The Duties of Parents.

We should so live that when the summons comes to be a parent it will find us prepared. Like a thief in the night, at an hour when we think not, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, the call may come to us. Let the night-lamp, therefore, be trimmed and burning, and the alum where ye can lay hold on it at any time. But, above all, we should make ourselves conversant with those little parliamentary rules which must govern the conduct of the parent in his or her social contact with the child. A few suggestions upon what constitutes and shows good breeding in this branch of society, readily marking and contrasting the cultivated parent and distinguishing him or her from the vulgar, the snide, the plebeian, the canailles (as we say in France), the James Crow and the sans culottes parent, might not be ill-timed or inopportune

In wiping a child's nose be extremely careful to leave the nose. Some parents use so much unnecessary strength in doing this that they find when it is too late that they have wiped the nose of a pet child into space. Nothing gives more needless pain. Nothing can be more pitiful than the child's first look of sorrow and disappointment when he starts to wipe his nose and discovers that it is gone. Pause, fond parent, while the wipe is in its incipiency, and resolve that you will spare his nose. It can be of no use to you, and the loss of it will be a constant source of annoyance to the child.

Teach your child the beauty of frankness and open candor toward all. Impress upon him the beauty of being what you appear to be, and hate deception everywhere. If you will fondle him and dote on him in society and jerk him baldheaded in the seclusion of the home circle, he will readily understand what you mean. Children soon learn that if you hug their little gizzards flat while visitors are about, and then, when the home life is again resumed, you throw them down cellar and wear out a table leg on their chubby limbs, that life is real, life is earnest, and the square-toed, open, frank policy is not generally in use.

Parents should impress upon their children the beauty of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation, if they know what that is; I don't. If there should be but one piece of pie, give it to "poor sick papa." It may kill him, and after the funeral your young life will be one prolonged hallelujah and rose-tinted whoop'emup'liza'ane.

Parents should not be constantly suspicious of their children. This will inevitably breed hypocrisy and unreliability. If you fear that your son is playing pin-pool, do not break down your constitution and bring on delirium tremens hanging around the pool-tables watching all night for him. He will look upon you with distrust, and no doubt at last tell you to go and soak your head

Do not constantly tell your boy "how tall" he is—that he "grows like a weed"—and finally make him think he is a giraffe. If you keep it up you will finally make a round-shouldered, awkward, bashful bean-pole out of a mighty good-looking boy. If every tall boy in this country will agree to lick every wooden-headed man who tells him "how he does grow," I will agree to hold the coat of said tall boy. I am now dealing with a subject on which I happen to be informed. The same rule applies to girls as well. If you want to make your daughter fall over the piano and yearn to climb a tree whenever she sees anyone come toward the house, tell her "what a great swalloping tomboy she is getting to be." In this way, if parents act judiciously and in concert, we can soon have a nation of young men and women whose manners and carriage will be as beautiful and as symmetrical as the plaster cast of a sore toe.—*Bill Nye, in Denver Opinion.*

Uncertainty of the Law.

Here is another instance of the glorious uncertainty of the law. The case of the father who caught diphtheria from sucking a tube to draw out the "diphtherian matter" in his child's throat and brought an action against the doctors in consequence, has already been twice tried—the first trial ending in a disagreement, the second in a verdict for the doctors. A divisional court, yesterday, ordered a third trial, which, just to complete the fitness of the thing, will no doubt end in a verdict for the father. We will refrain, however, from prejudicing the legal aspect of the case, and will content ourselves with pointing out that a very interesting question of ethics was involved in the argument yesterday. Lord Coleridge had assumed that the paternal instinct would have made the father suck the tube in any case, and did not think, therefore, that his not having been warned of the danger made any difference. But the judges decided yesterday that the father ought to have been told of the danger and thus to have "had the alternative presented to him whether he would suck the tube or not." And this is clearly the view that most schools of ethics would take of the matter, for where was the virtue of the self-sacrifice of it was not dictated by the reason?—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Japanese Monument.

