UNDER-NUTRITION.

A State of the System Frequently Produced by Over-Eating.

It should be carefully borne in mind that no food can possibly nourish the body which is not digested, turned to blood, then to the tissues of the body. The digestive powers, like any organ, or the body as a whole, may become so debilitated, their vitality so exhausted, so crippled, as not to be able to perform their usual functions, their labors being but partly performed, often not more than one-tenth done. In such a case, of necessity, the system can be but one-tenth nourished, as a legitimate result. Under such circumstances the foolish, or the uninstructed in such matters, resort to various projects to sharpen the flagging appetite, take all sorts of humbug nostrums, the supposed "tonics" and "invigorators," all of which may excite, stimulate, whip the powers into a seeming activity, producing a false, apparent appetite, the gratification of which adds no real nourishment to the system, but exhausts its vitality, to be followed by debility, aggravated dyspepsia, or, in popular parlance, "nervous prostration," another name for the "piggishness" of an eccentric author. Such victims of the quacks are told that they are starving—practically true—and that while taking *their* nostrums they "may eat what they please," well knowing that there are many who demand just this license, those to whom eating is the great business of life, their most important enjoyment. (Some affect to believe that there is no *body*, no physical laws, with no digestive powers to be outraged by gluttony. A very pleasing doctrine to this class, favoring sensualism, but they will find that there is a stomach to assert its rights, soon to torture them with the pangs of dyspepsia.) Such will learn, in due time, that the stomach demands rest, that it can not, will not, toil all of the time, will not long attempt to dispose of the most indigestible foods, will not allow itself to be forced by excitants and "appetizers" at will, but that it will cease to perform its required toils, compelling its oppressor to subsist on a very small allowance, on the little which can be digested under such circumstances, the rest fermenting, decaying in the stomach, causing no little disturbance and suffering. Such will be compelled to learn that the stomach has a given capacity, that it is subject to the general laws of the body, and that to be long nourished the most successfully a moderate amount of food must be taken, that adapted to the circumstances. They must learn that a small amount of food, thoroughly digested, will better sustain the body than five times the quantity but one-fifth digested, the putrifying mass, unappropriated, causing "blood-poisoning."

It is indeed fortunate that dyspepties and general invalids can be nourished by the extracts of food, such as do not demand digestion, do not tax the stomach, still affording all needed nourishment, at least for this class. Instead of the fruits, the juices may be expressed, containing their nutrition. The same is true of the grains, the clear part of a thin gruel, such as is made of oatmeal, etc., containing a good share of nourishment, yet demanding no more labor of the stomach than the disposition of the same quantity of water, the same principle applying to most forms of food, the solids, such articles as milk being an exception, since that must be first changed to a solid, to "curd," as a preparatory step in the digestive process. A part of the nourishment of the day, or all of it, may be taken in this pure liquid state, containing no solids, and in this way so resting the stomach that it may be able to resume its usual duties in due time, waiting till it has a fair share of vitality. One need not fear starvation while thus nourished by liquids, though it is not best too long to suspend the digestive process.—*Dr. Hanaford, in Golden Rule.*

FASHION NOTES.

The Latest Novelties for Promenade and Evening Toilets.

Red mittens go with red felt hats.

Little folks wear big, red felt hats.

The Fedora is the popular plastron.

Very little white neck lingerie is worn.

American silks are growing in popular favor.

Plain white linen collars must be two inches wide.

Red is the color for sleighing suits and wraps.

Nasturtium red-brown shades are growing in popular favor.

Red cockades look well on hats of any color worn in sleighing.

The newest jackets and newmarkets have the sleeves larger below the elbow than formerly.

Long waistcoats ornament the front of many dressy morning gowns, dressing sacques and matinees.

The velveteens lately produced in nasturtium shades of red-brown bid fair to be in greater demand than supply.

A hundred years ago ladies used muffs five or ten times as large as the little rolls of fur or pouches of plush and lace enclosing the hands this winter.

Large buttons or large clasps instead of buttons ornament the side panels on the skirts of homespun dresses, as well as fasten the basque or jacket.

