A MOOTED POINT.

Doctors Who Say That Cancers Are Not Generally Caused By Smoking.

General Grant's condition and the cause to which the cancer has been attributed have occasioned much comment among smokers of this city. Some of the more timid ones have reduced their daily allowance of cigars, and others profess to have no fears of any trouble. A *World* reporter yesterday interviewed many physicians, and they all agreed that the danger of cancer from smoking is very slight indeed, and that in only a small per centage of cases of epithelioma can the origin be clearly traced to the use of tobacco. Some physicians, in fact, say that there is really no such thing as "smokers' cancer," and one young doctor at Bellevue Hospital stopped puffing his cigarette long enough to assure the reporter that "all this talk about 'pipe-cancer' is bluff and gut." Older surgeons, however, say that, while very rare, a few cases of smoker's cancer do occur. Dr. Stephen Smith, one of the oldest surgeons at Bellevue Hospital, said that there were not probably more than a dozen cases a year of epithelioma of the lip treated at that institution. "And all of these can not be by any means attributed to smoking," he continued. "Some of the patients are women, and some of them men who do not smoke. Continued pressure and consequent irritation upon any part of the skin are apt to bring on epithelioma in those predisposed to it. The pressure of the crown-plate of a set of false teeth or the irritation caused by a broken tooth rubbing against the lip may start the trouble. Where smoking is responsible for its occurrence it will be found that long-continued pressure of the pipe-stem upon the lower lip results in the formation of a fissure or sore spot. It gradually develops into cancer, often before the sufferer knows what the trouble is. One case came to my notice recently in which the patient did not smoke, but was in the habit of carrying an unlighted cigar in his mouth."

"Did the nicotine poison his blood and thus produce a cancer?"

"No; I think it was due to the pressure of the cigar upon the lip—nothing more."

"What do you think is the smoker's best preventive of cancer?"

"To let pipes and cigars severely alone is the best plan I can suggest."

"Do the cases of cancer of the lip often result fatally?"

"No, not if taken in time. But people generally wait until it is too late before attending to it. The diseased part is cut out, but the malady recurs at intervals of a few months, and death frequently results after three or four years. The most noted case which I can recall is that of Rev. Dr. Budington, the Brooklyn clergyman. You remember, he lingered a long while, and died after a great deal of suffering and several operations had been performed. I do not think he was a smoker. The present alarm about cancer from smoking is overdone. Pressure of the cigar or pipe may be the directing cause of cancer, but it will be found that in the majority of cases there is a predisposition to the disease in the person attacked. Those afflicted with cancer of the lip do not always suffer from much pain, and I know of quite a number of instances where there was comparatively little or no suffering from the disease. Very often, perhaps in the majority of cases, epithelioma results from the degeneration of the tissues incidental to old age. There seems to be a general decay of the membrane. You will find that most of those in whom cancer appears are above fifty years old."

A *World* reporter called upon Dr. Bulkley at the Skin and Cancer Hospital in Thirty-fourth street. In response to questions he said: "I think the alarm about the disastrous consequences of tobacco smoking are much greater than the facts warrant. Cancer of the lower lip is comparatively rare, and can not always be traced to smoking, although 'pipe cancer' is a name long ago given to the disease. The effects of moderate smoking on the average man are not seen at all. In persons of average strength I consider three cigars a day the number they can generally smoke with safety, and the strongest man I ever saw could not consume more than ten a day with impunity. Pipes generally collect nicotine in the bowl or stem, which escapes to the mouth, and, coming in contact with the mucous membrane, is apt to get into the system and cause local cancers on the lips or tip of the tongue. Excessive smoking often brings on what is called 'smoker's patch.' It consists of irregular white patches, which appear on the sides of the tongue and the inside of the cheeks. This is often, although not always, preliminary to cancer. If a person stops smoking when 'smoker's patch' appears, the trouble soon yields to treatment; if not, cancer will probably set in. But, as I said, the disease is comparatively rare. Epithelioma of the lips is almost exclusively seen in males. It has been asserted by several writers that where it occurs in females it is found that they smoke. Dr. Warren, of the Massachusetts General Hospital, in Boston, reports that in his experience of forty years at that institution the whole number of cases of cancer of the lip were seventy-seven, of which only four were females. Forty-four of the men were smokers, and of the four women three admitted that they smoked pipes."

