

## WE SHALL KNOW ALL.

[Owen Meredith.]

Whom we first love, you know, we seldom wed.  
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not  
The thing we planned it out. Our hope was  
dead.  
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.  
Much must be borne which it is hard to bear;  
Much given away which it was sweet to keep.  
God help us all! who need, indeed, His care  
And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves His sheep.  
My little boy begins to babble now  
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.  
He has his father's eager eyes I know.  
And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.  
But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,  
And I can feel his light breath come and go,  
I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!)  
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been \* \* \* ah, what I  
dare not think!  
We all are changed, God judges for us best.  
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,  
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.  
But blame us women not, if some appear  
Too cold at times, and some too gay and  
light.  
Some griefs gnaw deep; some woes are hard  
to bear.  
Who knows the past! and who can judge  
us right!

Ah, were we judged by what we might have  
been,  
And not by what we are, too apt to fall!  
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between  
These thoughts and me. In Heaven we  
shall know all!

## THE DONKEY BOYS OF CAIRO.

The Drolliest Street Gamins in the  
World—The Brutes' Noted Names.

[Cairo Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.]  
Cairo would not be Cairo without its  
donkeys and donkey boys. They are a  
unique institution.

These Arab donkey boys know a smat-  
tering of the principal European lan-  
guages, and can tell instantly in what  
tongue to address you. Not only are  
they thus keen, but they are also the  
drolliest and most humorous street gamins  
I have ever seen. They are great at  
pantomime, and you cannot forbear  
laughing at their good-humored antics.  
The donkeys are exceedingly small, but  
gentle and long-suffering. The majority  
of them are much abused, and bear  
around on their bodies the marks of the  
merciless donkey boys. "Mine berry  
good donkey, sar," said one. "Mine  
name Yankee Doodle, sar," said an-  
other, keener even than the rest. Then  
the others took up the keynote,  
and "Gen. Grant," "Mrs. Langtry,"  
and other similar celebrities were at my  
disposal. Had I been French, it would  
have been "monsieur" instead of  
"sar" and the donkeys would have  
been named "Napoleon," "Waterloo,"  
etc.

I did not make any bargain before-  
hand. When I inquired at the hotel as  
to what was the proper tariff, the  
answer was: "Give the beggars—a  
great word with the English—a plastro  
or two per hour. There is no regular  
rate." Of course the boys always grum-  
ble and demand backsheesh, whatever  
the fee bestowed, but no one minds that.  
So on this particular morning I bade the  
boy hold the opposite stirrup while I  
mounted—the stirrups are not fastened,  
but in the event of a fall the distance is  
ridiculously slight. On each donkey's  
forehead is a brass tablet with his  
number inscribed upon it.

## Pen-Picture of Oscar Wilde.

[Vanity Fair.]

Oscar, the youngest son of the late Sir  
William Wilde, archaeologist, traveler  
and queen's surgeon in Ireland, won the  
Berkeley medal in Trinity college, Dublin,  
and a scholarship. Migrating to Magdalen  
college, Oxford, he took two "firsts" and  
the "Newdigate." Then he went  
wandering in Greece, and, full of a Neo-  
Hellenic spirit, came back to invade so-  
cial London. He invented the aesthetic  
movement. He preached the doctrine of  
possible culture in external things.  
He got brilliantly laughed at, and good-  
naturedly accepted. In 1881 he pub-  
lished a somewhat startling volume of  
poems, and at once went to America to  
preach his gospel of culture.

Then, as an itinerant art apostle, he  
wandered from New York to San Fran-  
cisco, lectured to all sorts and condi-  
tions of men, produced a play and came  
back to London. Suddenly he gave up  
dado worship for dandyism, cut his long  
locks and accepted life. He is a sayer  
of smart things, and has a rare flow  
of thoroughly Irish wit, and an excellent  
notion of the advantage that may accrue  
to any man from drawing attention to  
himself anyhow. He has lived through  
much laughter, in which he has always  
joined. He has many disciples, and is  
of opinion that "imitation is the sincer-  
est form of insult." He is 28 years old,  
comes of a literary family, and is essen-  
tially modern.

