

For This are We Doctors.

Patient—"Doctor, I don't feel well at all. I have a dull pain in my head nearly all the time, and a pressed feeling in my chest; my food distresses me; I'm low-spirited, tired and languid. In short, I'm completely broken up. I'm very careful about eating, and though I eat graham bread exclusively, I have an uncomfortable feeling here in the chest after every meal."

Doctor—"Ah! I suspected as much. My dear sir, don't you know that graham bread is the very worst thing you can put into your stomach?"

Patient—"Why, doctor, I always thought—"

Doctor—"Of course you did, and so do thousands of other people; but nevertheless it's bad for you. How can any man, no matter how well he may be, digest good-shavings? And that's what graham bread is—a good part of it. No you can't digest it, and it lies in your stomach, where it irritates and causes everything you eat to ferment and evolve gas which causes that pressed feeling in your chest."

Patient—"But what must I eat?"

Doctor—"White bread is good enough for me, and it's good enough for you. In fact, it's just what you need. What do you drink with your meals?"

Patient—"I used to drink tea and coffee, but I thought they hurt me, and now I drink water exclusively."

Doctor—"No wonder you don't feel well. Do you know, sir, that there is nothing so hurtful to health as this everlasting drinking of cold water? Why, sir, it cools the fat about the stomach, retarding digestion and impoverishing the blood. You'll have to stop that right off. A little warm tea or coffee won't hurt you a hundredth part as much as a goblet of ice water. On the contrary, it supplies just the needed stimulus, and aids in the assimilation of food. You're a teetotaler, I suppose?"

Patient—"Well, yes; that is to say—"

Doctor—"I understand. You are conscientiously averse to drinking; but if it was essential to your health you wouldn't offer any foolish objections?"

Patient—"No, I don't suppose I should, if it were really necessary."

Doctor—"Well, I want you to get some pure whisky, and drink a wineglassful, say, four times a day, before meals and upon retiring. If you have that dull feeling at any other time, you can take a dose; it won't hurt you, never fear."

Patient—"How about my smoking?"

Doctor—"No, indeed. It aids digestion and soothes the nerves. Smoke all you want to. You don't need any medicine. Leave off your graham bread and cold water, and that, with the whisky, will fetch you round all right. Come and see me again in a week."

Patient—"How much, doctor? I might as well pay you as I go along."

Doctor—"Five dollars, please. Thank you."

Patient—"Good day, doctor."

Doctor—"Good day, sir."

Patient (soliloquizing as he walks away)—"Dr. Smart is a sensible man, a very sensible man. He understands my symptoms exactly. He talks like a man who knows his business."

Doctor—"Ah, Mr. Brown, how'd you do? Not sick, I hope?"

Patient—"Well, no, not sick exactly; but I don't feel just right. Food distresses me, you know; troubled with a dull pain in my head and a pressed feeling in my chest; am tired, languid and low-spirited."

Doctor—"I'm afraid you eat too much white bread."

Patient—"Why, isn't that good for me?"

Doctor—"No, indeed; worse thing you can eat."

Patient—"But what shall I eat? They say graham bread isn't so wholesome as it has been cracked up to be."

Doctor—"Nonsense! An old woman's notion; nothing else, I assure you. White bread contains starch, but it hasn't any gluten; and gluten, you know—one must have it if he would be well. Graham flour contains both starch and gluten. It is a perfect food, and it's just what you require."

Patient—"But they say it is the greater part woody fibre."

Doctor—"All the woody fibre you'll find in graham flour wouldn't hurt a flea. Leave off your white bread and eat nothing but graham. That's the first thing. Now, what do you drink?"

Patient—"Tea and coffee."

Doctor—"Wonder you are bilious. I shall ask you to give up your tea and coffee and take water instead."

Patient—"But I always supposed that cold drink—"

Doctor—"Another fallacy. Water is Nature's own beverage. Who ever heard of an animal suffering from biliousness? You never drink any alcoholic stimulants, eh?"

