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PROFESSIONAL.

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LONGINGS.

If I were a railroad brakeman,
I'd holler the stations so plain
That the man who was going to Texas
Would go clear through to Maine.
I'd open the door of the smoking-car,
And I'd give such a mighty roar
That the passengers back in the sleeper
Would all fall out on the floor;
For I couldn't afford a tenor voice,
And I couldn't afford to speak
In the sweet, soft tones of Æolian harps
For eleven dollars a week.

If I were a baggage master,
I'd rattle the trunks about;
I'd stand them up in the corner
And I'd tear their bowels out.
I would pull the handles out by the roots,
I would kick the corners in,
And strew their stuffing all round the car,
And make them sink and thin;
For I couldn't afford to wear kid gloves,
Nor put soft pads in my feet,
Nor to handle things gently, when all my pay
Just kept me in bread and meat.

If I were a railroad conductor,
As through the train I'd go,
I'd have for every question they asked
This answer all ready—"Don't know."
I'd make connections for lots of men,
I'd run lone passengers past,
I'd tell them 'bout of it, when I knew 'twas ten
And I'd swear their watches were fast,
For I couldn't afford to be civil,
When I knew every man in the lead
Would look at my watch and ring, and say,
"He stole them things from the road."

—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

NEVER DESPAIR.

In the private office of a London merchant, a young man, verging upon his 21st year, stood before his employer in the character of a culprit. The face of the merchant betokened the possession of a character in which what the world calls dogged resolution was the prevailing element.

"I tell you again," said he, "I cannot—will not overlook your offense."

"Believe me, sir," appealed the youth, "I had no criminal intention; the fault was entirely unpremeditated—it was an act of folly, which I shall never—oh, sir, never repeat."

One of those cold and horrible smiles which so forcibly express incredulity swept across the merchant's face, and he waved his hand as if he wished the interview to be terminated.

The young man, whose countenance up to this moment had been burning with shame, now became deadly pale; he saw his employer's determination was not to be shaken, and that disgrace stared him hideously in the face. He made a vain effort at another appeal, but the words died on his lips, and a feeling of despair utterly extinguished the faint hopes he had entertained of being mercifully dealt with.

"My poor mother!" gasped he, hiding his face in his hands and sobbing bitterly.

The merchant's hard features slightly relaxed—perhaps he loved his mother dearly; but the feeling, whatever it might have been, was only a transient one.

"Walter Jackson," said he, in hard, ringing tones, which instantly roused the young man from his grief, "I tell you once again, my mind is made up, and the sooner you leave my office the better. I never prosecute in small cases like yours. Begone, and never let me see or hear from you again."

The delinquent, awed by that iron will, mechanically turned upon his heel and left the office. Stunned and bewildered by the catastrophe which had, in one moment, crushed all his young heart's hopes, he moved along the streets like a man drunk, or bending beneath a burden which exposed him to the mercy of the passer-by. Pressed and weighed down by a heavy fear, he went from that noisome place to ramble like a fallen spirit until the hour at which he usually returned from his labors to the home where he was welcomed by a mother's smile and fond attentions. Hardening himself to play a deceptive part in her presence, he approached the door with a confidence which his conscience too surely told him was but audacious assurance. And when he took his accustomed seat at the tea-table and responded to her gentle inquiries, he did so outwardly unabashed; but within, far from human eye, he felt the glow of shame's blush and the torture which the contrast between vice and virtue renders more acute.

His unsuspecting parent noticed no change in him during the whole of that trying evening, and when he retired to his chamber he received her blessing with a stoicism which almost amounted to cold indifference. But, when he had only himself to deal with, the actor forgot his part, and once more became the conscience-stricken man of guilt. Despair, with its harrowing convictions, prostrated the whole of his faculties, and he moaned in the helplessness of his condition. He threw himself undressed on the bed, and yielded to the horrors by which he saw himself on all sides surrounded.