## The "Luck" of Cœur d'Alene.

[Exchange.]

The "kid's fund" was established by  
the pioneers of Eagle City, M. T., for the  
endowment of the first native Cœur  
d'Alene. The fund had just reached  
the comfortable sum of 5,000 dollars  
when it was appropriated by an enter-  
prising son of the soil, whose mother  
had walked thirty-five miles, through  
snow from three to ten feet  
deep, in order to give him birth  
within the confines of Eagle. The woman  
was living with her husband—a freight-  
hand on the Northern Pacific road—in a  
cabin near the main line, when she heard  
of the premium offered for babies up at  
Eagle, and determined to secure it. When  
the husband and father reached the camp  
he was presented with the 5,000 dollars  
in dust and nuggets, with which he went  
prospecting, and, it is said, struck it  
rich. Romance still lingers about the  
mines, and Bret Harte's "Luck of  
Roaring Camp" is well nigh paralleled  
in this story from Eagle City.

## Averting the Hissing.

[Exchange.]

It is stated that John Porter, an  
engineer on the Michigan Central road,  
has been offered 47,000 dollars for his  
patent on an attachment to a steam  
cylinder which condenses the waste from  
the steam cock on starting the engine,  
thereby averting that hissing noise which  
is so disagreeable to the ear and such a  
terror to horses.

Josh Billings: I think I had rather  
trust my faith than my judgment.

## A FEW SUGGESTIONS

Thrown Out for a Fourteen-Year-Old  
Boy to Think Over.

[M. Quat's "Talk with Boys."]  
Ah, my lad! I just wish I was about  
14 years old and had the chances you  
are daily throwing away.  
What would I do?  
Why, I'd post myself. For one thing,  
I'd walk down to the depot and when a  
locomotive brought in its train and went  
off to the round-house I'd follow it and  
find out how it was made. I'd have a  
peep at every lever and crank and cog  
and wheel and rod. I'd know why and  
how steam exerted its power. I'd satisfy  
myself why that boiler mounted on  
wheels was able to pull and push.  
When I left the round-house I'd go to a  
factory and overhaul a stationary engine  
and see where the two differed. Then  
I'd get hold of some railroad man and  
pump him until I was posted even as to  
the quantity of oil used to run a loco-  
motive 100 miles.

It may not be money in your pocket  
to know these things, but it will be food  
for the mind. You cannot post yourself  
too much. The mind is a book in which  
there's always room for another page.

Did you ever take a common door  
lock apart? Then you do not know that a  
bit of brass spring is the hidden mystery  
which works both catch and bolt. With-  
out this insignificant trifle, costing less  
than a penny, the lock, costing from  
thirty cents to a dollar of itself, would  
be only so much old iron. You have  
opened and shut a pocket-knife  
thousands of times, but it never occurred  
to you that a spring, acting on a different  
principle, holds the blade shut or open.  
You see a paper-hanger at work, but  
you are ignorant of the fact that he must  
begin his work in one corner of the  
room by a plumb line, or he will not  
make a good job of his papering. You  
can't tell whether a horse-shoe is put on  
with six or ten nails. You never  
counted the spokes in the wheel of a  
wagon. You never counted the bricks  
which a hod-carrier can shoulder up the  
ladder. You don't know whether a cow  
has teeth in both jaws or only in one.  
You don't know that a blundering  
Detroit lad 10 years old carelessly put  
together the pattern of ice-tongs now used  
all over the country, and let a man steal  
his idea away and make a fortune out of  
it. If he had been an observing boy he  
would have seen and realized the value  
of his action. He went about picking  
up sods and stones, and when offered  
ten cents for his crude tongs he let  
them go with the feeling that he had  
made a good thing.

