MYSTERIES OF MEDICINE.

Doctors Know What Drugs Will Do, but Not Why They Do It.

"When a person takes a dose of medicine," said a doctor, "he never stops to consider what a wonderful provider nature is. When you consider that we are able to give drugs which will go though the entire system without having any effect upon any part or organ until it comes perhaps to some nerve upon which it expends all its force, it is indeed a miracle of the most wonderful kind. We don't know why it does it, but we know what it does. The progress in materia medica has been wonderful. By provings the specific effects of drugs have been discovered, so that they can be given with specific results. Medicine is gradually emerging from the dark valley of guesswork into the bright sunlight of science.

"The modern physician does not make a mixture of seven or eight drugs, hoping that some one of them will produce the effect desired. He does not take chances upon striking a remedy one in seven. He knows now just what drug will produce the results he wants, and he prescribes that. I attended a man the other day who had not been sick for 20 or 30 years. I went into his room, and after observing his symptoms asked for half a glass of water, into which I dropped a small pellet, a triturate. The old man looked at me after I had given him a dose of it and then smiled.

"'Well, doctor,' he said, 'you treated me for this complaint when I was sick many years ago, and I must say the remembrance of the taste of the medicine you gave me then is still vivid. I don't think that a person could have mixed a more horrible concoction than that was. Now you treat me for the same disease, and the drug is almost tasteless. How do you account for that?'

"'Progress,' I replied. And progress it is! Every day increases our knowledge of drugs and our power to alleviate suffering and save human life."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

CAUGHT A HUGE SHARK.

Guests at Atlantic Highlands Land One Eight and a Half Feet Long.

Guests from hotels of Atlantic Highlands went bluefishing early Tuesday morning and returned with a shark 8½ feet long.

The sloop yacht Brunhilde, Captain W. D. Overton in command, was engaged for the day. When about three miles at sea, the fish began to bite. One of the party felt something tugging on the end of his line and gave a sudden pull. As a result he was nearly pulled overboard. He called for help. The captain, crew and his companions went to his aid and helped haul in the line.

When they had brought the monster to the surface, he was found to be almost exhausted. A rope was fastened around him, and the fishermen started for home in triumph, pulling the shark astern. A landing was made at Curtis' bathing pavilion, and the story of the unusual capture spread like wildfire. The shark, which was dead by this time, was dragged ashore.

The fish tipped the scales at 200 pounds and measured 8½ feet in length. His mouth is nearly a foot in width, and he has three rows of sharp triangular shaped teeth. The fish is on exhibition. Professor L. Wenger, the local taxidermist, will stuff and mount the monster.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Will Miss Pence.

The next house will miss the soaring eloquence and quick wit of Lafe Pence of Colorado, who has decided not to be a candidate for re-election. Mr. Pence won his spurs by tripping Bynum in the silver repeal debate and later was conspicuous when the Coxey horde concentrated on Washington. Mr. Pence is a lawyer, but has not allowed that fact to interfere with his being a Populist. His reason for deciding not to return seems rather odd in a Populist, however. He says he cannot live in Washington on $5,000 a year.—Chicago Times

Changing Colors of Glass.

In lecturing on the ruby at the Royal Institution, London, recently Professor John W. Judd, the well known English geologist, alluded to the changes in color which certain kinds of glass undergo when exposed to light. The green glass panes in the conservatories at Kew gradually change through shades of yellow to a purplish hue under the action of light. Rubies change color in a curious way under the action of heat. Bluish rubies turn green and on cooling regain their original tint. The blue sapphire turns white, and the yellow corundum crystal becomes green.

So far as the audience was concerned, Von Bulow always made a point of doing exactly as he pleased. On one occasion when a Leipzic audience insisted on recalling him in spite of his repeated refusal to play again he came forward and said, "If you do not stop this applause, I will play all Bach's 48 preludes and fugues from beginning to end."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Scorpions.

The natives of Lucca, in Italy, assert that the scorpion will destroy itself if exposed to a sudden light, and a writer in Nature said that his informant and her friends, while residing during the summer months at the baths of Lucca, were much annoyed by the intrusion of small black scorpions into the house and their being secreted among the bedclothes, in shoes and in other articles of dress; that they soon became adepts in catching the scorpions and disposing of them in the manner suggested. "This consisted in confining the animal under an inverted drinking glass or tumbler below which a card was inserted when the capture was made and then waiting till dark, suddenly bringing the light of a candle near to the glass in which the animal was confined. No sooner was this done than the scorpion invariably showed signs of great excitement, running round and round the interior of the tumbler with reckless velocity for a number of times.