Long Fedora plastrons of lace, colored, white, cream and black, are much worn with plain silk or wool frocks to give the dressy effect for evening wear.

The latest novelties for *sorties de bal* are large, long pelisses of velvet oroche and cisele in evening colors, lined with fur. One rich clasp of silver or gold fastens the garment at the neck.

The very latest fancy work craze is the scorching of artistic designs on wood. The work is done with a platina pencil attached by a rubber tube to a fount of benzine worked by a rubber ball, the benzine being first heated by a spirit lamp. The process was first practiced in Munich, Bavaria, but is now quite generally known among artists, and wood-scorching apparatus, with benzine, can be bought in almost all large art repositories.—*N. Y. Sun.*

IN A GALLOP.

That is the Gait at which Bill Brady is Hastening to the Poor-House.

Coming down from Northern Michigan, one morning, the train was crowded with lumbermen going to a new camp. The men were all stout, healthy looking fellows, quite rough in their appearance and talk, with long hair and unshaven faces. About daylight they began to eat their breakfast from all sorts of food they had with them, and the united strength of the mixed odors suddenly liberated from cheese, onions, codfish, dried herring and so on was nearly strong enough to stop the train. About seven o'clock the breakfast station was reached, and one of the lumbermen went into the hotel along with the other passengers, and did his utmost in the limited time at his command to bankrupt the keeper of the establishment.

When the train was again in motion a savage looking fellow, with a jaw strong enough to grind glass, who was devouring great strips of codfish and wiping his mouth on his coat sleeve after every bite, peered out from the wilderness of hair that surrounded his black eyes, upon the man across the way, who was picking his teeth with a jack-knife, and said:

"How is this, Bill? You hain't been squanderin' your substance on a store breakfast, hev ye?"

"Well, I reckon I jest hev, Pete," said Bill, with a look of importance that could not be expressed in print.

"What do they tax a feller for warm bilt grub in these parts now, Bill?" continued Pete, as he tore off a strip of codfish big enough to make a meal for a small family.

"A half a dollar's what they lifted me for, Pete."

"Did you say a half dollar, Bill?"

"That's what I said, Pete."

"Do you mean to tell me that you hed to pay a half a dollar jest for eaten', Bill?"

"That's what I'm a sayin', Pete. That's jest what I hed to do."

"All that money throwed away jest for a little grub! Didn't you have any bitters, Bill?"

"Not a smell, Pete."

"Nor no segar?"

"No, Pete."

"Didn't you make no bargain for the trash beforehand, Bill?"

"Of course I did."

"It wasn't a gouge game they come on you, then?"

"No, I knowed what I was a-doin' afore I buttered a biscuit."

"And you knowed you'd hev to fork over a half dollar jest for eatin', did you Bill?"

"Why, certainly, Pete."

"Well, my goodness, Bill! What on this arth do you mean? A half a dollar jest for eatin'! Jest for eatin', mind ye; no segar nor no bitters! All throwed away in one lump, and nothin' to show for it ten minutes afterwards! Bill Brady do you know what you're a-doin'?"

"I'm a doin' well enough, Pete."

"No you hain't, Bill. You're a gallopin' toward the poor-house jest as tight as you kin jump, and if some of your friends don't interfere and git a gardeen appinted for you, goodness only knows what'll become of you. A half a dollar jest for eatin', and that, too, all at one grab! Bill, yer brains is a turnin' to water; I'm act'lly 'fraid they be. Look at that codfish, will you?" holding it up by the tail. "I only paid a quarter for it a week ago, and it'll stand me another week or so yit jest like nothin', and yit you'll throw way four bits all at one whack for a few bites in a tavern as onconcerned as though money growed on trees. Bill, you're a darned sight bigger fool'n I ever took you to be, and that's a saying heaps."—*Lige Brown, in Chicago Ledger.*

CURIOUS NAMES.

A Clergyman's Chat Concerning Remarkable Given Names.

"What a name that young man has," said a clergyman yesterday to a *News*-gatherer, as the person indicated left his presence.

"What is it?"

