

ALMA RECORD.

C. F. Brown, Editor and Publisher.

ALMA, WYOMING, MICH.

German agricultural statisticians have agreed that there is a deficiency in the harvest of wheat and rye which will necessitate the importation of about fifty million bushels. This supply will be drawn of course from Russian Poland and from southern Russia, but as it will materially diminish the amount of wheat on hand in Odessa, England will not be able to dictate prices to the American seller of wheat, as has hitherto been the case. England requires yearly an importation of wheat varying from twenty to twenty-five millions of tons, and the United States furnish fully one-half of this. Russia and India supply the balance. The demand from France and Germany will exhaust the Russian supply, and as the harvest in northwestern India has been far below the average, our friend John Bull will not be able to purchase wheat from American farmers for less than cost, but will have to pay them a good living price with a little balance due from past years.

A recent examination of the coal deposits of Colorado and Wyoming has been made by Dr. John S. Newberry, the geologist, in the interest of certain eastern coal companies. The report calls attention to the rich coal resources which need only the investment of capital for their development. For many years grasping railroads have kept their grip on the coal fields in this region, and it has simply been impossible for private enterprise and a limited capital to compete with monopolies which controlled transportation to and from the mines. In consequence the development of the mineral resources of Colorado and Wyoming has been held in check, while the railroads have grown fat by limiting the supply and fixing the price of coal. With improved transportation facilities and low freight rates, it will not take long for private capital and enterprise to fully develop the mineral resources of Wyoming and Colorado.

It is customary to think of a man as successful who has advanced step by step in his profession, who has had no reverses and met with no great misfortune. That is what the world calls success, but true success is not measured by that standard. In no real sense can a man's life said to be successful when he does not consider, primarily, the duty he owes to his God and to his fellow-men, and is not more concerned about the happiness of his home and the welfare of its members than about what he may accumulate or how far his own way may be gained. A man may have large worldly success, and none of the success which Christ requires. No true judgment can be formed by outward appearances, for they often, like the shell of a nut, may seem indicative of a sound condition, but on cracking it no kernel is found within.

Judge Given of Iowa has decided a point of law in the prohibition contest in that state which is very interesting. It had been held by more than one judge in the state that the importation of liquor in original packages carried with the right to sell the liquor in those packages. Consequently a Des Moines liquor dealer had imported liquor in bottles of various sizes, and also offered them for sale in the form in which they had been imported. An injunction was asked for, restraining the sale of liquor in that form. Judge Given sustained the injunction, holding that an original package in the meaning of the law means the package as it came from the distillery with the government's revenue stamp upon it. No half pint or quarter pint hip-pocket flasks can be sold as original packages.

The Mormon question is not altogether confined to Utah. Nebraska and Idaho have laws on their statute books disfranchising all adherents of the Mormon church and excluding them from the rights of suffrage whether they are polygamists or not. The constitutionality of this statute is to be tested in Nevada. Strange to say, the highest tribunal of Idaho has sustained the law. It is a serious question whether any territory can disfranchise men on account of their creed. The national anti-polygamy laws do not go so far. Their citizenship is taken from them as a punishment for crime. They are not punished on account of their adherence to the Mormon religion.

If one may judge from the majority report of the Utah commission, just presented to the secretary of the interior, there is little hope for the admission of that territory as a state for the present, at least. In the opinion of the commission the Mormon Church is committed secretly, if not openly, to the practice of polygamy, and there are numerous evidences that the Mormon people have not abandoned polygamy in good faith. The commission recommends that an energetic enforcement of the law should be continued, as should also be the political disabilities.

So long as the United States has at its disposal millions of acres of virgin soil, there need be no fears of over-population from the influx of desirable foreigners. By surveyor's calculations just made public, it is ascertained that seventeen millions six hundred thousand acres, comprising some of the best grazing and agricultural lands in Montana, will be thrown open to settlement. This land is part of the Indian reservation in the northwestern part of Montana ceded to the public domain by the treaty of the Indian commission and act of congress.

BLAINE'S DETROIT SPEECH.

The Man From Maine Arraigns Cleveland for His Pension Veto.

Mr. Cleveland's Address.

