PROFESSIONAL MEN.

ADVICE TO THOSE PURSUING A SEDENTARY OCCUPATION.

Synopsis of a Lecture by Professor Francis Minot—What Is Shown by Statistics—Origin of Diseases—Brain Work and Health.

Professor Francis Minot lectured recently at the Harvard Divinity school on the health of professional men. The lecture included three topics: The actual condition of the health of professional men; their peculiar disease, and the best mode of doing professional work. Under the term professional men, we include physicians, lawyers, clergymen, writers, scientists and teachers.

Dr. Minot said the health of professional men ought to be as good as that of other people, for they had good shelter, good food, and were not exposed to extremes of weather and noxious surroundings, and were not tempted to dissipation and excess. This inference was shown to be correct by statistics. Longevity was not always attended by good health, but old age was generally the reward of a healthy life. Statistics of the age at death of over 200,000 people in Massachusetts showed that, while the average of all was about 52, the average age of professional men was a little over 52, including actors and photographers. Of real professional men the average age was about 59; of judges, 66, of clergymen, 60; of professors, 58; of physicians, 57; of lawyers, over 56.

A DIFFERENT RESULT.

Statistics compiled in England showed a different result, for while clergymen were there also longer lived than lawyers or physicians, physicians were the shortest lived of professional men. During three consecutive years the death rate among physicians was 26 in 100; among lawyers, 20, and much less among the clergy. This difference was remarkable. It could not be explained by the irregular life, lack of rest and overwork of medical men, for those conditions applied to American physicians, and was probably due to the fact that many English doctors spend years in India, whence they return with impaired health. There was a general resemblance in the mode of living of lawyers and physicians; they were obliged to exercise more and there was more variety in their lives than in those of clergymen and professors. The great longevity of ministers must be attributed to moderation, temperance and freedom from anxiety as to pecuniary matters.

Dr Minot then reviewed briefly the origin of diseases in general, and said many of them would disappear as soon as their causes became known. The danger to the health of professional men lay in their sedentary life. They should warm their studios and offices with open fires rather than with furnace heat, and supply less oxygen in consequence of greater rarefication of the air. Good hygienic conditions in their houses was next in importance. Bad drainage caused typhoid fever, pneumonia, diphtheria and blood poisoning. No drainage or sewer pipes should have indirect communication through other pipes with the interior of sleeping rooms. Next to drainage the care of the person was of greatest importance. Sponge baths every morning were advantageous to those whom the practice did not injure, and daily moderate exercise was necessary. Professional men often suffered from what was popularly known as biliousness, which was due to insufficient exercise in the open air; from this ill lawyers and physicians were freer than clergymen and writers.

WORK AND RELAXATION.

From work professional men gained their livelihood and their happiness, and the question was, How can one do the most work with the least injury? The work should be uniform as regards hours, with intervals of relaxation, during which the mind should be completely withdrawn from one's work. There were many instances of the beneficial effects of this alternation of employment. Sir John Lubbock was an active banker and member of parliament, but became famous from his avocation as a naturalist. A distinguished Massachusetts judge spent his evenings frequently in reading sensational novels. An hour at whist not only afforded a positive gain as regards health, but an increased capacity for labor. A complete vacation at least once a year was advantageous. B. R. Curtis said he could do his year's work in nine months, but not in twelve. Every professional man, except the country doctor, could generally take a vacation in the summer, and the country doctor should take a journey, particularly a journey across the ocean.

Professor Minot did not believe that brain work was bad for health. Instances of the effects of over brain work were nearly all due to the neglect of hygienic rules or to hereditary diseases. Brain workers often lived long and laborious lives. It was a natural inference when a professional man died of apoplexy that he died of overwork, but apoplexy was as liable to be caused by physical overwork as by mental. The professor closed with three examples of the effects of the rules he had laid down: Darwin, who by regularity performed an enormous amount of work, in spite of ill health and intense pain; Dr. Little, whose rule of life included the twenty-four hours of the day, and who generally worked until 3 in the morning and rose at 8, took a vacation of one month every year, and lived to be nearly 80; a distinguished London physician, Dr. Bird, who at 40 had built up a practice worth £70,000 a year, but who died soon after, broken down by overwork.—Boston Advertiser.

One of the Lost Arts.

