

The Ohio Democrat.

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OHIO

A SUMMER MEMORY.

Running from the shaded porch,
Where, like an arrow, the wind,
Winning the trumpet-flower, the path,
Glorious with the aftermath
Of the early morning dew,
Leads us on to pleasant ways.

Through the garden's perfumed space,
Where the lily's stately grace
Shines in all its purple
Whiteness of its garments,
And the purple pansies nod
Just above the circling snow.

Velvet leaves of crumpling hue,
Sparkling with intricate dew,
Forming radiant centers where
Lance-shaped petals, like fragrant sails,
Show the purple, calm repose
Of that regal bloom, the rose.

Telling of the early spring,
Violets to their sweetness cling
By a scarcely opened eye,
Crimson with high summer's blood,
And the silver larches rest
Over beds of mignonette.

Where the lilies and trailing mass
Of the meadow's ripening grass
Clings about the garden's edge,
There we see, and hear, and smell
Creamy chalices that hold
Just a speck of yellow gold.

Then the clover blossoms toss
Where the pathway winds across
Lovers' swoon, where the air is
Flinging of the hobnob,
Through the larches and call
Just beyond the tumbling wall.

Heavy with its bearded store,
By the river's winding shore
Beneath the trees, that ready stands
For the passer's weary hand,
Murmuring a melodious song
When the summer wind grows strong.

Up against the mellow skies
Gradual-sounding, like a breeze
Wooded by great trees, that screen
With their whispering robes of green
Fluting words, whose softness seems
Like the vistas of a dream.

Here, along the rocky brook,
Lie the lilies, small nook,
Where the streamlet's tiny feet
Woo the kisses of the nook,
Blooming just within the shade
By a massive oak-tree made.

Here the hours are cool and fleet,
And we move with lily-like feet
Down the slope, and see the sun,
When the meadow paths are won,
Finding just above the west
Of a mountain in the west.

—Thomas S. Collier, in *Traveler's Record*.

HE HAD IT OFF.

Why An Honest Workman Parted With His Arm.

In the St. James' Hospital the man's surgical wards are at the top of the building. That is where the accidents are brought in. Any moment of the day or night a whistle through the tube may announce that a fresh case is coming up. Possibly it may prove a matter of a sprained ankle, possibly of injuries only just short of death. Outside imagine life in the surgical ward to be a constant succession of shocks to the nerves. But all who enter there leave nerves behind, or, to speak more correctly, the nerves are kept tense, guarded, ready for all surprises and all demands. Still, I have heard Nurse Wilnot confess to a strange sensation, though more of excitement than of dread, when she sees the form of the foremost of the two policemen bearing the stretcher appear around the corner of the door. The questions must rise unbidden—What poor soul is this brought here for his appointed measure of pain? and what destiny is this day's work to consummate? Is it death, or is it life weighted with some crippling injury? Is it moral salvation or moral ruin? The drift of a life, or, perhaps, many lives, may be determined this hour.

But one can only imagine such reflections occupying the mind as the nurse watches the new patient carried to a bed under some one else's charge. If he is to be under her own care there is no margin left for them, all her power must be summoned to the front and absorbed in the duty of the moment. His hurts have been attended to down stairs, dressed and bound, but there is still much for the nurse to do which requires prompt attention and a steady hand. She must fly hither and thither, alert yet composed. If it is a case of fracture a special bed must be prepared. If the vital heat is lowered by the shock hot bottles must be at once procured. Then the patient must be made as clean and comfortable as his condition permits, and if he is neither insensible nor too ill he must, during the process, be cheered and soothed by kindly speech.