A republican mass meeting was held in Detroit on the afternoon and evening of the 30th inst. Immense crowds gathered at the rink in the afternoon and thousands were turned away. Mr. Blaine's speech, which occupied less than 20 minutes, was as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens:—For despite Hon. Don Dickinson, the men of New England will still venture to call the men of Michigan their fellow citizens. It was said at the beginning of our government that the veto power was an anomaly in a republic. In assuring the preservation of our constitutional liberty in that great document, our ancestors largely copied from British precedents, which their ancestor had brought with them when they came to America. And in England there has not been a veto since the crown of any act of parliament since the revolution of 1688, 300 years ago this year. So it struck the mass of people in the colonies, accustomed as they were to a monarch, that to give the president the right to veto any act of congress and to require the votes of two-thirds of the senate and two-thirds of the house to override that veto was to confer upon the president an extraordinary power, greater than any power in the senate and the house equivalent to one-sixth of the whole legislative power of the government. The difference between a majority of one and a veto of two-thirds amounted to one-sixth of the whole power of congress, so that the president of to-day wields the legislative power of 13 senators and 51 representatives when in his executive power he vetoes a bill.

A power so extraordinary was naturally used with great caution by our earlier presidents. Gen. Washington in eight years used it twice. The first Adams never used it at all. Jefferson, considered very liberally, but still considered the modern democracy as their great prototype, in eight years never used it at all. Madison in eight years used it three times, and Monroe used it once; John Quincy Adams never. So that in the first 30 years of our national government, measured from Washington to Jackson, from 1789 to 1829, the veto power has been used six times. Then came in the great leader of the present democratic party, as it has been called for the last 20 years, Andrew Jackson. He was a man worthy of your cheers, because his contemporaries, or those who have succeeded him, differed from him on certain great questions. They remember that the first effort of the disunionists were strangled in the cradle by that grand old hero.

In the next 40 years the veto was used 60 times, and of these 60 over 50 of them were by democratic presidents, so that the veto which professes to be so intensely democratic has been uniformly the one which has resorted to the one-man power to thwart the popular will. Up to March 4, 1885, when the present president of the United States was inaugurated, the veto power of the government has been used in all about seventy five times, from 1789 to 1885, 100 years lacking four. And now Mr. Cleveland in three years has used the veto over 300 times, or had when I left New York day before yesterday. How many times he has used it since I don't know. And of these vetoes by President Cleveland 200 have been to prevent a pension of \$3 a month to a few believe of \$12 a month to worn down and starving soldiers of the United States. And he is the first president of the United States who ever vetoed a bill for the relief of a soldier who had offered his body to the cannon when the shot of the enemy was in the country. I wish I had those vetoes here and had the time to dwell upon them. They have all been issued in pamphlet form, and they furnish a succinct expression of the policy of the republican and the democratic parties as to the manner of treating the soldiers of the republic. I commend it as one of the best political documents in print.

Now, mark you, Mr. Chairman, there was not a man on these vetoes a charge was made to the man to whom the pension was to be given had not been a soldier of the United States. There was not a single question that the men who were to be relieved by the pensioners sought were in sore and pressing need of bread. There was not in any single case the slightest question involved of the constitutional power of congress to grant the pension. And every one of Cleveland's vetoes reads precisely as if it were the decision of the commissioner of pensions, on an application for a pension under the existing laws. Well, now, we all know that from the foundation of the government, the general pension law provides for the general relief of cases. We do not care best by general law to reach all cases, but in general there will always be found exceptions; and every one of these 200 that met a veto from the President came outside the general law, but not outside the personal merit of the man who applied for relief. Every case had been before the committee of a republican senate. Every case had been before the committee of a democratic house, and every case had passed through a republican senate and a democratic house, and it was hard to imagine more impartial legislation than that should produce; and yet they met every time with the absolute veto of the President. Some of them, even out of their crimes, and out of their cruelty, had I think a spice of humor in them. I recall one—I wish I had here to read now—in which the man had fallen victim to neuralgia of the most acute type, to allay which he was in the habit of taking opium. He was found dead in his bed and the question was whether he incurred his disability in the line of duty, whether he died of the pain or of an overdose of the opiate, and if an overdose of the opiate, whether it was done innocently or with the intention of suicide. And Mr. Cleveland in his veto message said it would be a very bad precedent to grant the widow and the children of that man a pension because of course, you know, the fact of that kind might be so often repeated. With all due respect to the President it carried my mind back to youthful days, when I used to attend the theatre offener than I do now, and heard the old play of "Paul Pry." And you may remember that professional philanthropist in the play who refused to subscribe anything to a subscription paper for the relief of the widow of a bricklayer, who had fallen from the top of a high house where he was working; "because," said this philanthropist, who I think was in some respects the prototype of the author of that veto, "because," said he, "I do not wish to be known as the man that bricklayer, you will have all sorts of people falling from all sorts of houses and leaving all sorts of widows and orphans behind them."

