

DOCTOR MACBRIDE.

(George Augustus Sala in Bow Bells.)

Dr. Aeneas Macbride was strong in comparative anatomy, and dissected everything that came in his way. His dissecting-room was in the courtyard of the Palazzo Garimani, Rome. But it was up stairs in his library and alone that "Il Scozese" carried out his choicest manipulations, and made the more delicate of his "preparations" of human muscles, arteries, veins and nerves, which, when completed, were displayed under glass shades on a large table in the center of the apartment. It was at this table, having just finished the dissection of a very small hand—never mind to what kind of a creature the hand, while it was a living one, had belonged—that he was sitting one evening in July, 1775, when it suddenly occurred to him that he had exhausted his supply of cochineal with which to tinge the melted wax, which he proposed to inject on the morrow morning into the venous system of his "preparation."

Dr. Aeneas Macbride proceeded to the well-known druggist's shop kept by Sig. Pandicchio, at the corner of the Via de Condotti. It was one of the largest and handsomest shops in Rome. He made his purchase and placed the packet of cochineal in a side pocket. "Stay!" he suddenly exclaimed, pausing on the threshold; "I had forgotten something. You must make me up, if you please, that admirably efficacious sleeping draught with the secret of the formula of which only you and I are cognizant, and which has given ease to so many of my patients. Will you prepare it for me at once? I must take it with me."

"With pleasure, illustrissimo ed eccellentissimo dottore," said the apothecary, as he bustled from jar to jar and bottle to bottle, pouring various ingredients into a glass vial. "This wonderful sleeping draught to be sure. I have tried it on my wife, who, poor soul, endures agonies from the toothache, and it never fails in producing slumber. To be sure, had you not positively told me that the potion was quite harmless I should have been afraid to use it; for the sleep which it brings about is so deep and so long as to be really like the sleep of death."

He had soon completed his task, and Dr. Macbride, placing the vial in his side-pocket with the cochineal, left the farmacia. He crossed the Piazza de Propaganda; when, just as he reached the spot where now is the monument, his path was crossed by a tall man, who was wrapped in a long black cloak, and wore his broad flapped hat slouched over his eyes. "It's all very well for you to slouch your hat over your eyes, my friend," said Dr. Macbride to himself; "but I know that hat and cloak very well, or I am grievously mistaken. They belong to the harmless man who lodges in one of the garrets of the Palazzo Carminali. I once nursed you through a fever, my friend, and gave you money to get your cloak out of pawn. I don't think that you would do me any harm, although folks say that you are a spadacino—a hired assassin!"

Dr. Aeneas Macbride appeared to hesitate for a moment, then he said, "I will do your will; and may heaven forgive me for yielding to you! But I must have a vessel, a large vessel of warm water."

"That shall at once be procured," replied the taller of the two gentlemen, leaving the room. You will remember that Dr. Aeneas Macbride was not a tall of stature. He bent over the reclining lady and whispered something to her.

"I have told her," he said, drawing himself up to his full height, "that I will not hurt her much."

Presently two female attendants, each closely masked, entered the room, carrying between them a large silver tub full of warm water. This vessel they placed before the young lady, who, without a word, immersed her feet in the water. Then Dr. Macbride, once more bending over the victim, smoothing the hair on her forehead, and feeling her pulse, knelt, lance in hand, by the side of the silver foot-bath. He arose, looked at the victim's face, chose a fresh lancet, and knelt again by the side of the foot-bath. The water was not so deeply discolored. Ere long it was completely crimson.

"Bring another bath—a tub—a bucket—what you will," said the doctor; "and more warm water!" Then he continued hastily, holding his wrists around the ankles of the patient while the first foot-bath was taken away and another substituted for it. "This will finish the work."

"How she bleeds!" said the tall man, who, with folded arms, was watching the scene. The young lady and fallen back in her chair, her arms hanging loosely.

"She is insensible!" said the shorter of the masked men.

"She is dead!" said Dr. Aeneas Macbride, solemnly.

"How she bled!" repeated the shorter of the two masked men.

—neither had removed his mask—and who wore a green doublet and coat lined with silver, filled another glass with wine and offered it to the doctor, saying, "You had better drink it. Remember what I told you in your carriage. We allow no trifling in this house; and, besides, you have need to nerve yourself for what you have to do!"