The growth of modern ideas in Japan has been significantly indicated of late in the erection by a Japanese land-owner of an imposing monument to C. D. Richardson, an Englishman, who died in 1863 during the fierce struggle against the outside Nations. Mr. Richardson was hacked to death by the guards of a Japanese nobleman, and his companions were cruelly maltreated. The affair was one of the causes of the bombardment of Kagosheema by a British squadron, in which 1,500 Japanese were killed and wounded and $5,000,000 worth of property was destroyed. Then indirectly also the murder led to the suppression of feudalism in Japan through the agitation which followed, and the monument now set up is apparently a recognition of that reform as much as of the man whom it honors. It is placed on a mound on the spot where he fell, and is inscribed with verses recording his virtues, and praying "that the thoughts of the blessings he brought us may gladden his heart in the land of the shades."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Easy Lessons in Science.

When you lie down to sleep you have your choice of doing either one of two things—you can sleep like a Christian or a fiend; but you can't do both. In the case of a Christian the act of breathing is simple; the air passes to and fro between the lungs and the limitless expanse of the universe through the channels of the nose. There is another channel through the mouth, which communicates with the lungs, and these two channels unite in a little cavity just below the Velum pendulum palati, or, as the doctors sometimes call it, the soft palate, which is attached by one end to the bone covering the roof of the mouth. This bone is bounded in front and at the sides by the alvelar arches and the gums; behind it is continuous with the soft palate, or, as it is commonly called, the Velum pendulum palati. This roof of the mouth, which is covered by a dense structure formed by the periosteum and mucus membrane of the mouth, is sometimes called the hard palate. Well, now, one end of the soft palate—if I may be allowed to use the professional name—is fast to the hard palate. The other end hangs out in infinite space, like the leg of an old lady backing out of a carriage, wildly feeling for the ground with one foot. This loose end of the soft palate is lightly and easily moved by the air as your mortal breath breezes itself along the avenue to and from the lungs. The lungs, my dear child, are your breathing things—your bellows, to speak professionally, like Prof. Sullivan, the great slugger.

Now, when a sleeping Christian breathes, he breathes through his nose alone. When the air passes through the nose it gently presses the swaying end of the palate down upon the tongue. The vibration is greatly impeded, if not entirely checked, and no sound is produced. But if you hold your mouth wide open while you sleep, so that the two currents of air pass in and out through the nose and the mouth, the soft palate is right in the path of a respiratory cyclone, it is thrown into a state of violent vibratory commotion, it flaps and flutters about like a robe de nuit on the clothesline on a raw and gusty day in March, and you snore like a policeman. According to the rapidity or slowness of the vibrations, the snore is shrill and sonorous or profoundly deep and guttural. So, if you snore, or think you do, you know now how you can easily prevent it. Put a base ball in your mouth when you lie down; or you can sit up all night and keep awake; or you can fasten your mouth shut with screws and thongs of leather; or, you may sleep out on the pathless prairie, far from any human habitation, and no one will care how much you snore.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Talking Dog.

It was a Market street restaurant. A solemn man entered, followed by his dog, seated himself and asked for the bill of fare. It was given him.

The dog meanwhile had climbed upon the chair on the other side of the table, and was gravely regarding his master.

"Well," said the solemn man, reflectively, "gimme two fried eggs, turned over."

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter gazed at the dog with amazement mingled with horror. The solemn man continued:

"Then I guess you can give me a sirloin steak, very rare, with fried potatoes."

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter's face assumed the color of cold boiled veal.

"Cup o' coffee, plenty o' milk," went on the solemn man.

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter shuddered, and turning, fled for the kitchen.

A man with a squint, at an adjoining table, was much interested in the scene. He had observed it closely, and finally spoke to the solemn man:

"It must 'a' been a fearful lot o' work to learn that dog to talk, mister."

"It was," said the solemn man.

"I should smile," said the dog

"What 'ud you take for him now," said the man with a squint.

"Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn man.

"You'd better not," said the dog.

The man with a squint was much impressed. He began making wild offers, and when he reached a thousand dollars, the solemn man relented.

"Well," said he, I can't refuse that. I hate to part with him, but you can have him."

"He'll be sorry for it," said the dog.

The man with a squint drew a check for the amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The latter was about leaving when the dog cried again:

"Never mind—I'll get even. I'll never speak again"

He never did.

