WHISKY BOB'S CLAIM.

Whiskey Bob was dead broke, very tired, and wanted to sit down and study out his situation and what was best to be done. He put down his rocker and pack carefully on the grass; his blankets were strapped in it, with pick, shovel, tin wash-pan and frying-pan, with a bag containing a little pork, ham, flour and tin pot for his coffee, and peeping from the roll of blankets was the neck of a whiskey bottle, He had stopped at the bottom of a high mountain ridge, not far from the Yuba river, that made along for miles. It was well wooded and shaded by old trees, had little underbrush, and just below him there ran a creek amid the bushes clear and cool, over the pebbles, which was very pleasant to see and hear in the hot weather of summer.

"Here I be again, the same derned fools as ever, ruined by whisky, after bon, with a leather string round his making piles of money; I just deserve it. neck, so that it could rest on his heart. What a dog-goned jackass a human can make hisself with whisky." Taking up his pack, Bob toiled slowly

up the ridge under the trees until he came to the top, whare it flattened out in little level places and slight depressions. Birds were singing and flowers blooming around him; and, as he sat down to rest, he heard, to his astonishment, not very far off, the clear, sweet voice of a female, singing.

Peeping cautiously under the young pine trees, there, in a little open flat, sitting on a rock, was the singer. It was a pleasant picture to look at for a lonely man-a tall, shapely, buxom young girl, with light golden hair, blue eyes, and very regular, pretty features. She was dressed in a short calico dress, with moccasins on her feet and a sunbonnet thrown back from her head. Her hand rested on a long Kentucky rifle. She was a representative of the better class of Western girls, who were continually in those early days arriving in the mountains of California from the ditches to see if the little depressions of long trip overland, emigrating in families from Kentucky and other the mountain had any more chunks of States.

Whisky Bob listened to the song with ter, he had kept his word to Nell, his resolution to himself to reform, and had delight, and gazed at the singer in admiration; and then, with his pack on his shoulder, coolly walked out into her presence, and, putting the pack down not far from her, sat down himself. The young girl looked at him a little surprised, but sat composed and still, only putting her hand carelessly on the stock of her rifle. Then she spoke to him.

querable longing to go and tell Nell all about it. The next morning by day-light he cleared up, packed his things and started down the ridge to the nearest trading tent. But in his blankets, care-"Well, mister, who might you be, that walks into a young lady's drawingroom, without knocking, even on the bark of a tree?"

fully strapped out of sight, was a heavy bag of gold in place of a whisky bottle. "Please, Miss, I'm called Whisky Bob-out prospecting," said he. "No 'miss' about it, Mr. Bob, please.

My name, for short, is Nell Green to all friends, and to others-well, I've a shooting iron," said the girl, and continued: "Your name of Whisky is a bad one, young man, and, I reckon, shows you are being ruined by corn juice. Is that

"Well, Nell, that's a fact-but rather rough," said Bob, who saw the girl had a hali smile on her face.

other clothes, until, when dressed up nicely, ne could have walked the streets She was not in the least bold or forward, or wanting in modesty; but the company of rough men, danger, and of any city, and any of the fair sex scenes in the wilderness, had taught her would have said he was a very fine lookto be self-composed and self reliant. ing fellow.

"Now, Mr. Bob—without the Whis-key—it seems to me," said Nell, "ye're throwing yerself away; and there might throwing yerseif away; and there might be something better for yer, if ye'd seek seek it," and she looked at him with an over his shoulders on his pick handle.

He worked hard and steady through he day, only stopping at noon for some offee and a smoke beneath the pine-tree her slender waist. the day, only stopping at noon for some coffee and a smoke beneath the pine-tree camp. The sun was very hot, but he

Nell at last turned her blushing face, didn't mind it. At night, when he washed out the result of the day's hard and looking roguishly at Bob said: "Don't you think, Bob, it would be bettoil, he only had a dollar's worth of ter sense to say ye'd live for Nell than coarse gold, but he found a little piece of ribbon Nell had lost from her hair. die for her?"