"I don't like Dutch courage," replied Dr. Macbride, "and am not used to dram-drinking to nerve me for my work. Moreover, as I have not the slightest wish to have my throat cut, and you appear to be prepared to cut it"—both gentlemen nodded their heads significantly—at a moment's notice, if things do not go as you wish them to go, I will drink. And now," he resumed, after a very moderate potation, "what is it that you desire me to do?"

"To perform a surgical operation."

"When?"

"This instant."

"Where?"

"You shall see."

As the taller of the two masked men made this reply, he took the doctor by the arm and led him forward. The shorter gentleman lifted a heavy velvet curtain, veiling an open portal, and the three passed into a vast bed-chamber. Here everything in the way of furniture, and even the ceiling and the curtains and counterpane of a huge four-post bed in the center of the room, had been shrouded in white sheeting. At the foot of the bed there sat, or rather there was half-reclining in a large chair covered with crimson velvet, a young lady—she could be scarcely more than 19—exceeding beautiful and with golden hair that rippled over her shoulders. Her hands were tightly clasped and she was deathly pale. She was clad in a long, silky-floving undress robe of some white, silky material, and Dr. Macbride could see that her little feet were bare.

"You see this woman—this most guilty and unhappy woman!" said in a harsh voice the taller of the two gentlemen. "She has disgraced her noble family to which she belongs, and it is necessary that she should be deprived of life. Here is a case of lancets and you will instantly proceed to bleed her to death."

"She is prepared to submit to her fate," added the shorter gentleman in green and silver, "and you will make the greater possible expedition. I need scarcely say that you will be amply recompensed for your pains."

"I will do no such horrible and unmanly thing," cried Dr. Aeneas Macbride. "Do you think that I, a physician, whose bounden duty it is to do everything that he possibly can to save human life—he it is that of the noble-born infant or of the dotard of 90—would consent to put to a cruel death a poor lady who should be enjoying all the happiness that earth can give? Do your butcherly work yourself; I'll have no hand in it."

"It is precisely," replied the latter gentleman, "because we are desirous that this indispensable work should not be done in butcherly manner that we have brought you here. You are known to be the skillful surgeon in Rome, and you will perform the operation at once by opening the veins in her ankles. If you refuse, I swear that I and my brother—be checked himself before he could wholly pronounce the word 'brother'—my companion will fall on you with our poniards and hack you to death."

"Do their bidding," said in a low, faint voice, the young lady in the armchair.

"Do I hear right?" said the doctor.

"You do," assumed the lady. "Do their bidding, or you will incur a fate as dreadful as my own!"

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thing else was the body, rolled up in many thicknesses of white linen. The lady who had been bled to death. The carriage made a route as circuitous as before to the Piazza de Spagna, but it was then, at Dr. Macbride's request, driven round to the entrance of the narrow lane behind the Palazzo Carnali. Then the burden, wrapped in white linen, was carried by the doctor and the taller of the masked men by the back door into the dissecting-room, and laid like a stone on the table. The doctor noticed that his fellow-bearer was trembling violently, and he had evidently had enough of horrors for that night.

Three months afterward Dr. Aeneas Macbride returned to Edinburgh, bringing with him his wife, a young and extremely handsome Italian lady of a noble Roman family. Pope Benedict XIV, the enlightened and humane Lamberti, had had much to do with bringing about the union of the handsome young lady with "Il Dottore Aeneas Macbride Scozese." He had informed the young lady's brothers, Don Raffaele and Don Antonio Cordisoglio, counts of that ilk, that if they did not consent to the match and pay over a large fine to the Apostolic chamber they would be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law for having basely attempted to murder their sister by causing her, as they thought, to have the veins of her ankles opened. Dr. Macbride, while pretending to execute the dreadful behests of Don Raffaele and Don Antonio Cordisoglio, had first administered her a potion which speedily reduced her to complete insensibility, and had next skillfully mingled with the warm water in which the feet of the patient were immersed the contents of the packet of cochineal which he had purchased at the farmacia Panciarrotto. The poor girl's only offense had been that she had imprudently, and in mere girlish folly, encouraged for a short time the addresses of a young man much her inferior in rank; but by her haughty and vindictive brothers this transient flirtation was deemed a crime which her death alone could expiate. How fortunate it was that Dr. Aeneas Macbride was so much addicted to making anatomical "preparations," necessitating the use of cochineal for their perfection. I fancy, however, that after his marriage he ceased to dissect small dead hands, and consoled himself with covering small live ones with kisses.

