"Sweetheart!" "My love!"

"Why do you tremble?"

"From fear." "Pet, fear not! I have braved the

tion's rage a thousand times, yet I have not a sear. The thousand and first time will leave me as I am now." And Signor Foscarelli, the great lion-

tamer, placed his arm around the girl's waist. I do not know that it is strange a lien-tamer should make love in a manmer just like any one else. Be that as it may, Signor Foscarelli drew the girl that he loved toward him, and kissed her just as any other lover might have done.

"And, as I have escaped a thousand times," he added, "I take it for granted that I can venture as many more times, and still not be maimed or slain."

The woman that Foscarelli loved spoke with a tremor in her voice. "I cannot view it so," she said. "Your

profession seems to me like drawing at a lottery. There are many blanks, but somewhere in the wheel there is a fatal number. You have performed a thousand times. As yet you have not drawn the fatal number, yet your chances of doing so are fearfully increased; there may be but one more ticket in the wheel; there may be a hundred. Grant that there is a thousand. A thousand against a thousand is one against one. Now do you not see how strong the possibility of that fatal number being near you is !"
Signor Foscarelli coughed and stam-

mered. The argument that had been offered was conclusive. He could not controvert it. But when the woman he loved burst into tears he found his

"Darling," he whispered soothingly, "I have faith to believe that in my case the fatal number is beyond two thousand, I shall cease to be a lion-tamer before it is reached. And for you and me there shall be long years of love and happi-"Would that I could believe it," she

murmured. "You may believe it, my love. And, in test time, I shall remind you that I was

no false prophet.' She dried her tears; she became more cheerful; she seized Signor Foscarelli's

hand; she smiled in his face.
"Promise me," she cried, "that when this year is ended you will be no more a live in hope. Refuse me that promise

"Let me see," interrupted Signor Foscarelli. "I think with what I can save | immediately. this year that I will be worth \$10,000 at the end of it. With that we can try love

"And whether we are worth it or not we can," cried the woman Signor Fos-earelli leved. "There are a thousand vocations for you, in none of which you need peril your life. Refuse me that promise, I repeat, my darling, and you break my heart. "I promise," said Signor Foscarelli,

gravely. Yes a lion tamer makes love like other

CHAPTER II.

m

Only on the bills was the lion-tamer's name Foscarelli. It was, in fact, plain John Foster. He was not ashamed of his name, but "Signor Foscarelli" auited the proprietors of the establishments that he was to be seen ments that he was wont to travel with better than the simple patronymic. As for John Foster himself, it was a matter of indifference to him. He was just as willing to be known to the great crowd that clapped its hands and yelled itself deaf in admiration for him, as Signor Foscarelli as by another title.

It was on a dark night early in the Boston, for instance. The streets were pear. But he very quiet and unlighted, save by an oc-drove it away. nal lamp at a corner, the rays of which would only extend for a short distanes. Not long before, however, the streets had echoed to the tread of a multitude of people for "Lipman's Great Eastern (upon second thought I beg to state that 'Oriental' was the word used instead of Equescuriculum' had given performance that evening. But all the multitude had vanished, and John Foster's tread was the only sound that disturbed the quiet of the street. The other performers had proceeded him to their known them. hotal, but he, for some reason, had lingered where the pavilion, that had fallen as by the hand of magic, had stood. John Peater had remained for a time by the ring of saw dust that on the morrow would be all that was left to remind the boys thronging around it that Lipman's G. E. O. had come and gone, and then started to walk to his hotel.

As he was walking hastily along, and, while he was near a ismp-post, he met a man, a stranger to him. The man stopped square before him.
"Are you Signor Foscarell?" he in-

quired. 'I am sometimes known by that title, John Foster said.

"Yes," said the stranger. "Hum! I have been to your hotel inquiring for I started in this direction knowing that I would meet you. I have just a few words to say to you.' He paused for a moment and then

"My name is Peter Gwyn, of the State

John Foster. Again there was a moment's pause broken by the lion-tamer saying: 'If you have anything to say, Mr.

Gwyn, pray proceed. "Hum, yes," said the stranger. Sig nor Foscarelli, you are a brave man

You see I saw you perform to-night," "Is that all you wish to say?" said John Foster, coolly.