Nurse Wilnot has told me many stories of patients that have come under her care, and one of them I will set down here as nearly as I can remember as she told it to me. It was about half-past six o'clock one winter afternoon the well-known sound came up the tube, and Sister Janet directed that one of my beds should receive the new-comer. It was a young man, a strapping fellow. Of his face I could see little, for it was bound up for injuries to the head and jaw, and one of his arms was broken. I expected to hear that he had fallen from a scaffold, or had been run over in the street, but the policeman said he had brought him from his own home, where they had been told he had fallen down stairs. The story could have only one meaning, I feared. The majority of the cases come to us through drink, and the policeman said that it was a sign which was sufficiently satisfactory, if any explanation were needed.

"There was an old woman mixed up in it, his mother, and I take it they'd been soaking together," said he.

The new patient took no part in these explanations. Though he had not uttered a word I could see he was in great distress, and he could speak only with difficulty.

"I'm glad, at any rate," said I, "that you appear to have no wife and family to be pinched while you're out of work. You're better off than a great many that come here."

He nodded his head and looked at me, and I saw at once that he had been misjudged—he had not been drinking. The look was too direct and intelligent, and so expressive of manly endurance that my sympathy went out to him at once. We have sympathies as tender as other women, we nurses, I hope, though sometimes we joke and laugh when other women would cry.

"You are not a drinking man?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"The doctors will tell you to-morrow morning that's in your favor."

Hicks, the stout cabman in the next bed, overheard the remark. "Now, nurse, come, we ain't need no delusion as to the vices in this 'ere place, and if you was 'ere's Thomson at 'and to expound 'em to us many hour of the day 'er night."

This speech was intended as a chal-

lenge to Thomson, the pale-faced shoemaker in the next bed, who accepted it as such, and a discussion followed which was much relished by such of the invalids round as could hear it.

I did not hear any more of the discussion, but the best of it was the end. My attention became completely taken up with my patient, who had sunk into a very low state now that he was quietly in bed. I had done all I could for him and was occupied in another part of the ward, when I saw Sister Janet bringing a woman up to his bedside. I was sorry to see her, but such belongings, for he seemed to be a respectable, decent young fellow. This woman was the most disreputable-looking object you can imagine. Her battered bonnet kept slipping back off her head, in spite of her aimless clutches, and her ragged shawl was of a dirtiness which I had never seen before. Her patient, who was so ill that Sister Janet moved away I came forward to keep an eye on things. He sat propped up with pillows on account of the injury to his jaw, and he could not reply to his mother's remarks, except by feeble signs. But this did not seem to matter much. She was very much distressed herself to see me and to Hicks in the neighboring bed. She said all in a breath that a pity it was when a fine young man like her son, and the only support of his widowed mother, took to drink, and how she'd begged and prayed of him to leave it off, as sure she was that no good would come of it, and now her words were coming true, for he had fallen down the height of a flight of stairs on to the stones, along of the railings giving way, when she was a-getting him up as drunk as any thing, and now there he was, and she without a farthing, and would I kindly lend her a trifle; and she ended with a burst of tears. Of course I could see what Sister Janet, being rather inexperienced, and charity itself, had not noticed—that the woman was herself under the influence of drink and must be got away as quickly as possible, which I proceeded to do. Of course the scene was witnessed by all the patients near at hand.

I fancied Hicks looked somewhat abashed, though he was reading his paper with great diligence. I suppose he expected Thomson to improve the occasion for teetotalism, but Thomson said, I thought, some delicacy, left the incident to point its own moral.

It must have been an hour after the departure of the mother when Sister Janet beckoned me across the ward.

"Here is a poor person, askin' for No. 9," she said. "They should not have given another pass to-night. I can't let her in. She came just after the other woman was gone, and she has been standing outside for above an hour. Try and see if you can persuade her to go."

I went out. What a contrast from No. 9's visitor! A small, slim girl, pale as death, but quite collected. She clasped her hands.

"Ah, madame would permit me within! It is his mother that was come. That she has made harm. It is possible, yes. But I would not make him harm. Me I would regard only, and is it that madame thinks it would make him harm? Ah, non, impossible!"

"Are you his wife?"