"To what extent does the disease prevail in this city?"

"Cancer from smoking is not very common in New York City. I have met with comparatively few cases. Quite possibly a dozen would cover all that I have encountered in eighteen or twenty years practice here."

"How does it manifest itself and develop?"

"It commonly comes as a fissure, abrasion or broken surface on the lips. It hardens and refuses to heal, and is covered with a darkish crust, beneath which the surface is moist and bleeding, accompanied by stinging pain. As time progresses, measured by months rather than by years, the sore spot enlarges and excessive granulations appear. Commonly a swelling of one of the glands beneath the jaw occurs. Almost all applications to such a sore are ineffective to heal it, and often only irritate it. Caustic applications but increase the growth. In early stages the patient suffers but little pain. When once the spot becomes irritated the spread of the disease is more rapid, and in its later stages often progresses very quickly. If operated on early, thoroughly and rapidly, however, cancer of the lip is entirely curable."

"What other risks does the tobacco-smoker run?"

"Aside from the liability to heart troubles, etc., which the heavy smoker incurs, I would mention two cases of blood-poisoning which recently came under my notice. They were of a most serious nature, and were occasioned by the lips of the persons coming in contact with cigars that had been made by workmen tainted with the poison. There have been numerous inventions in pipes, cigar-holders, etc., brought forward for the purpose of keeping the nicotine away from the smoker's mouth. But the trouble with all these things is that, while very good at first, they soon become worse than useless. The smoker gets careless and lets the nicotine accumulate in the stem, and then it drops into the mouth of the smoker. The only arrangement which I have ever seen which cleanses tobacco smoke of this poison is attained by passing the smoke through water, which washes out the nicotine. That is the plan of the Turkish 'hookah,' but very few Americans like that style of smoking very long. On the whole, it is safe for a man to smoke good cigars in moderation, carefully avoiding drugged and 'fixed up' preparations of tobacco, whether in cigars or cigarettes." Dr. Fordyce Barker, of No. 24 East Thirty-eighth street, did not attach much importance of the connection between smoking and cancer of the lip and tongue. "I do not meet more than three or four cases a year in my practice," he added, "and I can not say that they are due to smoking. If the diseased part is cut out thoroughly the cancer is eradicated, and does not usually return."—*N. Y. World.*

COLD FEET.

The Cause and Methods of Cure of This Unpleasant Complaint.

There are many causes, a general derangement and weakness of the body being among them. As the action of the lungs, in breathing, is the great source of the heat of the body, the oxygen of the air combining with the carbon of the food, actually being burned, as certainly as wood is in the stove, both alike producing heat, it is plain that all causes which impede the action of the lungs, just to that extent, must prevent the necessary warming of the body. I need not say, perhaps, that when the blood is not in a proper condition, not sufficiently warm, it will not circulate with its usual activity, of course not being able to reach the extremities, in consequence of which they must remain cool or cold. When, therefore, the chest is so deformed, so crippled by corsets, or otherwise, that the lungs can not be filled with air, for the purpose of meeting the blood from the heart so burning the waste matters of the body as to produce heat, it is certain that there will be less than the natural production of heat, the extremities first suffering. Such a deformity of the chest will affect the warmth of the whole body, while tight and narrow bands, worn so tightly just below the knee, instead of above, a far better place, will more especially affect the feet, since a proper supply of warm blood from the heart is not allowed to reach them. Any derangement of the stomach, in consequence of the use of improper food, any local, internal irritation, centralizing the blood, any cause which determines it to the head, as care, anxiety, excitement, mental toil, "burning the midnight oil," must drive the blood from the surface and the extremities, producing coldness of the feet.