Now, Mr. Chairman, I am not going to dwell on the subject of pensions, and I only introduced it now to place it 'vis a vis' with another. And that other is the great surplus in the treasury of the United States, a part of which, think you, might have gone to a poor man without endangering the stability of the government. But that surplus which the president has been accumulating with great zeal and industry for more than a year and a half, refusing to apply it to the reduction of the public debt, that surplus which he finds such great danger to the republic, that surplus has at length found its useful fate. The president and his secretary of the treasury have amended the act of congress by giving more than sixty millions of it as a loan without interest to some national banks scattered all over the country. This day and hour, your money and mine, and the money of every citizen of the United States, to the amount of sixty millions of dollars is loaned without a cent of interest to certain national banks in this country, and I contend (although I have not time at present to go into this) that it has been done without a shadow of substantial right under the law. And the \$30,000,000 is secured to the government by the men who borrow it depositing bonds of the United States, and they are allowed to collect the interest from the coupons of

these bonds and to retain at the same time the interest on them on the \$30,000,000. Allowing it to be worth five per cent—and I do not think you can get much of it for less from these bankers—there is \$3,000,000 of interest on your money, by the way, and the secretary of the treasury in a single year. Did you get any of it? Did you? \$3,000,000 you had \$10,000,000 of government bonds and wrote on to the secretary of the treasury that you would like to have him loan you \$10,000,000 without interest and send you your bonds and keep them for you and send the coupons back when they were due. I do not know any better business in this world than a man to engage in it and to loan the government's money and pay no interest on it and collect all the interest you can get and put it in your pocket. Why, any fellow can get rich that way. Let the Mills bill go as it is and the revenue will be increased. The democrats will have to cut down the tariff again and again until they have abolished free trade. That is what they are after. They will never reduce the internal revenue because that does not suit them.

Cleveland takes a great deal about the tariff. He would like to see you compete with England on her own terms. Labor there is over 100 per cent cheaper than it is here! Can you find a market in Germany, the country that never prospered under Bismarck's protection? Can you compete with England on her own terms? Australia has a protective tariff. Then where can you find the foreign market that Cleveland talks about? Perhaps among the Hottentots and the Hindoes, but those people do not wear much. Would you for a few paltry thousands that you might be able to get from those people sacrifice the home market? Nobody but a fool would do that. The northern democrats are not free traders, but Cleveland cracked the whip over them and all but two voted for the Mills bill. You do not know how hungry the democrats are. If a man did not vote for the Mills bill he was blacklisted and could not get patronage. The member from Allentown at first refused to vote for the bill, but Cleveland threatened to veto a bill for a public building in Allentown and the member fell into line.

Our democratic friends call us the free whisky party. Does anyone laugh? Why, if we were no power on earth could prevent them from coming over to us in a body. We simply wish to abolish the internal revenue of the United States. The democrats know that the great issue is the tariff, and that they are already whipped on that issue. That is the reason they are raising all these side questions, with the hope that they will distract the voters. They talk of trusts, but trusts have nothing to do with the tariff and the republicans will deal with trusts in due time. At present the great question is the tariff. Take any one of the Standard Oil, the coal, or any other controlled by democrats, and you will find that they have no objection to trusts and to selling any article for more than its worth.

The republican party has always tried to improve the condition of the working man by restricting immigration. We passed the Chinese restriction bill in 1882. I made an maiden speech in congress on that occasion, and I remember that the German and the American brethren came to this country on the same conditions as the Chinese. I would vote to shut them out altogether. I welcome to this country every man who can earn his bread and who can give his children a better life than he has. I would like to see the wages of life are higher. Would you have that condition of things in this country? I would rather take the foreign laborer than the American. You can get a better laborer, but the produce injures our own industries. I sympathize, God knows, with the poor, down-trodden working classes of Europe, but first and last I am an American citizen, and I cannot see how I can injure Americans for the sake of the foreigners.