Patient—"Never drank a drop of spirit in my life. Don't believe in it, sir."

Doctor—"Glad to hear that. Alcohol is a virulent poison, and half of the people who come to me are so impregnated with it that it is almost impossible to do anything for them. I can help them, but that's all. When a drinking man comes to me, I make him forsake his cups before I'll undertake his case. Better a man should die in his right mind, you know, than live a century half-fuddled. Ha, ha, ha!"

Patient—"He, he, he! Just so, doctor, just so."

Doctor—"I take it you don't use tobacco?"

Patient—"No, sir, and wouldn't to save my life."

Doctor—"It does me good to hear you say that. Tobacco never did anybody any good, and its responsible for half the ills that flesh is heir to. Now I want you to take this (holding up a bottle) three times a day before eating, and one of these powders on arising and upon going to bed, and one in the fore-

noon and one in the afternoon. Come and see me again in a day or two."

Patient—"What's your charge, doctor?"

Doctor—"Five dollars—just the change—thanks."

Patient—"Good day, doctor."

Doctor—"Good day, Mr. Brown."

Patient (to himself, outside)—"Doctor Smart is a sensible man, a very sensible man. He understands my symptoms like a man who knows his business."

THE MAGICAL DRUG.

Which Takes From the Knife of Surgery Its Pain—Wonderful Success of the New Anesthetic—A Great Demand for Cocaine.

From the New York Tribune.

A prominent eye surgeon was removing the bandages from the eye of a patient at the Post Graduate School of Medicine recently when a Tribune reporter entered the room and asked, "Do you still use cocaine as an anesthetic?"

"Well, I should say so. In operations upon the eye I feel now that I could not get along without it. In general practice it has driven ether and chloroform out of the field. It is not only a wonderful discovery, but it is astonishing how rapidly it has risen into favor. Even the most conservative in my profession, who look with disfavor upon anything new, will acknowledge that they have at least heard of it."

"What is cocaine?"

It is the alkaloid of the leaves of a shrub, originally wild but now largely cultivated, known as the crythroxylon coca. It grows in South America, principally in Peru and Bolivia, and looks much like the ordinary tea leaf. Dr. A. Neumann, of Goslar, Germany, gave it its present name in 1860. But little was then known of the properties of the drug. In some experiments it was found that dogs could be killed by it when given in large doses. Its effect was to paralyze the respiratory organs. Experiments have been made from time to time with it since but it has never been looked upon as of much value as a therapeutic agent. That it would produce local anesthesia was unknown until it was accidentally discovered by a young medical student named Koller, at Vienna, last September. Its merits have since been thoroughly tested and discussed all over the civilized world. I think that it has been tried in more cases in this country than in any other, and I believe that the palm for bold experimentation and demonstration of its anesthetic properties in many branches of minor surgery should be awarded to America. There is hardly a field in which it has not been used with success. Too much cannot be said in its praise in surgical operations upon the eye, ear and nose. Almost every conceivable operation has been tried in these parts with cocaine, and in cases, the first the patient knew—so far as feeling went—that any cutting had been done, was when the wound was being bandaged. It is much easier to tell where it has not been used than where it has been. It has brought sleep to eyes that would not close, soothed angry wounds so that they were painless, stopped acute hemorrhages and distressing asthmatic spasms, has allayed the irritability of the mucous lining of the mouth, so that laryngoscopic examinations could be made without distress, and food could be given in the last stages of consumption, and has made the boring of the dental engine almost a pleasure, and the pulling of teeth painless. Its value is incalculable in gynecology and genito-urinary surgery."

"Is it true, as reported, that injurious effects have been found to follow the use of cocaine in some cases?"