"No. I repeal, Signor Foscarelli, you are a brave man, but you will be killed,

I have nothing against you, Signor Fosearelli, but if you are to be killed by your lions I desire to see it. Pray don't think hard of me. If it is to be there will be no harm in my seeing it."

The man vanished in the darkness. To John Foster there came in his dreams that night a face with dark eyes, thin lips and white teeth, the face of the

saying: "You will be killed, and I will see your death."

CHAPTER III.

It was a month later. During the passing month John Foster had periled his life half a hundred times, coming out unscathed.

A tremendous audience was gathered in the pavilion of Lipman's Oriental Equescurriculum, drawn there princi-pally by the fame of Signor Foscarelli's performance. The jests of the clown, the vaulting of the acrobat, the contortions of the boneless man, the antics of the trick horse, all became things of the past for that occasion. Last of all was to come the entrance of the lion-tamer into the cage of monsters.

Signor Foscarelli appeared. He bowed to the audience, smiled, and then entered the place where no other man of all that throng could have gone and lived to tell

of his daring. The nineteenth century boasts of its civilization. But some way or other I am reminded of the gladatorial days of Rome as I write of John Foster. The blood of the sacrifice seems as sweet to the people now as it was then. O tempora! O mores!

The man went through with his performance successfully, the audience hanging breathlessly upon his actions. His beasts obeyed him as well as usual. Signor Foscarelli, as I have said, went through his performance successfully; he was about ready to retire from the cage. Slowly he stepped backward. Suddenly there was a suppressed roar. In an instant the man saw his peril. The eyes of his largest animal were flashing fire, and his great red tongue had dropped out. There was a spring, and simultaneously a cry of fear from the audience.

But the lion tamer was not slain. had kept his presence of mind, and his motions were quicker than those of the angry beast. The great iron door of the cage closed with a crash between him and the lion, and he was safe. Still he had left his sleeve inside, and there was an ugly scratch on his arm-an ugly scratch, no more.

John Foster bowed and smiled again. Then in a moment his tall, athletic figure had disappeared from the sight of the multitude.

His escape had occurred during the afternoon performance. That evening, after he had eaten his so pper, he came out of the dining room into the office of lion-tamer. Promise me that, and I shall the hotel. Standing by the desk of the closely shaven face, white teeth, and thin lips. John Foster recognized him

"Good evening, Signor Foscarelli," he

"Good evening," said John Foster, "I understand that you have had a

narrow escape," said Peter Gwyn.
"Now, if I had been in the pavilion this afternoon, you would have been killed, no doubt. I am to be in at the death, however, so you were spared. Are you aware that I have seen you perform several times during the last month? You see, I am a man of means, and it's my whim to follow you around in this

"I don't know anything about your movements, sir," said John Foster, an-"Neither do I care to. You are too cold-blooded to suit me."

"I shall see you perform again toheat whatever.

John Foster turned on his heel and walked away. His countenance betrayed nothing, but he felt his heart sink. He had expected, at any rate, that the lions would be harder to manage than usual. He felt that the presence of this man would unnerve him. Before his vision rose the face of the woman he loved, and traveling season that John Foster was she was weeping. Was his doom staring walking rapidly along the street of a him in the face? The thought suggested town, a hundred of which would not make | itself to him that he might refuse to appear. But he shut his teeth hard and

> "I am no coward, Mr. Peter Gwyn, he muttered, as though speaking to the man who seemed to be his foe. "Your silly twaddle shall not frighten me from my business.

But that very thought was proof that John Foster was affected. And he, brave man as ever lived, was strangely so. However, for some reason, why, John Foster never knew, Peter Gwya was not present that night, and the animals were as docile and obedient as he had ever

CHAPTER IV.

And still the man continued to peril his life for the amusement of the public. He did not inform the woman he loved of the destiny that had been tracking him in the shape of Peter Gwyn. The most frequent advice, by far, that she sent was to be very careful. And he, for her sake,

But the end of trouble had not yet come. One balmy night in June that largest brute took a notion to once more display his temper. In the bills he was advertised as the "Emperor Nero," but John Foster called him "Jim jams," which shows the difference in the tastes of a manager and liou-tamer, in the selection of names for animals.