He moaned and he cried, and then he clenched his fists and beat the air—execrated himself, then others—and finally sprang from the bed like a savage darting upon his prey. His eyes sparkled, his chest heaved, and his whole attitude was that of menace and defiance.

"Since I cannot go back," thought he, setting his teeth firmly together, "I will go forward; and wo be it to—"

At this critical moment his glance fell on a picture hanging against the wall; it was the head of our Savior, and the gift of his mother. A long, long look did he take at the mild face which smiled so sweetly from its canvas, and then he burst into tears. They were the best he had ever shed, for they opened up to him the fountains of a new life, and extinguished those unholy sparks which despair had kindled in his bosom. After his powerful emotion had in some degree subsided, he knelt down by the bedside, and prayed as only those can who need divine assistance. He rose calm and refreshed, and seated himself at a little table to deliberate on the course he should pursue. Many and various were his thoughts, but they all partook of the tone of one grand, all-commanding sentiment; and by that he was resolved to be guided. The coinage of his brain was distilled in that best of all alembics, the heart; and gradually there was accumulated within him a gently-flowing river of thought, beside which Hope stood waving her green branch, and bidding him in honeyed accents, "Never despair."

In the morning he rose, after a dreamless night, vigorous and determined, and hastened to carry out one of the most difficult of the three resolutions he had formed; that was to part, perhaps for ever, with the girl he loved.

"Mary," said he, gazing mournfully into her tearful face, "I love you as well, indeed better, at this moment than ever I did—but we must part. Circumstances have occurred which render this painful step necessary."

"Cannot you explain, Walter?" demanded she, clinging to him.

"Dear Mary, don't ask me—I cannot," replied he, painfully. "I cannot, indeed—only to my God! Listen," continued he solemnly; "to-morrow I shall be far away from you; and the probability is that it would be a very long time—at present, I think, many years—before we should meet again; so that continuing our engagement is a mere mockery, because the chances are that I shall be unable to keep it."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, wounded to the quick by a sentiment she misunderstood.

"Do not mistake me," said he, taking her by the hand, and struggling to subdue his own strong emotion; "I love you dearly, and that is the reason I do not wish you to remain bound to what may never be fulfilled on my part. You, I know, would be faithful and true; but why should you waste the bloom of your youth, and neglect the many opportunities you will have of making yourself happy, for the sake of a man you may never see again? No, Mary; you shall not do so; from this moment you are free, and may heaven bless you!"

The girl hung down her head and cried bitterly, for she felt that her young hopes were about to be withered.

Walter, animated by the new feelings he had acquired, was invincible; his duty required the sacrifice, and it should be made. Undoubtedly it was one of the greatest he could have made, for he might have played upon the girl's credulity, and maintained his position as lover without the remotest prospect or intention of becoming her husband. But with the resolution to do right comes a consideration for others, which weakens the natural selfishness of the heart, and gives it the power to make those stern sacrifices which honor so frequently demands.

"Now, for my mother," thought he, and trembled at the interview before him; for, had the alternative been presented to him, he would have preferred that the madden he had parted with should have been acquainted with his error, than that his mother, his irreproachable mother, should have known that he had brought shame on the name of the parent who had been so honored and respected when alive.

After a protracted conversation with his mother, she yielded to his entreaties, and consented to retire to a more humble dwelling. The removal was speedily effected, and, on the evening of the day on which they took possession of the two apartments which were thenceforth to be their home, the mother bewildered by the change, inquired from her son why he had gone so far from the office.

"I have left Mr. ——'s employ—he was dissatisfied with me," replied Walter, slightly blushing at the equivocation.

"Dissatisfied with you!" exclaimed the mother. "Oh, Walter, there is something in all this I don't understand; first, you bid Mary farewell, then you induce me to leave Cloudesly street, and now you tell me you have left your office. Walter, my dear son, do not conceal anything from me."

