
9.09 p. m. from the north, Harper's Ferry and intermediate points.

STAR ROUTES.

7 a. m. from Plunkettsville, daily except Sunday.
10 a. m. from Mt. Meridian, daily except Sunday.
5 p. m. from Middlebrook, daily except Sunday.
5.30 p. m. from Monterey, daily except Sunday.
10.30 a. m. from Sangersville.

CLOSE.

FOR B. AND O.

5.30 a. m. for Lexington, 6.30 a. m, Harper's Ferry and points north.
2.15 a. m. for Harrisonburg, Woodstock and points north.
1.10 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate points.
6.00 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate points.

FOR C. AND O.

9.15 a. m. and 2,15 p. m. for north, east, south.
9.00 p. m. for east, north, south and west.
2.15 p. m. for Clifton Forge and intermediate points.
6.15 p. m. for the west.

STAR ROUTES—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

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6.00 a. m. for Middlebrook.
1.00 p. m. for Mt. Meridian.
6.15 p. m. for Plunkettsville.
12.30 p. m. for Mt. Solon daily.

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And the Public Generally.

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I can furnish you a nice turn-out—Surry, Buggies, Buck-Boards, etc., all in style, accommodated at moderate prices.

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Respectfully,
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THE FOREST POOL.

Lean down and see your little face
Reflected in the forest pool.
Tall foxgloves grow about the place;
Forgetmenots grow blue and cool.
Look deep and see the naiad rise
To meet the sunshine of your eyes.

Your face lies where the lilies rest.
The naiad rises clothed in grace.
She lays a lily on your breast.
She lays her face against your face—
Her face, more fair than any maid's
Whoever trod these sylvan glades.

Ah—look no more—the waters stirs
The naiad weeps your face to see.
Your beauty is more rare than hers,
And you are more beloved than she.
Fly, fly, before she steal the charms
The pool has trusted to her arms!
—New York Tribune.

A WORK OF GENIUS.

Hardly a week had passed since the man of genius had died in a shabby bedroom on the second floor of that dingy lodging house on the Kensington road, when some people entered the chamber.

They were the few friends who adhered to the dead man in the last black days of his adversity. Between them they had paid his landlady, his doctor and his nurse. One of them had adopted his little child—the only relative that he was known to have. Now they had come to see the removal of such papers and personal effects as he might have left. More particularly they wanted to take possession, on the child's behalf, of the "Work of Genius," the great play to which he had been putting his finishing touches when he was taken ill.

Mrs. Saunders, the servant girl said, was out. Yes, she had had Mr. Bourne's letter, but didn't expect him quite so early. She had gone shopping, but was sure to be back soon. Would the gentlemen step in and wait?

They would. So she showed the visitors into the little front parlor, where the man of genius had lived and worked.

There were three of them—St. John Bourne, the great tragedian, lessee and manager of the Hyde Park theater, who, seven years before, had produced the play which had first made the man of genius known. Philip Gaythorne, the dramatic critic, who had extolled it, in hysterical and almost tearful periods, in the columns of The Daily Meteor, and Ralph Ericson, the young bohemian barrister, who did not practice, but cultivated the muses on a parental allowance of $2,000 a year.

The room in which they sat down to wait was miserably dismal. A medical student, who was just then away enjoying himself in the operating theater of St. Thomas' hospital, had succeeded to it. Indications of his calling were not wanting. On the mantelpiece were a skull and a disorderly arrangement of microscopic slides. On the table there was a stethoscope, half covered with a dirty pack of cards. In a corner there were test tubes filled with glycerin, for the culture of tubercle bacilli. There was a mingled odor of iodoform and stale tobacco smoke. Altogether the place was very melancholy and not at all fit to be the dwelling of a man of genius.

The three men took off their hats and gloves and unbuttoned their fur lined overcoats and sat down on the least uncomfortable of the chairs and talked. Their talk, as was natural, was of the man of genius—of his sudden rise, of his gradual decline, of the great work that was at last to have retrieved his fortunes, if he had lived.

