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NEWS GLEANINGS.

South Carolina will hold a tobacco fair at Durham.

Out of 688 convicts in the Arkansas penitentiary but eighteen are women.

Virginia spends \$15,000,000 per year for spirituous and fermented liquors.

At Toledo, Ark., Sallie Burns fatally stabbed her lover, Jeff Burns, of whom she was jealous.

The total budget providing for the expenses of New Orleans, 1893, is estimated at \$1,330,986.

Denis Burns, of Pensacola, Fla., will enter into ostrich farming, the birds to be procured in South Africa.

Alabama has 1,919 miles railroad and the railroads furnish eleven per cent. of all taxable property in the State.

The contract for dredging the Vicksburg, Miss., harbor has been awarded and work will commence about January 15.

The South Carolina Legislature has refused a proposed constitutional amendment disfranchising voters for miscellaneous offenses.

The libraries of Alabama are worth \$10,000; taxable paintings, \$18,792, and \$100,155 is invested in printing presses and material.

A Louisiana sugar planter, after careful estimates, places the sugar crop of that State at 250,000 hogsheads, and the molasses crop at 450,000 barrels.

At Macon, Ga., a large hawk swooped down on a cage containing three canary birds, fought away the woman who went to their rescue and then carried off one of them.

Farmer clubs are a new institution in the South. One recently organized at Des Arc, Ark., has 1,000 members, and invites merchants to bid for their individual trade.

The Russian refugee colony on Sicily Island, Concordia parish, La., has proven a failure. The colonists could not stand the swamp fever and have scattered to other States.

The value of farming land in Alabama varies greatly in the different counties. The highest value is in Etowah, \$6.50 per acre, and the lowest in Escambia and Washington, less than fifty cents.

Nashville American: South Pittsburgh furnace No. 2, last week, being in the first month of its blast, made 628 tons of iron. Ten years ago, this would have been fair work for the Lucy or Isabelle furnace. This beats any week's work ever done in the South.

Montgomery Advertiser: Since November, 1890, including the space of about two years, there have been decided by the Supreme Court of that State about 900 cases, or a sufficient number to fill about seven volumes of the Alabama reports. This is said to be more work than all the Judges of the United States Supreme Court have done, and perhaps more than any other court in America consisting of only three Judges.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Victor Hugo will not keep a plant or dog as prisoner in his house.

SOMEBODY in England recently paid a ston firm \$5,000 for a walnut chamber set of five pieces.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNS and the Princess Louise spent their Christmas at Santa Barbara, Cal.

HARRY A. GARFIELD, son of the late President, has been elected editor of the Williams College *Athenium*.

GOVERNOR-ELECT BUTLER, of Massachusetts, will, it is said, appear in full military uniform at his inauguration.

THE whole number of passengers who are annually carried over the street railways of the United States and Canada is over 1,212,300,000.

Six Pompiers ladders have been procured for the use of the Fire Department of Boston, and men will be trained especially to use them.

ENGLAND is to have a Bureau of Agriculture, of which Mr. Chamberlain, the head of the Board of Trade, is to be chief, with a seat in the Cabinet.

In San Francisco, during her recent engagement, Mrs. Nilson made the tour of Chinatown, visiting the theaters, restaurants and Joss houses.

PRESIDENT WHITE, of Cornell University, in a recent lecture upon Germany, says the German Parliament is the best legislative body in existence.

It is said that Dr. Bliss intends to make some revelations in regard to the mysteries of Garfield's sick room that will be likely to astound the country.

MISSOURI, during the last twelve months, has reduced her public debt by \$850,000, and has got her revenue in such shape that in ten years she will be free of debt.

A CHICAGO paper says that at least one-third of the unmarried dry goods clerks in that city paint their cheeks, and scores of them wear corsets and cultivate a sorrowful look.

GOV. H. M. PLAINFIELD, of Maine, has purchased a one-third interest in the Lewiston *Gazette* and will become connected with that paper as soon as his executive term expires.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has given the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, Southern, \$100 toward the erection of a monument to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson, who fell at Shiloh.

THE relatives of Henry Bloh, a missing New Yorker, have sent out 15,000 circulars to the different insane asylums, newspaper offices, and public institutions throughout the country.