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KING OF WALL STREET

A Long Race to Get Even with the Game.

An Experience that Recalled the Inquisition's Tortures—Victory at Last—A Glimpse After Four Years' Time.

The title of "King of Wall Street" was conferred upon me in the sumptuous outer office of a broker in the street at the close of the last presidential campaign. The ticker had struck off Ladd's time, 2:15 p. m., and the stock quotations which followed carried prices up to a point that, after a long summer's hard work, and repeated nightmares of utter ruin, made me even with the Wall street game. When a certain stock touched a certain eighth, my elaborate calculations demonstrated that I would be just where I started in the previous May, and that if I sold out I could leave Wall street even.

BETWEEN THE WHEELS.

How I had longed for that moment no pen could tell. I was short of one stock that was sailing up like a balloon, and I was long of another that was dropping like lead. The genius that turned the wheel of fortune seemed to be doing double duty, and I was caught between the wheels, with my feet bound to one and my hands to the other. Every time the little wheel of tape went around I got an extra wrench. To add to the pleasures of existence, the put-and-call sellers would bring in the most delicate tidbits of gossip, indicating that Jay Gould was going to put my short stock up higher than it had ever been before, and that my long stock was going to be a how-sows, where it would only have a speculative value. This meant that the stock I thought was selling too high at 90, Jay Gould thought cheap at 105; and the coal shares, that seemed to be below their intrinsic value at 47, were doomed to sink to 10 or thereabouts, to lead a sickly toadstool existence.

LIKE GRIM DEATH.

Kind friends gathered around me one gloomy afternoon and advised me earnestly to close out just where I was, to lose all that I had put up as margins, and to give my note to the broker for half as much more, and come again some other day to try my luck. I concluded that I was a member of a congress of fools. Limp and sickly as I was, I felt enough self-confidence to resist acting upon the advice. I had seen one green navigator in these treacherous seas yield graciously to such advice, and had afterward noted how, when he got out and settled his losses, his stocks bettered, and soon reached a point where he could have saved himself. Then I had heard the kind friends who had induced him to sponge off the state, to try again some other day, cackle over his foolishness in running away at the first sign of trouble. Had it not been for this experience I verily believe that I would have been mortgaged to-day to the Wall street broker. The kind friends meant no harm. In the excitement of speculation, advice in grave matters is the cheapest thing in Wall street. It adds interest to the game and costs nothing.

So I held on like grim death to a deceased colored person. I was on duty by the ticker five hours a day, watching for the combination of figures that was to lead me high and dry. Sometimes the 'n'g stock would condescend, and then I'd jump again, while the short stock seemed to be the healthiest thing on the list. By and by the skies cleared, and I seemed to be on the homestretch. In the crucible of Wall street speculation I had lost all appetite for gains, and my ruling passion was to get even. The long stock braced up, the short stock weakened, and if these happy conditions could be charmed into continuance I WOULD BE LUCKY.

The odds were against me. Nothing lasts in Wall street like misfortune. A happy thought struck me. It was to change my steeds and mount afresh. Overboard went the long stock at 20—overboard went the short at 105. I mounted Erie and U. P., and on Nov. 14, 1880, I dashed under the wire. I was exactly even. Instantly I closed my account, and, with a certified check for my margin, and my statement of account in hand, I called together the kind friends whose well-meant advice I had rejected when it involved ruin and addressed them as follows:

"FELLOW SPECULATORS: I am about to say farewell to this street forever. You have been my constant companion for six months. I give my success to you, and your judgment to me. I have had a great deal of consideration in making up my mind, but I have decided against my best interest. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I shall always endeavor to act against your advice, and as a defect by your glance your disapproval of my determination to cease pulling that tape, I wish to inform you that hereafter you will miss me from my usual haunts. If you will become my guests for a few moments we will drink to the weary visionaries who continue to dip in the golden sea." [Applause.]