For the man had sprung in a night from obscurity to greatness. His name till then had been unknown even to those who make it their business to keep their eyes upon the young men of promise who are presently to rise. One day it had been mysteriously whispered abroad that St. John Bourne had discovered a new dramatist of extraordinary talent. When public curiosity was thus sufficiently aroused, there had duly followed the announcement of "The Knight Errant, a New and Original Play, by Norman Voules." Then came the production, hailed with tumultuous acclamations, and the author passed at a single step into the front rank of writers for the English stage.

Philip Gaythorne spoke of the memorable first night.

"I never saw a house more enthusiastic," he said. "You never had a part, Bourne, which fitted you better, but, for once, I think, there was even more enthusiasm for the author than for the actor. Nobody knew him. We were all asking each other who he was and where he came from, and nobody would say. Indeed I'm not sure that I know where he came from even now. He was always very reticent about his beginnings. Have you any idea what they were?"

"Something commercial," Bourne answered. "I rather fancied he manufactured vinegar, in a small way, in Bermondsey, or was it mineral waters? I can't be sure. Whatever it was, the poor fellow would have done better for himself if he'd stuck to it."

"You think his success turned his head, then?" said Ericson.

"Undoubtedly. He'd been working and waiting for it for years, caring for nothing else, thinking of nothing else. Nobody encouraged him; nobody would read his plays. I only read 'The Knight Errant' myself by the merest accident. I took it up one night when I was suffering from insomnia, thinking it would send me to sleep. Instead of that it kept me awake, and I put it in rehearsal and produced it two months afterward. Poor Voules was quite overwhelmed by the success. He walked about like a man in a dream. He couldn't work. He couldn't do anything but talk about himself and ask what people were saying about him. He gave up his business and fell away from his old friends and became a bohemian of the bohemians."

Ralph Ericson, who himself had deserted Philistia for Bohemia, put in a word for the bohemian life.

"Bohemia is all very well for some of us," Bourne continued, "but it is very bad for a man like Norman Voules, who plunges into it suddenly at 35. He can't take it as a matter of course. He enjoys it too much. He gets to regard midnight suppers as the serious business of life. He hangs about clubs drinking whisky and saying smart things when he ought to be sitting at home putting them on paper. When he does get home, he finds that the whisky and soda have taken away all his energy for work; that, instead of going to bed early and getting fit for it, he sits up drinking more whisky and soda and thinking of it. Then he finds, as poor Norman did, that he is spending money a good deal faster than he is making it. Sometimes he makes a desperate effort and recovers himself; sometimes he doesn't."

In this way the talk turned upon the gradual lapse of Norman Voules, which made a melancholy story. His first signal triumph had never been followed by a second. In the course of seven years two one act pieces of moderate but by no means startling merit were the only works of his pen that had been seen upon the stage.

A part of the money earned by "The Knight Errant" he had lost in a magazine which had failed miserably, owing to inefficient management. Extravagant living accounted for the rest. So he had come to poverty.

St. John Bourne, who never turned his back on an old friend, had given him a small annuity, and on that he lived. But, for the most part, la haute Boheme had ceased to know him or take interest in him. He haunted stage doors, shabbily dressed. He failed to pay his subscription to the clubs and was seldom invited to visit them as a guest.

"I remember," Ericson said, "about two years ago, poor Norman always used to turn up at the monthly dinners of the Silurians at the Criterion. He wasn't a member, and he wasn't a guest, but he used to look in with the jaunty pretense of having an appointment with some man who he knew perfectly well was not likely to be there. It was very painful, but some half dozen of us used to take it in turns to ask him to join us. He was excellent company, when we'd cheered him up a little. But that was before his wife left him. After that we never saw him there."

"Yes," said Bourne, "that was a sad story too. Norman was fond of her. The Bohemia life is bad for women of that sort when they're too pretty and their husbands can't give them as much money as they want."

It was so sad a story that they did not dwell on it. But Ericson went on:

"It sounds almost like a paradox. But I really believe that while his first success practically ruined him this great blow nearly made him a man again."

Philip Gaythorne observed regretfully that he had not noticed it.