John Foster saw the indications of the brute's rising anger sooner this time than before, but he was not so close to the door of the cage. He fixed his eyes on Jim-jams, and, without the tremor of a nerve, began slowly to retreat, ever keeping his back to the door. Slowly, of New York, and am of sound mind." slowly he moved. Still he held the ani-"I do not doubt it, Mr. Gwyn," said mal beneath his will. A moment more slowly he moved. Still he held the ani-

But, inexplicably, his will lost its influence on the beast. Again the suppressed roar; again the spring. At the same instant there was a sharp, quick report. The remaining lions roared in wild rage, but Jim-jams fell in the agonies of death. Again, however, the iron door closed between John Foster and danger. He had been prepared and had saved himself.

Yet afterward the fact was realized by him that had the lion sprung with as litin my sensations. Mark my prophecy. him, and he had made two narrow es-

As John Foster left the pavilion he encountered Peter Gwyn.

"Rum, Signor Foscarelli," said that erson, his white te th glowing between his thin lips, "I intended to be here sooner, but I was delayed. You have had another-

stranger, and a voice rang in his ears, John Foster. "Fiend, devil, you need not hunt me to the death.'

Probably John Foster would not have said so much, had he not been excited by his encounter.

CHAPTER V.

The lion-tamer knew that Peter Gwyn was in the audience. He had seen the man enter, as it chanced, and it had seemed to him then an ominous token. But there would be no failure to fill out the programme of the evening on that

Peter Gwyn got a seat as close to the cage of performing lions as possible, and, while the clown jested, the acrobat tum-bled, and the knights of the sawdust galloped around, he sat still, evidently un-interested. At last, however, the performance of the evening was at hand. There was a flourish of the orehestra, some lively strains, and then all was silent as the watch of death. John

Foster was in the lion's cage.

The proprietor of the "Grand Oriental Equescurriculum" had considered himself especially lucky that on the very day succeeding that on which "Emperor Nero" perished he had received notice from his agent in New York of the reception of a lion of unusual strength and size. He ordered the animal sent to him immediately. John Foster had been training him for a few weeks, and now he had been performing for one. He was known to the gaping crowds as "Casar the Conqueror;" to John Foster

as "Jim-jams." To the lion-tamer, as he entered that eage of dangerous beasts, all things about him seemed unreal. The bright blaze of the lamps might be the wierd light of an the lions, huge monsters; Mr. Peter Gwyn, Satan himself.

This part of my story is soon told. John Foster was in no mood to handle lions. From the very first the tide was against him. The latest addition became unruly. John Foster's state of apathy continued. Once more the spring of the lion was made.

This time John Foster fell through the through.

Meantime Mr. Peter Gwyn had moved closer to the cage. At the mohand, looking in with eager eyes. With a loud roar the raging beast sprang upon

John Foster became free from his apathetic condition. He leaped to his feet and seized a whip from the hand of a paralyzed attendant close at hand. With flerce courage he attacked the lion. He struck terriffic blows on the head of the struck

Well, there are inexplicable things all around us. In two minutes Casar was conquered and caged. I cannot explain how, nor why the indomitable will of

singular part of my story, perhaps, is to he having no known relatives, to Signor Foscarelli, the great lion-tamer, provided he should survive him. John Foster went no more into deadly

peril. I dare say he and the woman whom he night," said Peter Gwyn, displaying no loved are as happy as the majority of such mortals.

Birds of the Coast Range.