CROWNED KING.

The old-time speculator, whose feats of twenty years ago filled the newspapers, said that no man ever got rid of the fascination of Wall street speculation, and that for one he believed no man ever would. With a gleam of humor in his eye, he took my statement of account and folded it into a crown. Then he pinned the certified check upon it, so that it danced like a white plume, and placing the paper coronet on my brow, he said: "I crown thee King of Wall street."

Just then the broker came out with his hand full of slips containing memoranda of sales and purchases. "What's the fun?" he asked.

"Here is a man who is even," said the old-time speculator, "and we have crowned him King of Wall street."

Four years have passed and I still reign in my business. The other day I went down to look at my hunting ground in the last presidential campaign where I won a certified check as the white plume of victory. I could scarcely believe my ears.

The stocks which will always seem dear to me, because they made me even with the game, were down, one forty points and the other nearly 100 points. They told me that there had been a shrinkage on the entire list of over \$1,400,000,000.

IT WAS "A STREET."

A few years ago an enterprising Englishman, after great trouble and considerable expense, built a flour mill at Kassala, which he believed no man ever would. With a gleam of humor in his eye, he took my statement of account and folded it into a crown. Then he pinned the certified check upon it, so that it danced like a white plume, and placing the paper coronet on my brow, he said: "I crown thee King of Wall street."

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WHILE WE MAY.

[Independent.]

The hands are such dear hands; They are so full; they turn at our demands; So often; they reach out; With trifles scarcely thought about; So many times; they do; So many things; for me; for you— If their fond will mistlake; We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips That speak to us. Pray, if love strips Them of discretion many times, Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes We may pass by; for we may see Days so far off when those small words may be Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear, Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow, And trying to keep pace—if they mistake Or tread upon some flower that we would take

Upon our breast, or baffle some rood, Or crush poor Hope until it bleed, We may be mute, Not turning quickly to impute Faults that are for they and we Have such a little way to go—can be Together such a little while along the way, We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find. We see them for not blind Is Love. We see them; but if you and I Perhaps remember them some by-and-by, They will not be Faults then—grave faults—to you and me, But just old ways—mistakes, or even less—Remembrances to bliss.

Days change so many things—yes, hours. We see so differently in suns and showers. Mistaken words to-night may be to-morrow's light. We may be patient; for we know There's such a little way to go.

THE STORY OF "OLD FORTY."

The Peculiarities of an Old Captain—Odd Incidents.

[Boston Globe.]

His name was Capt. Ralph Devereux, but everybody called him "Old Forty." The reason for this was that he was always using this number in describing any event that occurred. It was called as "forty" and as "old forty," there were "forty" boys came out of the school-house and fired snowballs at his old horse, the wind blew like "forty," his cowbirds boots pinched like "forty," and he had "forty" pains in his old rheumatic back when he got up in the morning. Nobody around Prospect called him anything else, and at last all his animals, from a stub-tailed yellow dog to his ugly old horse with a watch eye received the same title. One day a few young lads hired this horse to go to an evening party. The sum charged was \$2, and the boys went around to the country stores and bought up all the old-fashioned coppers they could find. They succeeded in getting 300 at last and sewed them up in bags of forty each and gave them to the old man in payment. He took the money, but said he wouldn't let his horse again for "forty" years. His friends tried to break him of his habit and resorted to all sorts of devices, but they had no effect. One night he attended the distribution of presents from a Christmas tree. The only token he received was an illustrated copy of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves."

"I don't see what they wanted to give me that for," mused he; "I've got as many as forty books at home now."

He went to town meeting one rainy day and caught a cold which terminated in pneumonia. For several days he lay delirious, tossing and moaning and calling for water all the time. When his right lung had filled up solid, and but a small space was left in the other one, his fever abated a little and he recognized those around the bed.

"Here, father, take this medicine," said his daughter, "the doctor has ordered it and I know it will do you good."

Throwing his hand out on the bed with an impatient gesture, he looked up and said: "Go away, child, and don't bother me. He died that night and forty carriages followed him to the grave."

Running Over a Little Girl.

[Chicago Herald.]

"Did you ever run over anybody?" asked a young man who was smoking a cigarette of the driver of a North Clark street car.