"The pale face flushed. 'Ah, non; to-morrow, madame, we marry ourselves.'"

"Poor things! I felt for them. But I told her it was better for him to keep quiet, and that she could come and sit with him to-morrow, being visiting afternoon."

"But, madame, if he die! It is necessary that I speak to him; ah, it is necessary!"

I told her that he was not dangerously hurt; that being a strong, sober young man, there was every chance of a speedy recovery, and that as his jaw was hurt he could not speak to her if she went to his room.

"I will expect, madame, all the night, if it is necessary; I will expect till he sleep, if I may then regard him."

I could resist the pleading no longer, and I suspected Sister Janet of sending me to the task because she was unable to do so. I went back to her. No, it would not do; she could not go back from her word. However, she finally gave way, far as to consent to the girl's coming inside and looking at Anderson from where he could not see her. Then she went away somewhat pacified. I offered to give any message she liked.

"Ah, non, madame," she said; "you are so good. I thank you from my heart. But madame understands the words must come from me to him. Tell him that I come to see him."

The girl was very winning.

As the hours passed, Anderson, distressing though his condition was, uttered no word of complaint, and once when I adjusted his pillows and got a spoonful of milk between his lips with great effort he managed to say: "I feel better."

He went on in this way all night, and nurse told me next morning that he had been so patient during his sleepless night. The little French girl came that afternoon at the earliest moment of visitors' time and stayed till the latest. She sat by the bedside and held his hand, as quiet as a little mouse. She did not appear to say much, but I supposed she had a language of her own. She came every week. His mother also came, but not so regularly. The girl never yielded her place to the elder woman, but sat still by the bedside, looking at her all the time with an extraordinarily fierce expression. The woman seemed to me cowed by it, and she talked in a language of her own. I was told that some of the other patients watch them as I sat at my needlework at the end of the ward. I wondered what was going on below the surface. It was evident that the elder woman and the younger were not friendly to each other. The young man, I thought, between the two, might have a difficult time of it. I did not see him for some time, and by degrees grew able to speak and eat with comfort, but his arm did not progress as it should. It was a very bad case of what the doctors call a compound comminuted fracture. How the accident happened remained a mystery. I had my suspicions, but could not say anything of Anderson's case until he was well recovered. When I asked him how he came to tumble down stairs like a baby, he answered that he supposed it was along of clumsiness, and that in their place the stairs were dark and rotten. But I could not believe he had fallen without cause, and as I felt sure the cause had not been drink, I could not help suspecting there had been some foul play.

He had been in hospital a month or five weeks when the doctors began to look very grave over the arm, and at last one morning they broke it to him that it would have to be amputated. I did not hear how he took it at first, for I was in the ward, but when the sentence of fetching something for the doctors, and cried. Such a fine, good young fellow, just going to be married, and by trade a carpenter! I said to myself that he would bear it like a man.

But when I got back, to my surprise I found the doctor much out of patience. Anderson had flatly refused to have it taken off. "Here, nurse," cried the doctor, "you come and talk to him and persuade the silly fellow not to throw away his life," and he left me to the task. We nursing ladies being a bright face and firm voice to such tasks as these, even when our hearts are sore, as mine was then. But it was of no use. Anderson, poor fellow, seemed as if turned to stone; all the life had gone out of his face. He was hard and silent and repiled to me only by curt replies. The stairs which he had fallen from some days. Every morning the doctors tried again, but I left off arguing, for I saw it was of no use. However, I looked to visitors' day to change his mind, and only wished it had been nearer, for his arm was in a terrible state. And yet I dared it too, thinking of the shock the news would be to the poor little French girl, who had been hoping so soon to be his wife. Would she have nerve enough to set aside her own feelings and try to reconcile him to the loss of his arm and the altered life before him?