It is hard to realize myself in California. Looking one way, I might easily think a cypress swamp in Louisiana my hospice; looking another, any Eastern Carolina to the Adirondacks. Of course a minute glance detects differences at once, but the general impession is about the same one would gather from a wild bit of wet woodland in the hills of any the Atlantic State. Always on the lookout for my friends, the birds, I see that a fellow!" stranger would scarcely notice the difference between California and the Catskills in this respect. The scream of woodpeckers, the short whistle of the plumed quail-knightly birds!-the loud click and chatter of a blazing, bee-like hummer, would excite his question; but one hears here the same kind of melody, and recognizes the songs of old friends in a new brogue, as is to be expected of consins living on this side of the big continent. Among these low bushes, for instance, a fluch is bobbing about, and chirping in a metallic man ner that is perfectly familiar; and from another bush comes a joy ous roundelay telling me at once that it is a song-sparrow that is the performer. The blackbirds, nestling in the willows so well moated by the sluggish creek, carol above their streasures in just the happy-go-lucky strain one hears in an Ohio "swale," but, improving on it, have converted the old cheery roundelay into the sharp jingling of an armful of small sleigh-bells. Chickadees and wrens squeak and chatter at you, the solemn wail of the dove comes from the dark cliff, the coarse scream of the jay (here bluer and with more swagger than at home), and a pretty prattle of many a warbler, all suggest, if they do not precisely tally with, the familiar bird-notes of Eastern woods swamps. I have heard it said that the birds in California do not sing. It is a wicked libel. They are more musical, on the while, I believe, than those of the Atlantic coast, and richer melody was never heard than drops from their happy throats during all these sunshiny May days. - Ernest Ingersolt, in Harper's Magazine for January.

The Duke of Newcastle was at Washfashionable church. soon. The Duke waited as long as he Jack's shoulder. thought was proper, and then returned to his hotel, disgusted with the way and I will see your death. I feel that I the warning as previously he must have churches were run in this blasted counhave done a great thing in saving John.
will, I do not feel that I can be deceived been slain. Circumstances had favored try. He related the incident to some acchurches were run in this blasted counquaintances, and it got into the newssent him an apology. This raises the question whether he would have received an apology if he had not been a duke. Probably not, and it is quite as probable that if the sexton had known who he was anything to make me like them. I want he wouldn't have been invited to wait to go away."

The doctor considered a moment. He erally but carefully. "Thank heaven that you were," cried awhile in the vestibule,

THE TWO JOHNS.

Sometimes it is a pity to have two Johns in the same house, and sometimes it isn't. If they agree, and all others agree with them, well and good. But thing of. suppose that one of these Johns is gay, "Would and pretty, and petted, and the other is ngly, and sad and neglected. And suppose that the happy John laughs at the other, and doesn't care much about him, and that the sad John grows savage, and thinks that he would like to punch the eyes of John No. 1, and spoil his fine clothes for him. Lastly, suppose that No. 1 is called Johnnie and No. 2 Jack, and that they are cousins, and live with their grandmother and aunts, and one solemn old uncle. Then, I think, you will agree that the two had best be

There they were, howev r, at Grandmother Parker's in a fine house just out of the city, and neither of them had any parents or home besides.

One day Jack feit unusually bad. There had been company at the house, and all had praised rosy-cheeked John, and no one had noticed sallow-faced He swallowed down his dinner bushes, wept and sobbed all by himself. He had a mind to run away and never come back again; but he didn't know by any stretch of imagination. But if where to run to. It would only be out we burn a dead body to ashes we do, or of the frying-pan into the fire, he knew.

Then his anger came up, and he wished that he could get hold of John and put him into the brook and drown enchanted world, so unreal did it appear; him. He grew quite savage over it, and vowed to himself that if he could only get his cousin into the water, he would see that he stayed in it. Then he fell to side. Indeed, we have never heard of pure tea can be traced the germs of many crying; for if John was out of the way, what good would it do Jack? Nobody would like him any better, particularly if they knew what he had done or wished to do.

startled by a lond splash in the stream This time John Foster ich through above him; and a faint, gurgling sound door held open for his leap and rolled above him; and a faint, gurgling sound might be preserved for a certain time afanderneath the cage. It was not that was hardly a cry. He started up might be preserved for a certain time afand quickly enough, and the huge and listened a moment, but heard noteter death, lest it might be wanted for a certain time afform of the beast of prey forced itself ing. Then he ran down to the brook the channel. What was it he saw there, floating toward him? What but the pret | the popular belief in the resurrection of ment of the catastrophe he was near at ty jacket, newer and nicer than his, which had made him angry that morn- thize with the late Home Secretary, who, ing, and the little white hands and face and the yellow-curling locks of his rival,

Johnnie, the favorite.