To shoot buffalo successfully one must ride upon the right side and shoot with a large caliber rifle and send the bullet quartering through the lungs. The animal will not drop at the shot, but in a few jumps the blood will run from his mouth and nose, and as his life ebbs away he will stagger from side to side like a ship in a storm, and then with a mighty last effort he springs forward. It is the last jump he takes He falls headlong on the prairie dead.—Dr. W. F. Carter in San Francisco Examiner.

The Prodigal Son.

Prodigal Son—Father, I have spent my substance and have arisen and returned to thee.

Practical Father—What did you spend all that money on?

"Amateur photography."

"Kill the fatted calf and send it to the nearest idiot asylum. My son will dine there to-morrow."—Omaha World.

The Cane's Revenge.

—Life.

No Fears for a Coal Famine.

It is claimed that a coal famine is imminent and that western families will have to burn corncobs this winter. This is not overly encouraging to drought stricken Kansas, Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin, where there is nothing but cobs three inches long; but for Nebraska, where the cobs are used for baseball bats, we contemplate the famine with a remarkable degree of composure. As long as the festive corncob maintains its present mammoth proportions coal diggers may strike, and coal dealers may pool, the Nebraska hearth will still be warm and cozy. Eastern strikers may put this in their cob pipes and smoke it.—North Bend (Neb.) Flail.

Couldn't Aim.

A Boston young man was taken out by some Fort Worth gunners to kill ducks at Hurst's lake. As a large flock of canvas backs floated right by him, and he didn't shoot, one of the Fort Worthites got excited and yelled:

"Why in thunder didn't you shoot?"

"Why," answered the Boston man, "every time I got my gun leveled at one, four or five other blamed green headed fools would swim right in between so I never could get a good aim at one."

The party went home.—Texas Colonel.

Mistake of Identity.

Omaha Man—Do you intend to lecture in Omaha?

Eastern Stranger—Lecture?

"Yes, you lecture, don't you, or perhaps you only write?"

"I am not a lecturer or an author, sir. I am a manufacturer of car stoves."

"Oh! I beg your pardon. My friend Blinks must have made a mistake. He told me you were a noted cremationist."—Omaha World.

Very Encouraging.

"Do you think, doctor, we will have the cholera here in New York this winter?" asked an inquisitive man of a New York health officer.

"I have studied the matter closely," replied the official with great deliberation, "and it is my opinion, from all I can gather, that if our present exemption from cholera continues for six months we will not have any cholera this year."—Texas Siftings.

In a Fix.

First Art Critic (at an exhibition)—Great Scott!

Second Art Critic—I should say so.

"How under the sun are we to get up our critiques?"

"I don't know. There is no way to distinguish good paintings from bad."

"None at all. There isn't a single price mark in the whole catalogue."—Omaha World.

A Practical Suggestion.

Beggar—Please, sir, give a poor man some assistance.

Gent.—I've nothing for you.

Beggar—You might subscribe on the installment plan and pay over the first installment now and the next on the first of the month. Then you wouldn't feel it much.—Texas Siftings.

FOLLY LAND

In Folly land what witchery!
What pretty looks; what eyes there be.
What gamesome ways, what dimpled smiles;
What lissome limbs, what frolic wiles;
What easy laughter, fresh and clear;
What pranks to play, what jests to hear;
Old Time forgets to shake his sand,
The days go tripping, hand in hand,
In Folly land, in Folly land.

In Folly land, one idle hour,
The moonlight had a wizard power;
Its fairy glamour turned my brain;
I would that I were there again!
We stood together 'neath the sky
A bird was chirping drowsily:
He smiled, he sighed, he held my hand.
Ah me! Ah well—we understand.
'Twas Folly land, 'twas Folly land!

My sober friend, how worn your looks!
Your heart is in your moldy books.
Here's half a cobweb on your brow!
I seldom see you jovial now.
Fling down your volumes and be free
To take a pleasure trip with me.
Come, "Here's my heart, and here's my hand!"
We'll launch our skiff, and seek the strand
Of Folly land, of Folly land.

—Danske Dandridge in The Century.

Different Committees.

Attendant (to railroad president)—A committee is outside sir.

Railroad President—Tell the committee that we propose to fight this strike to the bitter end. No admittance; no compromise.

Attendant—It's a committee from the Pullman car porters, sir.

President—Oh, show the gentlemen in at once.—New York Sun.