The afternoon arrived, and I saw poor Anderson with a face that made my heart swell with pity watching the door. But she was not as punctual as usual. The afternoon wore on, the visitors left the ward and she had not come. The mother came and stayed a few moments only, looking scared, I thought. I did not hear any thing that passed between them. She looked to me somewhat the worse for drink. I do not know when I have been more certain that a girl's heart is not appearing. I had counted on it with such certainty, I could scarcely believe the time was gone, even while I looked at the clock. As for the poor fellow, I could only guess at what he felt.

"Do you know why your friend has not come to see you to-day?" I asked him as carelessly as I could. He was so pale and so nervous that I was afraid of scaring him. He only said: "No, I don't; not for certain," but he looked at me as if he half wanted to tell me more, and I thought it would come out and so it did that night when I gave him his medicine. He said, just as I was leaving him.

"I say, nurse, I want to send a letter."

"Do you?" I said. "I will write it for you with pleasure. Who is it to be sent to?"

"It's to my girl," and he grew red and very bashful.

"I suppose you want to tell her about your arm?"

"She knows that. There was a man went out yesterday that lives in our yard, and he told my mother and she told her."

So this was the end of the little French girl's devotion! Now that there was no chance of his being able to keep her, she would not even come to see him. As I could not say what I felt I held my tongue. Anderson went on: "Will you say in the letter that she needn't be afraid of me wanting to keep her; that I don't want to go, and I don't want any thing from her, but just to come once to see me for the sake of old times. Don't forget to put that in, nurse—for the sake of old times. Perhaps she is in the right to keep away, but I'd rather she'd come for once, and see me."

I wrote the letter and posted it. I should like to have added a few words of my own to the young lady, but I thought I had better not meddle. Would you believe it? No answer came from that heartless girl. The arm was getting worse, and the doctors said that nothing but amputation could save his life. But Anderson couldn't give up his girl's resolve. He said that if he die he must, why he would die like a man, but that he'd known a fellow that kept his leg for twenty years after the doctors wanted it cut off. But he was so low and looked so hopeless that I feared he did not care much which way it went, and that was terribly against him. He needed something to give him heart enough to face life as a cripple, and to bring himself to beg for such work as a cripple can do—who had had a skilled artizan, an aristocrat of labor. A woman who loved him might do it, I thought, but visiting day came round, and again the girl refused to come, and there could be no longer any doubt of her faithlessness. I begged Anderson to take it like a man, give up thinking of her, and have his arm off next morning. I told him it was pride that stood in the way, but that he would show a far better kind of pride in submitting to the will of God and making the best of his misfortune like a brave man. He listened to me with attention, and though he did not answer I saw I had made an impression; though, I am sure as I spoke, and thought of his ruined life, I felt how different a thing practice and precept are. By and by he said:

"I don't know, perhaps I didn't ought to say it, but I can't trust to what my mother says. I can't get to the bottom of what she told me this afternoon. She's a spite against my girl on account of my taking to her. You go out of doors, don't you, nurse?"

He asked this so wistfully that I hesitated to assure him I would go anywhere he liked for him in my own time. So it was settled I should go to the house where his mother and the girl both lodged, and see if all was right. Happily, I had leave of absence that evening after tea. "You see my mother is overtaken with the drink now and again," he said, in a shamefaced undertone, "and she has a terrible grudge against Marie, on account of his being along of her that she was put out with me; and you see, Marie don't make no allowance for her being in the drink that evening. And she don't know what fear is, that girl. She'll up and say any thing to the old woman."

In his excitement he never said that he was letting out his secret. I held my peace and marveled at the absence of bitterness toward the mother who had been the cause of his misfortunes.

I had no difficulty in finding the court to which Anderson directed me. It was such a place as none but the London poor are doomed to live in. I should not have had a good night's sleep, for I did not know where to go, in which I was safe anywhere. And if I had been timid I need only have addressed myself to a policeman and he would have walked with me anywhere. So many of the force have been nursed by us that they are always pleased to show us attention.

