

THE FACTORY BELLE.

"So that is the factory belle, is it?" said Mr. Payson, the new foreman of the Mellendale works. "Well, I must confess that she has rather an attractive face, with her large hazel eyes and that profusion of red-brown hair, although her nose isn't quite Grecian, and the lines of her mouth are just a trifle out of drawing."

"Humph!" said old Solomon Gilsey, the engineer. "She's been made much of, Kitty Kelsey has, until she's just spoiled. And—"

But here Kelsey herself came saucily up to the foreman's desk.

"Mr. Payson," said she, tossing the cloud of red-gold hair that hung over her dimpled face, "for I suppose you are Mr. Payson?"

"At your service," said the young man with commendable gravity.

"My machine doesn't suit me. I wish you would please have it changed for another."

"Doesn't suit you?" he repeated, slowly.

"No," said Miss Kitty, straightening out the bow of ribbon at her belt.

"Is it the custom at Mellendale to change machines at the beck and call of every dissatisfied damsel?" he asked, still without a change of countenance.

"My machine is always changed whenever I ask for it," said Kitty Kelsey, nonchalantly.

"Suppose you try and make it do," said Mr. Payson. "I dare say the turn of a screw here, or the alteration of a tension there, will make it all right." Johnson to the packer, "bring me that list of boxes that are to be sent off this morning."

Miss Kelsey stood in indignant surprise at this politely cavalier treatment. She, the spoiled beauty, the petted favorite of the whole establishment, whose every whim had been humored, whose caprices indulged, to be told to try and make things do!

"You will not change it?" said she, coloring very red.

"It is quite contrary to my rules," said Mr. Payson. "That is right, Johnson. And now I will look over the list with you."

Miss Kitty went back to her seat in a genuine passion.

It was Anson Payson's first day in the Mellendale Factory, and of course it proved rather a fatiguing one.

The morning, bleak and cloudy, had settled down into a good old-fashioned snow storm, before the afternoon; and when at last the throb of the engines had ceased, the whizz of the numberless machines was still, and the flocks of girls had disappeared one by one. Mr. Payson looked the desk, pocketed the keys, and also sallied forth into the snowy twilight of the November night.

But unaccustomed as he was to the Mellendale roads and their windings, he soon became disagreeably aware that he somehow had missed the way.

"They told me to turn off at an old stone mill," he further pondered, "but I have seen no stone mill; nor any finger post. I do believe," standing still, and trying to peer through the white wilderness of flying snowflakes, that I am destined to be a modern Babe in the Woods. And the worst of it is that there are such a number of awkward precipices along the edge of this woody road, where one might walk off, in this half light, and never know how he came to his end—Stay! luckily there is a red light gleaming thro' the darkness. It must come from some farmhouse window, and I am saved from my doom."

But as Anson Payson knocked at the door of the little one-story dwelling, he felt that he was very weary, with hands and feet numbed from the biting blast, and garments wet through by the damp and penetrating snow.

The opening of the door revealed a cheerful little interior, which would do no discredit to the pencil of a Dutch artist—a blaze of pine logs on the hearth, a candle burning in its brass sconce, a red and blue rag carpet on the floor, a round cherry table set out for supper, and a huge gray cat purring cozily on the hearthstone.

A tall, white-haired old man opened the door to him, and welcomed him after a cheery unconventional fashion.

"Come in, stranger, come in!" said the old man. "Well, I declare, you have got wet, hasn't you? Step right up to the fire. Here's a seat. I don't seem to recognize ye—not just by sight—though I've lived forty odd years hereabouts. You are—"

"I am Mr. Payson, of the Mellendale Works," said our hero, with a sigh of satisfaction, as he expanded his chilled hands to the delicious warmth of the firelight penetrating his whole frame.