Bob didn't speak, but drew Nell to This consoled him amply, as he kissed it and said to himself, "Bob, better luck to-morrow." His claim was what miners called "very spotted," for the gold was

scattered in spots here and there. The next day and the next his labors brought him the same results-about happened, in that same valley, was a enough to pay expenses, or, as the miners call it, "grub money." very pretty cottage with a garden and flowers around it, that indicated taste The fourth day, just before he washed out, in his last rocker of dirt, at sunset, and refinement, and the whole clearing had become extensive, with its buildings and improvements. Here resided Mr. he found two pieces of gold-one worth \$150, the other full \$200. Bob was and improvements. Here resided Mr. Robert Stinton and his pretty wife Nell, happy that night, and tied the blue ribthe handsomest and happiest couple in bon, with a leather string round his the northern counties.

Mr. Stinton was a prosperous cattle The next two days brought no big dealer, well to-do, and few remembered pieces, but the seventh he took pieces of there over was such a man as Whiskey gold from the clay-like cement weighing Bob. about \$700. It was dark-colored gold,

Gushing.

It seems perfectly natural for some people to gush.

They are boiling springs, so full that When the miners passed him daily on their way over the divide they stopped they must run over.

They gush on overy occasion, and wonder how you can be so cool about everything! They do not think you have any feelings at all. You never show any! How delighted they are with everything! All the days are splendid! All the people are so delightful! All the sights they see are charming. All the singers are such heavenly warblers! All the women are angels! and all the men have such elegant mustaches!

Every object can be gushed over. Last summer one of the gushers -a young lady-was riding with us, and we came upon a drove of pigs. Our friend went into ecstacies at once. "So charming! so cunning! so wonderful! so strange that they could be made into ham and eggs! and sausage! and spare-ribs! and such an elegant curl in their tails!" and she told the pig driver that they were "little darlings!" and got the indignant ble, which the ladies run for, the win-

reply: "No, they ain't. They're Berkshires, and as big of their age as any pigs you but you a dollar on it !" ever see. Bet you a dollar on it !"

Somehow the sympathy of the public generally is with the gushers.

They are so ingenious, and so simplehearted ! So free from guile ! Like Truthful James, so "childlike and bland!" It is always a good thing to gush over a popular preacher. Everybody admires devotion, if they do not confess it, and it always makes people think well of you if you praise their minister's sermon. Nothing like appreciating your friend's minister. It is the next best thing to ad-

miring your friend's baby. And there is nothing better to gush over than a baby. Call it the dearest, sweetest, knowingest, most bewitching baby in the universe, and all its near relatives will believe you, and nobody will think you are exaggerating except the woman next door, who had a baby about the same time the other one was born, and who knows that her baby is the brightest and handsomest baby on the footstool !

It is a good thing to gush at funerals. If you see anybody cry join in yourselves and cry, if possible, harder than the best of them! It will please the mourners to the necessity of having a funeral, be-

Queer Ideas about Shees.

In Norfolk, whenever servants are going after new situations, a shoe is thrown after them, with the wish that they may ancesed in whatever they are going about. Some years ago, when vessels engaged in the Greenland whale-fishery, left Whitby, in Yorkshire, the wives and Bob dan't speak, but drew Nell to left whitey, in Forkshire, the wives and him, and kissed her. Nell, somehow had her hands so entangled in the scap-suds and clothes that she couldn't resist, but she pouted her lips, and Bob took his kisses back from them. Three years after the above events received a shoe on the shoulder, which was intended for a young sailor, leaving his home to embark upon a trading voyage.