Jack never stopped to be glad that his wish was coming to pass; he only threw off his jacket in a twinkling, gave a loud important forms than the burial certifiery for help, and ran wading into the cate, which, to Sir Richard Cross, seems water. Fortunately, though there was a an essential element in the constitution beast. Cosar the Conqueror crouched. deep and narrow channel just there, the More and more flercely John Foster rest of the water was so spread out that difficult to believe in the resurrection it didn't reach much above his waist. He waded in, his ears ringing, his heart in digested, than to one reduced to ashes in his mouth, reached the edge of the swift, a funeral pyre. black channel, and stretched out his arms to catch the exhausted little form

John Foster tamed a monster whose tongue was wet with blood.

And Peter Gwyn was dead. The most almost pulled him into the hurrying water. H caught a curl of hair, the colcome. Beter Gwyn left a will, and in lar of the jacket, the arm; he held for that will be bequeathed all his wealth, dear life and pulled. And after a minute, he drew his cousin into shallow water, and toward the shore. And just as he reached land, his uncle came running down the bank, having heard the call for help and from a distance seen the two boys in the water.

Johnnie was carried home and the doctor sent for, and poor Jack stood shivering in his wet clothes till the half drowned boy opened his eyes. Then the

doctor saw him. "Why isn't something done for this boy?" he exclaimed. He was one of poor Jack's few friends. "He will have a mountain scene is duplicated from North fever. How di t he get so wet? Was he in the water, too?"

At that Johnnie lifted his head from the pillow, round which the whole family were clustered, and cried out: "He ran in to pull me out. I would

have been drowned but for him, dear old And he put his arms out to Jack and burst into tears.

"Come here." So Jack went, and wet as he was, Johnnie hugged and kissed him, and told him he was sorry, and that he never would be cross to dear Jack again, no never!

You see Johnnie was not a bad boy, after all, only a little spoiled. Then Uncle Tom, and Aunt Jane, and Grandmother Parker and Aunt Susan began to cry again. They had already

eried over Johnnie. And Jack was whisked off, and put into dry clothes, and some hot herb tea was given him, and they all made much of him. But some way it made him feel worse for he thought it was, after all, but be cause he had saved Johnnie. They didn't like him for himself, he knew. So he

thought it all over, and made up his

mind to run away just the same as if they hadn't all kissed and praised him that day. Just as he had settled what he would do, and was sitting very sadly alone in the sitting-room by himself that evening, all the others being in Johnnie's chamber, where the doctor was making his second call, the door opened, and the

doctor himself put his head in. "And how are you?" he asked, coming in.

"Pretty well, thank you," said Jack, soberly. He always said pretty well, no matter how sick he might be.

"If you are pretty well, what are you looking so pale and solemu about?" asked the doctor, coming in and shutting the door behind him.

Jack never knew how it came about;

but before he knew it he was telling this ington last Sunday, and attended a kind doctor all his troubles, and even fashionable church. When he asked for how he was determined to run away; and how he was determined to run away; and a seat the sextor told him to wait in the the doctor was listening, with one of vestibule and he would attend to him Jack's hands in his and his arm round

"But they will like you now," he said, when the boy's story was finished. "You are very brave, and your cousin is sorry papers. The trustees of the church he ever treated you ill. Can't you be were very much excited about it and content to stay?"

"No, sir!" Jack said, firmly. "It would be the same thing over again. And if I have done something great to make them like me, they haven't done

was a bachelor, and meant to stay

and he had a kind old sister to keep his pleasant house for him. He was well off, and he was fond of Jack, and believed that the boy might be made some-

"Would you like to come and live with me?" he asked at length. Jack looked at him in astonishment

so that he could not answer. "I see you would," the doctor said, "May I go and ask them?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, I am so glad!" cried

was allowed to go home with Doctor Ball and make him a visit. And, having gone, he never came back to stay. But he used to come over occasionally, and this where infusion and a slight knowl-Johnnie and he were the best of friends.

A Good Word for Cremation.