The driver turned round, looked at the youth a minute, hitched up his trousers, and replied: "Yes, I run'd over a girl once. I was just coming over the bridge, and the street was pretty thick with teams. I had a big load on, and I was holding the breaks tight coming down the grade. Pretty soon the policeman at the corner gave me a clear track, and I loosened the brake and let 'er slide. Just as she got to going a little girl with a big bag on her back, one of these rag-pickers, jumped out from behind a loaded truck just in time to get struck by my horses. It was all done in a second. I couldn't stop 'er any way, and if I could I was that scared that I didn't have the strength. I felt the car rise up twice as the two wheels on one side went over her, and it made me faint. I can tell you, 'cause I've got a little girl like she was myself. The officer stopped the car by grabbing the horses and everybody in the car began to holler. I never dared look back at that awful sight but just turning to another officer that came running up I say: 'Take me right back to the station, I don't want to stay here.' 'What for?' 'For killing the girl,' says I. 'Look at her,' says he. I turned around slow, and there she was a-picking up her bag of paper and rags. She wasn't hurt a bit. The wheels struck the bag, and she slid through under the trucks somehow—because she was so thin, I guess. That's the only time I ever run'd over any one."

The Fool's Paradise.

[Bill Nye.]

Folett—What is the meaning of the term "Fool's Paradise?" The fool's paradise is a place where the fool-killer buries his dead. As fools cannot be considered as responsible for their acts they cannot be punished in purgatory, and yet they are therefore consigned to a place fitted especially for them, where they can ask each other, "Is this cold enough for you?" and all such little intellectual sparkle as that. There is where those people go who breathe in the barrels of the shot-gun or light the kitchen fire with kerosene.

People who enter this paradise enter it with great rapidity, and generally in fragments. The outer court is used mainly for the purpose of assorting and classifying the remains. This is also the home of the man who, during life, casually sat down on a buzz saw to think of a hard word.

Where the Currents Mingle.

[The Hour.]

Nothing is more democratic than the average American railway train, for it represents every class, and is no respecter of persons. The millionaire and the lowest member of the proletariat may possibly occupy contiguous seats. People who never by any circumstances are found together in the same room jostle against each other in the cars and show what thin partitions divide the various classes in this democratic country. If that water which is constantly in motion, and whose particles come frequently in diverse contact, is always the freshest and sweetest, why may we not carry out an analogy from it and say that the social current also which experiences such conditions is, in a similar way, made a better for it. It should at least be a preservative against decadence and stagnation.

New York Star: It is time for the law to declare whether the emotional insanity, self and voluntarily produced, is to be a barrier to the calm and justice-decreed sanity of the human mind.

An Important Department.

[Carl Pretzel's Weekly.]

"Well, my son," said a dignified old gentleman to a young man, "I understand you are a journalist now. In what department, may I ask?"

"In the literature department."

"Ah, that is good, I suppose," continued the old gentleman, "what you select the literature matter from?"

"Yes, sir, there is some one else engaged for that business. My duties are to clip off credits."

"Oh, ah-hum. Good day, my son."

HOW WE MAY KEEP COOL.

Some Seasonable Hints for the Benefit of Heated Humanity.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The temperature of our bodies, which normally is about 98½ degrees, is modified markedly by our clothing, our food and drink, our habits, whether active or otherwise, and by the temperature of the place in which we may happen to be. The point just named is one of the most important, yet little need be said of it for the reason that now this is practically beyond our control. Excess of moisture in the air is said to and doubtless does make a high temperature more distressing, because it causes the water that exudes from our bodies in the form of sweat to remain upon the surface of the body, a circumstance that greatly retards the elimination of heat. Generally the currents of cool air are agreeable and refreshing, because they hasten the evaporation from the surface.

The influence of muscular activity on the body temperature is well known, and though we can not all control our movements at all times, yet by experience all will find that "go slow" is a very good rule to go by in hot weather—that is, when the temperature of the air gets up among the nineties, previous to which none should complain.