DURING the past two years the wealth of Cornell University, at Ithaca, N. Y., has increased nearly \$3,000,000, making it the richest educational institution in the country, with the exception, perhaps, of Columbia College, in the city of New York.

THE Garibaldi mementos, long kept in his old home at Clifton, on Staten Island, have been presented to the National Museum at Rome. They consisted of medals and stiletto given him by the South American Governments in whose service he fought, and of pipes and canes of his own handwork.

THE Cunard Company, in addition to its order substituting coffee for grog, has issued a new prayer of 250 words, prepared by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, to be appended to the regular ritual. An officer called it the most beautiful prayer he ever heard.

WILLIAM H. ENGLAND, who has been the publisher of the *New York World* for the past year, is to retire and be succeeded by John G. Speed, who, for some time past, has been its managing editor. A. Oakley Hall will assume the position of managing editor as well as of editorial writer.

It is said that paper made from strong fibers—such as linen—can now be compressed into a substance so hard that it can not be scratched by anything but a diamond. In view of this fact, it is thought that before long a great variety of house furniture will be made of paper instead of wood.

A DISPATCH from Berlin says the preliminary preparations for rendering the Weser river navigable for sea-going vessels from Bremerhaven to Bremen have been finished. It is estimated that the work will take six years, and will cost 30,000,000 marks. When completed it will give a great impetus to trade between Bremen and New York.

In order to decide a dispute as to the speed of their respective horses, two cabmen recently ran a race for a dinner, from the Arc de Triomphe to Versailles. The winner made it in fifty-two minutes, the other in fifty-four. The sweets of the cup of victory were, however, somewhat soured by a fine of \$10, imposed upon each of the participants in the race.

COMMISSIONER DUNN'S report shows that there are 9,122 Union soldiers who

are receiving \$40 a month because of the loss of a hand, or an arm, or a foot, or a leg, or a hand and foot. Of the last class there are fifteen pensioners on the list. It takes \$2,021,244 a year to pay off these victims of grim-visaged war.

A PAWNBROKER was sued in a Liverpool court recently for the value of two coats which the plaintiff had pawned, and which were damaged by mice eating away the pockets. The defense claimed that the owner was guilty of contributory negligence in leaving crumbs in the pockets which attracted the mice, and the court held that the point was well taken. Overcoat pockets should be turned wrong side out with the advent of warm weather.

A MONTREAL man recently sent several barrels of Canadian apples to Queen Victoria, Gladstone, Lord Dufferin and Gen. Wolsey. He received letters of acceptance from all except the Queen, whose secretary wrote: "Her Majesty commands me to say that she fully appreciates your kindness in sending the apples, but it is a rule that favors of this nature shall not be accepted. However, on account of their perishable nature the apples cannot be returned." What became of them was not explained.

ACTING GOVERNOR TABOR, of Colorado, has issued a pardon to one John R. S. Steele, who was convicted and sentenced to death for murder nine years ago and afterwards had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. The pardon has been issued in the belief that he is innocent and was unjustly convicted, but as he has no relatives in the State and few resources, it is not to take effect until March, it being thought merciful to allow him to remain in the prison during the winter.

Feeding the Sick.

Four causes of suffering among the sick occur to us as worth considering. First, a poor choice of diet; secondly, a poor way of preparing it; thirdly, an improper time for serving it; and fourthly, the bad habit of retaining it within the patient's recognition by the sense of sight or smell. The purpose of feeding the well or ill is to supply the demand for nourishment and not the gratification of the appetite. Still the latter result has its value, in that we digest more readily and perfectly those articles of nutrition that we like.

It may be well even for the sick to have regular times for taking nourishment: still very sick persons can take so little nutriment of any kind that their needs and wants must be consulted. The general rule must be that the smaller the quantity that can be taken the oftener it may be given. As a second rule should be never to offer a patient the same dish of food that he has once refused. If it has stood long it is not fresh and nice. A third rule founded on experience is, always make the food of the sick palatable.

In the course of a severe sickness, discretion in many things is valuable. It is needed in measuring out the food. A teaspoonful of any proper liquid every half hour or more, may be as useful as a quart of any other food. If he is stupid or delirious rub his lips gently with a spoon to notify him that he must now be ready to swallow what you present. You may tenderly press down the lower lip with your finger, slowly introduce the spoon to attract his attention, so that he may swallow the liquid almost unconsciously, and yet with safety. The sick may suffer from thirst and still be unable to take a soft linen rag may meet his needs and be eagerly received. Some slightly acid drinks, as lemonade, will demand his gratitude.