Temporary Perpetual Motion.

Edward B. Latimer, of Baltimore, after twenty-five years' labor, has invented a perpetual motion machine which, when once started, will run for fifteen minutes.—Omaha World.

On Mount Katahdin's Summit.

A cone of burnished tin, twenty inches in height and twelve in diameter, has been placed on the summit of Mount Katahdin by the Bangor (Me.) Appalachian club, in order to note the distance from which the peak can be seen.—Chicago News.

How to Remove Spots.

An Austin youth, whose income is not quite as extensive as that of Vanderbilt's, got a large ink spot on his coat. He asked a friend how the stain could be removed.

"You can get a chemical preparation for twenty-five cents. Just soak the spot with it, and it will come out."

"I guess I had better soak the whole coat. I can get $4 by soaking the coat."—Texas Siftings.

THE KNOCK ALPHABET.

VARIOUS ACOUSTIC METHODS USED IN RUSSIAN PRISONS.

How Knocks and Scratches on the Wall Are Made to Represent Words and Phrases by Which Prisoners May Hold Communication.

And now for the "knock language," or "knock alphabet." There is a multitude of such alphabets at the various political prisons of Russia and Siberia, almost every prison having an alphabet of its own. The simplest system is: One knock at the wall signifies a, two knocks b, three knocks c, etc. But as the Russian grammar contains thirty-five letters, this system is tiresome and inconvenient, and to facilitate it various acoustic methods are used A knock at a wall with the end of a finger sounds different from a knock with a knuckle. A thumb nail causes another peculiar sound. The sound of the palm of the hand is different from that caused by a fist. All the finger nails at once creates a peculiar sound of their own: the knuckles make the knock sound different than the finger ends, or the wrist, or elbow. Again various sounds can be elicited with every or several fingers at once, and the sound of a bass button or a penholder can also easily be distinguished The formation of a knock alphabet further depends on the figures marked on the wall by the knocks. A straight line could easily be indicated by two knocks at different points, a triangle by three knocks, a quadrangle by four knocks, and so on. The time which elapses between the knocks is also taken into consideration, and some knocks often signify whole words and phrases.

WORDS AND PHRASES.

At the central prison of Belgorod, words frequently used were expressed by knock figures as follows: One knock with the end of the thumb signified yes; several knocks, repeated quickly one after another with the end of the thumb, signified no; a rectangle indicated by a knuckle, meant relatives; a square, friends, comrades, members of the same party; a straight line, what Russian prisoners call "volia," the outside, free world; two straight lines, Siberia; a triangle, prison; a bow, which was indicated by rubbing a brass button at the wall, prisoner; two parallel lines signified corridor; a vertical line, director; a crooked line, warder; a semicircle, mediator; a knock at the wall with the elbow, czar, and so on. Several knocks at the wall with the knuckles was a warning: "Don't knock, somebody is coming!" Two slow knocks at the wall signified: "Halloo do you care to speak?" One knock with the knuckles and one with the ends of the fingers went for "Wait, I am busy," and one knock with the whole palm signified: "Now, go on, I am ready to listen." I was expressed by a knock at the wall with the little finger you, by a knock with the wrist.

Before entering into the minor details of the knock alphabet as it was in use at the central prison of Belgorod, a few preliminary remarks are deemed necessary There are in the Russian alphabet hard and soft, long and short vowels, so called Instead of giving their respective names the approximately corresponding English vowels will be given below for the sake of convenience. The Russian g is pronounced like the English g in get. The Russian j like the French g or j in germain or jeunesse.

INGENUITY VS. THE CZAR.

The alphabet was composed as follows One knock at the wall with the large finger stood for a, ia, or ya; two knocks with the same finger, e, ie, iou, or ye; one knock with two fingers, i, ie, ei, en, or y. two knocks with two fingers, o, on. io, or yo; one knock with the first finger joints, oo, ou, iu, or yoo. It must be said that for the sake of quickness the vowels were left out whenever it was possible. B or p was expressed by one knock at the wall with one knuckle, usually with that of the large finger; v or f by two knocks with one knuckle; g or k by one knock all knuckles, j or z by one knock with the thumb and the next finger put together, l or r by two knocks with the same, m or n by one knock with all fingers, s or sh by two knocks with all fingers, c, ts, or ch by one knock with the knuckles and one with the fingers, followed quickly one after another; kh or the German ch by one knock with a knuckle and one with a finger. tsch or shtch was expressed by two quick snaps at the wall. As to figures, such were easily denoted by corresponding numbers of knocks. One knock with the middle joint of the large finger, a short pause, five knocks with the same slowly repeated, another pause, and two knocks with the fist went for 1,500, the 1st knocks indicating zeros, and so on.