The food and drink most suitable for summer use can be quickly named. Use a minimum amount of fat and heated food, but take care to use the most nutritious and digestible substances that can be commanded. Heated foods are best used at breakfast time. Perfectly mature fruits used raw or fruit not quite ripe cooked. Cold boiled ham, tongue or beef, good bread and butter and good cold milk make suitable summer lunch. The milk may at times be substituted by cold lemonade. The two should, however, in no case be used together. The clothing best adapted to hot weather wear is loose garments of woolen fabrics, notably flannel. This for the reason that the material just named aids the evaporation from surface of the body before reformers. Wiping the face, hands and arms with a cloth wet with cold water, followed by drying these surfaces gently, is a welcome remedy.

The Fire Tax.

[New York Times.]

A correspondent of The American Architect makes what at first sight seems the incredible assertion that "the fire tax is now the heaviest tax imposed on this nation." If, however, he is accurate in adding that "loss by fire is \$100,000,000 a year, or 1 per cent." on a very large estimate of our annual product, which cannot exceed \$10,000,000,000 in value," he has made good the assertion, startling as it is.

Many people have long been of the opinion that the business of fire insurance as it is conducted in this country, does more harm than good to the community. It is, we think, unquestionable that the standard of building in cities would be higher if owners were compelled to shoulder their own risks instead of shifting them. The mill-owners of Massachusetts have done this, with the result of extending a part only of the money they used to spend in premiums in perfecting a comparatively cheap system of construction which is thoroughly sound and approximately fire-proof.

The business of fire insurance is very much what the business of life insurance would be if men were no more attached to their lives than they are to their buildings. In that case a policy of life insurance would be a warrant for the holder to go into the most unwholesome and dangerous course of life without scruple, just as a policy of fire insurance too often is a warrant for reckless building and the lack of precautions against disaster. Of course this could be prevented by confining policies to selected buildings, as they are confined to healthy lives; but this safeguard is disregarded even by companies which would prefer to employ it in the unscrupulous competition of their rivals.

Growth of the Milling Industry.

The Minneapolis Northwestern Miller, of a late date, presented an interesting exhibit of the growth of the milling industry in the United States from 1860 to 1880, as per census report. The record of the census in 1870 as compared with 1860 showed that the number of mills, the value of grain used annually and the capital invested had nearly doubled, the number of employees had more than doubled, and the value of the annual product had nearly doubled.

The growth of this industry for the next ten years, from 1870 to 1880, was enormous, but the percentage of increase was lowered. During this decade the number of establishments increased a little less than 2,000, there being 22,573 in 1870 and 24,338 in 1880. The capacity of the new mills, however, averaged large, so that the increase in capital invested in plants was over \$25,000,000. The number of hands employed was increased less than 1,000 showing the great difference in this respect between roller and stone mills, as well as the rapid improvement in methods of handling the grain and its products.

The wages paid in 1800 showed an increase of about \$5,000,000 over 1870, or about 80 per cent. The value of grain used had increased to the extent of about \$65,000,000, and the annual product showed an increased value of \$90,000,000.

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Folett—What is the meaning of the term "Fool's Paradise?" The fool's paradise is a place where the fool-killer buries his dead. As fools cannot be considered as responsible for their acts they cannot be punished in purgatory, and yet they are therefore consigned to a place fitted especially for them, where they can ask each other, "Is this cold enough for you?" and all such little intellectual sparkle as that. There is where those people go who breathe in the barrels of the shot-gun or light the kitchen fire with kerosene.

People who enter this paradise enter it with great rapidity, and generally in fragments. The outer court is used mainly for the purpose of assorting and classifying the remains. This is also the home of the man who, during life, casually sat down on a buzz saw to think of a hard word.

Where the Currents Mingle.

[The Hour.]

Nothing is more democratic than the average American railway train, for it represents every class, and is no respecter of persons. The millionaire and the lowest member of the proletariat may possibly occupy contiguous seats. People who never by any circumstances are found together in the same room jostle against each other in the cars and show what thin partitions divide the various classes in this democratic country. If that water which is constantly in motion, and whose particles come frequently in diverse contact, is always the freshest and sweetest, why may we not carry out an analogy from it and say that the social current also which experiences such conditions is, in a similar way, made a better for it. It should at least be a preservative against decadence and stagnation.

New York Star: It is time for the law to declare whether the emotional insanity, self and voluntarily produced, is to be a barrier to the calm and justice-decreed sanity of the human mind.