The gentleman with a squint was the proprietor of a dime and freak museum on Market street.

The solemn man was a ventriloquial crook.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Vigorous Seed Corn.

It has been noticed by every farmer that corn when planted exhibits all degrees of vigor in growth, even upon soil that cannot possibly be unlike in fertility. It has been suggested that such vigor is attributable to seed itself, and that if certain precautions are taken, seed of uniform vigor may be more closely approximated to size, or weight will not determine this, but it might be possible to call in the aid of specific gravity, and thus discriminate between light and dense seed. If seed of any kind is put in brine it will be found that a greater or less quantity will not sink, but remain floating upon the surface, while the other will sink to the bottom; and it is from these last that the most vigorous plants must come. It is a most important thing in successful crop growing to have seed of uniform growing, and the great loss in grain production results from this very cause. With improved machinery, rotation of crops, better understood methods of fertilization and cultivation, if a way of obtaining more uniformly vigorous seed could be chanced upon, it is not beyond the bounds of reason to suppose that better crops can be raised in the United States than in Egypt and India with the rude, barbaric ways and implements of the centuries.—*Cleveland Herald.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Henry Ward Beecher can't save anything out of an income of nearly $100,000 a year.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Ex-United States Senator Davis, of West Virginia, used to be a brakeman on the railroad which he now nearly owns.

—The coincidence is noted that Mr. Blaine was born in Brownsville, Pa., and Mr. Logan in Brownsville, Ill.—*Chicago Herald.*

—George Augustus Sala, in his journalistic career of thirty-five years, claims to have written over 7,000 "newspaper essays."

—A twelve-year-old school-girl was lately married to an eighty-year-old physician, at Boykin, S. C., with her parents' consent.—*St. Louis Post.*

—Most of the Japanese newspapers are modeled after the English journals, but one of them reads from the bottom of the column upward.

—Mrs. Greely, the wife of the explorer, is only twenty-eight, is a small brunette of most pleasing, though now somewhat careworn, features.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A large library devoted exclusively to newspapers is to be established by the authorities of the city of Vienna. This, it is said, will be the only institution of the kind in the world.

—A correspondent of the Baltimore *American*, writing from Long Branch, says that General Grant will soon write, from a strictly impartial standpoint, an account of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

—When grieving over the number of books that are published, it will be a satisfaction to reflect upon those that are not. A single publishing house reports the rejection during the past month of one hundred and fifty manuscript works of fiction.

—Harvey Wakefield, who died recently in Colebrook, Conn., at the age of eighty-two, had a passion for saving all sorts of articles that people generally threw away. In his barn is a huge pile of newspapers, and it is said that every newspaper he had received in sixty years lies in that heap.—*Hartford Post.*

—In the year 1604 the second edition of "Hamlet" was printed, and probably revised by its author. In the same year a land suit was begun at Wetzlar, near Coblentz. This lawsuit is still going on, and the Duke of Brunswick is defendant. Perhaps Shakespeare had the spirit of prophecy when he wrote the words, "The law's delay." This is the best instance of it on record.

—Mrs. Custer, the widow of General Custer, is at the Ocean House, Swampscott, accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Calhoun. By a singular, as well as sad coincidence, both these ladies lost their husbands in the same battle with the Indians on the Yellowstone, and it is said that both received the news of their widowhood the same day and hour. Mrs. Custer rarely refers to her dreadful sorrow, and lives under it patiently and meekly.—*N. Y. Herald.*

HUMOROUS.

—"I could but love thee when I saw thy 'face,'" writes Lilla Cushman. We thought you acted rather queerly, Lilla. That is why we ran.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Several young girls have been appointed station agents in Minnesota, and engineers are keeping a sharp lookout for miss-placed switches.—*St Paul Herald.*

—A cook and housemaid had a little difficulty in the kitchen the other day, and presently matters became so quiet that you could hear a rolling-pin drop.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The girl who succeeds in forcing a young man to spend his last cent in treating her to ice-cream renders herself liable to arrest for robbing the male.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—Mabel's mother saw the little girl running from chair to table and from table to bureau and all around, looking with both eyes for something. "What's the matter, Mabel?" "Why, I've lost my fink and can't remember where I put my fimble"