As far as quickness is concerned, the above is the most convenient, if not the simplest, alphabet used in Russian prisons. It was not the product of a sudden discovery at the prison at Belgorod, but the result of modifications made gradually in the course of months. All sorts of systems were tried, not excepting the system used by telegraphers, that is, points and lines; or the so called figure system, that is, expressing, for instance, the twenty-fifth, twenty-eighth or thirty-third letter of the Russian alphabet by two and five, two and eight, or three and three knocks, with a pause between, but they all had to be given up. To make a line distinguishable it was necessary to rub some metal, for instance a brass button or chain joint, at the wall, but the sound was too sharp, and the warders could easily hear it. The figure system was too slow, monotonous and weary. Besides, the walls of the solitary cells of the Belgorod prison were of solid stone blocks, and this, perhaps, made the above system most available. Brick or wooden walls would have necessarily required a somewhat modified system.—Michael Malkoff in Chicago News.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

All is beloved's door he knocked, unheeding
The mocking echoes drifting idly by;
Then called a voice—the while his glad heart bounded—
"Ah, who is there?" He answered, "It is I."
Think not these walls," the sweet, clear voice resounded,
"These palace walls will me and thee contain."
The shining door stood barred! His fervent pleading
Was spent in vain.

In solitude, where desert sands are gleaming,
Burned on his changeless love through patient years;
Once more he comes, and knocks with trembling fingers;
Once more his soul a thrilling music hears.
Once more that voice across the silence lingers—
"Ah, who is there?" He answers, "It is thou!"
The door flies back! The sudden splendor, streaming,
Enfolds him now!

—Charlotte W. Thurston in The Century.

DEACON BURDETTE.

His Witty Talks Out o' Meetin' Upon Timely Topics.

"Papa," said Ethel, "I do not think you are just to Mr. Sophtonore; I was walking with him last night. His head is full of ideas." "Yes, yes," said the professor, and went on reading the proof of his lecture on "Microscopic Thought," "'we cannot realize the infinite littleness of the cholera bacteria, when we know that 30,000,000,000 of them occupy a space no larger than a pin's head.' Yes, yes; as you say, he has a great many ideas; but they are"——goes on reading proof.

WE'ER FASHED THE VOLUNTEER AT A'.

"I am weary of this humdrum life," said Calliopus. "Why, what are you doing?" "Tuning hurdy gurdies." "Shake; I am writing speeches on tariff reduction."

BUT FARE YE WELL, AULD THISTLE BENI

Young Mr. Sawbones, first year in medical college; sees an editorial headed "The Danger of Apathy"—"The incomprehensible ignorance of these editors!" he exclaims grandly; "they write about things of which they know absolutely nothing. Now, you take apathy in time and there isn't a dangerous feature in it: the veriest quack can handle it." Puts on his hat and goes out to look after a case of incipient inertia.

YE AIBLINS MIGHT—I DINNA KEN.

Lawyer Bulldozer—Do you know anything about George Thorpe? Stupid Witness—Yes, sir. Lawyer B.—Ah, you do? Do you know any good about him? Witness—No, sir. "Oh, you don't? Well, then, do you know anything bad about him?" Witness—No, sir. "Then, for mercy's sake, what do you know about him?" "I know he died twenty years before I ever heard of him."

STILL HAE A' STAKE.

A Boston broker lost a wallet containing $15,000 on the street and a newsboy found it and brought it to the owner. The man struggled with a terrible temptation to be mean and sordid for a moment, and then, forgetting self and casting to the winds his greed of gain as he trampled the temptation under his feet, gave the honest boy permission to go on the Common and play every day. "We can trust you," sobbed the grateful man; "we know that you will keep off the grass." Oh, how often this opportunity to make others happy by a kind word, a gentle smile or some little act of kindness knocks at our doors and we heed it not, until it is too late. Oh, that more people were like the Boston man. (P. S.—They are.)

"WHEN HAME YE MAKE?"