I want to speak again on the subject of wood pulp, chiefly because this city is the home of Don M. Dickinson. You know that the Mills bill put wood pulp on a list. I opposed it because it would completely destroy the industry in my own state. I went to the northern representatives, to Michigan congressmen, both democrats and republicans, and I urged them to use their influence with the rebels and the brigadiers of the south to restore the duty. Congressman Ford of your own state and other representatives told me it would be useless to try to do anything with those fellows. A few days later I found that the 10 per cent duty had been put on wood pulp again. I also discovered a trust.

Two of the men interested in the industry were Don M. Dickinson and I. M. Weston, chairman of the democratic state central committee. Mr. Weston went to Washington and whispered a word in the ear of Congressman Chipman. "Don't you know," he said, "that Dickinson and I own the patent for the wood pulp manufacturing process? For God's sake be careful and get the duty restored or we are eternally ousted."

Before I sit down I would like to say a word to my German friends. You know that the old fatherland and the new here for and we have found it. When I was 21 years old I worked in Germany for \$7 a month and my board. I came to America and I got \$39 a month. We all know that the wages here are great. I visited my native land and I was humiliated at what I saw—women sawing wood for a living on the streets of such cities as Munich and Berlin. They do it because the miserable pittance earned by their husbands is insufficient for them. I have tasted the cup of poverty and do not care to drink of it. I do not want this nation thrown open to the products of cheap German labor. I stand by the party, no matter what its name, that keeps the products out. I will support that policy which has made our country what it is, that has changed the importer very largely into a manufacturer and has given us political and industrial independence. I will stand by that party which nurtures protection, and march only with that party that has inscribed upon its banners "Protection for our working classes, protection for our American industries and American liberty."

No Marriage This Time
Naomi—George, say that you will be mine!
George—Really, this is very sudden. I—er—I want to marry a girl who can keep house.
"I can keep house, love. I am a graduate of the cooking school, and I can make delightful bread."
"I'm sorry, but I'm not a paying contractor, and I don't know what I'd do with the bread."—*Nebraska Journal.*

Bobby's Sound Philosophy.
"Ma," remonstrated Bobby, "when I was at grandma's she let ma have two pieces of pie."
"Well, she ought not to have done so, Bobby," said his mother. "I think two pieces of pie are too much for little boys. The older you grow, Bobby, the more wisdom you will gain."
Bobby was silenced, but only for a moment. "Well, ma," he said, "grandma is a good deal older than you are."—*Christian Advocate.*

Thought He Was a Baseballist.
"Zola doesn't seem to be doing very good work nowadays," he said to a New York girl.
"Zola," she said, "you'll excuse me, Mr. Peterley, but I don't just recall what club Mr. Zola is playing with now."—*Judge.*

if reformers, or anything they like, but they cannot change the fact that they are free traders. I am a tariff reformer myself, but not in the sense they are. The tariff on certain articles is not high enough to protect liberty, but it is higher. Last fall Mr. Cleveland set his English bulldog upon our industries, but our American mastiff went for that bulldog and caught him by the throat in Oregon and nearly choked him to death. Our mastiff got after Cleveland's dog again in Vermont and Maine, and the president got frightened. He tried to call off the mastiff, and our fighter agreed to let the bull dog go until they have abolished free trade. Let the Mills bill go as it is and the revenue will be increased. The democrats will have to cut down the tariff again and again until they have abolished free trade. That is what they are after. They will never reduce the internal revenue because that does not suit them.

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THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Dr. Shady Gives Some Good Advice to Young Beginners.

"And so you want to be a doctor? A laudable ambition. How old are you? Seventeen! A good age to think of adopting a profession. By the time you are thirty-five you may begin to enjoy a lucrative practice. But why do you want to be a doctor? Have you a preference for the studies of that profession?"

"Yes! Good."

"Of course you have already considered the cost that attends the study of such a profession as medicine?"

"Only in part!"

"Then go no further until you have given it the most serious thought. To pursue a course in medicine costs time, money and many sacrifices."