—At the Rink.—

She went to the roller-skating rink,
And put the sliders on;
A strap or two about her shoe,
And then she's off and gone.
She slid, she slode, she glid, she glode,
Unheld by fear or fetter,
But at last the gentle maid was "throwed,"
And the roller-skates upset her.
—*Exchange.*

—"No," said Mrs. Briny to an inquiring stranger, "we don't have malaria here, I admit, but it's the best boarding-house on the bay shore, and my daughter Sally makes lemon pies that can't be beat 'round these parts.' When the visitor had gone, Mrs. Briny said to her daughter: "Well, Jane, I guess we'll have to lay in a stock of that malary, for all of 'em as comes here keep askin' if we've got it."—*Golden Days.*

—"Yes," said the young man to the lecture committee, "I want to deliver a temperance lecture in your town." "You don't look like a man who has had experience in drinking," remarked the chairman, suspiciously. "Have you ever been a drunkard?" "I lectured all through the South last winter, and in Florida, where I saw a swamp-snake fifty feet long, I—" "Pardon my curiosity, sir," interrupted the chairman, hastily; "when do you want the hall?"—*Graphic.*

—The wayfarer who is obliged to take "pot-luck" at all sorts of eating-houses is not the happiest of mortals. There is something wrong with the fare usually, and when the beef is not overdone it is apt to be underdone. A steak, placed before such a traveler at a hotel one day last month, was so "rare" as to be actually raw. "Waiter?" said the guest. "Yes, sah!" "Waiter, take this beef out, please, and kill it." The poor waiter crawled into a napkin-ring and disappeared.

A Finished Education.

Mrs. De Jones—Your son is in Canada, I believe.

Mrs. Von Brown—Yes, the dear boy preferred the climate. He has more time to study too.

Mrs. De Jones—He is very finely educated, I understand. Strange he ever went into a bank. Did he ever go through college?

Mrs. Von Brown—No. He went through the bank.—*The Graphic.*

Proof of Death.

If most people are afraid of anything it is of being buried alive. That cases do happen where it is very difficult even for the experienced physician to determine whether a person is really or but apparently dead without his having recourse to means while they would at once settle the dispute, would place life if it really still existed in jeopardy, may be judged from the fact that the French Academy some ten or fifteen years ago offered a prize of 40,000 francs for the discovery of some means by which even the inexperienced may at once determine whether in a given case death had ensued or not. A physician obtained the prize. He had discovered the following well-known phenomenon: If the hand of the suspected person is held toward the candle or other artificial light, with the fingers stretched, and one touching the other, and one looks through the spaces between the fingers toward the light, there appears a scarlet red color where the fingers touch each other, due to the still circulating fluid blood, as it shows itself through the transparent, not yet congested tissues; but when life is extinct this phenomenon at once ceases. The most extensive and thorough trials established the truth of this observation, and the prize was awarded to its discoverer.

When electricity, or rather its application in medicine, came in vogue, it was first thought that it would be a means of deciding whether a person was dead or not. This assumption was based upon the fact of electro-muscular contraction. But experience soon proved that for one to three hours after death has taken place, and in some cases where rigidity but slowly ensues for a still longer period, the muscles of a dead individual respond as well to the electric stimulus as those of the living being.

Dr. Max Buch now publishes in the Central, f. Neurohlkd., 2, '84, a modification of the above, and what promises to be a reliable and scientific proof of death, for thus far no scientific test existed.

While in the living the temperature of the surface over a muscle in the act of or immediately after contraction decidedly increases, this increase is utterly wanting in the dead, and even during the time (one-half to three hours) in which after death the muscle still retains its contractility. Having placed, therefore, a surface thermometer on the skin, and having waited until the temperature has continued at one and the same height for about five minutes, the muscle just below the bulb of the thermometer is made to contract by electric irritation. If, then, the column of mercury does not rapidly ascend we have the most definite and the scientific proof that life is extinct in the body; while if the temperature increases it is just as certain that there is still life. Under normal condition the skin for a considerable distance increases by several degrees in temperature if in the muscle below is caused a powerful electrical contraction; and this phenomenon is also observed in paralyzed limbs; while in the dead nerves the production of heat, as induced by motion, has forever ceased.