"So far as my experience goes—and I have treated hundreds of cases in which it has been freely used—I have yet to report the first case of injurious consequences. I have heard of one case of hysterical paralysis and a number of cases of nervous prostration following its use. I do not believe these conditions were the results of the cocaine, but I think they grew out of another circumstance that appears in all the operations in which it is used. It is only a local anesthetic; the senses remain perfectly active, and the operations of the mind normal. Although no pain is felt when the knife or other instrument enters the patient's flesh, yet the glistering knife and the spurring blood can be seen, and if the patient has not strong nerves the sight of these things will awaken horror in the mind and rapidly exhaust the vital energy. It is far more than cocaine that produces an ill effect. There are also special cases in which cocaine cannot be used to advantage. Take, for instance, a person of delicate nervous organization, troubled with squint or some other eye difficulty where an operation is necessary. The eye could be anesthetized, but not the mind, and the patient would become exceedingly troublesome, and twist and squirm from purely mental impressions, and render the surgeon liable to inflict an injury that might be fatal to the eye. In cases of this nature the old anesthetics must be used."

"Is cocaine made in this country?"

"Yes, it is made by a number of firms. When first used last fall it was put up only by Merck, a German chemist, was very scarce, and worth more than its weight in gold. It was made by a secret process. American chemists, as soon as there was a demand for it, however, began to experiment, and after months of patient trial and the destruction of a large quantity of coca leaves, have at last given us an alkaloid as good, and many think better, than Merck's imported preparation. The price, though it has been reduced somewhat, is still exorbitant and has not reached a normal basis. The demand has increased beyond the supply. It will take probably two years to bring cocaine to its proper position as a commercial article. The demand for coca leaves has been so great that the market has been cleaned out of all those of good quality, and chemists will have to wait until the plants grow to get their material. The plants are raised in a comparatively small section of country, but on account of the prospects of the future, preparations are being made to raise them on an extended scale."

"How does cocaine compare with ether in price?"

"It is difficult to make a comparison. Quantity for quantity, cocaine will overtop ether enormously. In actual use I think cocaine the cheaper. While it may take six ounces of ether to anesthetize a person, the same practical result can be attained with a few drops of a solution that contains only four per cent. of cocaine, this difference in quantity makes the actual cost for a given operation about the same, and in time the advantage will be largely on the side of cocaine. The future of cocaine is a matter of supposition, but I believe that its uses are yet in the infancy of development, and it will be a greater boon to suffering humanity than we have any idea of at present."

JUBAL'S JEALOUSY.

Reasons Why Early Hates Everybody. Especially General Grant.

Speaking of Jubal Early recalls two incidents we do not remember to have seen in print, or, if given, only partially related. Shortly after the battle of Winchester the Richmond government forwarded to Early's army, then at Fisher's Hill, ten or twelve Napoleon guns, admirably equipped. The guns were unloaded from the cars at Staunton, and packed in the wide street near the railroad track just west of the depot. The day after their arrival an orderly sergeant named May, belonging to company A, Twenty-Eighth Virginia Veteran Infantry, Pickett's division, then stationed on the lines below Richmond, arrived at Staunton on his way to his command. May, who was a wag, seeing a youth about 15 years of age connected with the quartermaster's department, then under the orders of Major Edward McMahon, engaged with pet and brush marking and directing barrels of mess beef to Early's command, and learning from him who the guns were for, May borrowed the boy's outfit and proceeded to direct each gun in plain letters, much to the amusement of the soldiers gathered around.

Major-General Phil. Sheridan, Care of Lieutenant General Early, Near Winchester, Va.

The arrival of the guns thus directed at their destination some days later created a good deal of mirth and some anger in the artillery camps, and a report of the matter reached Early's ears. Mounting his horse, he rode out to the different batteries to which the guns had been assigned, and saw for himself the indignity the wag had put on his command. Towering with passion, with a volley of oaths, he ordered the offensive lettering to be removed, "he did not care a d—n how," by the next review day under the penalty of cashiering and reduction to ranks of every commissioned officer who failed to obey. On his arrival at his tent he ordered an inquiry to be made once instituted for the offender, and the facts as related by the boy were placed before him. A long list of double and twisted charges, with accompanying specifications, were drawn up against the orderly and forwarded with the usual request, to the War Department, that the offender be arrested, tried, and dealt with as provided in such cases.