The London World prints the follow-

There are only three ways in which dead bodies can be disposed of-either in earth, sea or fire. There are obvious objections, on the score of good taste, without tasting it, or tasting only the to sending our dead to be torn to bits by salt tears he swallowed with it; and as fishes. It is also certain that our cemesoon as he got away from the table, teries and graveyards, with slowly dewent off into the garden and down a composing masses of animal matter, great brook, and hiding himself in the leads to the surrounding soil being poisoned by the products of putrefactiona result that cannot be considered healthy by any stretch of imagination. But if need do, injury to nobody. There is nothing unwholesome in the ashes, which may be preserved with reverent care as sacred relies, and people who prefer to burn their dead rather than let them " lie in cold destruction and rot," have both sense and science on their anything like a good argument against cremation, save one. It is stated by a Belgian statesman, who holds that, if we burn dead bodies, we lessen the while he was thinking this he was thinking the was but surely it would be possible to devise means whereby, while the body was analysis. We do not share the terror of which was a little river, and looked up those bishops who, like Dr. Wordsworth think that cremation may tamper with the body; nor can we affect to sympa when cremation was once bruited in his presence, is said to have asked with horror: "But, then, what shall we do for burial certificates?" The world can and has gone on after the sacrifice of more

sweet are the Uses of Adversity.

of society; and it ought not to be more

of a body which a shark has eaten and

The Detroit Free Press publishes the following:

A boy of 12 stood leaning against a fence on Duffield street, hat pulled down, feet crossed, and his right hand going up occasionally to wipe his nose,

"No."

"Going to run away?" "I dunno. I've just been licked."

Who dun it?" "Dad."

"Did your ma ask him to?" "Yes. She told him I had been achiag for it more than a month.'

through hurting." "Why?" "Why? Haven't I got three dollars

saved up to buy pap and marm Christ-mas presents, and if I can get 'em to whale me before Christmas won't I spend every cent of the money on myself. How much you got?" 'Two dollars.'

"Bully! You are all right. You've. been licked, and they won't expect even a stick of gum from their pounded son. I'll go home and slam the baby around and steal sugar and kick the cat and sass mother, and if I can get willoped tonight I'll meet you here to-morrow, and we'll pool in and buy more pistols and scalping knives and red candy and nuts and raisins than you ever saw before! Yip! Peel me down, dear father-hang my hide on the fence, mother darling!"

Struck a Paradise.

About forty miles from Green Bay on a highway blazed through the woods, and no house within seven miles of the spot, a Boston pine man met a family in a one-horse wagon with a ragged cover, and drawn by a horse so thin that the grinding of his ribs could be plainly

"Stranger!' called the immigrant, "are there are any lightening rod agents in this section?"

"Guess not." "Any insurance men?"

'Any book agents?"

"No.

"Any sewing machine fellers?" "Havn't seen any."

you'r not tyin,' are you?"

"Any temperance reformers?" "No. "Any marriage associations or divorce

courts? "Not any." "Any politics, horse-races, lawyers or doctors?

"I think not, this is a new township, and I don't think it has a single settier yet." "Stranger," continued the immigrant,

Oh, no. "Then, whos, Lyourcus," called the man at the reign. "This is the place I am lookin' fur! Unload the children, cook stove and get ready to squat! If

get. Stock the farm to the fullest extent with safety. Raise all the food possible, straw, hay, grain, fodder, then feed lib-

A Cup of Tea.

The word "pure," as applied to teas from Japan and China, appears to be as necessary to their sale as the omission of the same word is to Indian teas, from the simple fact that tea can only be tea-as if it is not tea ergo it is something else, and should be sold under another name. and delight, and blushed and choked up The cause need not be sought for, as it is simply due to the simplicity of a too confiding public. The middleman and retail dealer unite in full force and the sapient housewife, who would instanter reject "olemargarine" or "butterine," The end of the matter was that Jack for butter, will most meekly accept a mixture of willow or other leaves, highly faced with copperas, indigo or highly faced with copperas, indigo or Prussian blue, as pure green tea, and edge of the tea leaf would frequently place all in a position to test the purity for themselves. Further check is at hand in a sediment presenting an appearance like its adulterant. From most countries complaints are frequent that 'pure tea" is unprocurable at any price. Still pure tea is manufactured, but how much of it reaches the consumer of China and Japan tess as such is a question. By the time it has passed from the bush to the factory, thence to middlemen and grocer, and finally into the cup of the confiding drinker, its original identity would puzzle its manufacturer to determine its class, certainly as regards Indian teas, whose frequent "mixings" and transformations often destroy all traces of their origin. The adulteration of teas has been dilated upon ad nauseaum, but a further attempt by one whose experience has awakened his interest may not now be amiss. In a country where dyspeptic and neryous complaints are so common their import is enhanced by the fact that to im-