The cure consists mainly in improving the circulation of the blood, which is "the life." The rule to "keep the feet warm (by exercise) and the head cool" (by temperance and abstemiousness) is, in the highest degree, important. This is effected by correct habits of living, by cleanliness, by friction of the surface, this being effectually done by the daily use of the flesh-brush. Large and well-fitting boots, the ease and comfort of all of our garments, etc., will favor the warmth of the feet and the coolness of the head, beside promoting health in a general way. In extreme cases, it is well to soak to the feet at night in quite warm water, to which a little salt or mustard may be added, to stimulate, this to be followed by a dash of cold water, with thorough wiping with a coarse crash, with the use of the flesh-brush. In this connection, I will say that those who are accustomed to "toast the feet in the oven" do so at their cost, each time aggravating the difficulty.

The unwise custom of carrying a "hot stone to bed" is nearly related to the former, in its unfavorable effects, since the feet should generally be made to afford their own warmth. This is done by exercise, as in brisk walking, or at night, rubbing the bottoms briskly on a rough mat, walking about the room on the toes and front part of the feet, thus bringing the blood to them, with consequent warmth. Instead of this hot brick or stone, the feeble and aged may well have a good and warm flannel blanket bag made, large enough to hold both feet, and long enough to come above the knee, wearing this till the feet are comfortable. There is nothing artificial about this arrangement, nothing to increase the coldness of the feet.—*J. H. Hanaford, in Golden Rule.*

—What strange creatures we are, to be sure! A sailor soon forgets the terrors of the sea, and ships again ere he has been ashore a month; the convict is almost certain to return to the prison from which he was released but a short time back, and the widow will marry the second time if she gets the chance, and she usually gets the chance.

"ABOU NADDARA."

A Comic Paper Printed in the Arabic Language and Designed for Circulation Throughout the Orient.

Few persons are probably aware that Egypt has its *Punch*, or satirical newspaper, respecting which I have obtained some curious particulars. Its name in Arabic is *Abou Naddara*, which may be interpreted as meaning "The man with the blue spectacles." The individual thus signified exists in the person of an Italian named Sanua, who lives in Paris, where he prints his journal in Arabic and French for surreptitious distribution in Egypt and all other countries in which the former language is spoken—indeed, in India and any other part of the world where its contents may be of sufficient interest to be translated.

The print had a curiously characteristic beginning. M. Sanua, who was a teacher of Arabic and Italian in the schools of Cairo, wrote, in 1876, some simple comedies in Arabic for the amusement of the poorest classes, and obtained the permission of the then Khedive, Ismail Pasha, to establish a small open-air theater in the gardens of Ezbekeh. Innocent as the satires were at first, they soon became the means of drawing attention to the abuses committed by the governing classes, and especially to the oppression and extortion practiced upon the poor Arabs. Fortune smiled upon the ingenious playwright, and he invested the bulk of his profits in improving his theater, hoping thereby to secure a better audience than that for which his comedies were written. Unfortunately for him, the authorities did not appreciate what he was doing for their convenience, or, possibly, they objected to paying for seats at a theater where their actions were somewhat too freely discussed. No doubt the shafts of the writer flew home. The highly popular place of amusement was soon closed by public authority, and there was an end of the theatrical speculation—but not by any means of M. Sanua.

The stage, humble as it was, had made him known to fame, and he was not slow in taking advantage of the flow of the tide. He took the name which his humble patrons had bestowed upon him, "The Man With the Blue Spectacles," and used it as the title of a weekly journal, which he immediately founded, and which was not larger than a sheet of foolscap. Its circulation ran up to fifty thousand soon after it was started, revealing the existence of what might well have been doubted to exist—namely, public opinion, and that against the ruler of Egypt and his counselors. There was only too great scope for the detector of abuses. The question of the suppression of the noxious little sheet was brought before the authorities, who, however, at first decided to let it alone. Wiser would it have been to cease to regard it as dangerous to public tranquility, for the abuses to which *Abou Naddara* directed attention were too notorious to be denied. Some highly-placed officials, however, felt themselves aggrieved, and a decree for the suppression of the journal was issued after it had been in existence for a twelve-month.