Before the Department could act the battle of Fisher's Hill was fought, and Sheridan had the guns. A few days later the charges were returned to Early, then at Mount Jackson, with the shattered remnant of his command, with the printed indorsement thereon signed by James A. Seddon, then Secretary of War, that "His Excellency the President had ordered a court of inquiry to investigate the late disasters in the valley, and as the guns had duly reached their destination as directed by the only known method of delivery at the earliest possible day for such an event to happen, and the consignee, General Sheridan, the only person who had a right to complain, had expressed no dissatisfaction as to the direction or mode of delivery, the charges, with specifications and accompanying papers, are respectfully returned to the general commanding the Department of the Shenandoah," and soon thereafter Early was relieved of all command by order of General Lee. This piece of drunken folly was a fitting finale to a long career of inconsistency, military bravado and official incompetency.

Several of the captured guns, with their prophetic directions partly obliterated by use and the weather, could be seen as late as July, 1865, at the Martinsburg depot, whither they had been sent after the battle.

The other incident occurred while General Grant was acting secretary of war, during Johnson's administration. Several Virginians, headed by Beverly Douglas, called on Grant, and proceeded to intercede for Early, who was then a refugee in Canada. Grant in his quiet way replied, "that General Early seemed very desirous of being made a martyr of, but he will be disappointed. His case in no wise differs from that of many others now living peaceably at their homes; he was clearly included in the terms of the surrender, which will be sacredly kept on my part, and he can return to the United States whenever he sees proper to do so. This department, so far as I know has no charge to prefer against General Early, and no other department of the government has anything to do with him or his alleged actions during the late war." Early came home soon after a thoroughly disappointed and disgusted man, and, it is needless to say, this indifference had more to do with his carping and bitterness than if he had been subjected to trial and conviction, for form sake, and could today show an executive pardon.—Lynchburg (Va.) Cor. Inter-Ocean.

More complete returns from the election in Michigan for justice and regents of the university indicate a decided majority for Morse, Democratic candidate for justice, and the election of the entire Democratic ticket. The Detroit Free Press (Democratic) claims a majority of 20,000 for the head of the Democratic ticket.

How Ike Rubenstein Joined a "Secret Society."

"I believe I'll shout belong to one of those secret societies," said Ike Rubenstein who keeps a store in a suburb of Austin. "Den I be brothers mit lots of peoples already, and it will help my peesiness. I reads in dose papers about a Mason-rat was going to haff his head cut off by a Turk, ven dot Mason some signs made, and dot Turk did not dot Mason's head cut off, but he took him home and made him shutstiff off de beace and married him mita gouble off young womans for wives. It was a nice diaz to be a Mason, don't ik? I vill join von off dose societies."

Ike was recommended to join the Order of the Arctic Circle, a new society lately started. He sent in his application. A night was appointed for his initiation. Ike was much embarrassed when he was admitted to the ante-room of the Lodge to find that besides the door-keeper, who was in his shirt-sleeves, there were six men who were dressed in blue gowns, tin helmets, on their heads, masks on their faces, and drawn swords in their hands. The door-keeper put a green flannel night-gown on Ike, blindfolded him with a handkerchief that smelled of tobacco, and made his eyes smart, and then one of the knights took Ike by the arm and led him into a darkened chamber where he was marched around eleven times, while Grand Marshals and the Past Pluperfect Chaplain read all manner of wise admonitions to him out of a book, and the knights' swords clanked as the procession moved around. There was an air of mystery surrounding everything, and a premonition of something dreadful yet to come took hold of Ike.

He sincerely wished that he had never heard of a secret society, and he registered a solemn vow in his own mind that if he got out of this with his life he would never join another.

His guide made him kneel down on the floor, and with his right hand on his throat and his left hand on a human skull made him swear that he would never divulge the secrets of the Order.

The bandage was taken from his eyes and he was conducted out to the ante-room.

