

SOME DAY OF DAYS.

Some day, some day of days, threading the sweet With idle, heedless pace, Unlooking for such grace, I shall behold your face! Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

THE IDEAL CREMATORY.

How Cremation Will Be Robbed of All Its Objectionable Features.

It is not a disagreeable journey on which we now propose to take our readers. It is to witness the final disposition of a friend's remains in the ideal crematory of the future—science having already perfected the mechanical appliances necessary in conducting it in the way we describe.

Our friend has died, and, through the usual announcements, we learn that the last rites will be performed in the columbarium at a given hour. Repairing thither at the appointed time, we first pass through a grove of stately trees, the soothing murmurs of whose rustling leaves brings peace and quiet into the hearts of those who mourn and gather to pay the last tribute.

To this place loving hands have borne the body of our friend. No coffin lends its horror to the journey from this earthly home to here, where eternal sleep awaits him. A flower-strewn bier gives poetic carriage for this short and final journey. Entering the broad portal, the soft deep notes of an organ charm the ear. The eye takes in a most imposing sight. The entire interior of the building is an impressive room, with walls, floor, ceiling, all of white and spotless marble.

Our Secret of Mormon Success.

The great success of Mormon missionaries abroad is owing to the fact that they offer poor people land. These lands are really furnished by our government under the homestead law. But the Mormons do a splendid business offering these lands to converts. The poor people come to our shores, get the land from our government through Mormon agencies, and they reimburse the church for the trouble of converting them by paying tithes.

Hair-Cutting and Child Nature.

The banging of a girl's hair changes the whole nature of the little wretch, and she becomes as agun that is loaded. You take a picture of "Evangeline," and bang her hair, and she would look as though a would "run at" people. How would she? Van Cott, the alleged female preacher, look with her hair banged? It is just the same with boys. You take a nice, pious, Sunday-school boy, who can repeat 300 verses in the new testament, and cut his hair with a clipper, and he looks like Tug Wilson.

BRAIN-WORKERS' DRINKS.

A Boston Bartender Tells of the Various Liquids Most Affected by a Number of Notable Men.

"Nelson" in St. Paul Pioneer Press. I asked a bartender the other day what were the peculiarities and favorite drinks of some of his patrons of note. He had quite recently been employed in one of the largest drinking establishments in New York, and replied that every man usually had a favorite drink which he generally called for upon ranging alongside the bar.

"Here is Oscar Wilde, for instance," he said. "He is very popular among the gay 'boys' of Gotham, and can drink most of them under the table and give them their choice of the liquor. He is one of the longest-headed drinkers I know of—the result, I think, of his calm, even temperament. Nothing disturbs him. He likes everything, although he shows a partiality to Vermouth cocktails. Champagne is also a great favorite with him. He does not care for Mumm's or Delbeck, however, the former not being 'dry' enough and the latter too 'dry.'"

Steele Mackaye is sharp, quick and decisive in his manners and drinks great quantities of the best beer to get fat. He doesn't get fat, however, and never will. I have seen him drink fifteen glasses of beer at one sitting and not turn a hair. When the number gets up into the twenties he grows excited and talks ferociously. He is not at all averse to fancy drinks of all kinds, especially to gin fizzes and whisky cocktails. He smokes 25 cent cigars when his friends are kind enough to give them to him. Edgar Fawcett, the poet and playwright, is the opposite of Oscar Wilde. He is far from being a scientific imbibor. His principal bad habit is to mix his drinks. Whisky and water is generally called for by him. He is also partial to sherry and bitters, but will drink almost anything. He has a great admiration for Oscar Wilde's poetry, and when excited by sherry and bitters raves over it. Fawcett was Leg-fellow's pet before his death. He is also a smoker. Cazarum, the well-known adapter of French plays, is a lively little Frenchman, the possessor of a very red nose, which he has spent mints of money and years of time in coloring. He has very bright eyes, dresses in black, and talks rapidly when excited. He is particularly heavy on cordials, especially kimmel. Absinthe he also likes. He is a pretty heavy drinker, and will drink anything. He delights to stop and talk before disposing of the contents of his glass. A cigar or cigarette is always between his lips.

Leander Richardson, the correspondent and adaptor of plays, is very fond of beer and is gradually building out a Dutch front. He drinks immense quantities of beer when sitting up all night to write a letter. At the bar he names Santa Cruz sour, gin fizzes, claret punches, and champagne cocktails as his "pizen." A good cigar, either mild or strong, suits him. Lawrence Barrett is rarely, if ever, seen in a saloon, and I doubt if he drinks anything stronger than wine, and that only semi-occasionally with intimate friends. Richard Mansfield, the actor, takes champagne with his meals to whet his appetite. George Riddle, the reader, likes wines of all kinds, but prefers sherry and claret.

How He Got Even.

A good story is told of the well known engineer, William A. Sweet, of Syracuse. Casually meeting a prominent lawyer one day, a brief conversation ensued, in the course of which Mr. Sweet happened to ask "the judge" what he thought of some question they were discussing, without really meaning to ask legal advice in the usual way. Soon afterward Mr. Sweet received a bill from the judge "for legal advice," \$1,000, which he paid promptly without a word of complaint.