"E. P. Baxter, he writes it. Nothing remarkable about that, but what amount of hard thought is concealed in those initials. The man was born on January 8, 1863, and his parents named him Emancipation Proclamation Baxter in honor of the occasion."

"That's pretty bad."

"Yes, but there are some parents with cranky ideas on the subject of naming children. One boy I christened Perseverance Jones, I endeavored to dissuade the father, but he said the mother was called patience, and he saw no reason why the boy should not be called Perseverance, because the two always went together. Within a few paces of the grave of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, in the old cemetery at Fifth and Arch streets, there is a headstone bearing the inscription; 'Sacred to the memory of S. L. U. Lloyd.' If the owner of that name were living now his friends would probably call him 'Celuloid.' I had a colored man named Alexander doing some work around here once. I used to hear the other workmen call him 'Trib' and 'Hole,' and it struck me one day to ask him what his name was. 'Tribulation Wholesome Alexander, sah,' he replied.

"It may have been some relative of his who came to me with twins to have baptized."

"What name will you call them?" I asked.

"'Cherubim' and 'Seraphim,' replied the mother.

"Why?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Because," she replied, "de pra'r book says 'de cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,' and dese yere chil'en do nofin' else."

The *News*-gatherer edged toward the door, and, when he had got in the lobby, shouted "chestnut," and skipped down stairs.—*Philadelphia News.*

—Perhaps as startling an account of a funeral as ever was penned appears in a London society journal's description of the grave of a recently deceased peeress. The grave was lined with porcelain tiles, and "presented a most charming appearance."

A MYSTERY.

The Story of the Brig Mary Celeste—What Became of Her Crew.

A writer reviews a mystery of the sea, which, as he says, furnishes a theme suited to the analytical genius of Poe and worthy of it. It is the story of the brig Mary Celeste as told in the archives of the State Department. Thirteen years ago she sailed from New York for Genoa with a cargo of alcohol in barrels. Her captain, B. S. Briggs—a man bearing the highest reputation for seamanship and correctness, and who was a part owner—had with him his wife and a young child, and a crew of ten men, some at least of whom were known as peaceable and first-class sailors. The vessel was picked up at sea December 4, 1872, with no one on board. She was sailing with two appropriate sails set, as if pursuing her voyage. The weather was calm and the sea smooth; and not only was the vessel entirely sound and seaworthy, but she had not even experienced rough weather, for a vial of medicine stood upright on a table in the cabin. The cargo was well stored and in good condition. There was no evidence of a struggle on board. The brig's papers, chronometer and boat were gone, but every thing else was in shipshape order, even to the sailors' chests. The last record in the log had been made November 25, but the judicial officers who investigated the case held it almost impossible that the brig could have sailed from her position November 25 to the point at which she was picked up upon the same tack with no one at the wheel, and they inferred that the abandonment must have taken place some days after the last entry was made in the log. Admiral Shufeldt, who investigated the mystery at the request of the Consul at Gibraltar, rejected the idea of a mutiny from the absence of any signs of violence, and concluded that the vessel was abandoned in a moment of panic. But nothing was ever heard of the ship's company, and no clew to the affair has ever been found. The failure of the log to bear any record for the last few days the crew was probably on board only hightens the mystery.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

THE GREAT WALL.

China as Seen from One of the Towes rof This Ancient Fortification.

Of the ancient Great Wall, only a low rampart remains, with square towers, diminishing towards the top. These towers are generally placed on the summits of the mountain across which the wall winds. I ascended one of them, the better to contemplate the view, but had no one with whom to share all the admiration that I felt at this moment. It is quite impossible to describe all that the eye took in—mountains, valleys, gorges, grass-covered slopes, pastures, farms, lakes. The presence of man is to be felt; not of the local villages of town life, but the life of a great State. To the east a superb valley dotted over with Chinese villages, surrounded with bushes and trees; farther off, on several levels, chains of mountains, the tops of which were on a level with my eyes. To the west the ground undulates gradually towards the plain, beyond which are more mountains. On the south, magnificent pasture-land, intersected by the Great Wall with its ruined towers. On our right the Great Wall, cracked and destroyed by centuries, and covered with plants; on our left, a slope towards the plain, laid out in artificial terraces with fields of millet, oats, potatoes and hemp. As to the Chinese, they are to be seen everywhere, with long plaits and bare-headed, attired in a white shirt and blue trousers. The women are scantily clothed, and the children, whose heads are decked with flowers, are naked or nearly so. What strikes one most is the sudden transition from the barrenest desert of yesterday to the fertile and populous country of today. It seems like a never-ending village of small houses, covered with verdure, gardens and flowers, the whole extremely tidy and pleasant to the eye. This, then, is that swarming human ant-hill, China—*Chicago Interior.*