Walter's lips quivered and his eye avoided his mother's steady gaze, but making a great effort he soon recovered himself, and seeing that he must be cool and firm, or all would be explained, and perhaps so shock his mother as to do her serious injury, he addressed himself to her in the calm language of reason. He explained that he had been discharged by Mr. —— owing to his being extremely dissatisfied with him, and that, as he never intended to return to that line of business again, it was necessary, until he had established himself in some other, that his mother, deprived of the assistance of his salary, should be placed in such a position as would enable her to live upon the slender annuity she enjoyed.

"My son," said the mother, affected at this instance of filial devotion, "but why separate from Mary?"

"Because," replied Walter, "I wooed her under favorable circumstances, became gracious in her eyes by the aid of those circumstances, and, now that they have disappeared, my duty to her and myself demands that I should withdraw from her society. Our position toward each other has undergone a change; she is in the same condition, while I am poor, very poor; and love and poverty rarely agree."

"You know little yet of a woman's heart, Walter," said his mother, smiling, "or you would be aware that, provided a man retains his honor, she cares little in her youth about the trash which the world calls wealth."

This remark caused Walter to turn pale as death, and almost to fall from his seat fainting. His alarmed mother flew to his assistance, and beseeched him to make a confidant of her; for she was sure, she said, he had something concealed from her which caused him the most poignant distress.

With the utmost difficulty he reassured her, and, when both were more calm, he solemnly requested her to grant him a favor.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"Trust me," replied he, falling on his knees before her.

"I will!" she emphatically exclaimed, falling on his neck; and from that day forth the subject was never renewed between them.

"Two resolutions triumphantly carried out," said Walter, after his mother had retired; "and to morrow is the nativity of the third."

Taking a large sheet of paper, he wrote upon it, in a very large, round hand, the talismanic words, "Never despair!" and then fastened it to the curtains at the foot of his bed, so that he might have the sentence before him to read night and morning.

It was a mighty task, and no blood-stained knight ever couched lance against a foe more gallantly than did our brave Walter, in this, his first great moral battle.

The struggle with life was an arduous and protracted one; but, as it is not our intention to follow Walter in all his wanderings, we can only relate that he found no employment too mean for his industry, and no occupation disgraceful, unless criminal and dishonorable. At the end of six years, by dint of the most indefatigable labor—and hard, common day-labor alone—he had accumulated from his labor sufficient to pay his first employer the amount of his defalcation, together with interest up to the day of payment.

Noon had just been proclaimed by the great bell of St. Paul's when Walter presented himself at the office of the merchant. With some difficulty he obtained a private interview.

"Well, my man!" said the merchant, in no very amiable manner, for Walter's apparel was not very attractive.

"Six years ago, this very day," said Walter, modestly, but firmly, "you dismissed from your service a clerk named Walter Jackson for a defalcation in the account intrusted to him. I am Walter Jackson, and here is the amount owing to you, with interest at 5 per cent. I have been unable to pay you sooner, or I should most gladly have done so. Now, to my great relief, I am able, and beg in addition that you will accept my most grateful thanks for the forbearance you exercised toward me on that discussing occasion."

Surprise for a time held the merchant mute, but when he recovered he stretched forth his hand to the workman, and, when he received that of the latter, shook it warmly. He then requested Walter to relate what had befallen him since their separation. Walter did so in a brief but clear and unreserved manner.

"So the moment you left this office you determined to make restitution?" said the merchant, smiling, evidently highly gratified with the narrative.

"Oh, no," replied Walter; "I was tempted to do worse first."

"Indeed! How?" inquired the merchant, whose curiosity was roused.

"By thinking I could never redeem my lost character," answered Walter.

"What saved you?" asked the merchant, eagerly.

"Two words," said Walter, a glow animating his naturally fine countenance: "Never despair."