## The Election of Lincoln.

[Ben: Perley Poore.]

The electoral votes for president and  
vice president were counted in the hall  
of the house, on Wednesday, the 13th  
of February, 1861. The senators went  
there in procession, headed by the vice  
president, advanced up the middle aisle,  
and took seats in the area in front of the  
speaker's desk. Vice President Breckin-  
ridge took the chair of the speaker,  
while the latter sat at his right hand.  
The teller took position at the clerk's  
desk. Senator Trumbull of Illinois,  
Representative Phelps of Missouri, and  
Washington of Illinois, were the tellers;  
on their right was the clerk of the senate,  
Mr. Dickens, and on the left Mr. Forney,  
of the house.

The vice president said that, according  
to the constitution, both houses of con-  
gress had assembled in order that the  
votes might be counted and declared for  
president and vice president of the  
United States, who were to take their  
seats on the termination of the present  
term, the 4th of March, 1861. It was  
his duty to open the electoral votes, and  
he now proceeded to perform that duty.  
The votes were accordingly opened by  
states, and the separate vote of each  
state was announced by the tellers. When  
the name of South Carolina was called a  
suppressed laugh was heard from all  
parts of the house. Vice President  
Breckinridge then announced the whole  
vote to be: For Lincoln and Hamlin, 180  
votes; for Bell and Everett, 39 votes; for  
Douglass and Johnson, 12 votes. He  
therefore declared Abraham Lincoln, of  
Illinois, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine,  
to be duly elected president and vice  
president of the United States. There  
was no demonstration of any kind on  
the floor of the house or in the galleries.  
The senate then retired and the house  
adjourned.

## Wasted Wealth in Nevada.

[Virginia City Enterprise.]

During the bonanza days, when nearly  
a dozen big mills—on Six-mile and  
Seven-mile canyons—were rushing  
through the rich ores of the Comstock,  
the tailings that left the mouth of Six-  
mile canyon were allowed to run to  
waste, and spread abroad on the desert  
to the northward of the town of Sutro.  
Six-mile canyon was then filled from  
end to end with blanket-slides and all  
kinds of sulphuretted catching traps. It  
was thought that when the tailings left  
the mouth of the canyon they contained so lit-  
tle valuable material that it would not  
pay to catch them up in a reservoir, but  
the blanket slides caught only the sul-  
phurets and other heavy matter. They  
did not get the chloride; that went out  
with the slums. For some years past  
men have been delving for this wealth  
lying scattered upon the desert sands,  
and they are still gathering it in. In  
the places where they are now "mining"  
for this material, it does not show on  
the surface. The shifting sands of the  
desert have hidden it, and it is over-  
grown with sagebrush and greasewood.  
The deposits must be prospected for, but  
when found pay well for the work of col-  
lecting.

## Pacific Coast Clams.

[Hartford Post.]

Alas for the glory of Rhode Island  
clams! At a recent meeting of the  
California Academy of Sciences R. E.  
C. Stearns, Ph. D., spoke of the rapid  
increase of the soft-shelled or long-  
necked clams in the Pacific bays. Some  
Oregon clams weighing fifteen pounds,  
with necks three feet long, require three  
men to dig them. They are accessible  
at extremely low tides. Their delicate  
white meat, when boiled, cut into strips  
and fried in batter, is exceedingly good.  
Some enterprising Yankee will be intro-  
ducing these monster bivalves on the  
Atlantic coast; and then what will be-  
come of the Rhode Island clam-bakes!

## A Good Short Story.

[Detroit Free Press.]