Where, oh, where has the young man gone who graduation clothes put on, some time along the last of May, and owned the whole wide world for a day? And where is the sweet girl graduate, who chanted an essay dread with fate and started out with a giggling frown to turn this old world upside down? And where is last year's candidate, who had things fixed for this year's slate? Who carried around, as you'd believe, a couple of counties in his sleeve? And where is the scribe with a vaulting will who tried a long felt want to fill, and courted shekels and renown with a minion paper in a bourgeois town? The lad has divided the world up fair, and holds but his own eight billionth share; the sweet girl grad. is a grand surprise, and conquers the world with well made pies; the candidate with the deathless "gall" is fixing himself for another fall; while the journalist with the haughty crest has gone the way of last year's nest. So year by year and day by day the world runs on in the same old way; the balloon that is biggest round about is the flabbiest rag when the gas is out.

IT MAKES AN UNCO' LEEWAY.

There is one thing Ignatius O'Donnelly might have done very easily, if he had thought of it—he might do it yet—prove that Harriet Beecher Stowe didn't write the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that is presented on the stage ten times a week all through and between the season. He could find plenty of ciphers, in the cast; the two Topseys, the two Markses, the two donkeys, and the latest company announces two Uncle Toms—these, with the four meat hounds, would give an ingenious man ciphers enough to prove anything.

AN SWAT WI' DREAD—

"Is there any benefit in monopolies?" asked the teacher. "There is," answered the smart bad boy. "And what is it?" "Owning an interest in one." He was kept in two hours.

REAL AND IMITATION BABIES.

A Boston woman comes out in print to denounce "that lingual dish wash, popularly known as baby talk." Oh, well, that's to be expected in Beanville, where Joseph Cook is regarded as a model child's nurse and primary kindergarden teacher. We believe, firmly believe, that a baby who? which? that? is born with eye glasses and a theory should be called a babe at birth and addressed as sir or madam.

Out upon your machine made babe! I knew one long ago. His name was Henderson Ingraham Stillweather, and his parents called him that when he was in his cradle. He was but 5 years old when first I met him, down by the Illinois river. He said to me: "Excuse me, sir, but could you kindly enlighten me as to the character of this strange looking craft toward which our steps are tending and, also, can you tell me to whom does it belong?" I clutched the little monster by the neck and held him under the dredge boat for an hour. I expected a scene with his mother, but she only said that "Henderson was very far advanced; his Uncle Dennison did not drown until he was 49." They didn't bury Henderson. They pressed him between the pages of a Colton's Atlas, and he flattened out and dried just like a fern. That's what becomes of that sort of children. I am glad I drowned him. I am looking around for more like him. People who wean their infants on dictionaries will do well to keep them under glass until I lose my tomahawk. Wagh!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Pictorial Shakespeare.

"The spirit of the times shall teach me speed."—King John.

—Life.

An Athletic Job.

Simperson—Young Smithson has become come quite athlete, I hear.

Bagley—That fellow an athlete? Oh, no. He could not walk around the block without resting.

Simperson—Ah, well, he has been jumping his board bill, and that must be a considerable job.—Boston Post.

FLASHES OF FASHION.

Many toilets are very fanciful.

Details precede effects at this season.

Bonnets are lessening to a noticeable extent.

Short Zouave jackets are a passing fad for fall.

The new kid and Suede gloves have seams on the back resembling plush.

Color blending has become a fine art, involving some remarkable associations.

Sicilienne, Bengaline, Eolienne, peau de soie and fleur de soie are the favorite silks.

Bonnet strings come from the back this season, instead of from the ears, as formerly

Cloth gowns are trimmed with velvet braiding matelasse, passementerie and stitching

Underskirts grow more and more elaborate Surah, glace and other such silks compose them, and fine lace trimmings are in order.

Long, loose front raglans and well fitted Newmarkets are about equal in popularity Stripes, plaids and mixtures are gradually yielding to solid colors

French millinery green dominates the hat domain; gray ranks next. Flowers yield to ribbons and feather garnitures. In shapes, low crowns are the rule.

Straight, undraped skirts are a feature of many new fall dresses. They are very simply trimmed around the bottom with a band of metal and tinted embroidery.

Some short street jackets are trimmed with braided revers of the material, or with those of velvet. The sleeves are in loose coat style with bell shaped wrist.

