A Consumptive Cuspidor.

One of the latest inventions for preventing the spread of consumption is a small pocket spittoon made out of cardboard. They are about the size of an ordinary cigar case and of the same general shape. They can readily be carried in the pocket, and being made of disinfected paper they are perfectly clean and healthy to carry about. One can spit into them very readily without disgusting those around. When full this novel spittoon is intended to be burned so that the stuff cannot be thrown aside to poison the air.

Consumptives who are compelled to spit often can carry these pocket spittoons around with them at all times. By sliding them out from the inside coat pocket one could expectorate in them without being seen. They are also recommended for others than consumptives who have the habit of spitting continually.—Yankee Blade.

How He Got It.

Abraham—Goot Heffens, Iky! How you got dot gomplexion? You gant affort an ouding on four tollars a veek!

Iky (sotto voce)—Don't gif it avay, my vriend! I sit me on de roof a haluf an hour at lunch dime efery day and two hours on Sundays. Der sun does der rest. And I haf as fine an ouding gomplexion as der boss, and his gost him more as a huntred tollars.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Good for the Flintlock.

Foxes are numerous at Exeter, R. I. A local hunter recently shot one with an old Revolutionary flintlock.—Boston Herald.

'Way Off.

"This rich relative of yours—is he a distant relative?"

"Yes, extremely distant since he became rich."—New York Press.

From Deep Experience.

Teacher—I don't suppose any one of the little boys here has ever seen a whale?

Boy (at the foot of the class)—No, sir, but I've felt one.—Life.

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THE DEATH OF MARLBOROUGH.

The sun shines on the chamber wall,
The sun shines through the tree;
Now, though unshaken by the wind,
The leaves fall ceaselessly;
The bells from Woodstock's steeple
Shake Blenheim's fading bough.
"This day you won Malplaquet"—
"Aye, something then, but now!"

They lead the old man to a chair,
Wandering pale and weak;
His thin lips move; so faint the sound
You scarce can hear him speak.
They lift a picture from the wall,
Bold eyes and swelling brow.
"The day you won Malplaquet"—
"Aye, something then, but now!"

They reach him down a rusty sword
In faded velvet sheath;
The old man drops the heavy blade
And mutters 'tween his teeth.
There's sorrow in his fading eye
And pain upon his brow.
"With this you won Malplaquet"—
"Aye, something then, but now!"

Another year: a stream of lights
Flows down the avenue;
A mile of mourners, sable clad,
Walk weeping two by two;
The steward looks into the grave
With sad and downcast brow.
"This day he won Malplaquet"—
"Aye, something then, but now!"
—Walter Thornbury in New York Ledger.

Peter Cooper on Interest.

Peter Cooper was always a careful and prudent business man. He was always opposed to the methods of many merchants, who launched out in extravagant enterprises on borrowed money, for which they paid exorbitant rates of interest. Once while talking about a project with an acquaintance the latter said he would have to borrow the money for six months, paying interest at the rate of 3 per cent. "Why do you borrow for so short a time?" Mr. Cooper asked. "Because the brokers will not negotiate bills for longer." "Well, if you wish," said Mr. Cooper, "I will discount your note at that rate for three years." "Are you in earnest?" asked the would be borrower. "Certainly I am. I will discount your note for $10,000 for three years at that rate. Will you do it?" "Of course I will," said the merchant. "Very well," said Mr. Cooper, "just sign this note for $10,000, payable in three years, and give me your check for $800, and the transaction is complete." "But where is the money for me?" asked the astonished merchant. "You don't get any money," was the reply. "Your interest for 36 months at 3 per cent per month amounts to 108 per cent, or $10,800. Therefore your check for $800 just makes us even." The force of this practical illustration of the folly of paying such an exorbitant price for the use of money was such that the merchant determined never to borrow at such ruinous rates, and he frequently used to say that nothing could have so fully convinced him as this rather humorous proposal by Mr. Cooper.—New York Post.

An Evening With Andrew Lang.

The spelling of the name of Miss Agnes Repplier and her singular felicity in epigram and phrase inevitably suggest her familiar name in Philadelphia, where she lives. This is the "replier." Her dinner conversation in this respect is celebrated among her friends. Miss Repplier, as is well known, worships at one particular shrine, that of Andrew Lang. Last summer Miss Repplier was in England and had the anticipated good fortune to be asked to meet Andrew Lang at dinner. It would not have been human for Miss Repplier not to have made a mental toilet as she adorned her body to meet Mr. Lang. But a dinner, we are told, in England is a serious matter. Course after course passed unseasoned by joke, unspiced by epigram and without the grace of felicitous allusion. It at length came to an end. Nor did the conversation have any future. The great Andrew sat down on the floor and played for the rest of the evening with a kitten. —New York Sun.

The Physician In the Kitchen.