"Do tell!" said the old man, who had by this time swung a huge iron teakettle to a crane over the fire. "I've got a granddaughter who runs a machine there. And you're a new foreman? Board at Squire Ames's, don't you? Well, you're a good two mile out of your way. You'd ought to took the first right-hand road, by John Millerbrook's stone mill, and then the first left hand, runnin' where the Widow Fitch's tavern is. But you're kindly welcome to stay here all night, stranger; and my little gal, she'll show you the way in the mornin'. She was wondering what the new foreman was like, and now she'll get a good, long look at you. Just set down in the big chair, stranger, and make yourself comfortable, while I go down in the cellar after a pot of apple sass. My little gal, she comes home pretty tired of a night, and I like to save her all the steps I can. She's workin' dreftful hard for a new cashmere gown for Thanksgiving; and when the taxes is paid, and the interest on the mortgage and—"

At this stage of his remarks, the voice of Mr. Payson's host became inaudible, by means of his slow descent down the cellar stairs, with the brass candlestick in his hand; and the new foreman was alone with the purring gray cat, and the red shine of the flames, and the deep shadows at every angle of the room.

"Well, grandfather, did you think I was never coming?"

The door had opened suddenly, and admitted a gust of frozen air, a cloud of flying snow flakes, and as a girl all muffled up in hoods and shawls.

"I stopped at Mollie Dean's for a pattern," said she, "and of course we had to talk a little. Oh, grandfather!" with a merry laugh, as she sat down on the

door to pull off her rubber shoes, "I've seen the new foreman and he's as handsome as a picture, and as cross as two sticks. Hateful fellow! Only think of his refusing to change my machine for me! But I'll be revenged on him, grandpa. Mollie and I have concocted a royal plan; and I'm going to bewitch him, and wind him around my finger, and make him fall desperately in love with me; and then I shall refuse him haughtily, and—Why, who is that?"

She sprang to her feet with a little cry of terror, for while Mr. Payson had sat bewildered in the vague shadows by the fireside, and she had rattled on, old Moses Kelsey had finished his errand in the cellar and now came slowly up the stairway, the candle light shining in front of him like a beacon.

"There she is now!" said he, "my little Kitty. Well, my gal, supper's most ready, and here's a good chance for you to scrape acquaintance with the new foreman. He has got lost in the snow, and—"

But Mr. Payson arose and laughingly offered his hand to Kitty Kelsey, who stood as if paralyzed in the middle of the floor.

"Pray forgive my backsliding, Miss Kelsey," said he. "I am very sorry if I really was as cross as two sticks." As the little children say "I won't do so again. And I am quite ready for you and your friend to commence the bewitching process. I dare say I shall find it very agreeable."

Kitty Kelsey could not help laughing in spite of herself.

"Well, I suppose it's just as well to make the best of it," said she, "and we'll proclaim an honorable truce, Mr. Payson, for the present at least."

Kitty was charming all the evening, full of vivacious spirit and arch chatter; but Mr. Payson did not know that she cried herself to sleep that night with the bitterest tears she ever had shed.

"What must he think of me?" said the factory belle to herself. "How did I ever—ever come to make such a dreadful blunder?"

While Mr. Payson was saying over and over to himself, as he drifted off into dreamland,

"She is the most charming girl I ever met in my life!"

And, at the year's end, Kitty Kelsey left the Mellendale Works to marry its foreman, and keep house in a picturesque little stone cottage on the edge of the ravine.

"Didn't I tell you I'd do it?" said Kitty, saucily.

"You said you would refuse me haughtily," said Payson.

"Oh," laughed Kitty. "I concluded I would change my mind about that! But all the rest has come true now hasn't it?" And Mr. Payson confessed that it had.

Already Punished.

If it has ever been in print we are innocent, as it comes from that traveling encyclopedia of fun, the drummer. The firm, consisting of two brothers, Jacob and Isaac, in New York, had failed for a large amount, and announced their ability to pay only ten cents on a dollar.—This having been done, Jacob said to Isaac:

"Isaac, dod vos der biggest day's peeness we efer done, hah?"

"I ped you."

"Isaac, ve vill go celebrade. Ve vill pig deener by der Delmonico, hah?"

"All rhiad."

They went to Delmonico's and ordered a sumptuous meal, for which they were charged \$15.