As an emblem of good luck and prosperity, an old shoe is in most places thrown with much enthusiasm at a bridal couple. Various explanations, how ever, have been assigned for this popular custom. Some think it was origin-ally intended as a sham assault on the bridegroom for carrying off the bride, and hence is a survival of the old ceremony of opposition to the capture of a bride. Others, again, consider that the shoe was, in former times, a symbol of renunciation of dominion and authority over her by her father or guardian; and the receipt of the shoe by the bridegroom, even if accidental, was an omen that the authority was transferred to him. Thus, in the Bible, the receiving of a shoe was an evidence and symbol of asserting or accepting dominion or ownership; the giving back the shoe the symbol of rejecting or resigning it. In Denteronomy, for example, the cere-mony of a widow rejecting her husband's brother in marriage is by loosing his shoe from off his foot; and in Ruth we find that "it was the custom in Israel concerning changing that a man plucked off his shoo and delivered it to his neighbor.' In some parts of Kent the manner of

bride and bridegroom the single ladies are drawn up in one row and the bachelors in another. When thus arranged ner being supposed to have the first chance of marriage. She then throws the shoe at the gentlemen, when the first who gets it is believed to have the be suggested. same chance of matrimony. Wain, in his "History of the Isle of Man," al-

luding to this custom, tells us that "on the bridegroom leaving his house it was enstomary to throw an old shoe aftor him, and in like manner an old shoe after the bride on leaving her home to proceed to church, to insure good luck to each respectively. If, too, by stratagem, either, of the bride's shoes could be taken off by any spectator on her way from church, it had to be ransomed by the bridegroom.' In Yorkshire the ceremony of shoe-throwing was known as "thrashing," and the older the shoe the greater the

luck. Referring to the Continent, the Germans have a custom of throwing the bride's shoe among the guests at the wedding. The person who succeeds in getting it is considered to have every prospect of a speedy marriage. The bride and bridegroom also strew

dill and salt in their shoes as a protection against witchcraft. Among the Peruvians it was formerly customary, when a man wished to marry, to go to the

Money Orders.

The suggestions in the report of the Postmaster General in regard to the money order system and its enlargement, are apparently highly proper. He favors a reduction of the charge for small orders to five cents for amounts less than \$5. This, he thinks, can be done without loss to in all civilized countries, as where it can the department if another change is not be grown it is imported, which can made in the way of extending the amounts for which orders may be when ventilation is attended to. In issued from \$50 to \$100. It is believed that the increase in the business of transmitting small sums would more than make up the loss from the diminished rate. The exfrom the diminished rate. The ex-perience of cheap postage since the darkness; the next is, the bins days of Rowland Hill, has been that should not be too deep-not over three with each reduction in the cost of the public service, the service has increased at a rate out of all propor tion to the reduction and the postal departments of the civilized world feet with potatoes, then well covered have raised revenues at low rates they never could have raised had the old rates been continued. The proposed reduction in money order rates is eminently a popular move and deserving of approval on that score. The banks do not like to make drafts for small sums of money for very good reasons, and the business of transmitting small sums by mail is one which is eminently proper for the Post Office Depart. ment to undertake. It is especially the case with the great number of people who are interested in sending small sums that they do not ordinarily keep bank accounts, or at least their relations with banks are not such as to facilitate their sendshoe-throwing is somewhat curious. It ing small drafts. When they come appears that after the departure of the to the Post Office the difference being small drafts. When they come tween 10 cents and 5 cents is something as well worth considering as the difference between 5 cents and 10 cents for postage, and they would appreciate and profit by so sensible a move. The only wonder about it is that it had to wait until now to the difference between 5 cents and 10

> A year or so ago a little girl living near Rathboneville, N. Y., a village on the line of the Eric Railway, was pre-sented with a pair of doves. One day, sented with a pair of doves. three weeks age, they were flying across the railroad track, when the male bird came in collision with the smoke-stack of the Pacific Express, which passes the spot about 7 o'clock in the morning. The bird was killed by the shock, and instantly thrown out of sight of his mate. The female circled about the spot for a few minutes, in evident amazement at the sudden disappearance of her mate. She then flew to a milepost near by and for a long time gave utterance to the mournful notes characteristic of the dove. Suddenly she seem-ed to realize what had carried the male from her sight, and she rose in the air and flew swiftly in the direction the train had gone. She did not return until about noon. She alighted at her cote, where she remained the rest of the day uttering her plaintive cries. Next morning, just before 7 o'clock, she was seen to Joseph in that State has done the unheard of thing of making a donawhere she saw her mate the day before. tion of the surplus campaign fund, When the express train came along she amounting to \$755, to charitable obflew at the locomotive, hovered about the smokestack and around the cab as if looking for her mate. She accompanied the locomotive for a mile or so and then returned to her cote. . Every day since then she has repeated this strange conduct. She goes to her lookout for the train at precisely the same time each morning and waits until the train comes along no matter how late it may be. She never goes further than about a mile with the train, returning to her cote and mourning piteously all day.