I had made up my mind to see the girl herself, if possible; but when I made my inquiry for her of the grimy person who lived, with many others, no doubt, on the ground floor, I found that she had left the house! Did they know where she was gone? No, they did not. I did not know whether Mrs. Anderson was in the neighborhood, for I liked, upon which she disappeared into the gloom. I thought I had better try "going up," and it was well I did so, for I met a tidy-looking woman coming down, who not only could tell me that she had

seen Mrs. Anderson go out, but that she knew where the young woman had gone to, but would not tell me unless I wanted it "for her good." So I got the address and went to find the place, though I half repented me of the errand, for this changing lodging, so secret, as if it were cut off all appeal, seemed to me the most heartless thing the young woman had done. "Three pair back" being the direction I received at the front door, I groped my way up stairs as pitch dark as they usually are in such houses, and in answer to my tap, Marie herself appeared at the door. The room was as neat as possible and quite pretty in its poor way, and she herself dressed in a trim dark dress with snowy French cap and apron. But it was only in the moment that passed before she recognized me that I had the heart to observe all this. I thought, "I am a poor creature. A maid I might be, but being harsh to her, being so full of her supposed heartlessness."

"Ah, madame, is it that he thinks me faithless? Madame, since I could not go to-day I write to him even now, voyez-vous." And I saw that she had been setting with pen and paper before I came. "I am a poor creature! I could not go, non; I am blanchisseuse at the French laundry and the principal change itself; and she know not me and permit me not to go at the right hour, and last week I go plus tard, and then say no, it is past the hour, and they write a word to give it comfort, and I desire to go to my Jean. And is it that he had the heart to forget it? Mais oui, it must be so. And is it possible that mon pauvre Jean think me faithless? Ah, madame, and the poor girl sobbed and cried so bitterly that I put my arm around her and made her lean on my shoulder.

She was so absorbed in the piteous idea of Jean's suffering through doubts of her love that she seemed hardly to take in the idea of his losing his arm. "His mother say she tell me? Ah, non, she never tell me, madame, and the letter, I have not received it, non. I come away because that his mother is so mechante, so bad. She hate me for that Jean love me. Madame knows that she made to fall my Jean because we marry ourselves next day, and that he work for me then. Ah, he is too good to her, but then, voyez-vous, she is always his mother, yes."

"She might forget her anger now that he is able to work for neither of you," said I.

"I don't know, and I drew herself away from his arm, looking at me with a pale, fixed face, as on the first occasion I had seen her.

"Ah, le pauvre ange, his arm, I forgot, Madame says he will lose it. Tell me," said I.

I told her all about it, and of his refusal to submit to the operation. "Madame, Jean is not cowardly," and her eyes flashed. "He is desole that he can not work, say you? But I can work—me! I work well; I get the good wages; and if I will not work! And as you say, madame, in your so kind way, one can do much with one arm, if one can be carpenter. Ah, how that Jean is good, for it is the left arm, 'est ce pas, that he will lose!"

"Come back with me now," I said, "and persuade him to have it done to-morrow morning" (I did not like to say "before it is too late"). "I will get you in, and we must hurry, for my time is nearly up."

"If I will come!" said Marie, and she was ready in a moment.

I went to Sister Janet, who was only too glad to obtain admittance for her, and she was soon by the bedside of her "Jean." Of course I did not hear what passed between them. When she went away Marie threw her arms around me and kissed me, and smiled with the tears in her eyes. "The smile of this fiery one of pride and thankfulness, and the tears were for poor Jean's arm that was going to be taken off next morning. Anderson's face when I went to him did me good to see, for hope and life had come back into it.

"I've changed my mind, nurse," said he, "and I'll be glad to hear it; and then he whispered, 'I don't want any medicine; my girl has been enough medicine for me!'"—*Leisure Hours*.

ATTAR OF ROSES.

Sweet Perfume Which is Sold at One Hundred Dollars Per Ounce.

"Do you have much call for attar of roses?" asked a reporter of a prominent chemist and dealer in drugs in this city.