Silk redingotes in directoire style are especially serviceable, as they may be worn upon almost every occasion—for receptions, home dinners, street and visiting purposes.

Faille diamant, striped with vine leaves outlined with some contrasting color in different weave, is one of the old time silks revived by present fashion, and is most beautiful.

Cashmere colors appear in the lovely Persian silks; Veronese—a dull red—and castor brown are among predominant colors, and green and silver gray enter into pleasant partnership.

Velvet is the pet finish for dress waists, forming thereon collar, cuffs, vest and revers. The long, straight lined Directoire bodice with flat revers of velvet, lessens in effect the extreme fleshiness which is the bane of some women's lives.—Cloak, Suit and Ladies' Wear Review.

THE GENTLER SEX.

Mrs. Parsons, the Louise Michel of Chicago, is going to England to lecture on anarchy.

Miss Anna Dickinson still wears her hair short and parted on the side; but for that her appearance is altogether feminine, and she delights in fine clothes.

Queen Patience, wife of King Ja Ja, recently visited England on her way to join her husband at St. Vincent. She is only 18 years old, and speaks English fairly well.

Princess Eugenie of Sweden, who sacrificed her jewels to build a hospital on an island off the coast, where poor cripples might be nursed and healed, is regarded as insane by her family.

Pundita Ramabai, the high caste Hindoo woman who has been soliciting funds in this country for the establishment of a school in India for widows, has returned to her native country with $50,000. She obtained more money in San Francisco than anywhere else.

Gertrude Rives, the younger sister of Amelie Rives-Chandler, is extremely fond of horses and a daring rider. She is almost childlike in appearance, but has no end of pluck. Her father owns a handsome collection of horses, and she spends much time in the stables directing the grooming of her favorites.

Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, whose name is now seen so frequently in current literature, is a witty little woman of 35 or so, with a husband, three boys and domestic tastes. Her favorite costume is the Mother Hubbard, and she thinks it combines all the virtues that æsthetic and hygienic reformers are looking for.

LOVES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

Henry A. Wise, the noted Virginia statesman of Tyler's day, was married three times.

Buchanan's sweetheart died during a lover's quarrel, and his bachelorhood became her monument.

Alexander H. Stephens, disappointed in his schoolboy love, refers often to her in his letters of a long life of single blessedness.

Stephen A Douglas, the Little Giant of Illinois, was twice married, and it is said that he courted Mary Todd at the same time that her hand was sought by Abraham Lincoln.

George Bancroft was married twice. His second wife, who died several years ago, was very popular in Washington, and was a noted society figure.

Chief Justice Marshall's marriage was a happy one, and his married life comprised fifty years of the tenderest affection. His wife died but a short time before him.

John Randolph, the moody, unhappy, erratic genius of Roanoke, lingering for years on the verge of insanity, speaks of Maria Ward "as one whom he loved better than his own soul or him who created it."

Daniel Webster's two marriages were both marriages of love. His first wife was Grace Fletcher, the daughter of a New Hampshire clergyman, and Webster married her when he was 26 years of age, and while he was yet a poor lawyer.

ART NOTES.

A standing figure of Grant, in soft army hat, cloak and top boots, has been placed in Twelfth street square, St Louis. It is the work of Robert Bringhurst, and was cast in Chicago.

A colored man, born of a slave mother, is about to exhibit fifty paintings in New Haven. His name is William H. R. Jackson. He has studied three years at the art school of Yale university.

A replica of W. W. Story's seated statue of George Peabody, erected in London, has arrived in Baltimore. It is a gift to the city from Mr. Robert Garrett, and will be placed in Mt. Vernon square, opposite the Peabody institute.

The Plymouth monument has taken thirty years to complete. Harriet Billings laid the plan and worked hard to make it a reality. When the corner stone was laid Daniel Webster delivered the oration. The monument is a witness to the filial piety of the descendants of the pilgrims rather than a work of great art.

MARVELOUS CHANGES.

What the Future will be to Those Who Refuse to Believe.

Is this country unconsciously undergoing a wonderful change, is the change to take place before we are aware of the fact, and when it has taken place will we wonder why we did not see it before it was too late?

Those that see the changes early avail themselves early, and thereby receive benefit.