VALUABLE SOCIETIES.

Why Every Community Should Have a Historic-Genealogical Society.

The president of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, in his annual address, declared it "a sacred duty to preserve and hand down to future generations not only the lineage and history of our families, but to record the names and virtues of those men and women who have been benefactors of our race." He said it was the design of the society over which he presided to perpetuate the events of the lives of those who have benefited their race on a large or a small scale, and "to embalm their virtues in endearing words, so that their trials, industry, perseverance and success may strengthen the characters and cheer and encourage those who come after them." A society with such an aim as that of this organization should be established in every portion of the country where geographical lines and commercial enterprises in common tend to develop peculiar local interest in the men and women who have proved of especial worth.—*Current.*

—Mr. Nordenfelt, of gun fame, has invented a safe process for manufacturing gunpowder. Instead of grinding sulphur, charcoal and saltpetre together in their solid state, sulphur is put in solution as sulphate of carbon. This is mixed with cotton or cellulose fibre, ground to an impalpable powder. A saturated solution of saltpetre is added to this mixture. Then it is evaporated under disturbed crystallization. Almost a liquid gunpowder is thus obtained.

—"Did you interview Judge Beuchback last night?" asked the managing editor. "Bless me, no!" said the reporter. "I made a mistake and interviewed General Scarface. Shall I change the interview?" "No; it's too good to change. Let it stand as it is. Just change the name to Judge Beuchback." "But he'll kick like a steer; I know him." "Never mind; you can interview him for the General to-morrow."—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE ADDING MACHINE.

Contrivance of a Book-Keeper After Twelve Years' Work.

C. G. Spalding, who keeps books for Day & Johnson, has perfected a machine that is designed to aid brother book-keepers or accountants in running up long lines of figures. He has been at work on the invention since 1873, and had the thing patented something like a year ago. The machine is encased in a wooden box about eight inches square and three inches deep, and, lifting the cover, the interior is seen to hold an enameled white surface, on which are two dials, and which shows the brass keyboard in the lower left hand corner. The larger dial of the two is on the left of the machine, and is divided into one hundred sections. The rim of the smaller dial is likewise cut into twenty sections. The hand which moves the smaller is called the hundreds, about the first dial is called the unit pointer. A little finger play on the brass keyboard makes the object of the dials and the reason of the pointers' names quickly understood.

The nine keys on the board are numbered from 1 to 9 and are placed in regular order, but also in two rows, 2, 4, 6 and 8 being above and the odd numbers below. The key is a brass upright, and as the finger draws on it, a spring allows it to slip back toward the lower end of the box. The pulling of each key on the board sends the unit pointer along on its journey around the dial as many points as there are units in the number of the key. Pull the 9 key and the dial set at 0 goes to 9. Pull the same key again and the unit pointer moves to 18. Pull the 1, 2 and 3 keys now and the pointer goes consecutively with a hop, skip and jump to 24. When the unit pointer, keeping up its agile athletics has reached its starting point again, there is a quick little motion on the right hand dial. The pointer then has "dotted and gone one." The machine's internal clockwork is more accurate than a human head can hope to be. It isn't troubled with malaria, nor is it ever larger in the morning than it was the night before. All the accountant has to do is to run his eye up and down the columns, pulling each respective key as he reaches the corresponding figure. A day is sufficient in which to learn the key-board, and the motion of the hand quickly becomes almost involuntary. The expert can run the figures in his head and on the key-board simultaneously, thus "proving" his work by one trip up or down the column. Carrying is performed by setting the pointer at the number to be carried. To set the unit pointer all that is necessary is to hold down key 1 and turn the pointer forward to a number one less than the one carried. On releasing key 1 the pointer is on the desired number. The hundred pointer can be moved in either direction. The hand easily operates the nine keys thus: Nos. 1, 2 and 3 with the first finger, 4 and 5 with the second, 6 and 7 with the third, 8 and 9 with the fourth. The inventor claims for the machine unerring accuracy and surprising rapidity. He says an expert can add 240 figures a minute with it.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