"Oh, yes," said the dealer, "but there is very little of the genuine article sold in New York; it is too expensive. The genuine attar of roses, which is made in India and Australia, costs one hundred dollars an ounce at the places of distillation. It takes fifty thousand roses to make an ounce of attar. The roses which are used are the common roses, of which variety there are large yields in California, where the distillation of attar could be made very profitably. It has been through that part of the country and have seen hedge-rows near Sonoma, in that State, so dense with these roses that the odor from them caused a feeling of faintness and oppression on the passer-by. In India the roses are, however, regularly cultivated. They are planted in rows in the fields and are particularly hardy."

"Do you know anything of the process used in distilling the attar?"

"The work is done by women and children, who regard it merely as a pleasure. As soon as the roses begin to bloom they are picked. The leaves are then separated and distilled in twice their weight of water, which is afterwards drawn off into open vessels. These stand overnight, being covered, to keep out dirt and insects, which are attracted by the odor of the roses. In the morning the water is coated with a thin oily film. This is the rare attar of roses. It is skimmed off with a fine feather and put into vials, which are hermetically sealed. So it may well be imagined that any essence of oil that required the distilling of fifty thousand roses to fill an ounce vial is worth every cent of the price asked for it."—*N. Y. Mail and Express*.

A Remarkably Smart Man.

"Say, Milus, when air yer gwine ter name yer new boy?" a negro upon meeting an acquaintance, asked.

"Done named him."

"Dat so?"

"Yes, sah."

"Hopes yer gin him er big name."

"I did. Named him arter er big Congressman."

"What does yer call him?"

"Obotom yer Bill."

"Dat's right. Name him arter dat statesman an' dat folks main say dat he er slouch. Dat gentleman what yer named him arter! He do whole Congress for a laung time, an' o' cose mus be er smart man."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

A WARM DAY.

The Herald's correspondent for Toledo Herald Summer City—St. Diego, Cal.

I take a piece of dried ink whittled down in my hand to inform you that the equator has slipped several notches or two and got directly over us, say ten feet above us, with warmer indications by the corn barometer, and making one think he is in Wiltshire, sure. It is hardly horrid, or horribly horrid, we don't know which, or both, but we rather think so. The impression is that we have dried and gone there, for we never saw so much weather with the cold jerked completely out of it. The beauty of it is that we do not allow anybody to mention it only when he is by himself. If a Hottentot were here to-day he would be a good deal better. A brick wall doesn't give any shade because the sun just knocks the mortar out between the bricks and shines through. It is the hottest day ever seen in this country, and you couldn't expect to find a hotter one in a future country.

Nothing will cast a shadow. The sun shines in the windows of all four sides of the house. You walk around without a shadow—which is a great relief to some of the citizens, as even the police can't shadow you. If you ever had a shadow on your reputation there is none there now. It is useless for your neighbors to try to lay you in the shade. You do not need any wood in the stoves to cook with, as the stoves are already red hot.

All kinds of business transactions are red hot, and people get their fingers burned, and it is impossible for people to treat their enemies with the usual cool indifference. The mercury is at the extreme Fahrenheit of its career, and nothing but hot words now pass current between neighbors. Water, when it gets to such a consistency that you can roll it up in your hands and make a base ball out of it, is certainly a wonderful thing. You perspire until you are dry, and it looks as if they would have to soak us a week to bring us back to life and soften us up a little until we are more pliable. Even the shades of departed heroes are few and far between.

The usually cool, calculating man is not here now, nor the neighbor who can give you the cold shoulder. A cake of ice out of its season, and a cold, and a cold-baked crust being formed on the surface of it. Boarders are not complaining about the landlady's cold viandals at meals, for they are all hot. If you want to bake bread just put it in a refrigerator and it will soon be done. Ice-cream signs are all taken in, and the young men cease to be taken in, and can not endure this weather and survive.