The method, it is true, has not yet been tested in the cataleptic case resembling death; but it is to be supposed that as long as there is the faintest trace of circulation so long will increased activity in any part of the body produce a corresponding increase of heat. Apropos, this observation leads us to another interesting fact. It is well-known that all over in nature rapid motion calls forth heat, and this is the more apparent the more friction attends to motion. Two stones or two metals rubbed together will soon induce warmth, and the Indians are said to be able to start a fire by the violent friction of two pieces of wood with each other. It is said that no law of nature knows an exception, as no amount of motion or friction will elicit the least warmth in the decomposing tissue. But that some mysterious process of heat regulation is still active within the dead body may be seen from the fact that, no matter what the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere, the surface of the body will go on decreasing its own temperature until the state of rigidity is ended and active decomposition commences.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

Milk Diet.

Milk should enter largely into the diet of children. It contains caseine, or flesh-forming material, cream and sugar, which are heat producers; mineral salts, for the bony structure; and water as a solvent for all the other materials necessary in nutrition. It should be used with discretion, however; not drunk immoderately, but taken slowly as food, after the pattern given by nature. Milk as taken is a fluid, but as soon as it meets the acid of the gastric juice, it is changed to a soft, curdy, cheese-like substance, and then must be digested, and the stomach is overtasked if too much be taken at once. A large glass of milk swallowed suddenly will form in the stomach a lump of dense, cheesy curd, which may even prove fatal to a weak stomach. Under the action of the stomach this cheesy mass will turn over and over like a heavy weight, and, as the gastric juice can only attack its surface, it digests very slowly. But this same milk, taken slowly, or with dry toast, light rolls, or soft, dry porridge, forms a porous lump through which the gastric juice can easily pass, and which breaks up every time the stomach turns it over. Milk should be slightly salted, and eaten with breadstuffs or sipped by the spoonful. Cow's milk produces less heat than human milk; a child would grow thin upon it unless a little sugar were added. Wheat flour has such an excess of heat-producing material as would fatten a child unduly, and should have cow's milk added to it to reduce its fattening power.—*Philadelphia Call*

—In Alabama is a China tree ten feet in circumference. Its top was torn away by a storm; but six feet up the trunk two more trees have taken root and grown up as high as the old tree is. Half way up the trunk of the original tree a peach tree stands out."

—An observer says most of the centenarians in America are from Ireland, though there are many among the colored people.

A Case of Like Cures Like.

An old bachelor friend of mine who lives up town has had a dreadful experience lately.

"Remark these sunken eyes," said he with a wan smile, "see this wasted visage, that flattened cheek, and this pinched nose. It's all on account of a neighbor who has got into the habit of giving summer-night parties. But I've cured her, I reckon," and he chuckled savagely.

"Summer-night parties?" I echoed, interrogatively.

"Yes; Mrs. Blank, who lives next door to mine, is a votary of fashion in a small way. But as her husband isn't wealthy enough to send her to Saratoga, she conceived the idea of making things lively in town for a while by getting up ice-cream evening parties. Ice-cream, as everybody knows, means girls, and girls mean flirtation and music, and pandemonium generally. The racket began some three weeks ago. I smoke a pipe and read or chat till bedtime, and generally go to sleep by 10:30. Well, sir, just as I would be off in the first blissful doze, there would come a tremendous racket. All of a sudden, bang! bang! would go the cheap hired piano, and some wretch who makes believe to sing tenor, or possibly a fiend in a clawhammer coat who professes to sing bass, but only succeeds in emitting a hideous series of grunts and roars, would begin the circus. The windows being open, every one on the block was treated to the infliction of a free concert. In one short week I heard the score of a dozen prime operas murdered, a raft of solos torn to shreds, and Heaven knows how many arias from the best composers rendered in a way that would make angels weep. I lost my sleep on an average of three nights a week."

"Not much. I went to Mr. Blank and told him that unless he called his wife off I was a dead man. He laughed at me; then he swore and then he ordered me out. I told him I would get square—and I did."

"How?"