The merchant saw a kindred spirit before him, and detained Walter in conversation for some time. In the course of many revelations which were obtained from him, he stated that he had found time to acquire knowledge as well as to labor, and that some of the sweetest hours he had spent were those devoted to study.

They parted, but from that day forth a friendship was established between Walter and the great city merchant, and when the latter died he left him a legacy of £1,000.

How a Man Balanced Europe.

A good many years ago George Sand gave a grand dinner to the notabilities of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, the principal attractions of the party being a distinguished English diplomatist and M. P., passing through Paris on his way to Vienna on a secret mission to Austria, and the poet Alfred de Musset. When the hour and the guests arrived, the diplomatist was found at his post—haughty and reserved, not to say stiff, but De Musset, to every one's disappointment, was absent. The guests, however, seated themselves, and, out of compliment to their distinguished visitor, the conversation turned upon politics, the great gun of the *Revue* being intent on drawing out the British diplomatist, who, however, maintained an insular silence, broken only by occasional monosyllables, spoken with icy politeness.

When, however, the subject of the balance of Europe was broached, the great statesman's eye kindled, and, with a majestic gesture, he cleared his throat and said:

"The balance of Europe—this is my idea as to the manner in which it should be maintained!" and seizing his plate with both hands he flung it up to the ceiling, imparting to it a rapid rotary motion, and as it fell receiving it with imperturbable gravity on the point of his knife, where it went on spinning.

The stupefaction was general, nor was it lessened by the action of one of the tablemaids, who, with much presence of mind, seized the water-pitcher and poured its contents over the bald head of the British statesman, who, however, never diverted his attention from the whirling plate.

The diplomatist was Deburan, the magician, and the servant girl proved to be De Musset, who had sacrificed his mustache on the altar of a practical joke.

The Diffusion of Seeds.

In a very large number of cases the diffusion of seeds is effected by animals. To this class belong the fruits and berries. In them an outer fleshy portion becomes pulpy and generally sweet, inclosing the seeds. It is remarkable that such fruits, in order, doubtless, to attract animals, are, like flowers, brightly colored—as, for, instance, the cherry, currant, apple, peach, plum, strawberry, raspberry and many others. This color, moreover, is not present in the unripe fruit, but is rapidly developed at maturity. In such cases the actual seed is generally protected by a dense, sometimes almost stony, covering, so that it escapes digestion, while its germination is perhaps hastened by the heat of the animal's body. It may be said that the skin of apple and pear pips is comparatively soft; but then they are imbedded in a stringy core, which is seldom eaten. These colored fruits form a considerable part of the food of monkeys in the tropical regions of the earth, and we can, I think, hardly doubt that these animals are guided by the color, just as we are, in selecting the ripe fruit. In these instances of colored fruits the fleshy, edible part more or less surrounds the true seeds; in others the actual seeds themselves become edible. In the former the edible part serves as a temptation to animals; in the latter it is stored up for the use of the plant itself. When, therefore, the seeds themselves are edible they are generally protected by more or less hard or bitter envelopes—for instance, the horse chestnut, beech, Spanish chestnut, walnut, etc. That these seeds are used for food by squirrels and other animals is, however, by no means necessarily an evil to the plant, for the result is that they are often carried some distance and then dropped, or stored up and forgotten, so that in this way they get carried away from the parent tree. —*Sir John Lubbock, in Fortnightly Review.*

How to Predict the Weather.

An intensely blue sky indicates a temporary absence of clouds. Under other circumstances again, an intensely blew sky indicates a tornado. When the sun rises behind a bank of clouds, and they hang low all over the horizon, and the air feels damp and there is a fine, drizzling mist blowing, the indications are there will be a rain somewhere in the United States or Canada. When it begins to thunder look out for lightning. To see the head of the family feeling in his right-hand pocket, then in the left-hand pocket, then in all his vest-pockets, then in his hip-pockets, then in his coat-pockets, and then at his ceiling, indicates "no change." If he suddenly stops whistling at the ceiling and expands his face into a broad grimace of delight, it means "unexpected change." If the corn husks are very thick, the winter will be colder than the summer. If the corn husks are very thin, the summer will be warmer than the winter. If the corn husks are neither too thin nor too thick, the summer will be warm and the winter will be cold. If the weather prophet predicts a rainy season and it happens to rain away out in Calaveras county, and is dry as bone all over the rest of America, this rain must be set down to the credit of the weather-breeder, and all the dry time counts for nothing.