A gray Mother Hubbard dress was put on him and he was escorted back to the chamber of mysteries. Here, after some preliminaries, he was led in front of a small circular saw that was revolving with extraordinary rapidity. A walking cane and a piece of stove wood were successfully sawed in pieces that Ike might see how effectively the saw did its work. He was then marched around the chamber, brought up in front of the saw again and informed in a sepulchral voice, by the Grand High Past Something-or-other, that, as a test of his courage, he would be required to place the index finger of his right hand in front of the saw and allow it to be cut off at the second joint.

"I will not any such dings do," said Ike, his hair standing on end with terror. "Vat sense is dot for seegret societies to cut a man up? Off I had been acquainted mid dose dings you seegret society men does, I would not had nodings to do mit you already. I vant to go away from here und stop dose foolishness."

The Past Grand Guardian of the Post-ern Gate now told Ike that he was acting in a manner that if he persisted in would draw down the dire vengeance of the Knights of the Arctic Circle. He said that by Ike's lack of confidence he had already incurred an additional penalty, and it would now be necessary according to the laws and by-laws of the Order, that he put two fingers to the saw to be cut off before he could be admitted to full fellowship, and the P. G. G. of the P. G., advised him as a friend to proceed at once and saw them off.

Ike said, "I want no such fellowship. It would be a tam fool fellowship to cut off my fingers to please you fellows mit tin watering pots on. I tells you I vants to go from this place away."

"Brethren, it pains me to use harsh measures, but as this candidate refuses to obey the orders of the Lodge he must suffer the penalty. I command you to take him, bind him, and hold his wrist against the saw until his hand is cut off. See that a doctor is in attendance." Four Knights caught Ike. He struggled and howled, but it was of no avail. His legs were tied, his left arm was secured to his waist, and he was brought in front of the saw. He begged for mercy, but no mercy was shown him. One Knight suggested that a vote be taken to determine if it was not better to saw the candidate's head off. Then they brought his right hand closer and closer to the revolving saw, and the closer it came the louder Ike begged for mercy. There was no mercy for him. At last his hand was pushed violently against the teeth of the saw and the Knights yelled as the soft paper saw, polished with black lead—and had been substituted for the real saw while Ike was being escorted around the room—was torn to pieces and Ike fell back breathless and faint but unscathed. Loud and long was the laugh of the Knights, and Ike soon joined the hilarity. He was so happy to find that it was only a "joke off dose tin helmet fellers."

Then he received a lecture on Obedience, and was given the signs and passwords of the Order.

When the Lodge adjourned Ike was so overjoyed at finding that he had got through without the loss of any of his limbs that he recklessly invited the whole Lodge to accompany him to a saloon and join him in a glass of wine. Some of the members stayed with Ike, who was determined to make a night of it, in commemoration of his escape from bodily mutilation. They took many drinks, and when about to leave, Ike was in a very mellow condition. He discovered that he had no money, but he ordered a parting drink, and felt rich enough to buy a distillery.

"Charge does to me," he said to the bar-keeper.

"I don't know you, sir," said the bar-keeper.

"Maybe you recognizes dot," said Ike, and he placed his right hand behind his

ear, moved his left leg three times from north to south, and fell up against the lunch counter.

The bar-keeper said he didn't recognize anything but cash.

"O, then, you haff not dose degrees all taken yet?"

Ike had got the idea into his chaotic brain that everybody in town was a Knight of the Arctic Circle.

"I make you understand this," and Ike gave the grand hailing sign by holding one hand over his head and putting the other behind his back.

The bar-keeper thought that Ike was signing to hold up his hands and that he was, with the other hand, reaching back to his hip pocket for his pistol, so he knocked Ike down with a bung starter and set on him until a policeman came and put handcuffs on him.

"Let me up, boliceman, till I make dose signs of distress. Dose handcuffs off right away. How can I dose distress signs give, unless I can hold up my hands?"

"Take the desperado to the lock-up," said a hackman, "I saw him trying to get out his pistol to shoot the bar man." "I was not vating to shoot nobodies. I supposed he was one of dose tin vater-ing pot seegret society fellers. Dot seegret society was a fraud."