In sooth, the physician is expected to know all of some things and some of all things. The physician knows it is not sufficient to give the very vaguest instructions as to what a patient may or may not eat and trust to the ordinary kitchen mechanic to produce the desired results. He must, if necessary, be able to give for the preparation of food directions as specific as he gives the pharmacist for the preparation of medicine.

This does not necessarily mean that every physician must qualify as a chef. It will be sufficient for practical purposes if every physician will study the food stuffs in common use in the locality in which his work lies and learn so that he can teach the modes of preparation by which the nutritive values of the various food stuffs may be developed.

The physician in the kitchen is no longer a joke.—Medical and Surgical Reporter.

Music For a Butcher.

A music teacher undertook to coach up the young and beautiful daughter of a wealthy butcher in the art of crotchets and quavers, and having in due course brought her to perfection in one or two easy show pieces, such as "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin," sent her home to her pa.

But the master of the marrowbone and the cleaver was far from satisfied. "I wanted yer to teach her somethin appropriate," said he, "somethin as she could play when we gives a party. Ain't there a composer named Choppin? Well, that's the bloke to write a bit o' music for a butcher." —London Tit-Bits.

Hypnotism as a Cure.

Dr. Brawley of the English Harveian society claims that he and other specialists in hypnotism have cured or beneficially treated by hypnotic suggestion cases of neuralgia, nervous prostration, insomnia, seasickness and dipsomania (drunkenness). Dr. Wettersbrand contends that hypnotism is particularly beneficial in epilepsy and dipsomania. Dr. Bramwell considers hypnotism not as a rival to ordinary medicine, but as a medical weapon to be used in connection with other treatments.—New York Ledger.

PSYCHIC SUGGESTION.

Can Hypnotic Subjects Be Induced to Commit Crime?

SOME IMPORTANT EXPERIMENTS.

Evidence That Persons of Upright Tendencies Will Not Commit Crimes Under Hypnotic Suggestion—The Proposition to Hypnotise Mrs. Maybrick.

According to Professor Lombroso, the great Italian authority on hypnotism and criminology, the proposition to establish the innocence of Mrs. Maybrick by hypnotism is not likely to have any very satisfactory result, even though the British home secretary should consent to the experiment. After citing several cases in his own practice Professor Lombroso says:

"While my experiments prove that hypnotic treatment of criminals for the purpose of eliciting confessions is useless and often dangerous, it may serve the cause of justice in some cases to subject it to a person protesting her innocence and against whom no direct proofs have been obtained. Such a person, if not shamming, would reiterate her statement of innocence and perhaps divulge some secrets, liable to aid in the establishment of the truth, which heretofore were withheld for reasons of delicacy or to shield friends.

"Everybody knows it is impossible to hypnotize an unwilling person; neither can a person be prevailed upon to commit actions opposed to his interests or to self incrimination while under the spell of hypnotism. With the professional and born criminal the habit of lying is so strong as to assert itself under all physical or mental conditions."

In this connection the subject of criminal suggestion is interesting. It is a question which has provoked much discussion among students of the science of hypnotism and one on which great difference of opinion exists. Dr. Tourette of Paris tried an experiment on a patient of morose and surly disposition. Under hypnotic suggestion the subject committed what he be-

MRS. FLORENCE MAYBRICK.

lieved to be a murder, and when awakened and told of his crime proceeded most ingeniously to justify himself without expressing any remorse.

Dr. Montpallier of Paris, in trying a somewhat similar experiment, met with a different result. His subject was a woman of a gentle nature. After she had been put to sleep the doctor told her that there were some people present who annoyed him. "Oh, nonsense," was the reply. The doctor insisted that they did, and pointing out a Mr. D. told the patient that she must poison him. "I will not," was the firm reply. "But you must—I will it," said the doctor. "Here is the glass with the poison. You must make him take it."

The patient, after a severe struggle with herself, finally took the glass, and going up to Mr. D. said, "You must drink this," almost forcing it down his throat. When awakened and told what she had done, she was overcome by the horror of her imaginary crime, and rushing up to Mr. D. exclaimed, with piteous sincerity: "Oh, sir, quick, take an antidote. If you die, do forgive me before you die."

Here it is demonstrated that, though under strong pressure a hypnotic subject may be induced to commit a crime, instantly on awakening he will proclaim it and in every way seek to undo the evil done. Liegeasis of Nancy, touching the subject of criminal suggestion, says it is not the question whether hypnotic suggestion renders the prosecution of crime more difficult, but whether it really can be employed to commit crimes or cause them to be committed. Dr. Ladame replies to this that the question can only be solved in the affirmative sense. "The proof has been experimentally made, and if the experiments have not acquired an absolue value it is because they have not as yet been conducted by honest men." This is a fair summary of the opinion of those who believe that hypnotism can be used as an agent of crime.