Storing Polatoes.

Every method has been tried by farmers to store and preserve potatoes during the winter, and, we may say, until pota-toes come again. It is the most valua-ble of all vegetables, though here and there we find a person and a writer who undertakes to tell us of their unwholesomeness. It is universally consumed storing potatoes several methods are adopted, yet they are practically the same, the object being to protect them against freezing, whether buried in pits or stored in cellars. The first considerafeet-to produce warmth and cause them to sprout. When stored in the field, straight trenches are dug, say twenty feet in length, and four or five in width, which are filled to the depth of three with straw, on top of which put eighteen or twenty inches of earth. In a pit twenty feet long there should be about three gas escapes or ventilating open-ings, which should be plugged with straw and covered with a board set at an angle to turn the rain. 'If in cellars, barn or otherwise, the bin should be covered with rugs, and carpetings or straw. Those intended to be kept for late spring sales should be frequently examined and all sprouts removed; for as soon as a potato beging to sprout it loses its solidity and dryness.

Senator Wade as a Husband.

"Bluff Ben Wade" was the hero of many a stormy scene in public life, but he was no less a hero at home. He was as chivalrous and gentle toward his wife as he was bold and fierce toward his opponents and enemies. Says the Philadelphia Press:

His wife had a small income, but old Ben would never touch a penny of it. His peculiarity about money matters cept out of her money the price of a meal. He used to say, "A man does not marry a woman to live off her." I be-lieve Mr. Wade positively thought it degrading for a man to use a woman's money, and so it is. Once he said to his son, "What your wife has is her own, and what you have is your wife's.

This was Wade's chivalrous idea of the treatment of a wife; and right royally did he practice it in his own household. His courtesy to Mrs. Wade was always so marked as to attract the attention even of strangers. At seventy years of age he was as fond and devoted a lover as she found him at forty.

No two people could possibly have lived more agreeably together. Every-thing Mrs. Wade said or did was exactly right in the estimation of her husband. and during the entire course of his long married life he probably never had a disloval thought or occasioned his wife moment's uneasiness.

An Indiana paper tells us that the Republican Central Committee of St. Joseph in that State has done the jects at South Bend. This is a better disposition of surplus campaign political funds than is generally made. There is a legitimate use for money in a political campaign, but there is a manifest danger that It may be devoted to improper purposes. Nothing will more speedily demoralize the people and make elections burlesques than the use of money to control votes. In England this evil has grown to such mammoth proportions that a man of moderate means is not thought of as a candidate for a prominent office. No salaries are attached to seats in Parliament, yet so great is the contest for them that vast sums are spent, almost without effort at concealment, to obtain them. The habit has become so fixed that the people now expect it, and such scenes are witnessed at elections as disgrace the Nation.

it." "Got no folks, no family, to keer for you?" said Nell.

the corn juice and reform. I said to myself, 'Bob, if ye could only meet a woman anywhere in these diggings, and stake out a claim where she stood, it turn over a new leaf, and be somebody once more.' And here, sure enough, I've "What? Bob, is that met you."

"Ye mean right, I'm sure," said Nell, softly. "But down the trail away yonder I see my folks are coming along, with their fixings and plunder, pau, mau, and the rest ov 'em. I must put out, stranger; but, Mr. Bob, let me say a kind word to ye on parting from short acquaintance. Yer say a woman brings ye luck every time. Now I jest me. And what's more, hope I'll bring good fortune to yer, and you say so, replied he. you may take yer pile out of this 'ere spot, though I can't see where it is. And, Mr. Bob," said the girl, hesitating, "ef ye do find it, and act up to yer good in-tentions about the corn juice-well, then, Mr. Bob, my folks are raising log houses and shed fixings down on the opening at the foot ov the creek, away there where ye can see a break in the ing up to Bob, she put her hand on his saw. Unwrapping it, there was a piece trees. We mean to locate." And walkshoulder, "and, Mr. Bob, ef ye raise yer pile ye can bring jest a little piece of gold down for Nell to remember she six ounces. brought a better life for ye."