"I went down town the next morning and bought of a dog fancier a canine that was warranted to howl enough to turn the edge of a razor. Oh, he was a beauty! His teeth were set back as far as his ears, and when he lay back, set up his snout and howled, you could hear him to Harlem. I chained him in the back yard, and that night there was a concert. He took his feed quietly, and I thought he was really going to sleep, but he was only saving himself for a good time later on. About 10:15, sure enough; bang! bang! pumpetty! whack! thump! squirr! ricketty! rack! br—r—r—rip! went the piano, and out on the night floated the strains of a wheezy soprano in

Some day—a—some—day—a—
Some day I—a—shall—a—meet you,

when my dog caught on. He thought it was a duet, and he did his part of the business right up to the handle. Every time the singer caught breath that dog gave a series of yelps and howls that made the windows rattle and my soles tingle. He really spoiled the effect of the song, I think, for a moment later the music stopped and somebody flung a boot, or something that sounded like it, into my back-yard. But that made him howl the louder. He got well into the kennel and lay down with his head a little on one side, nice and easy like, and there he howled so lustily that I felt I had got him cheap at the money.

"Well, he kept it up for three nights. Then old man Blank came round to my house and said he guessed there wouldn't be any more parties this summer as his wife had concluded to go to the country for a spell, and if I would call off my dog he would call off Mrs. Blank. So we called it square and now I get my night's rest. But another week of it would have made a total wreck of every soul in the block."—*N. Y. Star.*

Stealing Eagles.

A farmer named Peter Gow, in Dunwich, is in possession of several young eagles, whose eyrie is in a tall tree on his farm. Several boys in Dutton have had a hankering for these eagles for some time, but Mr. Gow said he would not part with them at any price. The boys were determined that he should, and one night this week they appeared at the foot of the tree with pikes attached to their legs, after the mode of the telegraph erectors, and a stout strap to buckle around the tree to assist in climbing. The boldest boy in the crowd climbed the tree, and when about sixty feet from the ground, just under the eagle's nest, his strap dropped and lodged where it could not be got. He was in a predicament. He could not get down without assistance, which the boys could not give. Various plans were suggested, but to no purpose. So towards morning, when the boy in the tree got tired of hanging on and was about to drop, they went to Mr. Gow's house and besought him to come out with a rope and help save the life of the youngster in the tree. The old gentleman forgot the iniquity of their act and ran to the barn, took the rope out of his hay-fork and went to the tree at a two-forty gait. The question was: How to get the rope up to the boy? After considerable cogitation the lad up in the tree was seen tearing his shirt, and the problem was solved. The shirt not being sufficient his pants were next made into strips and tied together. They reached the ground; the rope was attached to it and drawn up, and down came the lad from his precarious position as naked as when he was born. Mr. Gow provided the youngster with a pair of pants and a horse blanket to keep the musquitoes from eating him up on the way home through the swamp. These boys think stealing eagles a poor spec.—*Toronto News.*

—She looked just a bit anxious as she appeared on the wharf at the foot of Woodward avenue yesterday and asked: "Anybody jumped in here to day?" "No, ma'am." "Will you please do me a favor?" "Yes'm." "My husband has threatened to drown himself, and I don't want him to. I can't stay here and watch because I'm going on an excursion. In case he comes won't you please discourage him. He's very easy discouraged, and I can go on my trip and feel like enjoying myself." The man promised, and she went away in the best of spirits.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Modern Samaria.

The modern village is very insignificant. Josephus says that it received its name of Sebastia from Herod, in honor of Augustus. The city has been sacked and plundered times without number. Upon its extreme summit Ahab had its famous ivory palace, and this acropolis constituted the capital of the ten tribes, until they were carried captive into Assyria. The modern remains, which are the finest I have seen in the Holy Land outside of Jerusalem, only date back nominally to the time of Herod, of course, but it is doubtless true that Herod employed much of the material of former ages in creating his splendid structures; in which event the debris represents a pre-Herodian antiquity. Against the city for its idolatry Micah and Hosea launched forth the invectives of prophecy: "I will make Samaria as a heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof." "Samaria shall become desolate, for she hath rebelled against her God; they shall fall by the sword, their infants shall be dashed to pieces," etc. There have been numerous literal fulfillments of these predictions. Looking down into the valleys as we rode around the hill, we frequently discovered broken columns and building rubbish.