Thus it was, writes a New York correspondent to the Philadelphia Press, that Dr. George F. Shady met the questions of a young man, who, having graduated at a public school, had decided to take up the study of medicine. The youth full of that hope, ambition and self-satisfaction that characterize persons of a year, had gone to Dr. Shady, who is the editor of the *Medical Record*, for advice. The doctor was just as earnest in his consideration of the case and just as careful as to his advice as when, as the confidential friend, adviser and physician of the late General Ulysses S. Grant, he watched over, cared for and ministered to the needs of that great man.

"Then your advice is to choose some other," began the young man.

"Not at all," came the quick reply. "I nor no other man has a right to say to any one, do not take up the study of medicine. Regarding from its vantage the possession of every exalted qualification that can adorn the heart and grace human nature, there is no profession nobler than that of the physician, and we have no right to guess what a man is. He may have in his composition the making of such a practitioner, such a scientist as the world has yet not seen. But I do say begin right. So far as the welfare of the country is concerned it does not need you. There are more doctors or parsons holding the degree of M. D. now than can make a decent living. The world, in fact, the world, is overstocked with them. The sober facts show that in the medical profession the market is crowded to overflowing and that the supply far exceeds the demand. While the increase in population is less than two per cent, the increase of doctors is more than five and one-half per cent, and there is but little room left to a considerable percentage of physicians to gain the bare necessities of life."

"Does not medicine afford as many chances for lucrative success now as formerly?" inquired, for I was a listener to the conversation.

"Not as you understand the word success," said the doctor. "To those who study the art and science of medicine as it should be studied—to the educated, thinking man—the profession is as promising as ever. To those who throw down the blacksm's hat and tongs at the anvil-day and within two years walk out of a medical school licensed to practice a profession as difficult as it is trying, there is but little promise."

"Can as good a medical education be obtained in America as abroad?"

"Quite as good. The medical colleges of this country are beginning to compare very favorably with those of Europe. The schools organized by men who create themselves 'professors' and throw out their bait in the shape of cleverly-written advertisements, just for the sake of the money there is in it, are coming to be valued at their proper worth. Their only desire is to have a large class, for the more students they have, the more money they get. In order to effect a good showing they are then desirous of grinding out as many so-called doctors as they can—just like the man with a sausage machine would grind out his links of finely cut meat—all of a pattern, size, shape and kind. It is just here that we need to institute a reform or two. For the good of the profession as well as the safety of the nation, no college of medicine should be allowed to matriculate a man who can not show his B. A., M. A., or some equally weighty degree from some known and reputable college. Then instead of the teaching power—the professor becoming the licensing power—each state should have charge of the work. The colleges may send the men forth with the stamp of approval and recommend them for a license, but there should be a state board of medical examiners to say whether they are capable and efficient. Candidates for diplomas would then be examined without fear or favor. The profession would be elevated to the dignity that it deserves, and the diploma would be an honorable and valuable thing. It is now that the teaching and licensing powers are one. All this, however, will come some of these days just as will the necessity of a collegiate training and a four years' special course. As a rule, however, the colleges in this country are worthy institutions."

"What do you consider the essential for success?"

"The practice of the healing art is an occupation intrinsically dignified. It can not be divested of this quality by the humble condition of the practitioner or the lowly sphere of his patient, and yet the doctor should be not only the most cultivated gentleman, but the wisest of men. A physician of genius is the noblest gift which nature can bestow upon human life. He is the equal everywhere of the highest in society. But to be candid, and to tell you the truth, I think luck has much to do with a man's success. Laying this aside, however, a doctor must be quick to recognize an opportunity. He must meet it with firmness and decision. A moment's halt may lose it to him forever. Then he must be honest. Like the father confessor he knows not even that which he does know. He must remember his dignity and always defend it. But next to luck I think one of the best ways to command success will be to collect his bills promptly. Many a doctor loses his money and patients by neglecting to press his

claims. This affection of disinclinedness in his dues is altogether wrong. It is a mistake to suppose that a doctor who does not dun his debtors, so to speak, is wealthy, and is making a big thing of his profession. I should regard it as an evidence that he was either afraid of offending his patient and thus losing him or that he was not sure of his own worth."

The Baby's Toilet.