such maladies, though popular delusion ascribes them to more remote causes. From two distinguished professors we have the following statement on the uses and properties of tea: ('Medicinal Plants' by Professors Bentley and Timen.) "The principal use of ten is to form an agreenble, slightly stimulating, soothing and refreshing beverage," etc., and further:
"It was formerly believed that tea, from the theine it contained, bad the effect of diminishing the waste of the body, and, as any substance that does this necessarily saves food, it was regarded as indi-rectly nutritive." Contrary opinions are advanced by equally reliable authority tending to show that tea, by acting as a respiratory excitant, is conducive to bodily waste and both opinions are open to credence. From the gluten contained in tea, its value as a putritive is also prominently advanced, while as a nervine stimulant tea may be taken with effect in cases of headache, neuralgia or other affections sequent upon the effects of exhaustion or the depression of nervine power. Its effects are said to be similar to those of quinia in cases of intermittent favers, asthma, whooping cough or other spasmodic complaints. But these attributes essentially refer to tea, and not to any other fabrication under its name. Tea has its votaries, but it also has its enemies, who ascribe the increase in nervous diseases to the constant and increasing use of tea; but investigations may tend to show that this is due not to the tea itself but to the poisonous adulterants when along came another anatomy about his size and asked:

"Sick?"

"No."

"Any of the family sick?"

with which it is compounded. No class of men in India drink tea more persisten.ly than do the planters themselves, yet no nervous or dyspeptic diseases predominate among Indian planters as a class. But Indian planters as a class. But, then, they only drink tea, and no plan-ter, or even his coolie, would unmixed drink teas such as those of the class known as "Oolong," and certainly not of that known and openly sold as "colored." Planters are usually very careful as to the teas they use, and will select from the lower class known as "Sou-"Say," said the new arrival, "you are in luck. I'm trying my best to get dad to whale me. I'd give fifty cents if he had tanned ne this noon and it was all being almost the refuse. This is no penurious economy, as every planter can drink all the tea ne requires, and in most factories also yearly supply a few pounds to his friends. Few planters will drink tea which has been recently manufactured, and generally make during each season a supply of what is termed "drinking te ," which, by special fermentation, becomes drinkable months before teas of ordinary commercial manufacture could be imbibed with comfort. The nearest approach to the class of teas known as "Oolong" is the species technically termed "Namoonah" (Hindostance), in the Indian tree districts, an unfermented "panned" tea. Its value as a mixing agent with weaker China teas is great, and its price high, but as its production is more expensive, the results are frequently problematical, and it is only in solitary cases that it is man-ufactured. No planter would drink this tea from choice, as it would simply "blow his head off," or unnerve him completely, and yet it is a fact that teas of this description are the most sought after as a beverage in the United States by rich admirers of "Oolong," "Gun-powder," "Caper," etc. Personal experiments recently made have convinced the writer that these teas when drank alone are positively nauseous, and that a little goes a long way. Here, then, is a case where to the use of pure tea may be laid a series of dyspeptic and nervous disorders.—[Philadelphia Press.

A PRETTY STORY ABOUT THE MESSAGE. -According to the Boston Journal, this was the way in which the President had his message put in print and yet kept it from the public until the proper time. About two weeks ago he sent for Mr. Rounds, public printer, and gave him part of the MS., enjoining upon him the utmost secrecy. Mr. Rounds set up the matter himself, assisted by Capt. Brian, foreman, and Mr. Taylor's chief clerk. The rest of the MS. when ready was given by Mr. Rounds in very short "takes" to a few trusty compositors. Mr. Rounds read the proofs himself and made the corrections, and kept all the proofs, galleys and MS., when not in use, locked up in a burglar proof safe. As a result not a line leaked out, and even the "guessers" were so far baffled that when Mr. Rounds was visiting the Sally Ann, and I'll get out the bed and President to carry proofs and get copy, they imagined that the President was this ain't next door to heaven, it's about going to remove him and had sent for as near as our family will probably ever him to tell him so, and they made a serious announcement to that effect.

> The notorious French illustrated weekly newspaper, La Vie Parisienne, has been seized on account of its immorality.