Said Jacob, presenting a \$5 bill to the cashier:

"Gif me dree dollars und a half in shange."

"How can that be?" asked the cashier. "Your bill is \$15, and that is but \$5."

"Oxectly, dot's rhiad. You see ve vos haengrubi, undt pay not no more as den cends on efery tawler, ain't it Isaac?"

But the cashier failed to see it that way, and sending for an officer he made Jacob produce the correct amount.

"Got vill bunish you for dees," said Jacob to the cashier. "He bunish you for shead a man who only can pay den cend on der tawler, ain't it, Isaac?"

Isaac said nothing, and the brothers started out, Jacob still assuring the cashier that "Got vill bunish you for dees dings," and when they got into the street, Isaac said cautiously to Jacob:

"Yaob, you vas rhiad. Got vill bunish dot man, Yaob," he continued running his hand in the breast pocket of his overcoat and pulling out something.

"Got half already bunished dot man, vor I got me von tozent hees zilver shoobs."

Churning in Uruguay.

They had done such a thing as to churn butter before, it appears. Liz went out and brought a bag of rawhide, about as large as a common meal-bag.

How clean it was inside, I am sure I do not know; but he turned the cream into it, and poured in new milk enough to fill it two-thirds full; and then he tied it up with a strong strip of hide. M— stood with a broad grin on his face. I was already too much astonished to make any remarks. Liz now carried the bag out of doors, and then got his horse.

Taking his lasso off the saddle, he made one end of it fast to the cream-bag; the other end, as usual, being attached to a ring in the saddle. This done, he got on the horse, and touched spurs to him.

Away he went, and at the first jerk that bag went ten feet in the air, and fell with a squanoh, close onto the horse's heels. At the next jerk it went higher still. He soon went out of sight, with the bag dancing after him. Sometimes it struck down alongside the horse, and sometimes it struck slap on the animal's rump. M— was convulsed with laughter—at me, I suppose; for I must confess that this upset all my previous ideas of butter-making. In the course of twenty or thirty minutes, Liz came back, the horse looking pretty hot, and the bag very dusty.

"Eemantica" (butter come), said he. Ed untied the churn, and sure enough there was a good home-ly chunk of butter in it; and it proved to be very decent butter, too. I asked if that was the way they always churned. They said it was, and Ed declared it was "a dale asier than turnin' a crank." So I respectfully submit the "method" to all our good people up North. Everything needed for it is a sole-leather bag, a clothes-line and a horse.—[Youth's Companion.

Rambling Talk.

Still the flood of gold and of immigration tends toward the United States. Europe rears her children, and when they reach maturity, instead of becoming soldiers to defend their native States, or instead of engaging in business to help bear the burdens of their fatherland, their footsteps turn to the West, and from the nearest seaport they sail away and are thereafter forever lost to native land. This year half a million have come, next year it is expected a round million will seek our shores. A million of people. That means that in one year, from Europe's strength there will be drawn almost as many people as are now in our Republic west of the Rocky Mountains. One-fiftieth as many as our Republic now possess after a hundred and fifty years of colonial life and more than a century of National life. And with the people the gold of Europe is also coming, though so many are coming those who remain have to buy so much American material that it more than counterbalances American recklessness and extravagances, and makes heavy drains upon the aggregated wealth of the Old World. Here are lessons for the nations beyond the sea, and a great lesson also for us. This state of affairs is a notice served upon Europe that her vast armies must be disbanded, that the young must be permitted to marry and to work for a home, and that whatever else is withheld from the people, they must be given the right to think as they please, and to read whatever a free press may throw off. When our Declaration of Independence was written, that was a notice served upon the world that sovereignty was soon to pass from kings, and that the people were to assume their divine prerogative. Europe has been slow to bail the signal; it may require a great many tears and many a blood bath yet to wash the mists from the people's eyes, but the earthquake is upon its march and no chains can be welded which can restrain it in its course. The people there are restive now in wearing out the best part of their lives in holding bayonets as props to thrones; what will be their condition fifty years hence when this Republic becomes a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night to a watching world, and when 150,000,000 of people chant in chorus psalms to Liberty? And for us the lesson is that as a people we must take higher ground; must prepare the youth of the country for nobler work. With the great West all exposed, with a curtailing of the fields of labor, and with from half a million to a million common laborers coming to our country annually, the children of our people must be given an education which will train eye and hand and brain to do some necessary thing better than foreign artisans can do it, our manufactures must be encouraged, the laws must be modified which govern our shipping, and the rich must be taxed to fill the seas again with our sails that the nations which have to buy will buy of us, and the daily lesson which should never be missed in our schools should be that our native land deserves all the love, all the respect and the perpetual defense of its children.