"It did, though," Ericson rejoined. "You would have found it out if you'd seen as much of him as I did. He was quite crushed at first, for he was very fond of his wife, though he was too indolent to work for her. But afterward he began to feel that he wanted an object again in life, and he took to working again to give himself one. 'Art, my boy,' he used to say, 'is the only thing worth living for. I mean to live for art and nothing else. It will help me to forget. I'm going home to begin another play.'"

"And that was the play," Bourne said, "that he was finishing when he died?"

"Yes; the play that we have come down here to look for. It should be good. Poor Norman was taking infinite pains with it. He meant to put his whole soul into it. For the last year of his life I hardly ever heard him speak of anything else. I forget how many times he told me he had rewritten the first act. He wouldn't show it to me, he said, till he was quite satisfied that he had done his best. I suppose he never read you any of it for the same reason."

"Never," Bourne answered, "and I didn't press him. I hate criticising unfinished work. He used to talk of it often enough, though, in the Hyde Park greenroom. So far as I could make out, everybody he knew was to have a part in it—just the sort of part he liked best. He used to buttonhole everybody in turn. 'Ah, me boy,' he would say, 'I've got such a part for you—a rattling part—lots of "fat" and two or three splendid moments! I'm going home to work it up tonight.' But he did not get home very early, as a rule, on those nights. The men who were promised such splendid parts used to be hospitable to him. He must have worked very slowly."

"Yes, but also very carefully," said Gaythorne. "He was determined to have every detail right. I remember him consulting me about the names he would give his characters."

"A good choice of names is a very important consideration," interrupted St. John Bourne.

"I know it. There was to be a strike in Norman's play, and he spent a whole afternoon in my chamber trying to think of a good name with a good, sterling, honest ring like John Burns. Between us we thought of several, but none of them quite pleased him. He said he must think it out when he got home. Yes; he worked very slowly, but he was very confident of success when he should have got everything right."

"And all the while," said Bourne, "the poor fellow was killing himself with drink. I wonder if he knew it."

"He knew it well enough," Ralph Ericson replied. "He didn't particularly pant to live. The one thing that made life tolerable to him in those days was his work, and in the state he was in he could do no work without the drink. It whipped up his imagination and took him out of the world of commonplaces into which he had declined, and to which he always tended to relapse. Sometimes I remonstrated with him. He always listened patiently, and he always made the same reply. 'It was no use,' he said. If he gave up drinking, he would have to give up working. He didn't mind dying soon, but he wanted to do something worth doing before he died. In the old time ideas used to come to him spontaneously. Now he could only bring them back artistically by drinking. Once, I remember, he took down Carlyle's 'Life of Schiller,' and showed me that wonderful passage where the historian describes the poet sitting in his workroom at Jena wrecking his health with stimulants to quicken the working of his genius—'the toilworn but devoted soul alone, under the silent, starry canopy of night, offering up the troubled moments of existence on the altar of eternity!' That was his case, he said. The drink might kill him, but if it only helped him to leave a work of genius behind he didn't care. Then he went on talking of his work, telling me of scenes he had projected for it, scenes of such marvelous dramatic strength that I had not the heart to reproach him any more, but I felt instead that the sacrifice of his health and life to such an end was well worth the making."

He spoke with a rare and wonderful enthusiasm, which carried his listeners with him. They sat thinking silently for a few minutes, and then St. John Bourne said:

"Ericson, I shall produce that play."

After a further pause he added:

"I will put it on at a benefit matinee for Jessie. If it succeeds, it shall go into the evening's bill, and there will be the author's fees for Jessie. By Jove, Norman Voules' child will be an heiress, after all."

Then, reflectively:

"I suppose the play isn't left quite in a finished state. If it wants anything done to it, I think I will let you try your hand on it, Ericson. You seem to know better than the rest of us what Norman's ideas were. It'll be a chance for you, my boy."

It was a chance he had not dared to hope for. He smiled his thanks, telling himself that St. John Bourne was one of the few theatrical managers who sometimes carry out their promises. A few minutes later Mrs. Saunders came into the room, and the business of getting together the effects and papers of the man of genius could be begun.