"This state having lasted for a minute or more, the animal suddenly became quiet, and turning its tail, or the hinder part of its body, over its back, brought its recurved sting down upon the middle of the head, and piercing it forcibly in a few seconds became quite motionless, and, in fact, quite dead. This observation was repeated very frequently—in truth, it was adopted as the best plan of getting rid of the pests, and the young people were in the habit of handling them with impunity immediately after they were so killed and of preserving many of them as curiosities." It is known that scorpions kill themselves when surrounded by a ring of fire.

HOW TO STUDY PROPERLY.

Books Should Be Well Chosen and Read Carefully, Not Devoured.

Study is like a dinner. The viands must be well chosen and eaten slowly, not devoured, then well turned over in the mental stomach for awhile until with ease and comfort they are perfectly digested and furnish nutriment to the brain. Most students study without thought, which is like eating without digesting. Others read merely as a fad and soon forget all they may have learned.

The most satisfactory method of study is the digestive. It is the thorough one—the one that gives strength to the brain. Take the subject you are studying. Read a few lines or a few pages, as the case may be, then put the book down and think on what you have read. Turn it about in your mind from every standpoint. Do not accept it immediately. Argue for and against it in your mind. In other words, masticate it. You need not be at your leisure to do this. Do it in your walks, in your idle moments, at any time. When you have satisfied yourself on the subject, go on with a little more in the same way. In a short time you will find yourself more a thorough student than if you had read all at a sitting. The best educated man in the end is the man who learns slowly, but surely.—New York Advertiser.

Lycoming's Early Judiciary.

"Fair-Play-Men" was the title given to a part of Lycoming county, Pa., now densely populated and dotted with prosperous towns and cities. The proprietary government, with a view to protecting the Indians from intrusion, had forbidden the survey and settlement of the region, but some hard treated and hard handed Scotch-Irish pioneers found their way into the forbidden territory, and being outside the immediate jurisdiction of any properly constituted tribunal they chose three of their number to settle disputes and called them fair play men. The decisions of this tribunal, especially as to boundaries, were enforced by the whole community and came in time even to be respected by the courts. When a chief justice of Pennsylvania asked one of the first pioneers what were the features of the fair play code, the pioneer is reported to have answered that since his honor's court had found its way into the region fair play had fled and law had taken its place.—Philadelphia Press.

A WOMAN HATER DISCOMFITED.

He Had Reason to Repent Asking a Question About Eve.

There is a crusty old bachelor on Fourth street who is a confirmed woman hater and who never misses an opportunity for saying something sarcastic and disagreeable about the fair sex. But he met more than his match the other day in a plucky little woman, who, metaphorically speaking, wiped up the earth with him, much to the delight of his friends, who were greatly amused at his discomfiture.

The old bachelor inquired why, when Eve was manufactured of a spare rib, a servant wasn't made at the same time to wait on her. The little woman responded promptly: "Because Adam never read the newspapers until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and then, stretching, yawned out, 'Isn't supper most ready, my dear?' Not he. He made the fire and hung the kettle over it himself, I'll venture, and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes and did everything else he ought to do.

"He chopped the kindling, brought in the coal and did the chores himself, and he never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates."

The little woman stopped a moment for breath and went on with renewed vigor: "And Adam never staid out till 12 o'clock at a political meeting hurrahing for some candidate and then scolding because poor Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. He never played billiards, rolled tenpins and drove fast horses nor choked Eve with cigar smoke.

"He never loafed around the corner groceries and saloons while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he didn't think she was especially created for the purpose of waiting on him and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a wife's cares a little. That's the reason that Eve didn't need a hired girl, and with it is the reason that her descendants do."

She drew another breath and was about to continue, when the bachelor pulled his hat down over his eyes and sneaked away amid the laughter of the crowd.—Louisville Post.

Eggs and Microbes.

Dr. McClintock of the University of Michigan has performed experiments which indicate that eggs may become infected with microbes before they are laid. A healthy hen, after repeated washings in sterilized solutions, was placed in a sterilized cage. As soon as possible after being laid a portion of her eggs were placed in sterilized cotton and then in an incubator. All these eggs decayed and swarmed with bacteria. The remaining eggs were taken as soon as laid, and cultures were made from their contents. Some of these culture tubes developed; others remained sterile. After some days the hen was killed, and with proper aseptic precautions culture tubes were inoculated from various portions of the oviduct. Most of these tubes developed. It would thus seem probable that the putrefactive bacteria entered the egg in its passage down the oviduct and before the shell was formed.

The Wonderful Congo.

The Congo is the most wonderful waterway in the world. It is 25 miles across in parts, so that vessels may pass one another and yet be out of sight. It has twice the extent of the navigable waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries and three times its population.—Philadelphia Press.

There are many little embarrassments encountered by the professional stroller for which there seems to be no law, either of compensation or amelioration. For instance, take the meeting of the same person over and over again on an afternoon's travels. First time you are overjoyed at the encounter and find plenty to talk about. Fifteen minutes later you meet again, and the interview is a trifle less spicy. Still later you grasp hands for the third time and don't know what in "Sam Hill" to talk about. The next time you meet you bow coldly and pass on, but the last time of all you dash down a side street as though trying to elude the hand of Providence.