On the other hand, it would seem that the majority of experts are of a totally different opinion. Nobody stood higher in the esteem of his profession than did the late Professor Charcot. He was very emphatic in his opinion that criminal suggestion was nothing but a "senseless bogy man, made use of by perhaps well meaning but woefully ignorant students of hypnotism."

Dr. Tourette scoffs at the idea that any one has been able to make a criminal. Though he has made many experiments, he flatly refuses to regard them of any practical value and refers to them simply as "laboratory crimes." "Let them produce one authentic case, the proof of a real assassination committed under suggestion," says Dr. Tourette, "and our opinion will be shaken, although we should not even then be convinced."

Donate confesses to having induced sleep in some 30,000 individuals, but not one of them could be influenced against his will. De Courmelles most emphatically rejects the theory of criminal suggestion. He says the suggestion may be repeated, but it is absolutely powerless to transform, as has been asserted, a criminal into an honest man, or vice versa.

The dominant will power of man cannot be directed into foreign channels except with his sanction. The existence of a discriminating sense of right and wrong, even in the most general acceptance of the term, is a sufficient guarantee as to the responsibility of a crime committed. Our will fluctuates, so to speak, and we are all of us fully conscious of existing flaws in our makeup. Still we are cognizant that for the preservation of law and order it is imperative that we check any tendency to crime to which our dispositions might lead. Nobody is irresponsible. If it can be proved that crime has been committed through direct or indirect criminal suggestion, the originator of such must suffer as an accomplice. This does not in the least excuse the executor of the act.

Forest Trees in Gardens.

According to Dr. Chapman, the practice of allowing forest trees to grow in our gardens "only prejudices the health of our families." The so called purifying power of vegetation is a fallacy. If carbonic acid gas is absorbed by trees in the daytime it is exhaled during the night. Dense foliage prevents a free current of air, excludes the sunlight, causes damp and so on, and maladies without number are the result. Dr. Chapman's warning seems hardly necessary, in our large cities at least.—London Tit-Bits.

How He Did It.

"Say, mister," said the tattered traveler, "kin I have a word with you?"

"You go away twom heah," said Freddie Van Frizzle. "I shall call the police wight away if you do not."

"And yet I have moved in the same society with the Bloobluds."

"You don't say so! Heah, poor fellow, is 50 cents foh you. How did you get intwoduced to them?"

"I jes' walked into the house when they wus havin a reception."

"But you said you moved in the same society?"

"Yes. I hadn't been there more'n two minutes before the footman told me to move, and I did it. So long, chappie."—Washington Star.

All the Comforts of a Country Home.

Friend From the City—I say, Brown, there must be a window open somewhere. I feel an awfully cold draft.

Mr. Brown Mudville—Oh, that's from the furnace!—Truth.

The Danbury New's Man's Wit.

Mr. Bailey's wit has a delicious mental flavor. In fact, it is always the shrewd, thoughtful man that enjoys it. It is not in long, inane dialogues, but a flash of thought. The humorist says a poor man came to him, with tears in his eyes one day, asking for help for his destitute and starving children.

"What do you need most?" asked Mr. Bailey.

"Well, we need bread, but if I can't have that I'll take tobacco."

One day a solemn and religious Danbury man hailed a charcoal peddler with the query:

"Have you got charcoal in your wagon?"

"Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses.

"That's right," observed the religious man, with an approving nod, "always tell the truth, and people will respect you."

And then he closed the door just in time to escape a brick hurled by the wicked peddler.

One day I asked Mr. Bailey if they had lazy men in Connecticut.

"Lazy men!" he exclaimed. "Why we have a man in Danbury so lazy that instead of shoveling a path to the front gate he pinches the baby's ear with the nippers till the neighbors come rushing in to tread down the snow."

Mr. McMasters was buying a home of Mr. Bailey and asked him if the house was cold in the winter.

"Cold!" said Bailey cautiously. "I can't say as to that. It stands outdoors."

Speaking of the Indian raids, says Bailey: "The Modocs have made another raid on our people and murdered them. If ever our government gets hold of these savages, gets them right where they cannot escape, gets them wholly into its clutches, some contractor will make money."—From "Twenty Years of Wit and Humor."

Free.

The Eskimo's eyes flashed.

"The heel of the oppressor," he repeated incredulously. "Never!"

His bosom heaved.

"Look"——

He extended his arms defiantly.

——"He has no place here. We can get ice for nothing all the year round."—Detroit Tribune.

A Race Against Time.

Mamma—Why, Howard, why do you eat those cakes so greedily? You have plenty of them.

Little Howard—I know it. That's why I'm afraid my appetite will be gone before the cakes are.—Truth.

She Proposed For Him.

Elsie—I always knew he was too timid to propose.

Alice—But he got married a short time ago.

Elsie—Yes, but he married a widow.—Brooklyn Life.