The valuables were mostly gone, a bundle of pawn tickets bearing witness to their whereabouts. Beyond these there were only a few books and photographs, a drawer full of letters and some pictorial souvenirs of popular dramas, and, finally, there was the play, the chief object of their visit.

It was contained in a battered rosewood desk, carefully locked, which the landlady brought them, together with the key. St. John Bourne, to whom, as the duly appointed guardian of the dead man's child, the document belonged, took the desk from her and opened it.

He drew the sheets out one by one and laid them on the table. On the first, neatly and laboriously printed in archaic characters, was the title, "A Modern Hero, a New and Original Drama in Four Acts, by Norman Voules." The second contained a carefully drawn diagram of the stage, with the mysterious letters, "O. P.," "R. U. E.," etc., entered in their proper places. The next had a long list of characters, with the names scratched out and altered here and there, and an imaginary cast. There followed other lists of characters, with other names, Tom altered to Harry, for example, and Helen changed to Kate, and other imaginary casts. Next came stray scraps of isolated dialogue and stray hints for individual scenes, and brief memoranda concerning them, such as: "N. B.—A very strong situation this. Must work up to it very carefully." "Mem.—This must play not less than seven minutes." "Query.—Is this curtain original?" And that was all. The other sheets were blank, or, at the most, only stained with whisky.

"There must be some mistake," St. John Bourne exclaimed. "There is no play here, Ericson."

Then he addressed the landlady, who was still waiting in the room.

"Are you quite sure, Mrs. Saunders, that you have shown me all of Mr. Norman Voules' papers?"

"Certainly, Mr. Bourne. The gentleman locked them up himself the very day he was took ill, and nobody has had the chance to touch them since, not even Saunders, though he did ask where the key was, always being an inquisitive man, but I wouldn't tell him."

There was no reason to doubt her word, but he continued:

"I will ask you a further question, Mrs. Saunders. Were you aware of the nature of the documents which Mr. Voules kept in that desk?"

"Oh, Lor', yes, sir. Everybody knew. It was the play Mr. Voules was writing. Many's the time Mr. Voules used to talk to me about it when I was getting out his whisky for him at nights when he came home. 'Mrs. Saunders,' he used to say to me, 'one of the characters in my play is a respectable married woman of the lower middle class. What do you think would be a good name to give her? Your own name, now, is rather a good one. How would it be if I were to call her Elizabeth Saunders? Or do you think Jane Saunders would be better?'"

So she rattled on until she found that they had ceased to listen, being satisfied by the circumstantial evidence of the truth of what she said.

Bourne gathered up the papers and replaced them in the desk, smiling a hollow, sickly smile.

"We shall have to put on something else for Jessie's benefit," he said. "Poor fellow! It seems the drink had destroyed his genius long before it destroyed his life."

But Ralph Ericson would not have it so. His mind traveled back to that evening six months before, when Norman Voules had sat with him in his chambers and sketched the outline of the wonderful fabric that his brain was building up. Brilliant snatches of dialogue and startling pictures of powerful dramatic scenes darted back into his memory and dwelt there. His faith in the man of genius remained unshaken even under this last ordeal.

"No, no," he faltered. "I can't let you say that. The genius was always there. He hadn't written his play out, it seems, and the world will never know anything about it. But it was a work of genius, all the same."—Francis Gribble in London Sun.

New Games Wanted.

It is natural, we suppose, that the games played at any one time should be very few. Vanity comes in with its irresistible influence to secure that result. The classes imitate each other, and for competition to be severe there must be similarity of effort. A man cannot be great in a game known only to a village, and for "fame" to be as widely diffused as that of the great cricketers cricket must be played, or at least comprehended, by an entire nation. It is, however, matter for some surprise that new outdoor games are so exceedingly few and are so slow to catch hold. In our time only two have become really popular, lawn tennis and golf, and of those the first never descended to the people and is said to be now slowly decaying.