The kind of food should be easy of solution in the patient's mouth and in the gastric sack. The taste of the sick is easily offended, so that proper and agreeable food only should be offered, otherwise food is utterly rejected—even if he will down it will soon come up again. No nurse, then, is well educated and fitted for the practice of her profession, who does not know how to select proper food, how to prepare it, and how to serve it. What food a sick person really needs and how it can be rendered palatable and easily digestible must be learned by observation and experience.

The temperature of food renders it hard to eat of digestion. If it be lower than the temperature of the stomach, the digestion will be more or less delayed. It should be as warm as at least as the temperature of the gastric sack in which it must be dissolved, or it may induce temporary indigestion. Tea, coffee, toast, or bits of beef should be hot when presented to the invalid or convalescent, because time will cool them to suit his taste. The cups for tea, or coffee, or chocolate, need no warming, but the plates, on which he carves his meat or toast, often do.

The physician, as a part of his duty, may prescribe the amount of food the patient may safely take, but still the nurse should be able to vary his directions when circumstances occur to warrant it. A nurse should never urge the sick person to eat more than he really wants.

The idea of having a certain article of food long entertained will inevitably impair the appetite for it. It is a careless and disagreeable practice to fill a cup so full that its contents will run over and partially fill the saucer. The nurse should never taste the tea or coffee or broth in the presence of the patient. It makes him feel that he is to drink only slops remaining in the nurse's cup. Be considerate enough to know what the sick one may need. Have everything placed in tasteful order on a waiter—salt, pepper, fork and knife, extra cup and spoons. A neat bouquet will make your patient smile and increase his appetite. A loving tone, and a few tender words are often worth more than stimulants.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

A cloud came out of the golden west. A bell rang over the silent air. The sun-god hurried away to rest, Flushing with kisses each cloud in his breast. And oh! but the day was fair!

"How brightly the year goes out," they said, "The glow of the sunset lingers long. Knowing the year will be over and dead, Its hours over its sweet hours do— With service of Eon-sung."

"How sadly the year came in," they said, "I listened and wondered in dusk of night: To-morrow that night might come instead. Of the old friend numbered among the dead Could ever be said to be bright."

The sun-kissed clouds grew pale and gray, The hills hung silent in high mid-air, In strains that were ever too glad and gay For me—as I listened there.

Oh, hearts! that beat in a million throats, Oh, lips! that utter the same old phrase, I wonder that never a sorrow rests In words you utter to friends and guests In the New Year's strange new days!

Is it just the same as it used to be? Have New Years only a gladder sound? To-morrow that night might come instead. That no new face can be sweet to see As the old ones we have found.

There is no cloud in the darkened west, The bell is silent in the silent air. The year has gone to its last long rest, And those who loved and who knew it best Shall meet in God's kind hand.

—All the Year Round.

TWO NEW YEAR'S EYES.

