

## MARVELS OF MAN.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed; it has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibers of the living stomach, nor upon the living hand, but, at the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on sea, on land; in the valley, and on the mountain-top; there is dust always and everywhere; the atmosphere is full of it; it penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth; no palace-door can shut it out, no drawer so "secret" as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, and yet that eye is not blinded, because there is a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself under the eyelid, which spreads it over the surface of the ball at every winking and washes every atom of dust away. But this liquid, so mild, and so well adapted to the eye itself, has some acidity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids were it not that along the edges of them there are little oil manufactory, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eye-ball washed clean, as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties, that to re-breathe it, unmixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation, while if it hovered about us, a more or less destructive influence over health and life would be occasioned; but it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air, that the instant it escapes the lips and nostrils, it ascends to the higher regions above the breathing-point, there to be rectified, renovated and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends, is beautifully exhibited any frosty morning.

But foul and deadly as the expired air is, Nature, wisely economical in all her works and ways, turns it to good account in its outward passage through the organs of voice, and makes of it the whisper of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweetest strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well-made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with the body, a circle, making the navel its center, will just take in the head, the finger-ends and feet.

The distance from "top to toe" is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended.

The length of the body is just six times that of the foot; while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the end of the chin, is one tenth the length of the whole stature.

Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are found in the human body, and of these, seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood; phosphorus in the brain; limestone in the bile; lime in the bones, dust and ashes in all.—*Journal of Health.*

**DOMESTIC METEOROLOGY.**—A gentleman lately kept the following meteorological journal of his wife's temper—"Monday, rather cloudy; in the afternoon, rainy. Tuesday, vaporous; brightened up a little towards evening. Wednesday, changeable, gloomy, inclined to rain. Thursday, high wind, and some peals of thunder. Friday, fair in the morning, variable till afternoon, cloudy all night. Saturday, gentle breeze, hazy, a thick fog, and a few flashes of lightning. Sunday, tempestuous and rainy; towards evening somewhat calmer."

"HAVE you ground all your tools, as I told you this morning?" said a carpenter to his apprentice. "All but the saw, sir; I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that."

## BANGED HAIR.

To our sight there is nothing sadder than a sane woman with her hair banged. A lunatic might be excused for such an erratic style of hair-dressing, but how a woman in the full possession of her faculties, and with the knowledge that she has a character to keep up, can wear her hair banged, is to us a profound mystery.

From whence came the style? What originated it? Who set it afloat? Nobody on earth can say truthfully that it is beautiful. We never heard of its curing the liver complaint or the rheumatism. It does not render one any more liable to draw a prize in a lottery. It does not insure the wearer against being drowned, or struck by lightning, or bored by washing-machine agents. It does not make a tall woman look shorter, or a short one taller, or a fat one leaner; and if it is becoming to any human, then that face has escaped our notice!

It will metamorphose the prettiest girl of our acquaintance into a monstrosity, and as for its effect on a plain woman—may the saints deliver us from seeing it! It sets our teeth on edge! It imparts to the average female face the most discouraged, done-for-generally expression we have ever seen.

But there! what is the use of conjecturing? Fashion is omnipotent; so is folly, and we do not doubt that somewhere in the world, to-day, somebody is saying, "Bangs are so becoming."

—*Exchange.*

## HOW LONG WE ARE TO LIVE.

It is not everyone who asks himself this question, because, strangely enough, it is the belief of many persons that their lives will be exceptionally lengthy. However, life assurance companies are aware of the credulous weakness of those whose lives they assure, and have therefore compiled numerous tables of expectancy of life for their own guidance, which are carefully referred to before a policy is granted. The following is one of these well-authenticated tables, in use among London assurance companies, showing the expectancy of life at various ages. In the first column we have the present ages of persons of average health; and in the second column we are enabled to peep, as it were, behind the scenes of an assurance office, and gather from its table the number of years it will give us to live. This table has been the result of careful calculation, and seldom proves misleading. Of course, sudden and premature deaths, as well as lives unusually extended, occasionally occur; but this is a table of average expectancy of life of an ordinary man or woman:

| Age.    | More yrs. to live. | Age.    | More yrs. to live. |
|---------|--------------------|---------|--------------------|
| 1.....  | 29 50              | 21..... | 14                 |
| 10..... | 21 00              | 30..... | 7 00               |
| 20..... | 14 00              | 40..... | 4 00               |
| 30..... | 9 00               |         |                    |
| 40..... | 6 00               |         |                    |