THERE WAS NO STRING TO IT.

But He Had Abundant Reason Nevertheless to Be Suspicious.

There was a bright new 50 cent piece lying on the pavement on Jefferson avenue, near Griswold street, when a bow backed man with a satchel came along from the depot. He saw the coin while he was yet 20 feet away, and he made a sudden forward rush to get it. The movement was almost instantly checked, however, and he walked slowly forward and backed to the curbstone and stood there and gazed at the coin with a foxy look on his countenance. In about a minute a pedestrian came up, saw the coin and reached for it and put it in his pocket. Observing the attitude of the old man at the same time he turned and queried:

"It didn't belong to you, did it?"

"Waal, I swan!" was the reply.

"What's the matter?"

"This is the queerest durned town I ever struck in all my life. I was coming up this street last year about this time when I saw a 50 cent piece lyin jest about here. I made a grab fur it, fell on my nose and rolled all over and finally got up to find that a boy had a string on the money and had pulled it into that doorway."

"And so you were shy of this one?"

"Yaas, I was shy."

"And are half a dollar behind the game?"

"Yaas, I'm half a dollar out. Say, are you in a hurry?"

"Yes—great hurry."

"Wall, I'll hev to find somebody else then. I want to find a feller who'll sot down with me fur about two hours and post me up. I'm comin into Detroit once a week now, and I want to find out what's got strings to it and what's lyin around loose and kin be picked up."—Detroit Free Press.

A Countryman's Suggestion.

A countryman who boarded the fireboat New Yorker at her berth at the Battery the other day was interested to observe the completeness of her equipment for fighting fire along the river front. Her powerful pumps and ingenious arrangements for directing the streams upon burning buildings or into the holds of vessels filled him with admiration. Then he asked the engineer to show him the workings of the searchlight. He took it for granted that there was one and was amazed to learn that there was no electrical plant at all on the boat. This would appear to be a curious deficiency in a boat otherwise perfectly appointed, and it is difficult to see how so obvious a need could have been overlooked in the building of the New Yorker. The countryman's discovery has led to a discussion of the need of a searchlight and may lead to its introduction on the boat. It is admitted that such a light would be of the greatest value to the New Yorker in finding its way at night about among the crowded and tangled slips. It would, moreover, make it possible to direct a powerful light upon the fronts of warehouses, to the very great assistance of the firemen. Electric lights on the boat would also be supplied in place of the old fashioned oil lamps that are now in use.—New York Sun.

JOHN BULL'S HUMOR.

It Is of the Fat Witted Kind—What Americans Think of It.

Hawthorne, observing Englishmen in England, speaks of them as "heavy witted." Emerson alludes to their "saving stupidity." Howells has introduced to us some typical specimens of English respectability and rank baffled in their chase after American humor, but on the scent and arriving at the point of appreciation after considerable silent thought, sometimes lasting into the next day, and here is the testimony of Lowell from his recently published "Letters." In a letter written in 1889 from England to Professor Norton he thus explains the warm reception given to Buffalo Bill by London society:

"But I think the true key to this eagerness for lions—even of the poodle sort—is the dullness of the average English mind. I never come back here without being struck with it. Henry James said it always stupefied him at first when he came back from the continent. What it craves beyond everything is a sensation, anything that will serve as a Worcestershire sauce to its sluggish palate. We, of finer and more touchy fiber, get our sensations cheaper and do not find Wordsworth's emotion over a common flower so very wonderful. People are dull enough on our side of the ocean stream also, God wot, but here unless I know my people I never dare to let my mind gambol. Most of them, if I ever do, look on like the famous deaf man at the dancers, wondering to what music I am capering. They call us superficial. Let us thank God, dear Charles, that our nerves are nearer the surface, not so deeply embedded in fat or muscle that wit must take a pitchfork to us."—Outlook.

Mrs. Pepys' Temper.

Being at supper, my wife did say something that caused me to oppose her in. She used the word devil, which vexed me, and, among other things, I said I would not have her to use that word, upon which she took me up most scornfully, which, before Ashwell and the rest of the world, I know not nowadays how to check, as I would heretofore, for less than that would have made me strike her. So that I fear without great discretion I shall go near to lose, too, my command over her, and nothing do it more than giving her this occasion of dancing and other pleasures, whereby her mind is taken up from her business and finds other sweets besides pleasing of me, and so makes her that she begins not at all to take pleasure in me or study to please me as heretofore.—Diary of Samuel Pepys.

A venerable Chinaman of Amoy has been engaged for 32 years in fashioning in miniature an elaborate pagoda of ivory and stone. It contains upward of 35,000 pieces, and when completed, which will be in about five years, will be sold for $300.