KNIFE HANDLES.

A Central-American Wood Used Chiefly for Pocket Cutlery.

"Did you ever wonder what knife-handles are made of?" asked a dealer in fancy woods of a reporter, as he handed out a shapeless block from his store of spoils from many trophical forests. "Outside of bone and tortoise shell and pearl, so-called, which everyone recognizes, the majority of knife-handles are made out of a close, fine-grained wood, about the name and pedigree of which 9,999 out of every 10,000 persons are ignorant. It is known in the trade as cocobola wood, and it comes in large quantities, millions of pounds a year, from Panama.

"It is of special value for knife-handles, because of its close texture; freedom from knots and flaws, and consequent disinclination to split. Many well-known kinds of wood require varnishing and polishing and filling up of crevices before they attain the beauty for which they are famous. Of course that sort of thing can't be done in the case of knife-handles, and something must be used which doesn't require fixing up. Cocobola is rarely used for cabinet-making, because, being a gummy wood, it doesn't glue well. The same qualities that make it of use in the manufacture of knife-handles render it valuable for the making of wind instruments, like the flute. It comes to us in chunks, not in strips and planks, like other woods. Sometimes these pieces will weigh five and six hundred pounds, but generally much less than that. It costs 2 1-2 cents a pound now, but before freights went down and the isthmus was opened up so thoroughly it used to cost double that price.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

APPROPRIATE POETRY.

A Chicago Maiden's Version of Tennysonian Rhymes.

Binks, who has a tendency never to leave, when he makes a call, was down on Indiana avenue the other night, and when every other subject had been talked out, asked the young woman if she liked poetry. She said she did and that Tennyson was her favorite.

"Ah," smiled Binks, "and what is your favorite passage?"

"Why that one reading—

At eleven o'clock the young man's fancy,
Slightly turns to thoughts of home.

"Um-um" hesitated Binks, looking pale clear down below his knees, and taking out his watch, "I'll go right away and look it up; I don't remember having seen it."

"Yes" she said, "its so appropriate, you know."

Binks swears he will never return until he finds that miserable passage.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—The completeness of the work done by the earlier astronomers is shown by the fact, recently stated, that out of the six thousand or more nebulæ now known the Herschels discovered five thousand.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A FLY IN WINTER.

The Pleasing and Exhilarating Antics of the Solitary Insect.

Nature is full of the milk of human kindness. This may seem a strange assertion, but it is true, and its correctness can be demonstrated with mathematical precision by any one who cares to undertake the job free of expense. I, alas! am not that man.

I am prepared to assert, however, that the laws of Nature, like human laws, have their exceptions. Behold, then, the sad fate of the fly in winter. Cut off from all that made life one delirious dream of joy in the sweet summer-time long ago, he wanders a lorn and blighted being on the face of the earth.

See him on the dinner-table—one fly all by himself. He looks on every side of him with his hundred eyes, and sees no other of his species. He is alone in his age. No sweet-faced Sunday girl fly peeps at him from behind the sugar-bowl, or blushes when she turns the corner of the butter-dish and accidentally meets him face to face, with a sort of how-came-you-there expression in her large, thoughtful eyes.

No sister greets him when he goes home at night, and asks him whether he has brought her any New Orleans molasses from down town. No brother meets him in the hallway and says:

"Well, Charley, did you go long of mince-pie to-day?"