Even after the promulgation of the order of suppression, however, M. Sanua exercised his ingenuity to evade it, starting no less than six other newspapers, one after the other, with fresh titles, but with a similar object—the detection and bringing to light of abuses in the administration. All his efforts, nevertheless, were vain, and he himself, as well as his journals, was banished from the land of the Pharaohs. He then threw himself upon the hospitality of France, and immediately brought out *Abou Naddara* in a more virulent form. Not only did he attack the misdoings of officials, but he denounced the then Khedive Ismail and all his works in the most violent terms, making odious comparisons between him and his disinherited brother, the exiled Haim. M. Sanua now added point to his attacks by availing himself of the French talent for caricature. He gave pen and ink cartoons of the subjects of his diatribes. These were far behind the brilliant drawings published by his London confrere; but, being a novelty in Egypt, whither the journal found its way under cover, they formed an attraction to natives and foreigners alike. It continued to be printed in both Arabic and French.

Abou Naddara still appears, but, in consequence of the bad state of affairs, its circulation has dwindled down to 4,000. Its contents are eagerly read aloud in many a village of Egypt. Its worst feature, however, at present is the extremely hostile tone which it is adopting toward England. The caricatures as well as the letter-press are devoted partly to Mehdi-worship and partly to advocating the substitution of Prince Halim for the present Khedive. In one number Achmet Mohammed is defeating General Hicks by sheer force of brave onslaught, while in another *Abou Naddara* is introducing to the Sultan a host of despoiled Egyptians, who flock to him with their grievances against their English oppressors. Again, Bakri Bey is depicted rising, at a banquet of the chief of the Alexandria police, to drink a toast to the deliverance of the country on the day when the foreigner shall have disappeared from the land. An unfortunate group of British officers, all possessing the traditional long whiskers and prominent teeth with which the French caricaturist loves to depict Englishmen, is in the foreground. Poor Gordon is also the object of attack. M. Sanua's organ having prophesied long since that he would fall a prisoner to the victorious Mahdi.

The latest number I have seen depicts England as an unfortunate chiffonnière, with all the plagues of Egypt in her basket already, stooping to pick up that of the Soudan in addition, to the amusement of all the European powers. If the other illustrations were as much to the point, the journal would be tolerable. Its general tone however, is in the worst taste, the object being to render England ridiculous in the eyes of Orientals. M. Sanua states that it has a certaine reulation in India, where he says his articles are translated and largely quoted in the native press; but this is probably idle boasting.—*London Times.*

METERS.

And Now the Electric Meter Displays the Eccentricities of the Gas Meter.

It has hitherto been supposed that the gas meter is the most vicious and dishonest piece of machinery in existence. A machine that will swear to the consumption of, say, 2,000 feet of gas in a vacant house where no gas whatever has been burned has no conscience and no sense of the difference between right and wrong. Other articles employed in the artificial illumination of houses have been found tractable and honest. If you have six pounds of candles locked up in your house when you spend a month in the country they will not burn themselves up during your absence, and you will find them on the shelf when you return, unless, indeed, mice or Russian burglars have stolen them. So, too, a can of kerosene oil does not burn unless it is willfully brought into contact with fire, and so long as the kerosene can is left untouched in the closet it will never be guilty of consuming itself for the mere pleasure of exasperating its owner.

When the electric light was introduced people naturally supposed that it would prove to be an honest as well as a brilliant light. It was known that electric meters would be placed in houses where electricity was to be used, but no one dreamed that the electric meter would imitate the gas meters. People gave up gas and adopted the electric light in its place, remarking to the gas companies in a scornful tone: "Aha! aha!" and saying to themselves: "we shall now be charged only for the amount of light that we actually use." It will thus greatly dismay the electricity-consuming public to learn that an electric meter in use in this city is now charged with having falsely represented that $9.29 worth of electricity was used during last month in a house from which all the electric lamps had been removed for considerably more than a month. The bill, based upon the testimony of this mendacious meter, was, of course, disputed by the tenant to whom it was sent, and the dispute has brought to light the appalling fact that electric meters can not be trusted.