Time passed on, and one day the judge, who was also heavily interested in salt manufacture, needed some mechanical advice about machinery which was not running satisfactorily, and asked Mr. Sweet to look at the machines and tell him what was needed. Mr. Sweet looked them over for two or three hours, and indicated the cause of the trouble. When he went home he promptly made a bill out against the judge for "mechanical advice," \$1,500, and the bill was duly paid, furnishing probably one of the few instances on record in which mechanics ever got ahead of the law.

Why Drivers Turn to the Right.

[Henry Grady in Atlanta Constitution.] Major W. H. Smyth gives me the following origin of the American custom of turning to the right on the road: Our ancestors drove oxen as a usual thing. In driving an ox team the driver walks on the left of the team, so that he can handle the goad or whip with his right hand. In meeting a wagon each driver would turn to the right, so that he could be between his own oxen and those of the other wagon.

Ambushing the Professional.

[Philadelphia Call.] A couple of pickpockets followed a gentleman for some blocks with a view of availing themselves of the first opportunity to relieve him of his purse. He suddenly turned into a lawyer's office. "What shall we do now?" asked one. "Wait for the lawyer," said the other.

The Irrepressible Book Agent.

[Boston Journal.] There was a great commotion on Washington street the other afternoon. The mass of snow which had been held by the frost immovable upon the roof of a high building, relaxed by the sudden thaw, began to slide and fell in a white and smothering cascade upon the crowded sidewalk. By leaping wildly into the middle of the street and doling into the doors of convenient shops nearly everybody escaped the avalanche, but one unfortunate man was caught by it and completely buried from sight. Immediately the people who had avoided a share in his misfortunes rushed to his assistance. One man groped into the snow and caught him by the leg; another got a purchase on his arm, and others gripping him by the clothing and body in due time he was brought to his feet again.

He presented a sorrowful spectacle, however. His hat looked like a half-inflated concertina, his coat was torn and his collar hung only by the button on the back of his shirt, and wherever he disclosed a lodging place for the snow in his raiment or person there the chilling element had established itself. He was apparently lifeless also, and a great crowd collected, with every manifestation of sympathy. The stranger soon revived, he sighed and opened his eyes, the flush of life returned to his ashen cheek. He saw the concourse about him and smiled, opening his mouth to speak, and as the people crowded around to hear him, said: "Ah—h! that was a narrow escape for me. The perils of winter, even in this temperate zone, are indeed fearful. But how much more terrible are they in the frozen regions of the pole! I have here"—and he opened a satchel which had survived the shock—"the new book describing the sufferings and details of the De Long party, for which I am taking subscriptions, and which I should be pleased to sell you at"—but here somebody yelled that another snowslide was coming, and the crowd vanished like smoke.

Books the Death of Conversation.

[Boston Transcript.] We are deluged with books that are born and fret their hour upon the counter and then are heard no more. Books—not account books, but books of no account. Books catalogued in the commonplace. Every one takes his turn at a novel or a drama, and society is the loser by it; for what might pass current in a spontaneous way for cleverness, when saved up and dealt out in book formula, loses ground and proves itself not worth the saving.

People are niggardly of being bright, clever and witty in society because they are saving up for the coming book that shall surely yet be written, and that every one is supposed to be writing. All the bon mots are carefully tucked away; nothing is given out of itself. Every story has a price in the book market, and the rapid consequence of all this is that in general society conversation has ceased to exist. People no longer meet to converse. Life is too absorbing. Quiet groups in pleasant parlors have passed away. A larger scale of entertainment interrupts all this. Parties are the only wear—very crushy, very rapid, very much alike, unless a deliberate stand is taken by some wearied soul and a form of entertainment is fixed upon, and in such case one is invited to be the privileged guest at the unending of the statue of—i. e., Mr. M.'s MS., twenty foolscap pages, read by the author; or, it may be Mrs.—'s blank verse, or somebody will strain forth Browning.

Society has little spontaneity since the whole world turned author, and publishers have taken from it what they cannot pay back.

Tree-Planting in England.

[Boston Courier.] While our forests are disappearing before the woodman's ax and the sawmill, there is no such diminution of the number of trees in England. This is owing to the perseverance of the landed class in tree-planting. One family alone, that of the dukes of Athole, has in a hundred years planted scores of millions of trees. The "planter duke," who commenced operations in 1774, planted 27,000,000 trees, covering 15,000 acres, principally upon the Dunken Hills and in their neighborhood. The present duke of Athole plants from 600,000 to 1,000,000 trees every year. The terrible storm which destroyed the Tay bridge blew down 80,000 of the duke's trees; but the loss was hardly noticeable. Millions of trees have been planted on Nantucket island, but unfortunately most of them died. Visitors to Nantucket will remember a few narrow belts of stunted pines here and there on the downs in the interior of the island, which represent the total outcome of this most laudable enterprise.