In Sunday School.

Teacher—Who was the wisest man?

Scholar—Noah, 'cause he knowed when to go in out of the wet.—Life.

THE COMPLEXION OF A CHINESE

Is not yellower than that of an unfortunate individual whose liver complaint has assumed the chronic form. The eyeballs of the sufferer assume a saffron hue, there is dull pain in the region of the organ affected, the tongue is coated, breath sour, sick headaches usually but not always occur, and there is sometimes dizziness on arising from a sitting posture. Constipation and dyspepsia are also attendants of this very common ailment, always in its aggravated form, liable to breed abscesses of the liver, which are very dangerous. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters wholly eradicates it, as well as the troubles complicated with it and which it originates. In chills and fever, a complaint which always yields to the Bitters, the liver is seriously involved. This fine alterative tonic removes costiveness and indigestion, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble and debility.

Few people can stand prosperity; but they are legion compared with the people who never have a chance to stand it.

AROUSED HIS SUSPICIONS.

Why a German Barkeeper and His Irish Customer Are Strangers Now.

There is a certain German barkeeper up town who is nursing a vigorous wrath and a particular knotty blackthorn, because of an unknown person with an Irish accent and an engaging address.

One night the stranger stepped up to the bar and asked for a quart of gin in a black bottle which he placed on the bar. The barkeeper filled the bottle, and the man walked toward the door.

"Here!" yelled the barkeeper. "You give me no moneys for dot chin!"

"Ah, mark it down on the slate, will yer?"

"We heff no slet; you give me back dot chin or give me my money."

"Not a cent, not a cent; take back your stuff if you won't hang it up."

So the man handed back the bottle to the barkeeper, who poured the contents of the bottle into the cask.

A week later, almost at the same hour, the door blew in again. "Hey, Dutch, give us a quart o' gin, will yer!" The unsuspecting barkeeper poured the liquor into the bottle, handed it over the bar and, as before, the man took the bottle and started off.

"Here, you, give me my moneys or my chin. What you do, hey? Flim flem me? Give me dot chin!"

"Ah, mark it down on the slate."

"We don't kip no slet—give me dot chin!"

"Ol right. Take your dommed old gin and be cussed wid yer!"

The bottle was handed back across the bar, and the man again disappeared into the night. Again the liquor trickled down into the cask.

Four more times, on as many nights, the same incident was enacted. Then the barkeeper became suspicious.

"Dot man buys him no chin," he soliloquized, "but alretty he comes him beck six time. I find out dings." A week later the man appeared again, with:

"Hey, Dutchy, fill this in a hurry, will yer?"

"Haf you got any moneys dis time, hey?" Let us look at some of dot money, hein?" The man showed a neat roll of bills, and the barkeeper filled the bottle and handed it across the bar.

"Say, Dutchy, just mark that on the slate, will yer?"

"Here, you, yust give me beck der chin! Vat you vant, hey?" Once again the bottle passed back into the barkeeper's possession, and again the man went away. But this time the bottle was not emptied into the cask.

Raising the bottle to his lips, the barkeeper tasted its contents. Then he smashed the bottle on the floor and the air was thick with his invectives. A policeman, hearing the noise, poked his head inside the door and saw a raving barkeeper, who was saying:

"Dot — — — — swindler. I brek his fess! Where he is?"

And then it was all explained. The man with the Irish accent and the engaging personality had come each time with two bottles. One was empty, the other full of water. When he turned to the side door, he dexterously changed the bottle of gin for the bottle of water and gave the latter to the barkeeper instead. Six times he practiced the deception successfully, but if he ever returns there may be a case for the district court to pass on.—New York World.

Old Time Counterfeiters.

A miner operating on Miller's ranch, near Latrobe, while following up a "pocket" lead unearthed an iron pot containing $1,000 in what appeared to be gold coins. They turned out, however, to be counterfeits. Some old miners tell that about 1853 there was a lively camp near the spot where the bogus coin was found. Two young men lived near the camp, and they always were well supplied with money, which they spent freely. They had the very best of everything going.

As those young fellows were never known to do any work and as they never gambled any and consequently could not have won the money they spent so freely, it soon began to be whispered about that they were counterfeit money makers. From this circumstance the place became known as "Counterfeit Bar." The suspicion against the young men became so general that they were alarmed and disappeared from the camp, and all traces of them were lost, and they were forgotten until the incident narrated above brought them to mind again. —Folsom Telegraph.

Too Much.

"My dear, I am afraid I must let Ellen go."

"You surprise me. I thought she was a splendid cook. What have you discovered? Does she drink, steal, swear, break dishes, stay out too"——

"No, none of those things. She's perfect, and that's just the trouble. My nerves can't stand the suspense. I am sure she is some terrible criminal in hiding."—Brooklyn Life.

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