It would be interesting to know if the particular electric meter which made a false charge of $9.29 had ever been associated with a gas meter. If it had spent any time in a cellar in the society of a gas meter it was quite possible that it was corrupted by the vicious influence and degrading example of the latter. That the gas meter does exert a most demoralizing influence upon those who associate with it is sufficiently proved by the character of the managers of gas companies, not one of whom ever declines to profit by the false testimony of meters. Persons using the electric light can not be too careful to remove their gas meters from the cellar before introducing the electric. The probability is that the electric meter is honest when left to itself, but that it is weak and easily led away by bad companions. If, on the other hand, it should turn out that the electric meter is as inherently vicious as the gas meter the electric light will become as unpopular as gaslight, and the public will burn nothing but oil and candles.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE LANGUAGE OF THE FUTURE.

An Effort to Make Our Printed Literature Correspond With the Spoken Language.

A society has been formed in New York to reform the orthography of the English language. It is complained that our printed literature does not correspond with the spoken language; in other words, it is not phonetic. There are some forty-two primary sounds in the English language, but its alphabet contains only twenty-six letters. Some of these are silent in many words, and others have two, three, and in some cases four different sounds. A perfect phonetic language would have a sign or letter for every sound. The child now spends the better part of its school life in learning how to spell, and not one educated person in a thousand can give the orthography of every word correctly. With a true phonetic alphabet the child could learn to spell as soon as it could distinguish the sounds. Our little ones would then be saved the drudgery of learning how to satisfy the unnatural requirements of a barbarous orthography. But the impediments in the way of reform are prodigious. We have a printed literature that would at once become obsolete if our alphabet was increased to forty-two letters, each representing a single sound. Then old-fashioned philologists object to any change, because with a reformed orthography the origin and history of words might be lost. Then, if in a hundred years the English speaking race increases to a thousand million, what a world of trouble would be imposed upon myriads of school children who will be forced to commit to memory a misleading orthography. There are those who believe that the languages of modern Europe are gradually becoming assimilated, and will finally merge into a universal language. We are constantly incorporating into our spoken tongue useful words from the French, German, Italian and Spanish vocabularies, and foreign nations are also assimilating English words. Indeed, the intermingling of languages is far more rapid than is generally suspected. As a matter of fact, we know that the present English language is a composition of primary languages as distinct from each other as are the languages of the present nations of Europe. The same remark is true of the languages of Spain, France and Germany. It is quite true that philologists trace back all the languages of the Aryan race to a common origin. When the members of that race were scattered into different parts of the earth a differentiation grew up, and hence the diversity of modern tongues. Telegraph and steam transportation is helping to restore the unity of tongues of the different Aryan nationalities, and it is not an unnatural expectation that eventually the human race will have one common language. The necessity of telegraphic codes suitable for every nation will help this universalizing the speech of mankind.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

CLIMATE AND INTELLECT.

The Influence Climate Has on Intellect, and Intellect on Climate.

A great deal has been said about the effect of climate upon intellect, and not much of the effect of intellect upon climate, or, to be more exact, of the power in mental activity to resist or control climatic influences. Some philosophers have held that there is an occult sympathy between mind and matter, and that a great accumulation of mind upon one point—that is to say, the direction of a strong current of desire for or against some operation of nature—would be effective. For instance, if all the people in a wide district suffering under drought should unite in a common longing, a sincere mental struggle for rain, that nature would feel the subtle influence through all its being, rain would come. Unfortunately the experiment has never been tried, for common consent at any moment has never been attained—there is always somebody who has hay out.