He was locked up.

Next morning he was still intoxicated when brought before the recorder who adjudged him a harmless imbecile (and discharged him), because he made such extraordinary signs at the court and the lawyers.

"Does seegret societies was not as much goot for my peesiness as I thought. It was all tam lies about dose brothers helping ease another in trouble."—Texas Siftings.

He Was a "White Man."

R. Macbray in Harper.

One of the Hudson Bay company's officers has with him his young wife and a child, a tiny girl three years old, a pretty, prattling, fearless, fascinating young woman. She is everybody's pet, from the rather dandy wheelman, who tries to entice her up to his pilot-box, which towers above the vessel, down to the grizzled, grimy deck hands, whose acquaintance she has some how or other made on the lower deck.

On the floor of this lower deck, whither she has been taken by her nurse, she has seen three men lying bound, chained hand and foot. They are on their way to be tried at Fargo, and the sheriff, who has affected their capture, never leaves them for they are known to be desperate.

The little child came to them and looked at them curiously; they had probably never seen anything so dainty or so sweet before. She saw nothing in them to frighten her. So she advanced and spoke to them in her broken words, she even touched the fetters on the hands of one of them, and smiled in his face, and asked him what they were. The man smiled too, without replying, and the child moved away. As she walked there was a sudden quick jerk of the whole ship, its further side ground jarringly against some unyielding substance hidden in the water; it tilted over slightly, the child lost her balance, and, with a scream, she fell over the side into the water. The vessel for an instant was stationary. The three prisoners saw her disappear. The prisoner to whom she had spoken, and whose handcuffs she had for a moment touched, exclaimed: "God! don't ye shoot, Bill!" Then quickly rolling himself over and over, he dropped into the water beside the child. As his hands were bound behind him, he caught the child's dress in his teeth, and treading the water with his fettered feet, kept the child above water until help came. As everybody's attention was diverted to the opposite side of the steamer, it was some time before the boat from the vessel reached them. But the child was saved. Needless to relate the thankfulness of the poor young mother or the gratitude of the father.

"I guess you air a white man, Rik, after all," said the sheriff.

A purse was made up among the passengers for the man, whose name was Erik, a Scandinavian by birth. It was afterward learned that the sheriff told the story to the "judge," and the judge, with western freedom, and that admiration for a gallant act that covers a multitude of sins, so arranged that when it was found that Erik had mysteriously disappeared, nothing was done beyond a little official bluster, and he escaped.

Industrial Pursuits in Paris.

Philadelphia Press: Statistics show that more than half a million of Parisians are employed in commerce, trade and banking operations, while of the artisan class there are considerably more than a million and a quarter. The liberal professions seem to occupy but a small proportion of the population. All combined do not amount to 200,000. The great majority are in public service, which employs more than medicine, law and divinity combined. But after the public service it is art which gives employment and livelihood to the greatest number of Parisians. Forty-two thousand get their income from this branch of industry. The doctors come after, but a long way after. Medicine, in its branches, supports 18,000, the branches, of course, including chemists and all compounders and vendors of medicine. Then comes the law, with its 16,000 votaries, from judges to clerks. Literature figures very low on the list, for, grouped with science and journalism, it gives employment to only 11,000 people, while all the clergy of all the persuasions amount to but half that number. On the whole, Paris would seem to be more industrious, more artistic, less literary and less religious than the ordinary visitor would suppose, while the proportion in which the working class exceeds those who live on their income is more remarkable, as Paris is the recognized center of expenditure and extravagance for all France.

Diabetes.

The chief characteristic of this disease is an abnormal amount of sugar in the blood. The cause of it is quite uncertain. According to Flint, it occurs in the vast majority of cases between the ages of thirty and fifty; in men oftener than in women. It may exist a long time before it is noticed, and then continue years before proving fatal. It often gives a fatal issue to otherwise mild diseases. Its chief test is a large per centage of sugar in the water; the quantity of the latter, also, generally, not always, being increased.