Polo of course can never be popular in a land where the masses do not ride, and baseball, the American game, has never caught on in England, while our winters are too uncertain for the people even to learn exciting ice games, like curling. It is hard to believe, however, that ingenuity has reached its limit in devising outdoor sports or that men are too conservative ever to accept new ideas for games. We can offer no suggestion, but there must be hundreds of minds more pliable than ours at work upon the subject, and we may remark that no democratic game has ever yet been started—that is, no game in which hundreds or even thousands can feel themselves active participators. At present the few play, and the multitudes look on, but they will not be content to do that forever, and we should not be surprised if, 30 years hence, there were a game in vogue which was more "national" than cricket and which occupied in the daily papers even larger space.—Saturday Review.

Editorial Sarcasm.

The lady (?) who yesterday called the attention of another to our patched breeches, whereat they both laughed so heartily, is informed that a new pair will be purchased when her husband's bill is settled. It has been due nearly a year. Don't criticise a printer's dress too closely while you are wearing silk with money due us. Tell your husband to send us $40.78 and save the cost of a lawsuit. We need another pair of pants.—Lebanon (Ills.) Journal.

Changed His Location.

"I see Mrs. Allfire has had her late husband's likeness set in a miniature and wears him under her chin."

"H'm! She wore him under her thumb when he was alive."—Detroit Free Press.

NEW YORK CLUBS.

An Increasing Disposition to Investigate the Qualities of Candidates.

It is becoming harder rather than easier to get into reputable New York clubs. Nearly every important club has a long waiting list, and there is an increasing disposition to question narrowly the character and reputation of a man seeking admission. A few clubs elect members at a general club meeting. This is a cumbersome method, and most clubs leave the matter in the hands of the board of trustees. The latter often practically delegates its responsibility to a committee on admissions. When the committee does its duty, it parcels out among its members the names of those seeking election and requires them to investigate the reputation of the candidates. The proposer and the seconder are questioned and are asked to give other references, so that the candidate may be further investigated. The good natured habit of seconding the nomination of men with whom the seconder is unacquainted is one of which the admissions committee thoroughly disapproves, and it has been suggested, as a remedy against reckless proposing and seconding, that those who are responsible for a man's presence in a club shall make good his default if he gets into the club's debt and neglects to pay up.

No club fully indicates the prerequisites to membership, because in most cases it is tacitly understood that, whatever the opinions or tastes that are expected of an applicant for election, he must, above all, be that somewhat indefinite thing, a gentleman. If a club is very small, the personal dislike of a single member for a candidate is likely to defeat his election. But in a large club a man is expected to put his personal dislikes aside when the question of admitting others to membership comes up. One of the oddest things in club life is the desire of some men to join clubs with whose declared objects they are at enmity or toward which they are indifferent. Every political association that is also a social club of good standing has some such incongruities.

Some clubs do not inquire so carefully as to the character and qualifications of men seeking admission as nonresidents as in the case of those seeking to come in as resident members. This sometimes results in the final reception into full membership of men that are out of sympathy with the objects of the club. Some men are entirely content to enjoy the immunities of nonresident membership when doing business in New York, a thing that most clubs do not permit. It was discovered not long ago that 50 nonresident members of a large club had offices in New York and should have been paying resident instead of nonresident dues.—New York Sun

Rise of the Medical Profession.

During the mediæval times the monasteries, serving as centers of instruction, gave some embodiment to the medical profession, like that which our colleges give. In Italy there later arose institutions for educating physicians, as the medical school of Salerno in 1140. In France before the end of the thirteenth century the surgeons had become incorporated into a distinct college, following in this way the incorporated medical faculty, and while thus integrating themselves they excluded from their class the barbers, who, forbidden to perform operations, were allowed only to dress wounds, etc. In our own country there have been successive consolidations.

The barber surgeons of London were incorporated by Edward IV, and in the fifteenth century the College of Physicians was founded and "received power to grant licenses to practice medicine—a power which had previously been confined to the bishops." Progress in definiteness of integration was shown when in Charles I's time persons were forbidden to exercise surgery in London, and within seven miles, until they had been examined by the company of barbers and surgeons, and also when, by the eighteenth of George II, excluding the barbers, the Royal College of Surgeons was formed. At the same time there have grown up medical schools in various places which prepare students for examination by these incorporated medical bodies, further integrations being implied. Hospitals, too, scattered throughout the kingdom, have become places of clinical instruction, some united to colleges and some not. Another species of integration has been achieved by medical journals, weekly and quarterly, which serve to bring into communication educational institutions, incorporated bodies and the whole profession.—Herbert Spencer in Popular Science Monthly.