But this at least we can say, that it is safer to have the desire of the general mind in the right direction. Now two of the vulgar notions of this latitude are that we need "bracing up," and that snow is a useful product, consequently that the more severe cold weather we have and the more snow, the better off we are. And people go on believing this to their deaths every year. As to snow, there is a sentimental notion of its beauty as well as of its utility. And a good deal can be said for it from an artistic point of view. But we are not placed in this stern world merely to indulge our sensuousness. We are put here to make the most of our powers, in view of a hereafter; and long life is a duty, besides being, in the Old Testament view, a reward of virtue. It is probably necessary to have snow at the poles in order to keep the poles cool, and insure a proper circulation and change of air round the globe, just as it is necessary to keep the equator so hot that it is as unpleasant to sit on it as on a kitchen-stove. Snow, indeed, might do little harm in a land where the sun never shone. But in this region, where the sun does shine, where half the winter days are clear, the only effect of the presence of snow is to fill the atmosphere with chilling moisture, lung fever, pneumonia, and that sort of thing. The pleasanter the weather, the more sunshine we have; with snow on the ground, the worse is our condition. And yet it is in vain to argue this with people. They are wedded to traditional ideas and full of prejudice, and it seems impossible to convince them that snow in this region is harmful. It does no good to demonstrate to them that but for snow we should have a royal winter climate. On a small scale we see occasionally what it might be. There were such days in January last. The snow had disappeared, the sun shone with the light, but not the heat (like an electric lamp) of May, and the air was pure, exhilarating, but not damp and grave-like. It would have been perfect but for the chill that came down from the vast snow-fields of Canada, where cold and snow are worshipped and feted all winter. And yet, after such experience, people, convinced, go back to snow. The ignorance of this scientific age is discouraging.

The other vulgar notion is that a hand-to-hand struggle with extreme cold for months does a person good—braces him up. It must be admitted that up to a certain point any struggle or trial is invigorating to the moral and intellectual nature. But we see what too much indulgence in this leads to. The Esquimaux is but little raised above the polar bear and the seal. His whole existence is just an effort to keep alive, to get blubber and skins enough to generate and keep in his body vital heat. He can think of nothing else; he has room for no other mental effort. We see the same thing in the diaries and accounts of the polar exploration fanatics. It would be the most painful reading in the world if it were not so monotonous. Each one tells exactly the same story—the story of his physical struggle to keep alive with the thermometer fifty degrees below zero. Soon the mind has no other occupation than this struggle. It almost ceases to work in any other direction. This is interesting to us at first as a study of the capacity of the human organism to resist the unrestrained attacks of nature. The experience of a person who should in this latitude, in winter, retire to an ice-house, with a hatchet and a supply of frozen hash, a whale-oil lamp, and a fur overcoat and body-bag, and sit on the ice in the darkness, and record his feelings, the gradual lowering of the vital powers, the concentration of the mind upon the numbness of his legs, would doubtless have a physiological interest. But the second experimenter would not interest his readers so much as the first with his narrative.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.*

Matrimonial Prospects.

Wilson Candless, one of the most poverty stricken young men of Galveston, applied to Colonel Richley for the hand of his daughter.

"In the first place I've sent in my application to President Cleveland for a position in one of the departments."

"Have you any other resources?" asked the prospective father-in-law.

"You bet I have. I'm seriously thinking about giving up smoking."

"Pa!" exclaimed the young lady, "that's enough for us to begin with, ain't it?"—*Texas Siftings.*

—According to an English newspaper, an officer returning from a day's shooting left his game in the custody of his dogs, whom he locked up with it while he went upon some urgent business away from home, and soon forgot both animals and game. He was detained for days, and when he returned both dogs had died of hunger, having refrained from touching the game. They had neither barked nor whined during their confinement, evidently fearing to betray the trust of their master.

—There were forty-five different kinds of pie at a dinner given recently in Greely, Col.

STRALSUND.

Characteristics of the Stone-Breaking Schleswigers.