Extremely "Silent."

The voracious Washington correspondent informs that portion of the American people whose wretched fate it is to live elsewhere than in the National capital, that a genuine aristocratic society is at last in process of evolution in that city. It is known as the extremely select social circle of the army and navy, and it has attained to the dignity of one distinguishing characteristic. Among the young women who move in this select circle it is considered highly improper to attend a concert or theater, even with one's betrothed, without the chaperonage of mamma or a maiden aunt. A ride alone, or even a call, without the presence of a third person, is not to be thought of or spoken of without a shudder. All that sort of thing is held as in bad form, vulgar, American—and far inferior to the social code of decorum practiced in Spain and Turkey. One young lady whose mamma was too ill to go to the play, violated the rule and consented to go alone with the man to whom she was engaged; and speaking of it afterward, she said: "I suffered intense agony all evening for fear we should meet somebody I knew, and I never felt so common in all my life." The next time that young lady's fiancé asks her to accompany him to the opera she will probably reply: "If I belonged to the common people; if my father or brother simply made laws for the community or superintended the commercial intercourse of nations or directed the financial exchanges of the world, I should be most happy to accompany you; but, seeing that a member of my family has dedicated himself to the destruction of mankind and kills such people as those in power happen to think should be slain, I must request you to buy another ticket for my old maiden aunt."

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Potato brandy, used greatly in some parts of Switzerland, is said to be nearly as poisonous as absinthe.

Our infidel reporter remarks that Bob Ingersoll can juggle the Anglo-Saxon language better than any man in America.

The students at Oberlin college are not allowed to chew tobacco, but, this being the case we don't see how they expectorate as first-class scholars.

A Professor Grimmer predicts terrible mortality the next seven years. America will lose fifteen millions—Ex. We never heard of a grimmer prediction than that.

Col. Jerome Bonaparte and wife, who have usually spent their winters in Paris will pass the coming season in Washington. Their daughter will be near them at the Visitation Convent in Georgetown.

A California Justice, in a moment of anger, said that the lawyers in a case on trial before him were no better than so many horse thieves. Then he apologized, and fined himself \$10 for contempt of court.

Bill Jones owned one of the bill-boards of a Michigan town, but business being dull he was compelled to sell it in order to pay his hotel bill. It rather bored Bill to have to sell his bill-board to pay his board bill.

The Methodist says that "Calvinism is hunting with a double-barrelled shotgun, a college barrel and a pulpit barrel. The college barrel is loaded with free salvation," and it asks if the divinity students are not taught one thing in theory and another in practice.

"Why don't you get married?" said a young lady to a bachelor acquaintance who was on a visit. "I have been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be foolish enough to take me and have not yet succeeded," was the reply. "Then you haven't been down our way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

Gen. Noyes, the American Minister, has finally secured apartments in the rue Francois Ier., first corner of the rue Pierre Charron. The Minister's new residence is but a short distance from the legation, and is a large and handsomely furnished one. It will be occupied the present week.

She was a four-year-old blonde, generally quiet and tractable, but mamma had provoked her. "I don't love you any more, mamma." "Very well, dear, you needn't." "Well, I don't love you."

"All right, dearie, mamma will try to get along." "Well, I do love you, but I don't feel just like it now."