Among the earlier symptoms are great thirst, a strong appetite, dryness of the mouth and acid saliva; later, emaciation, increasing muscular feebleness, and in many cases irritability, melancholy and mental weakness. To arrest it, it must be taken in its early stages. One-third or more of its cases end in consumption.

A diabetic patient, when the disease has become confirmed, is liable to sudden death. The heart may fail from paralysis of its nerves; or, the blood-poison affecting the brain, the person may sink into a state of insensibility, delirium and coma (fatal lethargy). A slight cold may bring on this result. So may mere constipation and undue physical exertion, mental emotion, or anxiety.

Flint says, "The disease seems less formidable than heretofore, provided proper treatment be adopted and persisted in." The main thing is to arrange for the patient a diet which excludes, as far as possible, sugar and starch, and induce him rigidly to continue it, while cutting off so many articles of the ordinary diet, pains must be taken to supply their place with others sufficiently nutritious and appetizing. Gluten bread may take the place of common wheat bread. It contains only one-third as much starch as that made from entire wheat, and is acceptable to the taste.

The body should be carefully protected against the influence of atmospheric changes, and the skin be kept in a good condition. There should be exercise in the open air, but it should be moderate. Mental relaxation and recreation should be secured.—Youth's Companion.

Origin of Masonry.

A writer in a recent number of the Voice of Masonry upon the origin of the order, gives a variety of views held by high authority, but holds that it antedates the Christian era, or is, at least, not Christian in its inception. The writer says: "The whole ritual of Masonry—blue masonry as we technically call it—in its system of words, grips and signs, as well as its tradition, points to a non-Christian origin, and most unequivocally is Judaistic in its conception. Its hieroglyphic and mnemonic records, its oral transmission, its impressive manner of imparting instruction and fixing valuable lessons, and its thorough consecration to law and order, all go to show that it is not modern in its origin and conception. I believe, then, in the antiquity of Masonry; that it was once specially Egyptian in its character; that subsequently it was purified by Solomon, perhaps, and by him consecrated to the noblest purposes; that, becoming then the heritage of the Israelites, it assumed its undoubted Hebrew character; that it has been largely modified by successive generations and nations; that in the lapse of ages it became, under the Providence of God, the inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon race, who, after perpetuating it for centuries as they received it, finally, under the inspiration of genius, following the example of others, remodeled and reconsecrated it, giving it its Christian character, and yet, in the broadness of its charity and the glory of its philanthropy, not excluding anyone who, believing in the true God, has the other necessary qualifications for information."

The Astor Millions.

New York Letter.

Another million or so of the Astor money is about to be spent on a large office building. The location this time is in Pine street, just off Broadway. A few years ago one of the Astors put up a costly building of this kind in Wall street, between Broadway and Nassau street, and it has paid pretty well. The building in Pine street will back against the costly Equitable Life structure, which is to be enlarged pretty soon by running through to Nassau street, and taking in on Broadway a building that is now occupied as one of the Delmonico restaurants. Almost that whole block—bounded by Broadway, Nassau, Pine and Cedar streets—will then belong to the Astors and the Equitable Life. Pine street has been for years the headquarters of the real estate brokers, and a whole swarm of them will be turned out on the 1st of May, when preparations for putting up the new Astor building will begin. The Astors are still true to the family traditions in the matter of investing their money. Nearly all their accumulations go into real estate. All their millions were made in real estate and they still prefer that kind of investment to any other. Wall street never had any charm for them and probably never will. A few years ago they bought a large tract of land up in Westchester County, with the expectation that it will in time prove as good an investment as some of those made by the founder of the family when land was as cheap on Murray Hill as it is in Westchester County now. They are not a very brilliant family, but they have a full share of solid "Dutch sense."

The President has made nearly all the leading foreign appointments, and they are generally approved of by the organs of both parties. The gentlemen selected are not likely to discredit this country abroad.