

MISCELLANEOUS.

A colored family in Georgia are handicapped by having six fingers to each hand.

Workers in bleacheries where chlorine is largely used are singularly exempt from all germ diseases, but suffer from special ailments induced by inhaling that gas.

The Boston Commonwealth says that there are now a larger number of young persons from all parts of the country studying music in that city than has ever been known before.

A burglar who went into a house in East St. Louis to do a little business complains that he was held up by the owner and robbed of \$35 and a gold watch. "Things is workin'" around all right.

The burrashuta, a carnivorous fly heretofore confined to South America, has made its appearance in Florida. Its bite, though not poisonous, is painful, and the loss of blood comparatively great.

In the province of San Pedro, Brazil, the destruction of all eucalyptus trees has been ordered. It appears that the tree favors the generation of a terribly dangerous dragon fly, which attacks all living creatures, and whose sting is fatal within a few minutes.

That is a fine social feeling, which causes the man to keep a carriage who can not keep his family, put up coats of arms when he can hardly keep arms to his coat, and induces the cashier or bookkeeper to enter into secret partnership with his employer.

The alarmist views as to the increase of insanity, which have lately been forced into prominence, are not countenanced by the Commissioners in Lunacy of England. They state in their report that the apparent increase is due almost wholly to accumulations in asylums of the chronic insane.

A citizen of Burlington, Me., many years ago promised his sons that if they would abstain from the use of liquor and tobacco until they were twenty-one years of age he would give them each five hundred dollars on their twenty-first birthday. The elder son attained his majority recently, and having faithfully carried out his part of the agreement, his father presented him with five hundred dollars.

Our scientific visitors will hardly be able to recognize the Canadian snowshoe idiot in his summer clothes, but he is here all the same. We mean the individual who has himself photographed in fur cap, great-coat and snowshoes whenever he wants to send a picture to his friends across the Atlantic. His idiotic practice has had no little effect in giving to the Old World false impressions of the Canadian climate and the Canadian people.

"Subscriber" asks for directions for ebonying wood. The following receipt is used by a furniture manufacturer, and is said to be entirely satisfactory: Logwood chips, eight ounces; water, q. s.; coppers, half an ounce; boil the logwood in one gallon of water for half an hour, and add the coppers. Apply to the wood hot, giving two or three coats. In varnishing ebonyed wood a little "drop-back" must be added, or the varnish is almost certain to give a brown shade.

A funny incident recently occurred in the New York Opera House after the performance of the play "The Pulse of New York." The final curtain was rung down, but the audience sat complacently and made no movement to leave the house, being unaware that the play was ended. In this embarrassing situation, nothing was left the manager but to announce that the play had come to an end. He might have recited Thackeray's verses, beginning "The play is done."

Dr. George E. Post, medical missionary from America to Beirut, Syria, has acquired an enviable reputation for skill among the Turkish officers, and would have a large income if he was willing to receive pay for his services. But his work is almost wholly among the very poor. His numerous text-books of medicine and surgery are printed in Arabic, and he is now preparing a work descriptive of the flora of Palestine and Syria, which is said to be the first work of the kind on this subject in any language.

A Premonition.

One afternoon, a few years ago, I was sitting in my chambers in the temple, working at some papers. My desk is between the fireplace and one of the windows, the window being two or three yards on the left side of my chair, and looking out into the temple. Suddenly I became aware that I was looking at the bottom window pane, and there I saw the figure of the head and face of my wife, in a reclining position, with the eyes closed, and the face quite white and bloodless, as if she were dead. I pulled myself together, and got up and looked out of the window, where I saw nothing but the houses opposite, and I came to the conclusion that I had been drowsy and had fallen asleep, and after taking a few turns about the room to rouse myself, I sat down again to my work and thought no more of the matter. I went home at my usual time that evening, and while my wife and I were at dinner she told me that she had lunched with a friend who lived in Gloucester Gardens, and that she had talked with her little child, one of her neices, who was staying with us; but during lunch, or just after it, the child had a fall and slightly cut her face so that the blood came. After telling the story, my wife added that she was so alarmed when she saw the blood on the child's face that she fainted. What I had seen in the window then occurred to my mind, and I asked her what time it was when this happened. She said, as far as she remembered, it must have been a few minutes after two o'clock. This was the time, as nearly as I could calculate, not having looked at my watch, when I saw the figure in the window pane. I have only to add that this is the only occasion on which I have known my wife to have had a fainting fit. She was in bad health at the time, and I did not mention to her what I had seen until a few days afterward, when she had become stronger. I mentioned the occurrence to several of my friends at the time.