The Magnitude of India.

[Philadelphia Press.] Few people are aware of the magnitude of India, or comprehend that it contains some 50,000,000 more people than all Europe west of the Vistula. Fewer still know that it contains sixty-two cities with a population of more than 50,000 people, and twenty-two cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants. Below the limit of 50,000 the towns become much more numerous, and there are hundreds with populations above 20,000. The majority of the latter are quite unknown to Europeans, an active magistrate or two excepted; and there is no book in English which gives the slightest account of their organization or of the life and people in them. I yet many of them have histories of 2,000 years, and in all flourish families which think themselves noble, and have long pedigrees and stirring tales to narrate.

England's Sporting Land.

[Exchange.] In England there is more land lying idle in sporting grounds, game preserves and landlords' parks, than the whole kingdom of Belgium, which supports in happiness and prosperity 6,000,000 people, and sends large food exports to London. An income of \$170,000,000 a year is received by 8,142 landlords as rent on 46,500,000 acres of land.

HYPOCHONDRIA.

The Mysterious Element in the Mind that Arouses Vague Apprehensions—What Actually Causes It.

The narrative below by a prominent scientist touches a subject of universal importance. Few people are free from the mysterious evil which hypochondria brings. They come at all times and are fed by the very flame which they themselves start. They are a dread of coming derangement caused by present disorder and bring about more suicides than any other one thing. Their first approach should be carefully guarded.

It is seldom I appear in print and I should not do so now did I not believe myself in possession of truths, the revelation of which will prove of incalculable value to many who may see these lines. Mine has been a trying experience. For many years I was conscious of a wisp of nerve tone. My mind seemed sluggish and I felt a certain falling off in my natural condition of intellectual acuteness, activity and vigor. I presume this is the same way in which an innumerable number of other people feel, who like myself are physically below par, but like thousands of others I paid no attention to these annoying troubles, attributing them to overwork and resorting to a glass of beer or a milk punch which would for the time invigorate and relieve my weariness.

After while the stimulants commenced to disagree with my stomach, my weariness increased and I was compelled to resort to other means to find relief. If a physician is suffering he invariably calls another physician to prescribe for him, as he cannot see himself as he sees others; so I called a physician and he advised me to try a little chemical food, or a bottle of hypophosphates. I took two or three bottles of the chemical food with no apparent benefit. My lassitude and indisposition seemed to increase, my food distressed me. I suffered from neuralgic pains in different parts of my body, my muscles became sore, my bowels were constipated, and my prospects for recovery were not very flattering. I stated my case to another physician, and he advised me to take five to ten drops of Magendie's solution of morphine, two or three times a day, for the weakness and distress in my stomach, and a blue pill every other night to relieve the constipation. The morphine produced such a deadly nausea that I could not take it, and the blue pill failed to relieve my constipation.

In this condition I passed nearly a year, wholly unfit for business while the effort to think was irksome and painful. My blood became impoverished, and I suffered from incapacity with an appalling sense of misery and general apprehension of coming evil. I passed sleepless nights and was troubled with irregular action of the heart, a constantly feverish condition and the most excruciating tortures in my stomach, living for those days on rice water and gruel, and, indeed, the digestive functions seemed to be entirely destroyed.

It was natural while in this condition I should become hypochondriacal and fearful suggestions of self-destruction occasionally presented themselves. I experienced an insatiable desire for sleep, but on retiring would lie awake for a long time tormented with troubled reflections, and when at last I did fall into an uneasy slumber of short duration, it was disturbed by horrid dreams. In this condition I determined to take a trip to Europe, but in spite of all the attentions of physicians and change of scene and climate, I did not improve and so returned home with no earthly hope of ever again being able to leave the house.

Among the numerous friends that called on me was one who had been afflicted somewhat similarly to myself, but who had been restored to perfect health. Upon his earnest recommendation I began the same treatment he had employed, but with little hope of being benefited. At first I expected, if any relief, except that it did not distress my stomach or other remedies or even food had done. I continued its use, however, and after the third bottle could see a marked change for the better, and now after the fifteenth bottle I am happy to state that I am again able to attend to my professional duties. I sleep well, nothing distresses me that I eat, I go from day to day without a feeling of weariness or pain; indeed, I am a well man, and wholly through the influence of H. H. Warner & Co.'s Tippecanoe. I consider this remedy as taking the highest possible rank in the treatment of all diseases marked by debility, loss of appetite, and all other symptoms of stomach and digestive disorders. It is overwhelmingly superior to the tonics, bitters, and dyspepsia cures of the day, and is certain to be so acknowledged by the public universally. Thousands of people to-day are going to premature graves with these serious diseases, that I have above described, and to all such I would say: "Do not let your good judgment be governed by your prejudices, but give the above-named remedy a fair and patient trial, and I believe you will not only be rewarded by a perfect restoration to health, but you will also be convinced that the medical profession does not possess all the knowledge that is embraced in medical science."

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