Bob was confused, and seemed to feel a tear in his eye, but he caught the little hand and kissed it, while Nell, blushing, hurried away with a step like an antelope's.

Whisky Bob was a believer in luck, destiny, or whatever we may choose to call it, and more particularly, he had a strong belief in his own good luck, especially in its relations to the fair sex.

He took his rocker and put it in running order down the ridge by a little pool of water, fed by a small stream, where he could bring his dirt and wash out for half an hour, and then pack down more while the pool was filling with wa-

singing by the dry pebbles of the rivu-let, and, taking his pick, commenced digging out a ditch in the grass, about two feet wide, down stream, and took the dirt down to his rocker. He worked until sunset, only finding about six bits of coarse gold, but in his last bucket.

when washed out, he found a good solid piece of gold weighing three cunces. This encouraged him, and brightened his hopes for the future. There was gold there now found to be a fact.

In the morning he rose by daylight, and after his breakfast of fried pork and coffee, ending with the usual smoke of his pipe, he went to work again, deter-mined to work the place out for Nell's sake, if he did not make a fortune.

In a little over a mile's walking he expression of some interest. "I know it, Nell, if I could only do found a pretty valley at the mouth of the creek, where some new log houses, fences and clearings indicated Nell's home.

pretty solid, and twisted in strange

shapes, with holes in it, but not appear-

ing much worn, or in mining pariance.

to ask what his luck was, and when they

saw a very little coarse gold in his pan

they laughed at him. But Bob kept his

lumps of gold in his pocket, or buried

them beside the rock in his camp. In

this way he worked on, taking sometimes

large pieces of gold out, half as large as

Nell's little fist, and then for days very

The days and weeks passed by, but

Bob toiled on, determined to work out

his claim thoroughly. He dug down

stream, until over the edge of the flat it

became so steep no show of gold could

be found, and then dug holes and cross-

gold buried under the grass roots. But

he had worked it out; and what was bet-

He now examined and weighed his

gold, and found that he had about six

thousand dollars, mostly in heavy pieces.

This was a pretty good fortune for seven

weeks' digging, and Bob felt an uncon-

Bob had a heavy load to pack, but it was all down hill, and therefore easier

for him. He arrived at the mining store,

or trading tent, so common in the moun-

tains in olden times, where almost any-

thing could be purchased-from a paper of pins to a calico shirt and broadcloth

pautaloons. Here he rested and reno-

vated himself generally, found an old sailor who could cut and trim his long

hair and beard to reasonable proportions.

and purchased some calico shirts and

taken out his pile at the same time.

washed.

little.

"Nary one," replied Bob; never had. I toted myself and pack up this ridge to strong, beautiful arms bare to the shouljest seek my luck once more, and quit der, stood pretty Nell at the washtub, very busy in a stream of soap-suds and Kentucky jeans, singing free as a bird. Bob put down his pack and walked in, but Nell's quick ear heard, and as she would bring ye fresh luck, and ye might turned and saw him her cheeks flushed

"What? Bob, is that you conte at last? -in store clothes, too!" said she glancing with bright eyes at the young man,

and with poorly disguised pleasure. "Certain sure, Nell; you said I might come.

"Yes, Bob; but how about the whisky?

"Nel!, I havn't touched a drop since yon saw me; if I have they may shoot me. And what's more, don't mean to - if

"An' Bob, did I bring luck to yer' Was there gold up thar?