THE Lebanon Shakers number 350, two-thirds of whom are women and girls, and their property is valued at $1,500,000. Members relinquish all claims on retiring from the community.

PITH AND POINT.

THE man who leads a dog's life probably barks for a clothing house.

SOMETHING that will keep, but not desirable to have on hand—a wart.

A PROFESSIONAL beauty, though two words, is really only one silly belle.

WHEN a bald-headed man buys a duster, mohair would be most appropriate.

A CONNECTICUT woman was appointed constable, and the first thing she said was: "Now I shall catch a man."

WOULDN'T hear the pun that Hero made,
Embracing on the sand her
Wet lover? "Sweet Tu-lips!" he said;
And she cried: "O Leander!"

A HARTFORD divorce lawyer said to his minister; "You and I live in the right State for one another—what you Connecticut!"

WE know a cat that was drowned in the creek. Next day the cat appeared at the back window, with the creek in its back.—*Whitehall Times.*

JONES, getting up from his dinner in a quiet way, remarked to his landlady that he had found everything on the table cold except the ice-cream.

SAM KEARNEY, of Illinois, killed his wife because he couldn't make her sit down in a chair. He didn't begin right. If he had told her to stand up she would have sat down.

"I WOULDN'T care to be the prettiest girl alive," simpered a swain as he sat in a drawing-room. "Indeed! Why not?" was the response. "Because," said he, "I'd rather be next to her."

"TOMMY, did you hear your mother call you?" "'Corse I did." "Then why don't you go to her at once?" "Well, yer see she's nervous, and it'd shock her awful 'if should go too suddent."

SOME one has formed 1,051 English words of not less than four letters in the word "regulations." This may be a pleasant kind of work, but it is not so profitable as killing potato-bugs one at a time.

A LITTLE boy was asked if he knew where the wicked finally went to. He answered; "They practice law here a spell and then go to the Legislature." It was a painful operation for that boy to sit down for a few days.

"HALLOA!" With this exclamation the hunter came to an abrupt halt. (The concluding chapters of the thrilling and absorbingly interesting story of "The Scout and the Indian" will be found in our waste-basket.)

HASH.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen,
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

NEVER marry for wealth, but remember that it is just as easy to love a girl who has a brick house with a mansard roof and a silver-plated door-bell as one who hasn't anything but an auburn head and an amiable disposition.

WHILE waltzing 'round the ball-room gay,
Made bright with lights and mirrors nice,
She turned her face from his away.
"Pray, what's the matter, darling mine?
Has aught I've done estranged thy heart?
Turn not from me your sweet face hence—
I cannot, cannot from thee part!"
"How foolish, Fred! you know I'm fond;
And as we pass you pier-glass bright,
I only look from you beyond
To see if my new dress hangs right."

LAST summer she was eating green corn by gnawing it from the cob, when her teeth became entangled with corn silk. "Oh, dear," she said, impatiently, "I wish when they get the corn made they would pull out the basting threads!"

A BURLINGTON shoemaker, according to the *Hawk-Eye*, got tired of his trade and began to practice medicine. The only startling feature in the new doctor's practice is his habit of plunging a crooked awl into the patient's foot a couple of inches, to see if he is sound.

"WHERE are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock. "I am going to heaven, my son. I have been on my way for eighteen years." "Well, good-by, old fellow! If you have been traveling toward heaven for eighteen years, and got no nearer than Arkansas, I will take another route."