Injuries of the Heart.

The heart forces the blood into the lungs when it receives oxygen, or in other words, is aerated, and thence drives the current throughout the system to supply every part with nourishment, and in return remove all impurities.

The heart is placed in the left side. This is so in the vast majority of cases. But there are those who have their hearts on the right instead of the left side of the thorax.

I remember seeing, a number of years ago, a man about forty years of age, with his heart situated on the right side. He said he had noticed this curious phenomenon ever since the age of four. He suffered no inconvenience nor disease from the condition. He was at the time suffering from some disease of the chest, but that was not at all due to the strange situation of his heart. Sometimes disease of the chest will thrust the heart to one side; but of such cases we do not at present intend to speak.

The heart is an involuntary muscle. By involuntary I mean something over which we have no control. The breath or respiration is both voluntary and involuntary. We can cause it to stop, but only for a short time. In the case of the heart, however, we cannot check its action. For it beats night and day, month after month and year after year, from birth to old age and death, without resting at all, and when it does rest, but for a moment, or is irregular in its action, we consider it diseased.

Now, curiously enough, we have one or two exceptions to the above statement. A well-authenticated case of this anomaly is that of a Colonel who died not long ago in England. He possessed the power of stopping the action of the heart and the beating of the pulse at pleasure. Lying down for a short time and composing himself, he would, at his pleasure, become like a dead person. His pulse would stop beating; his pulse cease at the wrist; a pallor overspread his countenance; and the most vigorous and thorough examination of his physicians could not detect the least presence of life. After a while, perhaps in half an hour, he would recover and walk away as well as before the experiment. I think the gentleman finally died of some heart disease.

Among other things in connection with the heart, may be mentioned its injuries; and these, strangely enough, are not always so fatal as is generally supposed. Soldiers wounded in the heart, in battle, or other persons injured by sharp instruments, do not always die immediately. Sometimes hours, days, months and years elapse before death occurs; and again, the wounded may entirely recover. I shall give below a few remarkable but well-authenticated cases of wounds of the heart. A man who was wounded in the heart by a bullet lived for forty-eight hours. In this case hemorrhage was gradual and slow. A curious case is that of a man surviving for twenty days with a skewer in his heart. A surgeon gives us the account of a boy who lived five weeks after being wounded in the heart; another of a soldier who lived eleven days with a bullet imbedded in the fleshy substance of the heart; and another, six years, of a person who lived with a wound, and died from a disease not at all connected with the injury of the heart.

Even after the heart has been pierced by sharp instruments, recovery has taken place, or death has been delayed for some time. A person died of some obscure disease of the heart under which he had labored for three months. At his death a pin was found sticking in his heart, wherein it must have been for that length of time. Let us now turn to the consideration of another accident to which the heart is occasionally liable; that is, rupture of the breaking of the heart. A "broken heart" is generally regarded, except in cases of previous disease, as but existing in the imagination of poets and sentimentalists. In these cases we can easily conceive how a diseased or weak heart may be ruptured by any undue emotion of the mind, such as fear, joy, grief or other excitement which overstrains an already debilitated organ. But it is very doubtful whether a healthy human heart was ever actually "broken." Some surgeons are so positive in respect to this point that they consider it a physical impossibility, while others of equal authority declare that such accidents have occasionally happened, being due to the violent contraction of the heart under excessive emotions of the mind.