If you put rods on your house to prevent the heat from striking it your lawn will be in vain, for the sun-bolts will strike down through the roof and catch you, even if you are under a feather-bed.

The man who ventures out with a cool soaked brick in his hat, thinking to knock the heat off with it, will soon go to ground struck either by the heat or the brick. Lawyers to-day are actually sweating in their efforts to make other people sweat. Old grudges seem to be softening and running away, and old sailors say that there is certainly a clear passage to the North Pole and it would be a good time to start out for it now if you were well equipped with linen dusters and have a good assortment of fans. Fans do no good here, as they merely blow the heat against your face and singe your beard off. If one were a Shadrach, Meshach or an Abednego to-night go through this fiery ordeal without being singed, but I do not think any of us are eligible for the position. Yet if you start out with a buggy you will be apt to think that you are an Elijah making the trip in a fiery chariot—though without clearance papers. Money in your pockets gets hotter and hotter, and it burns holes in them a great deal quicker.

It is such a fierce hotness that we are grievously depressed because we can not run around and pay other people what we owe them—so are said other people. The umbrella handle actually blisters your hand when you start out with it, while you feel that you are sort of a walking conflagration, and yearn for some one to put you out. The fiery effusions of the poet can not be quenched even by the cold water on them. Figures of speech are inadequate to express the figures of heat. The earth is heated so far down that we will have hot water for some time. But we can safely state that book agents, insurance men, fleas, flies and other insects are standing this hot spell wonderfully well.

—*A. W. Bellaw, in Detroit Free Press*.

NOSES REMODELED.

A Berlin Surgeon Who Repairs and Remakes Noses of Every Description.

There are some people in this world who should carry their noses in a scabbard, if for no other reason than to hide them from the public gaze. New Orleans is full of such people. Many of them have knotty, lumpy, flat, twisted and curly noses, which are a positive humiliation to the owners and a source of much mortification to the rest of mankind. But the ugly noses and women need no longer suffer. The hour of their deliverance from ungraciously beaks has come, and if they do not haul out the artillery and fire a salute it is their own fault.

A Berlin surgeon has discovered the art of repairing and remodeling noses of all sizes and ages. He can take a nose shape, make an article and by his peculiar method turn it into a beautiful and really classic snout. He bars nothing. The fact of the matter is he invites the hideous and pays a premium for it. The man with a nose twisted like a gourd handle or a ram's horn is his pleasure. The man with no nose at all is his delight and joy.

The Berlin surgeon, when he gets hold of a bad nose, puts chloroform under it and then grasps it with a pair of forceps and smashes, cuts and knocks it into a pulp, and then he goes quietly to work, and with the nasal bone for a foundation, builds a nose that makes the gods weep with envy, and which is a real luxury to wipe and to blow.

This discovery is going to be a blessing to the human race, for the reason that he is willing to impart to his brother professionals the knowledge he has gained concerning noses, and to make them the beneficiaries of his art. This generosity on his part leads us to believe that a good deal of ugliness now existing in the human family will be destroyed. For instance, the society girl with a pug nose tilted up at the end, and which causes her to look as if she were constantly smelling a bonedyard or a garbage barrel, can have it transformed into a proboscis as delicate and

as captivating as that worn by the handsome girl whose likeness is imprinted on our silver dollar. The person with a short nose can have it properly and artistically elongated, the long nose can be judiciously curtailed, and the fat and warty nose treated in such a manner as to make it appear thin and muscular.

The greatest benefit to be derived from the discovery, however, is the fact that it will make the men of to-day braver and readier than they are to battle for their personal rights, for the reason that if they get into a fight and their noses are mashed, they can go off and put them in dock and have them repaired at small cost. A broken nose will not amount to much more than a broken walking-stick, and the dudes careful of their good looks will be happy.