Richard Dolton, my great-grandfather on my mother's side, was the youngest son of an English lord. He was educated at Oxford, and being unusually gifted, stood near the head of his class when he graduated out of his university. He was a woodcutter during the term, that the place was uncomfortable for him, and he deemed it wise to leave the country. He came to America, and fell in love with a pretty little Puritan. The sun of her gentle eyes fell upon the good seed buried in his wayward heart, causing it to spring into life and develop a hardy plant. They married, and going eastward, settled in the green hills of Vermont, where, as years passed, they trained their small family of three boys in the way they should go. The mother, who was endowed with a rare voice, and a soul full of music, taught their young hearts to expand in reverence to God, by means of erudite song and evening hymn, and developed within them the simplicity of conscious rectitude, sustained by holy faith, as a guide for all the acts of life. Their father let their training in her hands, yet brought to bear upon them the effects of his thorough education, feeding their bright intellects with crumbs from the great feast spread by his *Alma Mater*. Their eldest son, Martin, married Hermina Vanderville, whom he met while she was visiting her aunt, in the vicinity of his home. Hermina's home was in the Catskills, where her father owned a farm, and a field and forest land. She being an only child, would only marry Martin on condition he would live with her father, and gradually relieve him of the cares which he was growing too old to bear. So they settled in the Vandervilles' homestead. Their family never exceeded two daughters—one of these died within a year of her wedding, leaving a little daughter to the care of her mother. The other, my mother, married my father, who died when I was two years of age; when I was twelve, she married again—a gentleman who lived in San Francisco—and I went to Grandma Dolton's to live, with which arrangement I was much pleased, for there I should have a young companion—my cousin Mina, named after grandma. She was not more than a year older than I, yet under my great-grandfather's instruction she was reading Horace and Shakespeare, and studying the history of England and the United States. This would have been a great mortification to me had she been less lovely; but as it was, she gave me so much help and encouragement, that by the time I was fourteen we were nearly even in our studies. Grandpa soon discovered that he was unable to do an "odd" deal" of his father in me. About this time one of grandpa's nephews came from Vermont to see us, bringing with him one of his mother's daughters, my one and only aunt, and yet they lingered away into the winter. I don't know what the girl's charm was; but we all became very fond of her. She seemed to have no particular talent, but was universally capable. The trait of her character most marked was ambition; not a wicked ambition, however. We became so much attached to each other, that her father finally went home, leaving her with us. The following winter we were fifteen, sixteen and seventeen years of age—and being the youngest and the dearest, we were all very merry time. Hildegarde had come in the spring, and riding and driving had been succeeded by husking parties, and these by quilling and apple booz, so that there had been no cessation of fun till an early fall of snow brought winter's pleasures to us. There were no girls for miles around that received so much attention that winter as we did, in no small degree was the locating near us of a handsome and wealthy widower, a Mr. Farquhar, from New York. He had come on account of the delicate health of his oldest child—a young girl about Mina's age. But the daughter had quite recovered, and yet they lingered away into the winter. Mina and this charming little city girl, Adele, had become quite good friends, and through this friendship we received many little pleasures. On Christmas Eve we were going caroling; but a heavy snow-storm prevented. The boys, unwilling to lose the fun, proposed a *delichting* party for New Year's eve, when we would serenade a few of our neighbors, have some confection, and then gather at our house to watch the Old Year out and the New Year in. The programme was successfully carried out, and after the last guest had departed, we three girls kissed our grandparents good night, repeated our hearty wishes that they might enjoy another happy year, and then retired to our room, where, rolled in our wrappers, and tumbled upon a great robe in front of an open wood-fire, we proceeded to chat over the evening's merry-making.

"Well, girls," said Mina, "I'm going to leave you." It was hard to tell whether the tones were those of sorrow or gladness.

"Why, what do you mean?"

cried Hildegarde and I.

"That I hope to have you both watch the next New Year in, with me in my own home on Murray Hill."

This was a startling statement. For an instant we were silenced with astonishment, then Hildegarde, recovering her voice, cried with agitation:

"Explained! explained in words, Mina."

"You know," said Mina, "how much I have been with Adele, and how fond she has been of me and I of her. You know how attentive and kind her father has been to me, and that I suppose that of course it was out of consideration for her. Well, to-night, as we are going out to the sleighs, he said to me: 'Come, you had better ride with me.' His manner was tender and affectionate all the evening, and I began to imagine that he would prove a devoted escort for the rest of the winter, when my anticipations were cut short by his proposal. It was just at twelve o'clock Mr. Farquhar and I were sitting in the deep window, and I, to be first, quickly said: 'I wish you a happy New Year.'"

"Do you?" said he, taking my hand. "Then, if you are really my well-wisher, I will make you my confidant. I am not happy when I am away from you. I have never here this past year for the happiness of being near you. Now business will wait no longer, and it is imperative that I return to the city. Will you go with me?"

"Of course, girls, I said, 'Yes,' and shall consequently take up my abode in that narrow, heated street, commonly called Madison Avenue, and roll behind those same spanking bays we drove to night, through Central Park, which is all very delightful to think of, yet it breaks my heart to part from this old home, the dear trees, and the old folks, who are very precious to me. As for you, girls, you can be with me half of the time."

Mina had hardly taken breath during this explanation; the whole thing had come so unexpectedly that she was flushed and excited. I was stunned by the thought of losing her, and said nothing. Hildegarde, who had not spoken, here uttered, as if in a dream: "I'm glad I did it; it is best."