A Boston gentleman not long since died, leaving his widow nothing but a mortgage for \$10,000 on a church. Some of the leading men of the church offered to compromise with her for a small sum, representing to her that the church was poor. She went to a lawyer, however, and was informed that the corporation was very wealthy, and easily able to pay its debts.

A New Yorker predicts that "the time is near at hand when a race of honey bees will be introduced to the American people who have no stingers." But the American people who have no stingers—who and where are they? Or, rather, who and where are the American people who have stingers? Perhaps the American people who have no stingers will object to making the acquaintance of a new race of honey bees.—[Norwich Herald.

An Artificial Sun.

An electrical engineer of Boston is about to try the experiment of lighting Holyoke, Mass., in a manner that will strike the present generation as novel. It is proposed to build a tower seventy-five feet high overlooking the town. This is to be surmounted by an immense lantern of such illuminating capacity as to put all previous lamps in the category of trifles. At present only one tower will be built, but if the principle should prove a success, seven or eight towers will ultimately be erected, that the city may be rendered as light as day, and gas and kerosene completely superseded. The idea of the inventor is to charge the upper strata of the atmosphere with luminous vibrations in the same manner as is done by the sun, and thus to produce the same effect that is obtained during the day from the reflected, refracted and diffused light of that popular orb. It is believed that electric light can thus be made to permeate spaces which are inaccessible to direct rays by the same law by which daylight diffuses itself—that is, by virtue of an expansive property which is constantly illustrated on the large scale of polar illumination, but has no place in our text books on optics. The light given by the solar orb a few minutes after sunset, when only the upper strata of the atmosphere are directly affected by the solar beam, furnishes the best example of the diffusion and expansion that the Boston engineer proposes to imitate artificially. His plans provide for an illuminating power from each lantern equal to 300,000 candles, which is nearly twenty times larger than that of any electric lamp yet manufactured, but is not all impracticable, as it involves only an increase in electrical volume and pressure, and a corresponding increase in the diameter of the carbons. The cost of the tower, lamp and generator for a single lamp will be \$15,000, irrespective of the engine power required to run the latter. If this experiment succeeds Edison will have to look to his laurels.

No American representative at the Court of St. James since the late Mr. Motley receives so much attention as Mr. Lowell, our present Minister, and it is said of him that he has not time to accept one-half of the social invitations continually showered upon him.

DIPHTHERIA.

Diphtheria consists essentially of a local inflammation and a general fever. In many cases the throat affection, which is the local inflammation, is slight, while the constitutional affection or general fever is severe; and, in some cases, the reverse happens. The fever is always of the low and typhoid character. The local inflammation, in all cases, is attended with an excretion of coagulable lymph, which, concreting into a false membrane, forms a crust or coating to the mucous surface, to be cast off like all other foreign substances. When spread over a large portion of the larynx, trachea, or bronchial ramifications, this membranous excretion may occasion death by suffocation. In the other cases which terminate fatally, death is the result of exhaustion.

The cause of diphtheria is poison, virus, or impurities of some kind in the blood. The disease itself is an effort of the system to purify itself by expelling these impurities. The danger from diphtheria results usually from the excessive determination of morbid action to the throat; and hence, the obvious indication of cure is to counteract this determination by promoting depuration, or cleaning of the system, in other directions, especially through the skin. The true management of disease is so to regulate the remedial effort that each organ or part may perform its own appropriate duty, so that no structure may be disorganized by having too great a burden thrown upon it. Instead of subduing disease by merely opposing or counter-marching the symptoms, it should be rather so diffused and directed that it may successfully accomplish its work of purification. The first indication, then, in the treatment of diphtheria is to balance the circulation, and in accomplishing this, the temperature of the body is the proper and the infallible guide. Wherever there is deficient circulation, there will be found coldness and paleness; wherever there is congestion or obstruction will be pain, heat and disturbed function. These conditions must be kept in mind, as they are the basis of all therapeutic processes. The general remedial plan, therefore, so far as the fever is concerned, is resolved into the simple idea of regulating the temperature. To do this is to promote equal distribution of the blood; in other words, to balance the circulation; and as functional action is always in proportion to the vigor of the circulation, so by regulating the temperature and balancing the circulation, we supply the conditions which enable nature to cure the disease, or, in other phrasing, which aid and assist the living system to do the work of purification.