A FUNNY story comes from the seaside, in connection with the decease of a well-known hotel-keeper, who was more famous for his good heart and pride in the healthfulness of his hotel than for his adaptability to modern ideas. After his death, a woman, who had often visited the hotel, made a call of condolence upon the widow, who received her cordially, and was much pleased to talk of her husband's good qualities, her own loss, etc., but suddenly, wiping her eyes, she exclaimed: "But it is a great comfort to me, Mrs. C., that poor —— died in such a healthy place."

The Times for 1980.

The *Printer-Advertiser* says: "Englishmen are not famous for great jokes, but one has recently been perpetrated in London which is really admirable, and the result of a vast amount of hard work. It consists of the issue of a copy of the London *Times* for 1980, of the full size of the 'Thunderer,' and closely resembling it in every feature, even down to the obscurest advertisements. The editorials, language and style are closely copied, and, in dealing with matters 100 years to come, presents some fine satirical hits at things of the present day.

"The House of Lords becomes the 'House of Ladies,' and generally the other sex seems to have got the upper hands of the world. The center of fashion is transferred to Feejee, and the fashion notes from the island capital are decidedly funny.

"The progress of invention is shown by the news of a battle in the Arctic regions, and the capture of the North pole, transmitted 'in thoughtonomic dissyllables by our special phonographic artist.' Traveling is done mostly through the air, and penny excursions are offered to all parts of the world.

"The advertisements are among the best features of the joke, and include such announcements as 'Greek Taught at One Session,' 'Headache Cured in One Minute,' 'The Patent Masticators,' 'Elephant's Milk,' 'Burning Glasses for Making Hay,' 'Traps for Fleas,' 'Postal Balls' (for sending messages by cannon), notices of 'Excursions from London to Jericho,' 'Seven Hours with the Esquimaux,' 'Lunar Expeditions,' 'Balloons for the Epsom Races,' and a multitude of other novelties."

THE man who takes his place in this world, whether to preach in a tabernacle, sing in a coloseum, or build the waste places, having a clear view of his work, a settled conviction of duty—who believes what he asks others to believe, and lives what he teaches—will find an open door to success.

Iceland's Pompeii.

From the geyser there is a plain view of Hecla, that awful volcano that has so often threatened the very existence of the people of this unfortunate island. It is interesting only on account of its history, and looks so much like other mountains that, unless you were a geologist, you could not tell it from hundreds of others. Being 5,364 feet high, it has particular charms for Englishmen, who seem to be born with a hereditary propensity to climb, but as most of the ponies that have attempted to climb it came down with a rush over its treacherous pumice-lined sides, no sane American has yet been up to its top. About the time they celebrate the next millennial here, when they put up a Jacob's ladder, as they have it at Mount Washington, and introduce a railroad, with calcium-light effects, as the have at Yosuyma, Americans, I have no doubt, will be quite frequent at the summit. Their representative is there now, for it is a favorite screeching place of the eagle. The reputation of Hecla is like many others—more than her due. She is heard of in all lands, yet Skapta Jokul has done twice as much in a volcanic way, and little is known about her.