Roused by the tone, both Mina and I saw that something troubled her, for two great pearls had fallen on her cheeks; and we urged her to have no secrets from us.

"Tell us, Hildegarde, what is the matter?"

"Six words will do," replied she. "I refused Harry Fenton to-night," and more tears followed.

Neither Mina nor I said anything; we didn't know what to say. We were sure that she loved Harry. Then she said: "Harry is the best fellow in the world; but he is a farmer, and will never be anything else. He said to-night, he never could leave his father. I saw too much of the practical farm-life at home to form any dreams of a poetical character. I can not live and die on the same plot of ground like a vegetable. I must travel; I started the working out of an irresistible desire when I came here, and I must go on. I would not be just to Harry Fenton if I should marry him; for I could not be happy as a farmer's wife, even though that farmer was Harry Fenton."

"Don't worry, darling," said I; "you cannot help it; it is a drop of Richard Dolton's blood in your veins. Don't be unhappy, dear, just help me congratulate Mina."

"And your next move onward shall be to New York," said Mina.

"Where you may capture a Captain, with whom you can sail over the high seas," I added.

Hildegarde said nothing, and I, having the floor, continued:

"Well, let's go to bed for the present; and when Mina is married, and you are exploring the antipodes, I will come to New York and teach, if Mina will let me live with her."

"Ho! hum!" sighed Hildegarde, tumbling into bed; "I wonder where we will all be next New Year?"

"On Murray Hill," answered Mina. "But that was a mistake; it was many years before we met on Murray Hill at New Year's—in fact, not till to-night. Mina was married in March; Hildegarde and I were bridesmaids. Hildegarde went to the city with her, while her sister came from Vermont to stay with me."

In November Hildegarde was married to a rather gay young millionaire, who had just come into his money, and went to Europe for a wedding tour. The next New Year Eve grandma was not well, so I did not visit Mina, and Hildegarde was still abroad. Harry spent the watch with me, and talked about her—poor fellow, I felt very sorry for him, especially when he said: "If father had not sent me to college, I should have been better contented to remain upon the farm, for then I should have had no business to do. I asked my promise never to leave father, and I gave it."

After grandma died, I went to New York to teach, and there met a young journalist, and married him. We were not burdened with untold wealth, but we loved each other dearly, and concluded to take the chances about getting along, which childlike simplicity we have never had cause to regret. His business led him hither and thither, and in every move I have accompanied him.

Last summer we went to San Francisco; there I visited my mother. We heard a great deal of a prominent journalist who had come there a rich man, and multiplied his fortune so many times that all feminine frills were now pulling caps for him. He was present at a man's salon one evening. Imagine my astonishment, when this golden man was presented to me, to behold in him Harry Fenton! In the course of a *tele-tele* conversation, he told me that his father had died, leaving him alone in the world. Unable to endure life on the land that had deprived him of his dearest hope, he sold it, and taking the proceeds, started on a tour—much the manner of Jean Paul's heroes—finally reaching the Pacific coast, where he rested. Then he impromptu me for news of the friends I had left. Of Hildegarde, I told that she had remained abroad five years. At the expiration of that time her husband had died in Arabia, leaving her a widow with two children. She came home at once, bringing the two little ones and her husband's body. The undertaking

was an immense one, and, on reaching New York, she succumbed to a severe illness, through which Mina and I were dearer, and with whom she had remained ever since.

Here Harry asked me when we were going East.

I had just received a letter from Mina, begging me to come home in time to receive New Year's calls with her, and reminding me that we had not all held the watch together since that night so memorable to her. I handed the letter to Harry, saying: "We will go on Tuesday."

"I will go, too," said he, decidedly.

I only needed one look into his eyes to know his purpose.

"Go with us," said I.

"Probably I will," replied he; "but I will see you again," and, bidding mamma good-bye, he was gone.

On Tuesday, as we were starting, a telegram came from Harry saying that he could not leave, but adding that he certainly would keep watch with us New Year's Eve.

When we were fairly at home, I told Mina and we both concluded that it was best not to mention anything about him to Hildegarde, lest something unforeseen should cause a disappointment.

