

CHAFF.

WATER colors—so does whisky.
THE man who digs 100 ft. into the ground for water gets along well.

WHY is the earth like a blackboard? Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it.

THE man who comes about solely to kill time should confine himself strictly to his own business.

EVERY to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.

"FREE CHOPS" is a sign hung out by a Chicago restaurant, and when customers apply they are shown to a wood pile and handed an ax.

A YOUNG lady desired her lover to promise her that he would never smoke another cigar. "I'll do it," he said; "sustained by your love, a meercaum will do for me."

"BRIDGET, I cannot allow you to receive your lover in the kitchen any longer." "It's very kind of you, ma'am, but he is almost too bashful to come into the parlor."

ALL the men in an entire county in Minnesota turned out on a wolf hunt the other day. The result was 36 dog fights and the capture of a fellow who had run away from his wife.

AN exchange says: "The bee stings itself to death in trying to sting someone else." Some men make things uncomfortable all around them for a season, but the end is generally worse for themselves than for those they sought to annoy.

"SEE that my grave's kept green," he warbled, under the window of his fair one's domicile one pleasant night. "I'll tend to the grave business, young man," shouted her enraged paternal ancestor, as he poked an old musket out of the second story window. No more concert that evening.

MY MONKEY.

There never was such luck. I've always thought that I'd rather have a monkey than be a million heir. There is nothing that could be half so splendid as a real live monkey, but, of course, I knew that I never could have one until I should grow up and go to sea and bring home monkeys and parrots and shawls to mother just as sailors always do. But I've actually got a monkey. It was Mr. Travers that got the monkey for me. One day there came a woman with an organ and a monkey into our yard.

She was an Italian, but she could speak a sort of English, and she said that the "murderin' spalpeen of a monkey was just wearing the life of her out." So says Mr. Travers, "What will you take for him?" and says she, "It's five dollars I'd be after selling him for, and may good luck go wid ye!"

What did Mr. Travers do but give her the money and hand the monkey to me, saying, "Here, Jimmy! take him and be happy." Wasn't I just happy though?

Jocko—that's the monkey's name—is the loveliest monkey that ever lived. Toby Tyler may talk about his "Mr. Stubbs," and tell how he understands everything said to him, and begs for crullers, and all that; but I tell you "Mr. Stubbs" was just an ordinary illiterate monkey alongside of my Jocko. I hadn't had him an hour when he got out of my arms and was on the supper table before I could get him. The table was all set and Bridget was just going to ring the bell, but the monkey didn't wait for her.

To see him eating the chicken salad was just wonderful. He finished the whole dish in about two minutes, and was washing it down with the oil out of the salad bottle when I caught him.

Mother was awfully good about it, and only said: "Poor little beast, he must be half starved. Susan, how much he reminds me of your brother." A good mother is as good of a thing as a boy deserves, no matter how good he is.

The salad somehow did not seem to agree with Jocko, for he was dreadfully sick that night. You should have seen how limp he was, just like a girl that has fainted away and her young man is trying to lift her up. Mother doctor'd him. She gave him castor-oil as if he

was her own son, and wrapped him up in a blanket and put a mustard plaster on his stomach, and soaked the end of his tail in warm water. He was all right the next day, and was real grateful. I know he was grateful because he showed it by trying to do good to others, at any rate to the cat. Our cat wouldn't speak to him at first, but he coaxed her with milk, just as he had seen me do, and finally caught her. It must have been dreadfully aggravating to the cat, for instead of letting her have the milk, he insisted that she was sick and must have medicine. So he took Bridget's bottle of hair-oil and a big spoon and gave the cat such a dose. When I caught him and made him let the cat go, there were about six tablespoonfuls of oil missing. Mr. Travers said it was a good thing, for it would improve the cat's voice and make her yowl smoother, and that he had felt for a long time that she needed to be oiled. Mother said that the monkey was cruel, and it was a shame, but I know that he meant to be kind. He knew the oil mother gave him had done him good, and he wanted to do the cat good. I know just how he felt, for I've been blamed many a time for trying to do good, and I can tell you it always hurt my feelings.