Regarding the use of bamboo as fuel, the following quaint lines from the book of Messer Marco Polo, the Venetian, form an interesting example of travelers' tales in those days when travelers were so few that there was little fear of their meeting with contradiction:

He says: "The people cut the green canes, of which there are vast numbers, and set fire to a heap of them at once. After they have been awhile burning they burst asunder, and this makes such a loud report that you might hear it ten miles off. In fact, any one unused to this noise who should hear it unexpectedly might easily go into a swoon or die of fright. But those who are used to it care nothing about it; hence those who are not used to it stuff their ears well with cotton and wrap up their heads and faces with all the clothes they can muster, and so they get along until they have become used to the sound. I tell you the truth, however, when I say that the first time you hear it nothing can be more alarming."—Chambers' Journal.

The following is an extract from a curious Japanese "Life of General Grant," portions of which are printed in The Century:

A year and a half later a circus rider entered his village. Desiring to see the show, Gurando Kuen, on his father's arm, entered the place. Pointing to the horse he insisted on riding it himself. His father consequently asked the circus rider to let his boy ride. Gurando Kuen, showing in his face perfect satisfaction, rode on the neck of the horse and appeared as if he was persuading the horse to go. One day, when he was older, he was playing ball by his own house, and he accidentally broke a glass window of his neighbor. Having regretted what he had done, he made up his mind and went into the neighbor's house and excused himself to the lord of the house, saying: "I accidentally broke the window of thy honorable house. I have no word to excuse myself. The only thing I can do is to my father tell, a new glass window buy, this loss repay. Please excuse." This house lord, having been much pleased with this child's unusual thoughtfulness, without any condition excused his sin. Indeed Gurando Kuen's heavenly nature is like a serpent which has its own nature when it is but an inch long.

THE FOOD OF DOGS.

VEGETABLES AN IMPORTANT ARTICLE OF THEIR DIET.

An Enthusiast Who Disputes the Claim That the Dog of Today Is a Carnivorous Animal—Supported by the Testimony of Veterinarians and Observation.

It seems strange to me, strange that, in the light of such broad, everyday evidence, there are those who still maintain that the dog is a carnivorous animal exclusively, and that a vegetable diet is injurious to him, or at least unhealthful and improper, and that the dog in his nature is much the same as he was in a wild state—a meat eating, bloodthirsty animal, ever vigilant to kill and destroy. The life of the dog today, the practical, everyday habits of the dog as a companion to civilized people, is enough of itself to refute this theory. Dogs eat vegetable food and thrive on it. Many eminent physicians and vegetarians teach us that animal food fed to the dog without a large proportion of vegetable food is sure to produce vitiated blood, organic trouble of the liver, stomach and kidneys, and to a certainty obnoxious skin diseases—mange, eczema, etc. These results, coming as they do directly from feeding meat, are a proof of the unwholesomeness of meat as an article of diet. We have the testimony of the best vegetarians—Glover, Sherwood, "Ashmont," Mills, etc.—which should settle the scientific phase of the question.

We have the evidence of the dog's fondness for vegetable food to settle the natural features of the question.

It is true that at some time in the past, so far back that the mind or knowledge of man cannot reach, when the dog was in the wild state, and when he was forced to eat meat or starve to death, he was carnivorous. While he has the capabilities of living on vegetable food, nature seems to be remiss in furnishing him with the correct teeth for grinding, such as we observe in the horse, ox, sheep and goats. This is surely a remarkable instance of adaptability, as we observe in only one other animal, and that is man himself.

No doubt all these changes in the nature of the dog have been brought about by domesticity; the association with man and the consequent impressions and education which have been transmitted from generation to generation through centuries, till at last what was mere education became natural and hereditary.