It is impossible to give a receipt for  
the manufacture of a good story. The  
chief ingredients are handsome girls and  
young men of various grades of intelli-  
gence. As in the making of a cake, the  
way you mix them up has a good deal  
to do with the success of the story.  
About the best thing the writer can do  
is to study the stories that have been  
successful. The best short story that  
was ever written in America,  
or anywhere else, is probably T. B.  
Aldrich's "Margery Daw." A splendid  
story of an altogether different stamp  
is "A Man without a Country," by E.  
E. Hale. Frank Stockton is very good  
at a short story. "The Lady and the  
Tiger" is an example of what he can do  
in that line. Mrs. Margaret Eyttinge  
writes about as brisk and breezy a short  
story as an lady writer anywhere. Charles  
Reade was good at short stories, and  
so is Wilkie Collins. Some of James  
Payn's best stories are models.

It is a very good thing for the person  
who sets out to tell a story to have a  
story to tell.

Every newspaper and magazine is just  
yearning for some sprightly young  
writer who can tell a good story. As I  
said before, give some thought to the  
matter—don't dash it off. Place your  
incidents in the best possible manner,  
and don't let the interest drag if you  
can help it. Don't use too much time  
describing gorgeous sunsets  
nor beautiful scenery; get down to  
your work, and when you get through—  
stop. It is useless to try the effect  
of the story on your acquaintances. Those  
who like you will consider the story the  
best ever written; those who don't will  
tell their friends what nonsense it is, but  
all will tell you that it is first-rate.  
There is too little brutal candor in this  
world. Finally, my brothers, if you write  
a really good story and it is rejected, the  
loss is the paper's, not yours, for some  
other sheet will snap it up quickly  
enough.

## Wonders of "Muscle-Reading."

[Exchange.]

Mr. Stuart Cumberland, the muscle-  
reader, has had a great success in Lon-  
don, the "sanctum" of The Pall Mall Ga-  
zette being chosen as the scene of his  
experiments. Muscle-reading has not,  
as might be at first supposed, any con-  
nection with pugilism, but is a kind  
of mind-reading by touch. Mr. Cum-  
berland's theory is that any exertion of  
the mind produces a muscular contrac-  
tion, and that by taking hold of a per-  
son's hand, the muscle-reader can tell  
what he is thinking about. The crucial  
experiment made in London by Mr.  
Cumberland seems to amount to nothing  
short of an absolute demonstration of  
the truth of this theory—which is  
vouched for also by our old friend Col.  
Olcott, of the Theosophical society. Mr.  
Grant Allen thought of an object not in  
the sanctum at all, and Mr. Cumberland  
then proceeded to find it blindfolded.  
Taking Mr. Allen by the hand, he made  
a bee-line for No. 7 Northumberland  
street, and here the great moment came.  
Mr. Allen thought that he had thought  
of something at No. 7, whereas he had  
really thought of something at  
No. 6. On this being called to his  
attention in an inaudible whisper  
by the only other person who  
was in the secret, straightway Mr. Cum-  
berland pulls Mr. Allen off to No. 6.  
They enter the house, up-stairs they go.  
Mr. Allen is led by the muscle-reader to  
the drawer of a table, then round to an  
ottoman, of which he lifts the lid, and  
from it he pulls out a strange-looking  
object, a "h'n'n"—or, as we should say,  
a hunk of bread—the very hunch or  
hunk given eighteen years ago to the  
amateur casual of The Pall Mall, Mr.  
Greenwood, for supper in Lambeth  
work-house. It is needless to say that  
it was of this very hunk that Mr. Allen  
had been thinking.

## The Bostonian's Voice.

[Boston Cor. Philadelphia Times.]

The very tone of a Bostonian's voice  
has a gentle, dog-eared curve, so to  
speak, that suggests frequent handling,  
a mellow turning of tones, a readiness  
to go on or turn back until the question  
is made quite clear to us. There is a  
detailed touch in the voice that answers  
and questions us that seems to fold  
about its words in a kind of patient,  
loving naturalness and to close about  
the spirit of the listener in a subtle en-  
couragement to the ideal value he has  
somewhere placed upon himself. The Bos-  
tonian listens as well as he talks. His  
interrogation is perfectly sincere. He  
means you should bring your facts and  
theories to the front. If he sounds the  
"personal note" in himself he rings your  
own out with quite as beneficent impar-  
tiality. Emerson is said to have been  
an almost too good listener. He listened  
to your smallest fact with an expectant  
attention that shriveled your conscious-  
ness into nothing. But one of Emerson's  
most potent charms, is the sense of room  
that he seems to offer to the humblest—  
not only the sense of room, but that he  
causes us to feel that he has given us  
almost of his very identity—so gracious,  
so impartial in his view and sympathy.