If all cases of death by supposed broken heart were carefully examined, we might perhaps clear up this curious and interesting subject.—Dr. F. C. Clark, in Youth's Companion.

A Remarkable Tutu.

A lady in Newport, who honors me with her friendship, owns a remarkable dog. He is a King Charles spaniel, I believe. The dog is certainly a beauty, with his silky coat, his long ears and his sympathetic eyes. I don't know his name; it is "Tutu," "Tutu," or "Toto," they all sound alike, and I never have seen the dear dog's name spelled out. When this famous dog is on exhibition in the beautiful home of my friend, he does wonderful things. His mistress, giving him a bit of a cracker, says: "Tutu, there is sugar in this, and sugar costs a good deal of money." The dog takes a little bite, and in his mouth hands—if a dog can "hand" a thing in his mouth—the rest of the cracker back. If he is told that the cracker is cheap, that it did not cost anything, he eats it greedily. Sometimes he is told: "Tutu, there is poison in that cracker; don't eat it." Then he paws it to pieces and pats it away from him. In everything he shows intellect and intelligence. Darwin, if you remember, exhibits a very pretty line between intellect and intelligence.—Philadelphia Press.

A physician says it is not healthy to walk unless one has some object to walk for. A man who started out a few days ago on a collecting tour, and returned home with the outskirts of his coat mutilated and a piece bitten out of himself by a chunky-headed dog, says sometimes it is not healthy to walk even when one has an object to walk for.—Norristown Herald.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

The peacock is a great enemy of the potato bug.—Albany Journal.

Barrenness in eggs is more frequently caused by a lack of green food than anything else.

Half a teaspoonful of common table salt, dissolved in a little cold water and drunk, will instantly relieve heartburn.—Exchange.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, who writes from Tennessee, says sorghum is the most valuable stock feed to be had in that section of country. It always grows, and everything, from chickens to mules, is fed and fattened on it.

Yes! for breakfast is made appetizing by cooking it in this way: Fry some thin slices of bacon, then cut the veal thin and fry it in the bacon fat. Just before taking the veal out of the frying-pan scatter grated bread-crumbs over the slices and let them brown.—Boston Budget.

A novelty in the shape of a pin-cushion cover is to cover a thick cushion of medium size with satin, then cover one corner with very sheer white muslin; this should be cut in the form of a triangle, and where the muslin ends and the satin begins put a jabot of lace there. The effect is both pretty and quite new.—N. Y. Post.

Meat balls to drop into soup stock are made of veal, with about one-fourth as much suet as veal, and with three-fourths of bread crumbs with salt, pepper and parsley, or other herbs to your taste; add one beaten egg, which will moisten and hold the ingredients together; make into round balls, drop into hot lard and fry quickly; drain them well on a cloth, and they are ready for the soup.—Toledo Blade.

Drouth is not an unmitigated evil to the farmer," says the Indiana Farmer. "If it diminishes the present crop it secures a vigorous growth of the subsequent one by its fertilizing effects. The constant evaporation of water at the surface that has been carried up by capillary attraction from deep down in the soil, has left all the soluble matter it brought up as so much food for the next crop. Such is the benevolent economy of Nature's God—bringing good from evil."

The practice of lopping off the tops of shade trees for the purpose of making them grow thick has little to recommend it. The graceful, sweeping boughs of the elm or the round and symmetrical top of a maple are much to be preferred over a truncated, low-headed, bushy-stemmed tree. The heavy lopping of the tops of trees is also injurious to the tree. No matter if the wounds seem to heal over naturally—as they seldom do—the tree inevitably suffers. A general heading-in, practiced by means of long-handled shears, and the occasional use of a fine-toothed saw, is to be recommended if the tops of shade and ornamental trees are not satisfactory.—American Cultivator.

Feeding Hens.