In the premonitory stages of diphtheria, when the patient is affected with rigors or chilliness, or these with alternate and irregular flushes of heat, a full warm bath, warm as the patient can bear comfortably, for ten or fifteen minutes should be employed if practicable. If this is impracticable, the warm hip bath and the hot foot-bath are the best substitutes.

If these are not available, warm fomentations to the abdomen and bottles of hot water to the sides and feet should be resorted to. If there is at this time pain or soreness of the throat without much heat, fomentations should be applied externally for ten or fifteen minutes, followed by the cold wet compress covered with a dry towel or cloth, and this should be re-wet and re-applied as it becomes warm or nearly dry. The patient should keep entirely quiet at this time, avoiding everything in the shape of food, condiments, stimulants and medicines, swallowing nothing but pure water, and of this only so much as is demanded by the thirst. The temperature of the water for drinking may be that which is most agreeable for the patient. When the hot stage of the fever is fully developed, the tepid half bath and the tepid abluition may be resorted to. In the case of more feeble patients, and where the external heat is moderate or unequal, the tepid abluition should be preferred. The temperature of the water should be cool, but not very cold—say from 75 degrees to 85 degrees Fahrenheit. Either of the baths may be repeated as often as occasion requires; that is, as often as the external temperature of the patient rises much above the normal standard. The patient should be put to bed immediately after each bath and kept warm and comfortable. Much sweating, however, is to be avoided, although a very moderate perspiration may be desirable. Too much care cannot be taken to keep the feet warm and the head cool; and if there is the least tendency to coldness of the lower extremities and heat of the head, hot bottles should be applied to the feet and cold wet cloths to the head.

When there is much pain, heat or swelling of the throat, or when the little patches of fibrinous exudation become visible on the mucous membrane of the tonsils, or elsewhere, the local treatment must be varied accordingly. Cold applications must be now resorted to, and employed thoroughly and perseveringly until the morbid secretion is arrested. Sips of very cold water may be taken frequently, or, what is still better, bits of ice may be put into the mouth and allowed to melt away, while the throat is enveloped in cold wet cloths. The object now is to check the violence of the inflammation and thus arrest the exudation of the membranous material, and there is no way to do this so certainly and so effectually as to reduce the morbid heat below the point which is essential to the excretion of coagulable lymph. This plan has been employed in thousands of cases with almost uniform success. And in the ulcerated sore throat of malignant scarlet fever it is, as every experienced mother as well as physician knows, the only reliable resource. If the patient is at any time troubled with harassing cough, difficult expectoration or laborious respiration, or all together, after the violence of the inflammation has subsided, warm water drinking to the extent of inducing vomiting, if need be, should be resorted to. And in the latter stage of the disease, when the concreted exudation is firmly adherent to the mucous surface, or has extended widely in the bronchial tubes, warm fomentations to the chest and throat are proper. Abundance of pure fresh air is quite as important in the treatment of diphtheria as are the bathing processes. No doubt the contagiousness or noncontagiousness of the disease depends very much on the means