Our readers will easily gather from the above tabulated statement the number of years to which their lives, according to the law of averages, may reasonably be expected to extend.

**THE HANDS.**—In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water, with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to insure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in promoting a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in any accidental pursuit which may hurt the color of the hands, or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon juice will restore their whiteness for the time; and lemon soap is proper to wash them with. Almond paste is of essential service in preserving the delicacy of the hands. The following is a serviceable pomade for rubbing the hands on retiring to rest: Take two ounces of sweet almonds; beat with three drachms of white wax, and three drachms of spermaceti; put up carefully in rose water. Gloves should always be worn on exposure to the atmosphere, and are graceful at all times for a lady in the house, except at meals.

## HOME.

A home cannot be made with mortar, nor by a master builder. Oh, better the humble cot, hidden by trees, in the happy vale of Content, than the palace of my lord in aristocratic Belgrave.

Whenever we pass a cozy little cot, with a vine growing over the door and flowers in the window, through which we catch a glimpse of the happy husband and loving wife, with joyous children clambering over them, it suggests Shakespeare:

"Verily, I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble liver; in content,  
Than to be perked in glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow."

Somehow the idea of home is associated with the quiet country, with an humble house far removed from the dusty thoroughfares where fools struggle in the mad race for riches, power and place.

"It stands in a sunny meadow,  
The house so mossy and brown,  
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,  
And the gray roof sloping down."

"The trees fold their green arms around it,  
The trees a century old,  
And the winds go whistling through them,  
And the sunbeams drop their gold."

Somehow our idea of home is associated with a pleasant place where we played in childhood; where the loved ones lived and died, and around which cluster the happy memories of delightful years.

Home is associated with fields of newly mown hay, with bursting buds and beauteous blossoms, with chasing butterflies and searching for strawberries.

No, the skill of all the workmen in the world, nor all the decorations of art, will not make a home.

**DRUNKENNESS IN ENGLAND.**—Dr. Bucknill, in his recent work on "Habitual Drunkenness," says: "Of late years the upper class of English has become sober, and its growing opinion stamps drunkenness more and more as a disgrace; and that some small proportion of its members are left behind in the shameful indulgence of the old vice is certainly not a matter of national concern. But they will ruin themselves! No doubt, and why should they not? Their possessions will be better placed in sober hands, and their undeserved social position will be yielded to the advance of more worthy candidates, but they will kill themselves! And this also is more likely than lamentable, especially if they leave no offspring to inherit the curse of their qualities. It would be a national, nay, a world-wide blessing, if alcohol were really the active poison which it is so often represented to be, that men who indulge in it might die off quickly. The French have somewhat improved upon pure spirit in this direction by the invention of absinthe, which causes epilepsy, and Americans, with their vile compounds of raw whisky taken into empty stomachs, are far ahead of ourselves. An American drunkard who sticks to his work has a much better prospect of finishing it within a reasonably short time than the Englishman."

**A PARLOR GAME.**—Logomachy is the title of a game that will probably become popular, especially in families where children are attending school and have acquired some knowledge of language. It is played with 50 cards, on each one of which is printed a letter of the alphabet. Each player receives a number of the cards and a certain number are laid on the table. The players take turns in building words with the cards, using the cards on the table, and those taken by the previous players with the addition of one from his own hand. The player has the right to take in as a trick all the cards he can properly utilize in thus building a word. The game is a fine mental exercise both as to spelling and developing ingenuity, and it can hardly be played without keeping the dictionary in constant circulation.