Thirty Miles in the Earth.

Rev. Osmond Fisher, in a very reliable work entitled "Physics of the Earth's Crust," says that "the rate of increase in temperature as the distance beneath the surface is augmented is, on the whole, an equable one and may be taken to average about a degree for each 51 feet." Figuring on this statement as the most reliable, we find that at a depth of 80 miles below the surface all known metals and rocks are in a state of white hot fusion.

Roast—The worst meat procurable, with truffles molded out of earth.

Vegetables—A salad acidulated with oil of vitriol and green peas verdant with copper.

Dessert—Chocolate cream, sweetened with glucose and colored with the oxide of mercury and ocher.

Coffee—Roasted horse liver, with mahogany sawdust and caramel.

Liquor—Kirsch, flavored with prussic acid.

Perhaps you fancy that this bill of fare is exaggerated. All you have to do is to look at Chevalier and Beaudirmont's volume entitled "Falsification of Alimenatry Substances," and you will find the actual facts.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Ice Water Habit.

The ice water drinker is just as much of a "fiend" as the morphine eater. In many cases the habit of the former is just as strong as that of the latter and just as hard to break. It has been frequently demonstrated that the drinking of ice water is an acquired habit and not one that comes naturally. Give an infant ice water, and you will notice by its action that the drink is very distasteful. It usually has the same effect upon an Indian or upon any person not accustomed to it. Besides it is very unhealthy, and any person who can avoid drinking ice water should do so.—Chicago Herald.

The spoils to the victors system holds good in France in a small way, though not to the extent it rules in the sister republic. Louis Tabernet, the late President Carnot's cook, is to be replaced by Fieuret, the chef of M. Casimir-Perier. The new head of the kitchen at the Elysee is one of the most celebrated cooks of the age and draws the salary of a cabinet minister. France is famous for its cooks, but its supply of cabinet ministers has been far greater of late years than its supply of cooks.—London Globe.

Cable From Queen Lil.

Dear Gresham:—One more boon I crave,
I trust in your affection.
'Tis not to murder Dole, the Kna
Nor put down insurrection;
'Tis not my crown, but me to s
I write in deep dejection.
And so a package I must have
Of Park's Tea for my complexion

Gresham's Answer to Queen Lil

When I received your cablegram
I thought I sure would faint,
For though I often use Parks' Tea
'Tis not for your complaint.
I feared that Mrs. G. would think
Wrong about our connection
'Till on her dresser there I saw
Parks' Tea for her complexion.

Smoot Drug company.

1894
Harper's Magazine.
ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1894 will maintain the character that has made it the favorite illustrated periodical for the home. Among the results of enterprise undertaken by the publishers, there will appear during the year superbly illustrated paper on India by Edwin Lord Weeks, on the Japanese Seasons by Alfred Parsons, on Germany by Poultney Bigelow, on Paris by Richard Harding Davis, and on Mexico by Frederick Remington.

Among the other notable features of the year will be novels by George du Maurier and Charles Dudley Warner, the personal reminiscences of W. D. Howells, and eight short stories of Western frontier life by Owen Wister. Short stories will also be contributed by Brander Matthews, Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Miss Laurence Alma Tadema, George A. Hibbard, Quesnay de Beaurepaire, Thomas Nelson Page, and others. Articles on topics of current interest will be contributed by distinguished specialists.

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ILLUSTRATED.

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No. 4. For Grand Junction and points East	9.35 p. m
No. 6. For Springville Thistle, Sanpete and Sevier	3.55 p. m
No. 8. For Springville, Spanish Fork, Payson and Eureka	6:20 p. m
LEAVE PROVO FOR WEST.	
No. 1. For Salt Lake, Ogden Am. Fork Lehi and the West	11.55 a. m
No. 3. For Salt Lake, Ogden, American Fork and Lehi and the West	10.17 p. m
No. 5. For American Fork, Lehi, and Salt Lake,	4.15 p. m
No. 7. For American Fork Lehi and Salt Lake	8:20 a. m
ARRIVE AT PROVO FROM EAST AND SOUTH.	
No. 1. From Denver, Grand Junction and points East	11.55
No. 3, From Denver, Grand Junction and points East	10.17 p
No. 5 From Springville, Thistle Sanpete and Sevier	4.15 p. m
No. 7 From Springville, Spanish F'k Payson and Eureka	8.35 a. m
ARRIVE AT PROVO FROM WEST.	
No. 2. From California, Ogden, Salt Lake, Lehi and Am. Fork	9.26 a. m
No. 4, From California, Ogden, and Salt Lake	9.35 p. m
No. 6, From Salt Lake, Lehi and American Fork	3.55p. m
No. 8. From Salt Lake, Lehi and American Fork	6.20 p. m

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