which are employed to ventilate and cleanse the apartment. The patient should be kept comfortable by means of bedclothes and fire if necessary, but on no consideration should all of the windows and doors be closed for even one moment. The safety of others, as well as of the patient, depends on this alone. In close rooms and in underground apartments, where free ventilation by doors and windows is impossible, the air of the place may be purified to a great extent by swinging the door vigorously forward and backward. In this way, in the crowded tenement houses of our cities and large villages, fresh air may be supplied and the accumulated miasms expelled. The purifying and invigorating influences of light and sunshine should never be disregarded. They are useful in nearly all morbid conditions, and of especial value in the management of putrid and infectious febrile and inflammatory diseases. When practicable, the rays of the sun should be admitted freely into the sick chamber, and during the day the room should be as well lighted as possible. But at night, when the external senses of the patient need quiet and repose, light should be excluded; nor should the talking or whispering of watchers be allowed in the room. Rest is another important element in the treatment of any disease. And there is no remedial resource so little understood and so generally disregarded as this. Even many physicians seem to have little idea of its necessity or value, and will disturb and disquiet their patient every hour, and even awaken them out of a refreshing sleep, to administer some dose or drug which will do them far less good than the quiet and slumber that has been broken. The chief point of skill in the true physician is to know when to let the patient alone. It is easy to perceive morbid phenomena, and to combat symptoms; but to know when Nature is doing just right, and when she should not be interfered with, requires judgment and discrimination, which are by no means too common. Under the head of food and diet very little may be said. The practice of stuffing the patient continually with what is absurdly called "nourishing diet" is exceedingly pernicious. During the acute stage of the disease, while the fever is violent and the inflammation severe, no food can be digested and none should be taken. As the fever subsides the patient may be allowed a little gruel and good fruit, to be followed, as convalescence advances, with such farinaceous articles as meal, potatoes, peas, unleavened bread, etc. Baked apples, tomatoes, stewed or raw, sweet oranges and similar fruits may generally be allowed as freely as the patient desires, and until the crisis of the disease is fairly passed, no other food is required. Drink may be taken according to thirst, but when there is great thirst, with a disposition to vomit, very small draughts should be taken and frequently repeated. There is no objection in such cases to the juices of acid and sub-acid fruits, properly diluted, as lemon juice, apple water and oranges. Dried berries, stewed and slightly sweetened, will answer in some cases for both victuals and drink. In this city, and probably in most other parts of the country, dried berries of all kinds can be had in abundance all through the winter season. Preserved berries can also be found nearly as fresh and savory as when first picked from the bushes. Indeed the value of a really frugal diet in febrile disease has never been sufficiently appreciated. When vomiting becomes a troublesome symptom or complication, small bits of ice may be occasionally swallowed, or a cold wet towel covered with a dry cloth should be applied over the region of the stomach. Hemorrhages can generally be promptly checked with cold applications. Extreme swelling of the glands of the neck also requires the constant application of wet clothes to the part. Coma may be relieved by cold applications to the head and warm ones to the feet. In extreme cases, fomentations to the abdomen may be employed advantageously. The sequelae of diphtheria demand only a strict attention to the general health.

Of course, these papers on diphtheria do not claim to present an infallible remedy for that terrible disease, but simply to give an intelligible description of it, and the best means to be employed in an emergency. To understand intelligently the real nature of the enemy is to meet him half way. Remember that proper ventilation would in many cases prevent the occurrence of diphtheria, and diphtheria is one of those diseases that can be more easily prevented than cured.

A BIRD'S FEAR OF THE DEAD.—It is not mere sentimentalism that pleads in favor of the most merciful form of death being adopted in the case of the slaughter of animals intended for human consumption. There is no question that much suffering would be spared cattle if they were not allowed to see each other slaughtered. Not easy is it to conceive the kind of torture they feel and cannot express. How observant are animals! proved by a case which came under my own observation. Among the inmates of my house is a jackal, an all-grained and vituperative bird as ever accepted, under protest, human companionship and human attention. He prefers so distinctly sleeping in a cage where no enemy can assail him while he is asleep, that he is allowed to have his own way in the matter. One day, while he was in the cage, some dead pheasants were placed beside him. His dread of those was remarkable to witness. A bird whose whole time was passed in defiance of things stronger than himself, in agitating a mastiff that would not make two bites of him, or in pinching surreptitiously the flamboyant tail of his arch enemy the cat when it came within reach of his cage, went at this sight into an ecstasy of terror, which could not be appeased until the uncanny objects were removed. What instinct caused this strange demonstration in the presence of death shown in one of its own race, albeit of so different a species, is not to be guessed. Much food for reflection and speculation is, however, afforded.

Native is looking into the parlor, and the maid, who is busy setting the table for dinner, places a vase of flowers in the center. Native—"Aye, it's a rare bonnie; but Maggie, who eats the flowers?"