Man himself has changed greatly in his nature from civilization or the association in a state of society, which has beneficent effects in enlarging his mind, improving his body and adding to his knowledge.

These effects, while not so pronounced, are quite noticeable in all the animals under his dominion, the horse, the ox, the dog and the cat, which in its wild state is the most bloodthirsty and cruel of all animals and has withstood the beneficial effects of associating with man to a degree exceeding that of any other animal. Still the nature of the cat has been much softened and improved by its life in domesticity, and it, too, is gradually changing from a meat eating animal to an eater of vegetables.

With the testimony of our best professional men, the testimony of many owners of dogs and the testimony of the dog's natural craving for vegetable food, and the good health which follows living on a vegetable diet, is it not astonishing that there should be any person who claims that a diet of meat alone is proper for our dogs? In the light of modern science and experience the old fashioned notions are gradually being swept away to the oblivion which overtakes the misbeliefs left in the rear by progress.

It is possible that the habits of the dog as they are acquired about the home of his master may not be considered as containing complete evidence of his whole nature. Then I offer one or two traits which I observed while on a visit in the south in the past year, and which I was informed were so common and well known in that section as to occasion no remark.

The native negro dogs and hounds will visit the cornfields and tear off the green ears from the growing corn and eat them with relish and avidity. They also will visit the persimmon trees and eat the ripe fruit which has fallen to the ground. Dogs have a regular route from one persimmon tree to another, sometimes long distances from home, which they travel daily, so dearly do the crave for the fruit. All this evidence convinces me that the dog is naturally a vegetarian now, no matter what he was in a wild state.—Forest and Stream.

Harnessing the Sun.

When we sit in front of a coal fire and enjoy its generous warmth, do we realize that the heat and light of the burning coal are really sunshine that has been stored up for ages? Such is the fact. Centuries ago the sun shone on the earth, and plants and trees grew, fell and grew again. They were covered by geologic deposits and acted upon by great heat and pressure, until in the course of years or ages these broad layers of organic matter were transformed into coal. The coal thus represents the work done by the sunshine years ago, and when it is burned the imprisoned solar energy is loosened again.

Our system of power production depends upon this presence of energy. But coal is a wasteful source of energy. Even the best engines do not utilize over 10 per cent of the calculated energy of the heat of coal, and besides this it is an inconvenient thing in many ways. It has to be mined, freighted and stored. Can we not find some more economical way of using the sun's energy?

During the last few years the great progress in electrical science has enabled man to utilize the solar heat in a thriftier way. During its day's work the sun draws up a large amount of water from the oceans and the damp earth. By the action of its rays plant life flourishes, and plants draw from the ground and evaporate into the air large amounts of water. Thus an oak tree of average size, with 700,000 leaves, lifts from the earth into the air about 123 tons of water during the five months it displays its foliage. This evaporated water, sooner or later, falls as rain, and by the action of gravity begins to flow downward. Thus the great rivers are fed. Round and round incessantly goes the water lifted by the tireless sun to fall when deserted by him, and again to be lifted, and again to fall and run seaward as long as it may exist upon this earth.—North American Review

"Keep your temper, laddie. Never quarrel wi' an angry person, specially a woman. Mind ye, a soft answer's aye best. It's commanded, and, forbye, it makes them far madder than anything else ye could say."—London Tit-Bits.

Dirt and Health.

The old saying that dirt is healthful no longer holds its ground in the light of modern research. Not all dirt is actually disease producing, it is true, but all places where filth accumulates or where there is decaying matter of any kind are very likely to afford abode and sustenance to any disease germs which may be floating about in the air. Here they multiply and waxing strong and lie in wait to attack the first animal or human being that comes along, whose vital forces are not strong enough to bar the entrance of these microscopic enemies. No soiled clothing should lie about sleeping apartments, no rubbish should accumulate in the attic, no rotten rags under the sink, no decaying vegetables in the cellar, no soiling matter or dust anywhere. Disease microbes do not crawl about actively like flies. They are invisible, living, organic dust and can often be gotten rid of as such. The greatest sanitary safety lies in absolute cleanliness.—Hall's Journal of Health.

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