A rich baby's lavette now costs \$500 to \$600, and includes soft silk warp flannel, handsomely embroidered, fine knitted shirts of snowy wool, beautiful hand-wrought dresses, not frilled and heavy with embroidery, and lace as formerly, but made of the finest French nainsook, tucked and hemmed by hand, with rows of drawn work as fine as lace, pretty stitching of briar-work in fine flax, all wrought by hand, with real lace edges of narrow Valenciennes, and costing, plain and simple as they are, sometimes \$50, \$60 and \$75. A wrapper, shawl and little seek of fine silk flannel, embroidered with forget-me-nots in the delicate blue of the natural flowers, or white daisies with yellow centers, a little cloak of heavy white silk, wrought with the same fine briar stitching in silk, rows on rows, a little close cap of the same material, embroidered all over with tiny silk sprays, and tiny silken socks of pretty tints are included in the lavette, which is as dainty as a mother's loving fancy can design. The baby basket is a mass of lace frills and ribbons and thin muslin, lined with pretty satin or silesia, and costs all the way from \$5 to \$35. The bassinot or cradle is another pretty bauble of brass or willow, white enameled canopied with satin and lace and with linen furnishings hemstitched as finely as a lady's kerchief, and covered with a soft quilt of down.

One noted baby born in New York not long ago had a cradle of mother-of-pearl in the shape of a sea shell, with legs and handles of solid gold lined with amber satin, and with a canopy of satin and rare old lace falling from a gold frame-work and sweeping the floor. The linen was hemstitched and edged with real lace by the fair hands of the happy mother. Five sets of diamond buttons, six gold rattles, a solid silver toilet set, solid gold safety pins, diamond amulets and rings enough to cover every little finger and toe were among his baby presents.

Then there's the christening robe, which costs from \$100 to \$1000, a mass of rich lace and fine stitching, sometimes made of point lace, and like a wedding dress, worn at the ceremony and never worn again.—*New York Sun.*

A Noble Organ Grinder.

That distinguished nobleman, Viscount Hinton, has turned up again. He is the oldest son of Earl Poulett, and is described in Debrett's peerage as sometimes engaged as clown at the Surrey theatre and elsewhere. Viscount Hinton has gone through many vicissitudes. His father has never recognized him, particularly since he married a ballet girl, and now he has come down to playing on an organ in the London suburbs. In front of his instrument the following words are printed very conspicuously: "I am Viscount Hinton, eldest son of Earl Poulett. Vide Burke's Peerage." Hinton is the son of a land pilot's daughter, whom, it is alleged, his father was obliged to marry, but never lived with. The Viscount was born five months after the marriage, but the latter has never been set aside, and one day the organ-grinder will be the seventh Earl Poulett, with many large estates and plenty to supply his eighteen-year-old son, Hon. William George, and his ten-year-old daughter, Hon. Maude Marie, who at present must be in a bad way. Earl Poulett has married twice since the death of his first wife, the pilot's daughter, and has had children by each marriage, to whom the going-on of the future head of the family gave great sorrow.—*London Correspondent of Boston Herald.*

How the Balloon was Invented.

Exercise is antagonism; at each step force is used to lift up our bodies and push back the earth; as the eminent Joseph Montgolfier said, that when he saw a company dancing, he mentally inverted his view and imagined the earth dancing on the dancers' feet, which it most unquestionably did. Indeed, his great invention of balloons was guessed at by his witnessing a mild form of antagonism between heat and gravitation. He, being a dutiful husband, was airing his wife's dresses, when he was going to a ball. He observed the hot air from the fire inflated the light materials, which rose up in a sort of spheroidal form (you may have some of you noticed this form in dress!). This gave him some idea of the fire balloon, which, being a large paper-maker at Annonay, he forthwith experimented on. This anecdote was told me by his nephew, M. Seguin, also an eminent man.—*Sir William B. Grace in the Popular Science Monthly.*

How the Utes Play Poker.

Most of the Utes are gamblers, and know all the arts that make up the great popular civilized game known as draw poker. Pairs, threes, flushes, straights and full hands they have learned better than their a, b, c's and agriculture. They play with either American or Mexican cards. A good poker-player down east will find a foe worth his hand in the stoical face of the Southern Ute. You can't tell from his face whether the Indian holds a bobtail flush, a pair of deuces or a full hand. They are passionate fond of poker, and in playing this game are adepts in all the arts and ways of the more highly civilized play face. They are also fond of the horse race, and a contest between two Indian ponies is always a great event. The Indians are out in great numbers, and put their money on their favorites. Many an Indian's annuity is lost at poker or a horse race.—*Denver Republican.*