On New Year's Eve we talked of girlhood's days and doings. It had been fifteen years since we had held our mountain watch. Mina and I were decidedly nervous, no word having come of Harry's arriving. Hildegarde seemed depressed. About eleven o'clock, Adele, her husband, and papa, came in to help us watch; so at a quarter of twelve o'clock we formed quite a party. At ten minutes of twelve Mr. Farquhar threw back the stained glass doors that closed off the third story, and seating himself before the organ, said he would play the Doxology; we all followed, and, raising ourselves in a circle, awaited the striking of the hour. Hildegarde alone was not of the number; she had been standing in one of the windows, evidently wrapped in thought.

Amidst a light falling snow a sleigh dashed up to the door, and a gentleman leaped out. The porter had the door open by the time the visitor reached the steps. The transit from sleigh to the parlor had not taken more than a minute, and Hildegarde, surprised out of action, had only turned and faced the door. Her whole countenance must have told how thankful she was to see Harry again, for in an instant he embraced her right heartily. Then we all came forward to extend welcome. Mina would not let Harry leave the house, but insisted upon making it his home during his visit. Then we sang the Doxology, some minutes after twelve.

As we finished, Mina's maid tapped at the door, calling her away a moment. Harry and Hildegarde wandered down the parlor. Mina looked in, saying: "Our dresses came an hour ago, and Marie has laid them out for us to see! Come up stairs."

Hildegarde took no notice of the invitation; so we went without interrupting her conversation, which for the next half hour formed a sort of low obligato accompaniment to certain improvisations upon the organ, wherein Mr. Farquhar gave utterance to memories aroused by this anniversary of his betrothal.

"Once in Mina's exquisite little boudoir, she and I rapturously embraced each other; we did not speak, but we felt pretty sure that at last all would go well with Hildegarde; and it made us very happy. Then Adele's exclamations of admiration drew our attention to the dresses we would wear upon the morrow. From this we fell to discussing the number of outfits we hoped to require; for we had each sent cards to the friends we had made since our separation; and so on, until Mina reminded us that she had ordered a little supper laid, and that it was probably waiting at that moment.

We hurried down stairs to find her prediction true. When we were seated at the table, she said:

"Dear ones, I give you a speech!"

"I think I had better defer to Mr. Fenton," said Mr. Farquhar, and then, bowing to Harry: "Your voice will at least have the merit of novelty to our party," whereupon Harry arose and said, with a pre-arranged ahem!

"Ladies and gentlemen," he proceeded dropping the maimed air: "Dear friends—I am overflowing with joy. I have this night satisfactorily concluded an affair which I undertook unsuccessfully fifteen years ago to-night. Since then I have lived in the shadow of the great grief in which that failure enveloped me. Black as the darkness of the night into which I stepped when I left our mountain watch, was the sorrow I bore with me. Bright as the light of this luxurious, hospitable home, and of your beaming faces, is the radiant joy I bear. Hildegarde will be my wife. Congratulate me, and I will heartily wish you each what this assures to me—a happy New Year!"

On Hildegarde's face there was a real happiness expressed, which no mortal had ever seen there before. The unsatisfied expression was gone. And we united in wishing Harry what I, patient reader now wish you—A Happy New Year!—*Gosley's Lady's Book*.

—According to the London *Standard* Oscar Wilde's critique of Mrs. Langtry's first appearance is "a rapid pean of beauty in the abstract and the concrete." The London *Globe* retorts: "Abstract beauty, which exists apart from material substance—the same beauty, in fact, which Mr. Oscar Wilde once detected in the calves of Mr. Henry Irving's legs as Hamlet. 'One of his legs,' the aesthetic sage is reported to have said, 'is longer than the other, but it is not easy to say which is the more perfect poem.'"

Sentimental inscriptions do not always have the effect their authors intended. In the cemetery of Pere Lachaise are two columns, side by side, with the inscriptions (in French, of course):

"Adele R.—I wait for You. 1842."

"Louis R.—Here I am. 1861."

Beneath the last name gamin has scribbled:

"He kept his time."

FITH AND POINT.

—The Boston Post is mad because Eastern folks are so easily swindled. It's too late now to go at it and mold 'em all over.—*Detroit Free Press*.

—A man who can't excite envy and jealousy needn't expect to excite admiration and respect. The man who has no enemies can not boast that he has any friends.