The shrewd iron man sees the iron interest transferred from Pittsburg and Pennsylvania to Birmingham, Alabama, and in his far sightedness sees the furnaces in Pennsylvania torn down and deserted for this new and prolific field. It is claimed by the iron men of Alabama that the low price at which iron can be produced there will revolutionize the iron interests of the world.

We have seen the grain-growing centers of this country shifted to the West. We have seen the pork-packing industry flit from Cincinnati to Chicago, and from thence to Kansas City and Omaha. Southern cotton mills undersell New England and American markets, and challenge the world.

We have seen and are seeing all this take place before our eyes, and know that other changes are taking place equally as prominent, and we wonder as we behold them. Ten years ago the insurance companies only required an analysis of the fluids when they were taking insurance for very large amounts. To-day no first-class company will insure any amount unless they have a rigid analysis of the fluids passed, and if any traces of certain disorders are apparent, the application is rejected. In their reports they show that the death of sixty of every 100 people in this country, is due either directly or indirectly to such disorders. The Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, London, England, reports that sixty of every 100 victims of consumption also have serious disorders of the kidneys.

Among scientists for the treatment of this dread malady the question is being discussed:

"Is not this disorder the real cause of consumption?"

Ten years ago the microscope was something seldom found in a physician's office; now every physician of standing has one and seldom visits his patients without calling for a sample of fluids for examination.

Why is all this? Is it possible that we of the present generation are to die of diseases caused by kidney disorders? or shall we master the cause by Warner's safe cure, the only recognized specific, and thus remove the effects? It is established beyond a doubt that a very large percentage of deaths in this country are traceable to diseased kidneys. For years the proprietors of Warner's safe cure have been insisting that there is no sound health when the kidneys are diseased, and they enthusiastically press their specific for this terrible disorder upon public attention. We are continually hearing its praises sounded.

This means wonders!

Cannot the proprietors of this great remedy, who have been warning us of the danger, tell us how to avoid a disease that at first is so unimportant, and is so fatal in its termination? Are we to hope against hope, and wait without our reward?

The most significant of all changes, however, that we of to-day can note is this radical change of view to which the public has been educated: It was formerly thought that the kidneys were of very small importance; to-day, we believe, it is generally admitted that there can be no such thing as sound health in any organ if they are in the least degree deranged.

Leaping Salmon of Canada.

The salmon rivers of Canada are all streams of swift currents, whirling rapids and high falls. The salmon seems to make its way up these streams with as much ease as he moves down. One of the sights in the vicinity of Quebec is the salmon leaping at the Falls of Lovette, and during July many persons assemble there to see it. The falls are a succession of steep tumbles, and the water rushes over the rocks with great velocity. The salmon gather at the foot of the lower tumble, and, with marvelous leaps up the very face of the rushing waters, make their way to the summit without apparent difficulty, gliding up the swift chutes like a flash and mounting each successive tumble until the grand summit is reached. The Canadian will tell you that when there was no legal interference with spearing, the Indians were in the habit of gathering at the foot of the falls in their birch canoes and casting their spears at the salmon as they leaped up the torrents, making their casts with such marvelous skill that the salmon aimed at was invariably stopped in his vaulting career and fell back impaled by the Indian's cruel barb.—Cor Philadelphia News.

A MEMORY.

A perfumed delirium steals through the air
As I sit here alone, and the fire light dies,
And you stand here again, with your exquisite hair,
With your passionate lips and your pleading eyes.

It was here that you sat. If I stretch out my hand
I can almost believe that I touch you again;
Like the hunger mad sailor who springs for the land
That he sees in his madness, but springs for in vain.

Do you' people know they are mad—do you think?
And do the dead know they are dead—tell me this?
I care not! for I should be willing to sink
Into madness or death 'neath the spell of your kiss.

You're here once again—leaning back in this chair,
And I am content to crouch here at your knees
In the flesh you are distant—but what do I care
That your body is there, since your soul is with me."

One Way of Protecting.

Lightning rods do protect. Their decrease in number is not alone due to better electrical knowledge. It is due to a decrease of the danger which rods remove. The owner of buildings put rods thereon. His buildings may be struck by lightning, the rods melted, the buildings burned, but the man himself was safe. He was fully protected from lightning rod agents.—Boston Manufacturers' Gazette.

One Chicago woman asked to have her ex-husband sent to jail for not paying alimony regularly. His defense, which was pronounced good, was that she had married again an hour after getting her decree of divorce