In my reminiscences I was almost forgetting about Skapta Jokul. Skapta may be said to occupy the southwestern portion of Iceland. She is no ordinary hill, for she has pre-empted a space bigger than Rhode Island for herself. It isn't that she is so big as that she requires so much room for what she don't want. Skapta's greatest effort was performed in 1783, seventeen years after Hecla had done the best she knew how. The reading of the account of Skapta's work will invigorate the imagination, for she gets away with anything the penny-dreadful author ever thought of. About the beginning of June, of the year named, the usual preliminary noise began in the neighborhood of the mountains, and on the 8th of the month a great volume of smoke and ashes spread over the whole district of Sida, going in the direction against the wind. On the 19th the river Skapta overflowed with fetid water and then suddenly disappeared. Fire broke out on the mountain, and two days later a stream of lava came oozing out of the dry bed of the river. Notwithstanding that the channel was 600 feet deep and 200 wide, the lava overflowed the banks and inundated the Meddelland country, lifting the grass as it went as water would float a film of oil. The stream finally floated into the Meddelland lake, filled it up, and then divided into two streams, one of them again seeking the course of the river and finally leaping, maddened and hot, into the sea, over the great cataract of Stapafoss, whose brink is 300 feet above the sea level. The other stream, after traversing a wide section of lowland country, found a line of least resistance in the Hverfisflot river bed. This last stream of lava, as far as it has been surveyed—there is much of it, how much no one knows, in a country over which no man has ever been—is forty miles in length and seven in width. That which went over the cataract is fifty miles long and fifteen broad. The lava ceased to flow in August, and the convulsion ended with a grand earthquake. For a whole year it continued to rain cinders and dust and thousands of acres of grass land were buried and withered under the hot showers. It is estimated that 190,000 sheep, 28,000 horses, 11,000 cattle and 9,000 men died as a result of the eruption. Since then there has been nothing worth mentioning in the volcanic line.—*Letter from Iceland.*

The Pulse.

Within the limits of health there may be considerable variation in the frequency of the pulse, the number of pulses per minute differing with age, sex, stature, muscular action, mental action, the state of the digestive process, and the time of day. The average frequency per minute is approximately indicated by the following table given by Carpenter:

Pulse in the newly-born infant	130 to 140
Pulse during 1st year	115 to 130
Pulse during 2d year	100 to 115
Pulse during 3d year	95 to 105
Pulse during 7th to 14th year	80 to 90
Pulse during 14th to 21st year	75 to 80
Pulse during 21st to 60th year	70 to 75
In old age	75 to 80

In inflammatory or acute diseases the pulse may rise to 120 or even 150 in the adult, and become so frequent in the child that it can not be counted. Muscular exertion, mental excitement, digestion, alcoholic drink and elevation above the sea level accelerate the pulse, and as a general rule it is more frequent in the morning than in the evening. It is slower in sleep and from the effect of rest, diet, cold or blood-letting. The pulse of a grown woman exceeds that of a man of the same age as much as 10 to 14 beats a minute, and according to some authorities is less frequent in the tall than in the short person, the variation being about 4 beats for each six inches of height.

A Witch.

The great man is he who rises superior to the prejudices of his age; but before the end of the seventeenth century—with the exception of Bodin, Erastus, Reginald Scot, John Wagstaffe and Dr. Webster—there were none who had the boldness or the knowledge to brand witchcraft as a base and palpable superstition. We find Lord Bacon gravely prescribing "henbane, hemlock, mandrake, moonshade, tobacco, opium and other soporiferous medicines" as the best ingredients for a witch's ointment. From the pages of his "History of the World," we see that the gifted and practical Sir Walter Raleigh was a firm believer in this childish form of superstition. The learned Selden, in his "Table Talk," while pleasantly discoursing on the subject of witches, shows that he also held the same faith. Sir Thomas Browne, the kindliest of physicians; Sir Matthew Hale, one of the most spotless of Judges; Hobbes, "the eminent Dr. More," and the patient and thoughtful Baxter all were of opinion that witchcraft was an evil capable of solid proof, and that its disciples merited sharp and swift punishment. It was not until the dawn of the eighteenth century that men came to the conclusion that the devices of "witches and witch-mongers" were only so many tricks and fables, and utterly unworthy of credence. The last judicial execution in England for witchcraft took place in the year 1716, when a woman and her little daughter were hanged at Huntingdon "for selling their souls to Satan." Since that date, however, various cases have occurred of women accused as witches being drowned while undergoing the ordeal by water at the hands of their intimidated yet infuriated neighbors.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE average life of a lawyer is about five years in Ohio—then they reform and remove to some other State.