## After Their Retirement.

[Chicago Herald.]

Gen. Grant's recent difficulties have  
encouraged a newspaper correspondent  
to inquire into the lives of the various  
presidents after their retirement from  
office. Washington, he finds, went to  
Mount Vernon and raised tobacco, and  
Jefferson, Madison and Monroe followed  
his example at their homes; John Adams  
returned to Quincy and raised corn and  
cabbages; Jackson returned to the Her-  
mitage; Van Buren went to his Kinder-  
hook farm; Polk died a few months  
after returning to Tennessee; Fillmore re-  
entered his old law office at Buffalo;  
Buchanan pursued agriculture at Wheat-  
lands; Hayes lives on his Ohio farm.

## Malicious Miltiades.

"Look at that doggie with the long  
nose!" said young Miltiades at the  
menagerie. "What's that called?"  
"That," replied his mother, "is an  
ant-eater."  
"An ant-eater," he repeated thought-  
fully. "Then I wish they'd feed him  
on Uncle Jack's wife, 'cause she didn't  
give me any birthday present."

Peck's Sun: Deception, my son, is the  
twin brother to fraud, and the stepping-  
stone to theft. Be positive, firm and  
honest.

## LEFT HAND WRITING.

Teaching Ambidextrous Penmanship  
in Business Colleges.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

"Is ambidextrous or left hand writing  
taught much nowadays?" a reporter  
asked the principal of a leading business  
college where the study of penmanship is  
one of the great features.

"Yes," was the reply. "There is not  
an institute of penmanship in this city  
that does not devote almost as much  
time to the development of the chiro-  
graphic faculties of the left hand as to  
those of the right. Years ago I exploded  
the then prevailing notion that the action  
of the muscles that induced the forma-  
tion of script characters was natural to  
the right hand alone. In fact there is  
nothing natural in writing. Good pen-  
manship is the result of incessant prac-  
tice, in which the left hand may be  
trained with as satisfactory results as  
the right. And viewed from both an  
educational and business standpoint, the  
promulgation of ambidextrous instruc-  
tion is certainly desirable. In the first  
place it is a well-known fact that per-  
sons who train their left hand always  
become more proficient in penmanship  
with their right. And what an aid it is  
to the people who earn their living by  
the use of the pen to be able to write  
with both hands. Penman's paral-  
ysis is unknown, and if an accident  
should happen to one, the other is al-  
ways ready for duty. A great many  
clerks down town are proficient ambi-  
dextrists. When they are tired of  
writing with one hand, they change the  
pen and thus avoid the fatigue con-  
sequent upon the use of the same hand  
throughout the day. Take for instance  
Mr. E. C. Cockey, of the Western Union  
Telegraph company. With his right  
hand he is able to send a message along  
the wires, and with his left take down a  
copy of the same. Very handy, is it  
not? This prejudice against the use of  
the left hand is dying out, as it should."

Mr. H. A. Spencer, son of the founder  
of the Spencerian system of penmanship,  
was seen by the reporter ambidextrously  
writing in his study.