If they begin to lay before they get very fat, the service of egg production calls for nutrition, and the food is diverted in that direction, consequently the young hen will not fatten so easily after she begins to lay as though she had not commenced, but should she become over-fat without laying, it is a puzzling matter to the breeder how to reduce her in flesh again without injury. An over-fat fowl is a nuisance, for should it lay at all the eggs rarely hatch, and if a few chicks come from them they will be weak and hard to raise. The hen herself becomes diseased, soon breaks down and is an eyesore to the whole flock. The cocks are not exempt. When too fat they are unserviceable, impotent and sterile, and might as well be cooped up for all they are worth. In fact, they really do damage by injuring the hens, and in no manner are they profitable except for market.

Under-feeding is another evil; not that we mean to infer that the fowls are usually not supplied with a sufficient quantity of food, such as it is, but fowls may be underfed while reeling apparently in the midst of plenty. Exclusively corn is a terrible infliction to a flock, and actual physical suffering is the consequence when certain elements are lacking in the necessary requirements of the system when it is forced to produce a particular article from materials not adapted to the purposes intended. No kind of machinery is capable of weaving silk goods from hemp, nor can steam engines be built of cotton. A hen can not produce eggs if lime is lacking, nor can she supply the growth of her own body when the product takes possession of that which should support herself. Nature gives her what we call an appetite, which is only an indication of that which she requires, and we are all familiar with the habits of most fowls, and notice that when we change the food they accept the new variety readily. Feeding is the art of supplying the proper food, not so much in quantity as in quality. If we watch the fowls they will easily tell us what they desire. If you are feeding corn throw down a few handfuls of oats. If they greedily take the oats and leave the corn, it indicates that they require something else. Try grass, meat, ground bone, pounded oyster shells, cooked vegetables—all of which they will accept or reject according to their requirements. Feed regularly, and never feed more than they will eat up clean. They will walk away from the food as soon as they have enough. Never leave it on the ground. Feed early and late, and let them get hungry; that is, have regular intervals between meals. The practice of keeping fed by them all the time promotes an excess of fat. Allow as much exercise as possible. Throw hay on the floor or in the yard, place in it a few handfuls of some kind of grain that they do not receive often, and let them hunt and scratch for it. Feed growing chicks liberally, avoiding too much corn. Oats ground and warm in the morning is one of the best feeds that can be given. Always give whole grains at night. In summer give no corn except once or twice a week. Vegetables and grass is much better for them. Laying hens must have meat or milk. Eggs cannot be produced without nitrogenous material in some shape. Bones are almost absolutely essential. Above all, however, give pure, clean, fresh drinking water.—Southern Stock Journal.

Mr. D. H. BARNARD, of Owego, N. Y., says his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated in Pneumonia; the best physicians said she could live but a few hours, when a friend recommended Dr. W. H. HALL'S BALM FOR THE LUNGS. She accepted it and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering a permanent cure was effected.

WHEN it is rumored that a policeman's stock has disappeared, there can always be found evidence to corroborate it.—Warsaw Wasp.

Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic Promotes digestion in females of delicate health. Colden's, no other, of Druggists.

WHY is a child, whose father and mother have no sister, like an unsolvable conundrum? Because it has no aunt, sir (answer).

"Rough on Corns." See Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Partridge, speaking of one who drank himself to death; "yes, sir; dissolution has brought many a man to his grave."—Life.

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HEADACHE is immediately relieved by the use of Fizz's Remedy for Catarrh.

A VICTORY at base-ball is a side issue.—The Judge.

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WHEN should a song have most discord? When it is set to music.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

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Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swelling, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost-bites, Erysipelas, Itch, and All Other DODDLY PAINS and SORES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers every where. Price 25 Cents a Bottle. Wholesale Price \$1.00 per Dozen.

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LOSS AND GAIN.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever"

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move!"

I shrunk From 225 lbs. to 190! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life." R. FITZPATRICK, Dublin, June 6, '81.

CHAPTER II.

"Malton, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle Nearly cured me!"

"The second made me as well and strong as when a child."

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint," pronounced by Boston's best physicians.

"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of it.

"Lives of eight persons!"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your Bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost Do miracles!" —Mrs. E. D. Shack.

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