We rode completely around the hill, a circuit of about two miles, tracing the remains of Herod's magnificent colonnade.

There were evidently four rows of columns clear around the hill, supporting a porch above. The porch has vanished, but a great many of the massive columns are still standing. Other pillars are broken in two, lie prostrate, or are utilized in the construction of stone walls. We counted nearly 100, and Mr. Floyd says that the great majority have either been destroyed by the natives or carted away to Europe to occupy niches in museums. The level place at the extreme top of the hill was adorned by sixteen very large columns. It was doubtless in the general inclosure that the great temple of Baal stood, which was utterly destroyed by Jehu, after he had received the heads of Ahab's seventy sons in baskets at the gate of Jezreel, and mercilessly slaughtered all the priests of Baal, as recorded in the tenth chapter of the Second Kings.

It was very near Samaria that Elisha dwelt when the horses and chariot of Naaman, the Damascene leper, halted before the door of his humble home. Now, as then, leprosy holds carnival in Damascus, and is regarded as incurable as it was by the King of Israel when he rent his clothes under the impression that the audacious Naaman was a tool of Benhadad's to pick a quarrel with him. Grasping, penurious Gehazi was made to inherit the leprosy of the Syrian captain, which "should cleave unto his seed forever." Perhaps some of the modern Nablous lepers are the inheritors of this fearful legacy of Gehazi. My impression is that it was dreadfully stupid of Naaman to put confidence in the word of a native like Gehazi.

What terrible agony there must have been in Samaria during that memorable siege of the indefatigable Benhadad. After having traveled through the Orient it does not seem at all incredible to me that the people resorted to doves' dung for food, until it actually became a costly luxury (II Kings vi., 25).

Not only did Elijah and Elisha work wonders in Samaria, but even the Apostles wrought miracles and preached there. The revival which was started by Philip, who far eclipsed the witcheries exercised by Simon the Sorcerer, induced the Apostles who had remained behind in Jerusalem to re-enforce him by sending Peter and John thither. Then was the Holy Ghost given, which Simon sought to buy with money (the first impulse of an Oriental when he thinks there is no chance of getting a thing as a free gift). We were shown the ruins of an interesting cathedral, known as the Church of St. John, in which, it is claimed, the beloved disciple met his death. These ruins are architecturally interesting.—*Jerusalem Cor. N. O. Times-Democrat.*

Itch.

This is a well-known disease of the skin, inflamed and irritated, appearing in small watery pustules or vesicles, in which a small insect, a species of *acarus*, is found. It is contracted only by contact, though it may be developed by uncleanly habits, by filth of the body, as the first case must have been. It is seen between the fingers especially, and in places exposed to unusual heat or friction. It is believed by standard authors that most of such diseases result from grossness of living; or, as one says, "the absence of water, soap, flesh-brushes, and coarse towels, and by the use of fried pork, salt ham, sausages, old cheese, fried cakes, cooked burnt fats of all kinds; stimulating drinks, as hard cider, acid wines, and ardent spirits."

Of course, while prevention is best, something may be done for the removal, though much has been done in the past to drive the disease in, and actually poison the system, such as the application of lead, mercury, arsenic, turpentine, corrosive sublimate, gunpowder and whisky, gin and salts, white and red precipitate ointments, etc., etc., applied with the intention of killing something, while the escape of the patient is a marvel.

Now, it is quite certain that cleanliness will do more good and less harm than these violent poisons, such an application as soap-suds, thorough washing, and correct habits. If one can not wait and work for three or four days, and must do something fashionable or "scientific," sulphur applied externally—it need not be combined with lard, but with glycerine, or even water—will effect as much good as the poisonous irritants, and be far safer. A little—a fourth of a tablespoonful morning and night, in water—may be taken at the same time, using the soap-suds with great freedom. "Cleanliness is next to godliness." And here I may add, never drive any eruption in; never attempt to make the skin smooth by any doubtful applications.—*Dr. J. H. Hanford, in Golden Rule.*

—A well drained farm is said to improve the health of domestic animals that live upon it.