"Within the last four years," said he,  
"the number of pupils whom I have  
taught successfully to use the pen with  
both hands may be counted by the thou-  
sands, and may be encountered in nearly  
every part of the United States. Through  
my efforts two of the principals of public  
schools in this city have taken hold of  
the matter, with extremely gratifying  
results. No, there are no rules for the  
development of left hand writing. All  
I do is simply to instruct the pupil to  
write his signature with his right hand  
in pencil and then go over it in ink with  
his left. This is the commencement.  
Next, the signature is written without  
the aid of the penciled copy, and prac-  
ticed until a sufficient degree of perfec-  
tion has been obtained. Can I give you  
an estimate of the number of ambidex-  
trists throughout the Union? Well,  
only a few years ago I taught a class in  
Washington of 500, one in Baltimore of  
100, and one in Galveston of 200, and  
instructed several thousand children in  
the New Orleans public schools, and as  
I am only one of the many teachers en-  
gaged in the business, you may calcu-  
late accordingly."

## An Important Service to Surgery.

[Virginia (New) Enterprise.]

Lloyd L. Majors rendered an important  
service in the cause of surgery when he  
undertook, a few days ago, to break out of  
jail. In his fight with the jailers his arm  
was broken, and he died on the scaffold  
with the wounded limb in splints. Until  
Majors died the surgical profession has  
rarely had an opportunity to study the  
earliest processes of repair in fracture.  
The felon's corpse was quickly carried  
to the dissecting table, where the  
wounded arm was amputated.

The investigation was profitable. It  
exploded a false theory, one which very  
likely in practice has been attended  
with serious consequence to people  
who have suffered with  
broken bones. The immediate per-  
fect adjustment of fractures has not  
been deemed absolutely necessary to per-  
fect repair. From an examination of  
Major's arm the precious and practical  
truth has been evolved that it is unwise  
to delay the work of perfect adjustment.  
In his case a temporary union of the  
broken bone had already taken place,  
not by callous material—but by means  
of the organization of the blood which  
had been poured out about the fracture  
at the time of the injury. This dis-  
closure is of great scientific value. It  
demonstrates not only that surgery is a  
progressive science, but also that it is  
not true that the worst use to which a  
man may be put is the hanging of him.

## A Tobacco Trick.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The field hands in Kentucky and Vir-  
ginia recognize the poisonous nature of  
the weed, and when the sun is excep-  
tionally hot, or from any cause they  
have a particular disinclination to work,  
it is a common trick for them to bruise  
a leaf of tobacco and place it under their  
armpits. In an hour after doing so the  
strongest among them will be seized  
with a shuddering, his face will grow  
pale as death, his muscles refuse to act,  
and after a time he falls to the ground  
in the most horrible spasms. Of course  
in the first stages of the illness, he is  
generally excused from work by the  
overseer; but if the leaf is retained in  
position for any length of time it is  
weeks before the man is able to take up  
his old duties.

## Largest Artificial Stone.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

The largest artificial stone in the  
world is the one just finished and which  
is to form the foundation for Bartholdi's  
statue of Liberty on Bedloe's island in  
New York harbor. The stone is made  
of broken trap rock, sand, American and  
foreign cement mixed, and water.  
Twenty thousand barrels of cement were  
used. The mixture for the stone was  
emptied into the "jacket," or mold, and  
then the surplus water was squeezed out.  
The stone rapidly hardened and will now  
bear 100 tons to the square foot.

A process has been discovered by  
which artificial ivory can be made from  
the bones of sheep and goats and the  
waste of white skins.

Longfellow: Fame comes only when  
deserved, and then is inevitable as des-  
tiny, for it is destiny.

## A Most Villainous Shave.

[Japan Cor. Cornhill Magazine.]

There is no European quarter in Kioto,  
the capital of the mikados. On the night  
of our arrival we went into a barber-  
shop for a shave, and the excitement at  
our appearance increased in intensity.  
The crowd blocked up the narrow street,  
the first line flattening their noses against  
the window, and steaming it with their  
breath. Inside the shop there was a re-  
flex of the excitement. The barber him-  
self, though pale, was collected in a man-  
ner, and gave me only one gash. But  
his whole family were ranged in a group  
in the kitchen, which opened into the  
shop. The assistants stood around,  
from time to time handing un-  
necessary articles to the operator.  
The most hopeless case was the small  
boy, whose duty it was to stand by and  
hand paper, combs, brush, towel or what-  
ever might be needed by the barber. He  
stood at the elbow of the chair whilst I  
was being shaved, with his foot half a  
foot from mine, his lips slightly parted,  
and a pair of gray-brown eyes unnat-  
urally distended, fixed upon my face. I  
fancy he was in a condition of modified  
catalepsy. At any rate, he neither  
moved nor spoke whilst the barber  
rasped me.