"Nell, thar's six thousand dollars and more, rolled in them blankets thar, I owe to your pretty self, or I'm a nigger. And, Nell, just look here," and Bob took from the breast of his shirt a package carefully wrapped in paper, which had rested on the bow of Nell's blue ribbon he had found, and which she plainly of gold, in the shape of a spread eagle

"Nell, you said I might bring yer specimen from my pile, and here 'tis. 'Yes, Bob, but what gal's bit of ribbon is that yer so keerful about?" said Nell, with a loving look, but turning her face from him mischievously. and stirring the soap-suds.

"That ere," replied he, "broke loose from the har of an angel that met me on the mountains, yonder, and said some kind words to a dead-broke man, that gave him new life, and what's more brought good luck and a pile of gold to whose cheeks turned red.

OV.

encourages him to do right, and that's what ye've done for me. Ye see, Nell, I've never had any folks of my own blood I've never had any folks of my own blood to keer for me; I went into a ship's increased, etc. The weight of the balcabin as 'prentice boy from an orphan asylum. That ere gold came to me by luck from you, and if ye'd only take it weight.

with something else-" "With what, Bob?" but Nell still kept

edging still closer to her. "Well, Nell, if I must make the riffle, jest take Bob with the dust and make heard-it-here-and-there, and was him a happy man for the rest of his life. too lazy to forget."

tells everybody that you have a heart to feel for the woes of others; and when charitable people go around with a 'paper" to get money to help the widow shoes. Thus, in Dorsetshire and other and eight children, you will not have to give anything! Is not sympathy better than gold, especially to a lonely widow with eight children to support? Nobody will expect you to give anything. They will all remember how you gashed at the funeral, and when you tell the "paper" carrier that you have just paid some bills and parted with every cent of your available cash, and express your grief that it has "happened so," put his hand into his pocket and give you a quarter.

Not long ago a young man of our own acquaintance married a spinster twice his age, and cross-eyed in the bargain. When asked why he did so, he made this reply :

"Why, she cried so when my mother was buried, and seemed so much cut up that I knew she must have a heart worth winning."

So, you see, that gushing can do a great deal for the gusher.

A NEW BALANCE FOR TESTING WEIGHTS. -Herr von Krasper recently exhibited before the Buda-Pesth Academy a new balance designed for use by Hungarian officials in the inspection of weights. The prism-shaped steel bed, on which the middle knife-edge rests, is easily drawn out with the finger from the swallow tair-shaped rollers between which it is passed in the body of the balance. The beam can thus be easily removed. and replaced. Each weighing scale hangs on a conical point, and the stopping and raising arrange-ment is continued in a horizontal frame. Great accuracy in the readings is obtained by substituting for the pointer an optical arrangement on the beam, consisting of two achromatic glass prisms, which render parallel the rays from opposite directions and send him, and he kept the thing as a charm to lighten his thoughts when he felt down-balance. At the two sides of the balance hearted," and Bob went closer to Nell, two scales are set (but on the walls of the room) ; the images of these scales move "Yes, Bob," said she, "but ain't that talk kind of airy? Angels don't flit other in opposite directions, and so the Next he went and rolled away the rock where Nell had been sitting and the talk kind of airy? Angels don't flit other in opposite directions, and so the corresponding divisions can be read off. "Yes, Nell, that's so; but any woman's an angel to a man that's going wrong, who, in the loving kindness of her heart

> "With what, Bob?" but Nell still kept her face turned away, while he was paradox of how it was possible for a lazy man to attain so muck education, an-swered, "I didn't-attain it; I-just-

kind of a shoe, in which he led her cause you show so much sympathy! It to his home. If she had never been married before, the shoe was made of wool ; if a widow, it was of rush.

Many augeries are still gathered from parts, girls use their shoes as a means of divining who their future husbands are to be. At night on going to bed, a girl places her shoes at right angles to one another in the form of a T, repeating the

following rhyme : Hopig this right my frue love to see I place my shoes in the form of a T.