The monkey was in the kitchen while Bridget was getting dinner yesterday, and he watched her broil the steak as if he was meaning to learn to cook and help her in her work, he's that kind and thoughtful. The cat was outdoors, but two of her kittens were in the kitchen, and they were not old enough to be afraid of the monkey. When dinner was served Bridget went upstairs, and by-and-by mother says, "What's that dreadful smell? Sure you're alive, Susan, the baby has fallen into the fire." Everybody jumped up and ran upstairs, all but me, for I knew Jocko was in the kitchen, and I was afraid it was he that was burning. When I got into the kitchen, there was that lovely monkey broiling one of the kittens on the gridiron just as he had seen Bridget broil the steak. The kitten's fur was singeing and she was mewing, and the other kitten was sitting up on the floor licking her chops and enjoying it, and Jocko was on his hind legs as solemn and busy as an owl. I snatched the gridiron away from him and took the kitten off before she was burned any except her fur, and when mother and Susan came downstairs, they couldn't understand what it was that had been burning, and guessed the cook must have put egg-shell on the fire.

This is all the monkey has done since I got him day before yesterday. Father has been away for a week, but he is coming back in a few days, and won't he be delighted when he finds a monkey in the house?—Jimmy Brown, in *Harper's Young People*.

WOMEN AND MINING.—There are many vocations at the present time which were, at one period in their history, almost exclusively monopolized by men, but are now being opened to admit woman, who has compelled recognition by her talent and ability. The ranks of the theologians and physicians show many women who well maintain the position they have sought and secured. Beyond a speculation in stocks, the business of mining has presented but few points of interest to the gentler sex. A case has recently come under the *Mining Review's* observation which is at least worthy of record. Mrs. B. C. Clark, by the death of her husband, came into possession of a number of mining claims, and in order to intelligently superintend their development, and to gain a knowledge of the science of mining, she has taken a course of study in Prof. Mardock's school of assaying and chemistry in Chicago. This lady has also studied the operations of machinery, smelters and crushers, and is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of mining. A woman, as a skilled writer on metallurgy and mining, or as a superintendent of mines, would be a new thing under the sun.—*Nevada Transcript*.

THE TERRIBLE CRAMP COLIC, so often fatal before the dawn, can often be relieved within an hour with a milk emetic, and flannels, wrung in boiling water, applied to the stomach.

OXYGEN AS A CURATIVE AGENT.

Is oxygen a curative agent? The wonderful power which it possesses of destroying organic matter, and the purifying effect which always results therefrom, has led us, reasoning by analogy, to believe that many diseases which are now regarded as incurable, would succumb to the cleansing power of this element. The air contains only 20.005% of oxygen, the remaining 79.005 parts being composed entirely of nitrogen, which serves to dilute the oxygen. The depressing effect of a smaller amount of oxygen and increased amount of carbonic acid is felt when one has been for a short time in a poorly ventilated room.

In mountainous countries, where the height above the sea level is not too great, the refreshing effect of the air is proverbial. This is simply because the proportion of oxygen is greater and of carbonic acid less.

The purifying effect of oxidation is strikingly shown in running brooks. Here water which is unfit to drink on account of organic impurities, becomes pure by running a mile or two. This change is due to the fact that in the act of flowing each particle of the water is brought into contact with the air, and absorbs the necessary amount of oxygen to combine with the organic matter, thus destroying it.

In many diseases a "change of air" is recommended as a cure, or at least as a source of relief. In its incipient stages consumption may often be cured by vigorous exercise in the open air, and by living wholly out of doors.

The benefit derived from pure air and exercise is due entirely to the large amount of oxygen which exercise—such as horseback riding—enables and compels the patient to inhale. The organic germs of disease are thus oxidized and destroyed.

We submit, then, to the public for consideration, the question: Will not the breathing of pure oxygen gas prove to be the solution to the problem, "How shall we treat consumption?" There is a well authenticated case in which a child was cured of hydrophobia by inhaling three cubic ft. of oxygen. In this case blood poisoning was the evil, and oxygen seems to have combined with the poisonous principle, thereby destroying it.

A young Frenchman who has recently been experimenting upon himself, finds that he can inhale oxygen without experiencing any ill effects. He took as much as 100 liters a day for several days. The writer has often inhaled oxygen for experimental purposes, and its use was never followed by any unpleasant effect.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

MEDICAL USES OF EGGS.—For burns or scalds, nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer, as a varnish for a burn, than collodion, and being always at hand can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil and cotton," which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary accidents of this kind; and anything which excludes air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied. The egg is also considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly with or without sugar and swallowed, it tends by its emollient qualities to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on those organs to enable nature to resume her healthful sway over the diseased body. Two or at most three eggs per day would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and since the egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

HOW TO SOFTEN RESIN.—Melt the resin, and while in a state of fusion add tar. The proper degree of hardness can be ascertained by dropping a small portion of the melted mass into water.