It was the most villainous shave I ever  
suffered. A dinner-knife would have  
been for the purpose a luxurious article  
compared with the razor. I besought  
the barber to let me off, but without  
avail. It was the opportunity of a  
lifetime, and he would not  
limit its duration to any volun-  
tary act. We had brought Ito,  
our guide, with us, a necessary precau-  
tion; otherwise before we could have  
made our protests understood we might  
have had a few bald places artistically  
arranged on our heads, and perhaps our  
eyebrows shaved off in the manner of  
the Japanese. After much haranguing,  
Ito induced the man to let me go, to the  
manifest disappointment of the crowd,  
who were only consoled by seeing the  
young gentleman from Glasgow take the  
chair. Finally the barber charged one  
and eight-pence for his fiendish work,  
which, considering we had left the  
United States, seemed dear for a shave.  
The price to a native would have been  
two pence half penny at most, and he  
would, in addition, have had his ears  
and nostrils shaved and his hair brushed  
and oiled.

## Washing Out the Stomach.

[The Lancet.]

The practice of treating patients suf-  
fering from chronic dyspepsia, who re-  
sist the influence of regulated diet and  
drugs, by washing out the stomach,  
which originated some years ago in  
Vienna, has recently taken root in  
America, and has formed the subject of  
a short paper by Dr. W. B. Platt, in The  
Maryland Medical Reporter of recent  
date. We are there informed that cases  
most intractable to all other treatments  
have quickly yielded to this means. The  
principle underlying the treatment is to  
keep the stomach clean, and, as far as is  
possible, at rest, for a time sufficient to  
allow of its complete recovery. The  
operation should be performed in the  
morning, before breakfast.

A soft, red rubber tube is passed gen-  
tly down into the stomach quite to the  
pylorus; with this is connected about a  
yard of common flexible tubing and a  
glass funnel, which is held on a level  
with the patient's breast, and tepid  
water is poured slowly into the funnel  
until a sensation of fullness is experi-  
enced; the funnel is then depressed to  
the level of the waist, and the fluid al-  
lowed to syphon out. The process is re-  
peated until the water returns quite  
clear. The washing should be repeated  
every day for a week or ten days, and  
during that time the diet should be re-  
stricted to milk or a little meat; then the  
washing may be done every second or  
third day, and finally abandoned at the  
end of three weeks. The advantages  
claimed for this method are that it is  
efficacious, simple and safe, and it cer-  
tainly is worth a trial in intractable  
cases of chronic dyspepsia, a disease  
which makes its victims a burden to  
themselves and their friends, and  
hitherto has brought but little credit to  
physicians.

## English Song-Writing.

[The Athenaeum.]

Without going so far as to say that no  
man is a poet who cannot write a good  
song, it may certainly be said that no  
man can write a good song who is not a  
good poet. Heartiness and melody—the  
two requisites of a song which never can  
be dispensed with—can rarely be com-  
passed, it seems, by one and the same in-  
dividual. In both these qualities the  
Elizabethan poets stand pre-eminent,  
though even with them the melody is not  
so invariable as it might be made. Among  
the more prominent poets of our time,  
Mr. Browning, though he has heartiness  
in plenty, betrays a love of rugged con-  
sonantal effects such as would always pre-  
vent him from writing a first-rate song.  
Here, indeed, is the crowning difficulty of  
song-writing. An extreme simplicity of  
structure and of diction must be accom-  
panied by an instinctive apprehension of  
the melodic capabilities of verbal sounds  
and of what Samuel Lover, the Irish song-  
writer, called "singing" words, which is  
rare in this country, and which seems to  
belong to the Celtic rather than to the  
Saxon ear. "The song-writer," says  
Lover, "must frame his song of open  
vowels, with as few guttural or hissing  
sounds as possible, and he must be con-  
tent sometimes to sacrifice grandeur and  
vigor to the necessity of selecting singing  
words and not reading words."