In a region of such great prosperity and wealth we scarcely knew what to make of a cluster of hovels by the roadside within sight of the slender spires of Stralsund. They were built like gypsy huts, dug out of the hill-side and roofed with turf. A half-dozen ragged children were playing with a large dog-cart, and the great ugly beast accustomed to draw the vehicle growled from his turf kennel as we passed. Our driver, whose local pride was shocked at the sight of this wretched camp, hastened to explain that the people were nothing but Schleswigers, road-builders by trade, who were engaged to break stones to repair the *chaussee*. A little further on we came upon a score of these people at work. For fully a mile ahead of us there was a line of stone heaps along the road, and the stone-breakers were energetically hammering their way through this mass of flinty field stones. Sheltered from the sun by rude awnings of matting, young girls, bright-eyed and ruddy-cheeked, pounded away with heavy hammers on the large fragments into which the men and women broke the pieces still smaller, and piled them in regular heaps. There was something coquettish in the dress of the young girls, which was quite out of harmony with their occupation. A bright handkerchief wound turban-like around the head set off the deep brown of their faces, and gave a softness to the weather-roughened skin. A bodice of strong cloth fitted closely to the plump figure, and a short petticoat was girded closely to the legs, showing bronzed feet and ankles, well modeled and graceful, through neither small nor soft. Chatting merrily as they hammered, they were the picture of health and contentment. Their hands, somewhat protected from the rough stones by flaps of thick leather, showed to what a coarse and rude occupation their lives had been devoted, for they were as hard and knotted as those of the men, their fellow-laborers. Here was a life-work for a woman!—wielding a heavy sledge-hammer all day long, lifting and handling rough stones from the time she has eaten her black-bread and raw onions in the morning until she retires to the straw heap in the mud hut at night. Why women should be engaged in such convict labor in a country where prosperity is the rule was a problem which we were unable to solve. We found out, after a chat with them, that the Schleswigers are famous for their skill in road-building, and are sought for the country over to repair the *chaussees*. They said that a smart stone-breaker could earn forty marks a week (about ten dollars).

"If the men didn't spend all they earn in a spree every pay-day, we'd be well off," grumbled an old woman, whose face was the texture of a dried fig, and her hands all gnarled and calloused like some strange animal's claws. "It is a free life, wandering wherever work calls us, and we should be able to live at our ease in the winter but for the money that goes for schnapps."—*F. D. Millet, in Harper's Magazine.*

EGYPTIAN LOANS.

How the Khedive Manages When He Wants to Borrow Money.

An Egyptian loan of the Ismail Pasha's period generally passed through three stages. In the first, advances were required by the Treasury for current expenses. They were obtained from the banks or wholesale usurers at Cairo, who charged from twelve and one-half to twenty-five per cent. interest on them, according to the necessities of the Government. As the Treasury bonds accumulated they declined in value, and at the times of severe financial pressure, they have fallen as low as sixty-five. This was the chrysalis stage of the loan, generally distinguished as the "floating debt" period. The second stage opened with the negotiations in Paris and London for "funding the floating debt," as it was humorously called. The financiers, while they were driving the hardest bargain they could with Ismail's agents, bought up in Cairo the depreciated Treasury bonds, which they knew, of course, would be paid off if the intended new raid on investors should succeed. To minimize risk and simplify matters, it was sometimes stipulated that the Treasury bonds should be received as cash in payment of subscriptions. As compared with the innocent bona fide subscriber, the syndicate had, in the third stage of the transaction, various material advantages. If the price to the public was ninety-three, the syndicate would have secured beforehand an option to take all it wanted at, say, eighty-eight. While the public paid their ninety-three in cash, the syndicate would pay their eighty-eight in paper purchased at sixty-five. When the loan was a success, the syndicate behind the scenes could quietly increase their subscriptions, and compel the public to buy in the open market at an artificial premium. In other words, they could fleece the lenders with one hand and the spendthrift borrower with the other. Under this pleasant system, Ismail Pasha borrowed, between 1862 and 1873, rather more than £68,000,000—fully as much as the total revenue of Egypt in the same period. But, as has been said, he received only some £45,000,000 in hard cash; and when he defaulted in 1875 there had been repaid in interest more than £35,000,000. Meanwhile the capital of the debt had increased to £72,000,000.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

—No machine of travel that man ever invented can equal the speed of wild fowl. The canvas-back duck flies two miles a minute. The broad bill goes slightly slower. Teal can fly at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, the wild goose about ninety.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Field-Marshal Von Moltke has just published an historical sketch of Poland, in which he holds that Poland might have continued free had she not clung to serfdom.—*Chicago Current.*

—Philadelphia has three millionaire newspaper men.