—One ounce of powder will lift twenty-five pounds weight five feet high. Get your exact weight, figure by progression and then sit down on a keg of powder to smoke.

—If you meet a lion just right he will drop his tail and flee, but there are so many chances that he will drop you instead that the meeting had better be postponed as long as possible.

—Busy Editor (to troublesome applicant, who persists in calling): "To-day is Thursday and I'm very busy. Suppose you call next Thursday, and then I'll tell you when to call again."

—Prof. Felix Adler said recently that a man has as much right to cane the President of the United States as to whip an unruly youngster. Wonder Felix his children when they deserve it?

—Austria has got hold of a torpedo which will defend a pass one-fourth of a mile long. After she gets it planted it will be just like her enemies to go by some other road.—*Norristown Herald*.

—A Michigan man who refused to become a candidate for constable, suffered a fatal stroke of apoplexy within eighteen hours. It seems that politics has become necessary to good health.—*Our Continent*.

—Some one wants the tax taken off whisky and put on cranks, in order to increase the revenue. But that would be a bad move. If taxes were put on cranks editors couldn't "sit down on 'em."—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

—A lady at Columbus, O., sent for a piano-tuner to come and see what gave the instrument such a sad tone. He removed four marbles, two spoons, six buttons, two coppers and a dozen hairpins from the instrument, and the sad-sness went away.

—Why is it that a young man and a young woman will sit for hours and hours together in a parlor without saying a word; and then, when it is time for him to leave, stand an hour talking earnestly on the front stoop in the still pneumonia air?—*Puck*.

—A bachelor and a spinster who had been schoolmates in youth and were about the same age met in after years, and the lady chancing to remark that "men live a great deal faster than women," the bachelor returned: "Yes, Maria. The last time we met we were each forty-four years old. Now I'm over forty, and I hear you haven't reached thirty yet." They never met again.

What Surgery Can Do.

The London *Lancet*, in publishing its record of the progress of medicine in its many departments during the last year, gave some of the more prominent points connected with surgery. Some of the operations seem almost miraculous, and were regarded as impossible until recently. The progress of surgery in the last year is now considered beyond the scope of surgery. Its most marked triumphs relate to the internal organs and cavities.

What has rendered the operations comparatively safe is the use of antiseptics—fluids that prevent putrefaction in the wounds. Hitherto carbolic acid has been the chief agent used. But this proved more or less dangerous—sometimes fatally so—in other directions. A much safer and equally effective substitute has been found in what is called eucalyptol, which is obtained from the eucalyptus tree.

Abcesses of the liver have been freely and successfully cut into and drained. Large parts of the stomach have been cut out, including even the pylorus, which is the more highly organized part of the stomach that shuts in the food. The stomach is carried to a certain extent, and then opens and pours it into the intestines.

Entrances have been made through the walls of the stomach for the regular introduction of food in cases where the oesophagus (gullet) has been closed by disease.

Two pieces embracing the entire circumference, the one about three inches in length, the other five, have been cut out from the large intestine—the colon. In all such cases the divided parts are brought together and sewed, the stitches becoming soon absorbed after the healing is complete.

Considerable progress has been made towards ascertaining the exact spots where the brain and nervous system may be affected, thus facilitating the reaching of disease.

It has been found that bone can be transplanted and in the formation of new bones and more wonderful still, that sponge can be grafted into large wounds, and be a porous support for the granulations (the new flesh particles) which are filling the cavities. The sponge is believed to be gradually absorbed.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Somnambulist.

A Constable named Deneer was on duty in Stonehouse, England, November 27, when a man rapidly passed him attired only in trousers and shirt. The Constable watched him, and seeing him make for the quay, followed him and secured him in time to prevent his falling into the water. The Constable then discovered that the man was in a state of somnambulism. Finding that no efforts could arouse him, Deneer took the somnambulist to Mr. Art, a surgeon, and that gentleman succeeded in waking him. The man then stated that his name was Frederick Aker, that he lived in King street, Plymouth, and that he was in the habit of walking in his sleep.

—A Georgia prison warden, who had a courtship and a marriage, and a divorce, says that he has never seen a woman who was so beautiful as the one who was his wife. He says that she was so beautiful that he was never able to get over her.