## Climatic Eccentricities.

[Boston Budget.]

The very remarkable climatic eccen-  
tricities, if so they may be termed, that  
have latterly attracted attention in  
the world over, are typically exemplified  
in the last winter season about Stavangor,  
Norway, where in latitude 58 degrees,  
35 minutes, or only 1 degree south of the  
extremity of Greenland, the thermome-  
ter but once during the month of Janu-  
ary fell to the freezing point. The  
grass plots of the various gardens are  
described as having been practically as  
green as in summer. "Daisies, snow-  
drops, pansies, violets and primroses had  
their blossoms well set. Peonies had ap-  
peared above the ground, and many  
roses had thrown out vigorous shoots."

Arkansas Traveler: Money is er two  
face article. It ken be yer bes' frien' an'  
yer worst enemy.

## A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY.

A Novel Means of Livelihood in Which  
Citizens of Detroit are Engaged.

[Detroit Post and Tribune.]

There is an enterprise carried on in  
Detroit which is not generally known,  
and never appears in the statement of  
the city's varied prosperous industries.  
Its novelty is such that it has never as  
yet attained the dignity of a name.  
It is carried on when a majority  
of citizens are asleep. Those en-  
gaged in it prosper upon the  
carelessness and misfortunes of  
others. Their income defies definite pre-  
diction, but can be depended on for a  
handsome return on the capital invested.  
The few engaged in this industry might  
be termed "fighters." The pioneers in  
the business were gas-lighters. Scarcely  
one of their number, who has been en-  
gaged with the craft for any consider-  
able length of time, has failed to find  
one or more articles which afforded a  
handsome addition to his regular in-  
come. Almost every night there was a  
valuable find or two, and as a knowl-  
edge of the fact came to a few men who  
were waiting for something to turn up,  
they saw in it a golden opportunity, and  
are now laying up treasures from what  
they can find.

One of these individuals lives in Close's  
alley and is a negro. At the very peep  
of day he may be seen abroad, traveling  
at a good round space, scanning the side-  
walk and doorways, and swooping down  
on anything of sufficient value to repay  
the loss of a minute or so. There are also  
three men who travel together, their  
rounds generally beginning about mid-  
night and continuing until daylight.  
They walk abreast, taking in the side-  
walk, scanning it as they go, the center  
man carrying a bull's-eye lantern at-  
tached to the front of his coat. They  
go as rapidly as is consistent with their  
business, and nothing of value escapes  
their notice. A basket is the receptacle  
for many articles, money goes into  
their pockets, and heavier finds some-  
times necessitate the sending of a detail  
of one or two for assistance or a wagon.  
What they pick up comprises almost  
every movable commodity worn or car-  
ried upon the streets. They secure hats,  
handkerchiefs without number, coats,  
money, umbrellas, feathers of value,  
occasionally a valuable watch dropped  
by some night marauder, purses, rings,  
breastpins, canes, chains, bracelets,  
keys, letters, gloves, furs, skirts, and  
even shoes, dropped by some luckless  
adventurer. An invoice of these find-  
ings would show an immense annual  
aggregate. A plume picked up not  
long since netted eight dollars to the  
finder. A watch was quietly disposed  
of for fifty dollars, and the purchaser  
had a bargain. Much of the jewelry is  
sent to a distant market. Ready money  
is tucked away and tells no tales.

Curious finds are also made. An old  
lamp-lighter said to a reporter: "I have  
picked up two bushels of potatoes when  
they were worth a dollar and a half per  
bushel, and no one even called for the  
bags."