Among the various charms in which the shoe has been found highly efficayour grief that it has "happened so," cious, may be mentioned one practiced if he is a man with a soul he will believe in the north of England, where the peasyon, and he will feel as if he ought to antry, to cure cramp, are in the habit of laying their shoes across to avert it. Mrs. Latham in her "West Sussex Superstitions," published in the "Folk Lore Record" (1. 39,) tells us of an old wo-

man who was at a complete loss to understand why her rheumatism "was so uncommon bad, for she had put her shoes in the form of a cross every night by the side of her bed, ever since she felt the first twinge." A cure for ague, in the same county, consists in wearing a leaf

tansy in the shoe. Scott, too, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft," tells us how "he that receiveth a mischance will consider whether he put not on his shirt the wrong side outward, or his left shoe on his right foot." An old writer, speaking of the customs of

Jews, says: "Some of them observe, in dressing themselves in the morning, to put on the right stocking and right shoe first, without tying it; then afterwards to put on the left, and so return to the right; that so they may begin and end with the right side, which they account to be the most fortunate." In Sussex, to put on the left shoe before the right is considered an infallible sign of evil to come, and a Suffolk doggerel respecting the "wear of shoes" teaches us the following :

Trip at the loe: live to see woe; Wear at the side: live to be a bride; Wear at the ball : live to spend all; Wear at the heel : live to save a deal.

Curious to say, the shoe has even entered into the superstitions associated with death. According to an Arvan tradition, the greater part of the way from the land of the living to that of death

lay through morasses and vast moors overgrown with furze and thorns. That the dead might not pass over them barefoot, a pair of shoes was laid with them in the grave.

Among the causes of salt rheum are the excessive use of salt-as the name indicates and of strong acids, with the use of poor scaps, with too much alkali in them, which irritates the skin, appear-ing on the hands, etc. It is highly probable that some of the victims of this eruption use too much soap on their

hands, simply, and wet them too often. If the skin seems dry and hard, apply glycerein or sweet oil at night.

"Swans sing befor, they die." They have to, if they sing at all.

NIGHT AIR .- An extraordinary fallacy is the aread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter. An unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt anyone. This is not to say that light is not necessary for recovery. In great cities night air is often the best and purest air to be had in

twenty-four hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities

on consumption and climate has told me that the air in London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room with outside air if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut; a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within. But the fewer passages there are in a hospital the bet-ter.- Florence Nightingale.

A simple but delicate way of prepar-ing potatoes is a favorite breakfast dish in the West Indies: Two pounds of peeled potatoes are washed and grated ; four ounces each are added of sugar and butter melted, one teaspoonful each of salt and pepper mixed well together, placed in a baking dish, and put into a brisk oven until done and shows a delicate brown color. Another mode of preparing potatoes by the French, after the potatoes are boiled in their jackets, is to peel and mash them with a fork; put them into a stewpan with some butter and salt, moistened through with cream, and let them grow dry while stirring them over the fire; add more cream, and continue adding for nearly mense amount of luck. an hour; turn them into a dish, and brown them on the top with a salamauder.

S. B. RUGOLES, in his book on American resources, says that there are 400,000,000 acres of land north and west of the Ohio river, on which of them that has not just sold his 4,800,000,000 bushels of wheat mine for \$2,000,000, and is in despair will be grown annually.

THE latest visionary business scheme comes from London. It consists of a proposition to insure merchants against loss from bad debts, and is advocated in the London Daily News. Its advocate claims that the guaranteed certainty of payment of all goods sold at the expiration of credit would enable a merchant to extend his buying and selling operations with great confidence, and at a minimum of profit, with a resulting benefit to both producers and consumers.

As exchange says: Robert Colver preached last Sunday on "The Man Who Lied for His Party," and the next day seventeen pew-holders sent in their resignation. Noting the above the Inter-Ocean thinks that Dr. Colyer had better return to his old flock in Chicago. New Yorkers are too sensitive for his honest way of talking.

An Eastern paper says: "Mr. Longfellow can take a worthless sheet of paper and by writing a poem on it make it worth \$50. That's genius. Mr. Vanderbilt can write fewer words on a similar sheet, and make it worth \$50,000,000. That's capital." And we might add, an im-

"GATH" reports that the big, white-whiskered bar-keeper at the Fifth Avenue Hotel said one night: "Look around this room. You see 300 men in it. Well, there ain't ene because he has not asked four.