It is the old ambition of the Berlin surgeon's life to secure the job of putting a decent nose on the Duke of Cumberland. The Duke was born without a nose, and a scrub doctor, who pretended to know all about such things, made him a nasal organ out of flesh cut from his aristocratic arm. Unfortunately, however, for the Duke, his nose looks like a huge red tumor, which wobbles from one side to the other when he walks, and trembles and oscillates in the wind as if it were a clump of jelly. The Berlin nose-maker says that he can remove the one-horse affair from the face of the Duke and build him a royal snout that will stand up against a forty-mile gale as bravely as the bowsprit of a Dutch ironclad. He will guarantee it not to flop, shake or to become loose in its fastenings, and, therefore, we advise the Duke to take advantage of the opportunity and get a beak with some backbone to it.

THE PECULIAR MAN.

A Public Nuisance Which is to be Found Almost Everywhere.

The peculiar man is a public nuisance. He obtrudes his peculiarity on all occasions with the same sort of pride that causes a Neapolitan beggar to glory in the display of some ghastly deformity. The peculiar man glories in his peculiarity; he calls it individuality, and avers very truthfully that nothing should make a man sacrifice his individuality. He quotes: "The leopard can not change his spots," and so emphasizes his peculiarities.

The peculiar man invariably has the most remarkable set of principles. True, one should have principles, but it remains the province of peculiarity to force its principles down the helpless throats of its neighbors. Our most unpleasant traits for all his unpleasant traits by the stock remark: "Oh, you know I am a peculiar man." And so he is—peculiarly disagreeable.

The leopard's spots are born with him; the blemishes on the peculiar man are usually the product of cultivation, and exaggerated to form an excuse for bad temper, obstinacy or some equally unpleasant trait, only permissible without reproach, behind the shelter of peculiarity.

What right has any man to claim a monopoly of traits either good or bad? A man goes about growling at everything, a perfect bear, never a pleasant, civil word for any one. "But don't be a peculiar man." A man eats at outrageous hours, it is all right. He is peculiar. A man drinks every thing or nothing, goes nowhere or everywhere, has bad manners, bad habits, bad clothes; but claims peculiarity and feels himself safely hedged from criticism and entirely exempt from the duties owed by the civilized, common-sense man to his fellows. This sketch is not funny, it isn't intended to be funny—it is moral.

TWO NEAT REPLIES.

How Andrew Jackson Silenced an Eccentrically Boastful Individual.

Andrew Jackson, it is related, was one time entertained at dinner by a gentleman, and among those present was one of those people who often find their way into story books, etc., as the type of that offensive class of Americans who are always trailing their nationality in the dust in the effort to exalt their individual independence. This particular gentleman, over the wine and walnuts after dinner, in order to emphasize his own independence of disposition, of which he was loudly boastful, remarked with a rare exhibition of self-complacency to General Jackson:

"I always vote against you, sir."

The company was naturally rendered speechless by this unexpected disclosure, and the scene actually looked squally; but General Jackson put a stopper on the boastful individual and avoided further trouble by smilingly remarking:

"And I, sir, have always fought the battles of my country that you might enjoy that privilege."

Another instance of a happy response is that of the old Southern judge—but whether a judge in courtesy or in fact, the writer can not state—who must have had the faculty of quick and appropriate reply pretty well developed, if the story related of him is true. He had been a fierce secessionist, and the war was not forgotten when, after the fact, he re-entered the political arena of his native State. Speaking at a certain place one evening in the interest of his own candidacy for Congress some one in the audience, who evidently had a good memory, inquired:

"Didn't you speak here just before the war?"

"I did," promptly responded the judge.

"And didn't you say we could whip the Yankees with pop-guns?"

"I did," replied the unabashed judge, "but, confound 'em, they wouldn't fight that way!"—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

Why He Bought a Revolver.

"Heard you've been out fishing, Gadsby?"

"Yes, I spent the best part of ten days setting on a wet rock and holding a pole over the water."

"Catch anything?"

"No, I didn't have luck! Would you believe it,