No mother stands ready to comfort him and soothe his soul after his daily struggle for bread and butter and sugar and coffee and milk and things. No father comes forward to pat him on the back and say:

"Go on, my son, as you have begun, and you will become an eminent member of fly society—perhaps greater than a horse-fly."

No creditors—but then I suppose that, as flies are supported at the expense of the community, they have no creditors.

This is a sad state of existence—this state of the fly in winter. But Nature is full of compensations. Woman's work is never done; neither is a fly's. He gets up just as early and goes to bed just as late in the winter as he does in the summer. And he is infinitely more industrious. He has to fly around and scramble to keep warm.

O, the wild, unspeakable joy of a fly who finds a man's nose in the tender dawn of a winter morning! The only nose in the room and the only fly!

Does the fly rise to the occasion?

He does. And he risas to the nose, too.

He sits upon it and walks around it, and flies away and comes back to it, and otherwise expresses his joy.

Man's soul may weary of the fly, but the fly never tires. In the summer the fly sometimes gets disgusted with the man's antics and goes away. Then the man gets a small rest until another fly comes along.

But in winter the man wakes up and sees the fly. He makes a dab at the insect, and it shoots madly away into space for about six inches and then careers back and clings once more to the man's nose. The man sees that there is but one fly. He watches that fly. His eyes become fascinated by its movements. When it wings its way off into space, the man strains his eyes after it; and when it comes back and sits on his nose, he looks cross-eyed at it.

After a time he gets up and stealthily procures a towel with a wet end. Murderous thoughts course through his brain. He looks for the fly.

The fly is on the gas-globe.

The man lies down and pretends to be asleep. Then the fly comes and sits on his nose. The man hauls off and smites. He knocks his false teeth down his throat and splatters water into both his eyes. When he dries them, he sees the fly sitting on the bed-post smoothing his spit-curls with his spare legs.

The man rises slowly. He strains every muscle in his back trying to get up so slowly as not to frighten the fly. He draws near to the motionless insect. Once more he smites. But before the towel touches the bed-post the fly has whizzed off and pitched on the man's wife's nose.

Then the man smiles a horrid smile and rolls back into bed. And the next moment the man feels the fly trying to crawl into his ear.

Desperation seizes him. He jumps up and dresses himself. He goes out and tries to buy some fly-paper. It is useless. The storekeepers laugh at him.

"Why, sir," they say: "we have no fly-paper this time of year."

Then he tries to buy a fly-trap; but they are all packed away until next summer.

He goes home. Despair is rising in his soul, when suddenly a brilliant idea strikes him. He goes out and borrows a neighbor's son, aged ten. He takes the boy to his room and shows him the fly. He promises the boy half-a-dollar if he catches the insect.

The boy enters upon the task with all the enthusiasm of youth. He climbs over the furniture recklessly, smashes a fifty-dollar mirror and a four-hundred-day clock, and finally kicks over the lamp and sets the carpet on fire. After the conflagration is over, the boy appears with a smile on his face.

"I've caught him," he says, holding out a lightly-clenched fist.

"Give him to me," says the man.

The boy opens his hand.

The man grabs.

But the fly escapes, just the same.

The reader may now go back to the place where the man first saw the fly, and just keep reading to the end and going back till he gets tired. He will thus learn just what happens to the man who tries to catch the solitary but experienced winter fly, and he will not be half as tired as the man will.—*W. J. Henderson in Puck.*

—Our mixed population is beginning to tell in the names of men who find their way into Congress. The reading clerk of the House is represented as being in despair at the prospect of having to rattle off such jaw-crackers as these: Lehlback, La Follette, Lautill, Romeis, Stahlnecker, Vanschaich and Outhwaite. These are only French and German, but wait till the Russian names begin to roll in.—*Washington Post.*

—A man named Cannon, employed in a Pittsburgh foundry, went off the other day loaded to the muzzle, and on his return was promptly discharged.—*Philadelphia Call.*

MISTAKES IN MEDICINE.

Careless Physicians Who Make Grave Errors in Their Prescriptions.

"That was a hard run of it," remarked a down-town clerk to a reporter for the *Sun*, who dropped in a drug store late the other night. "People talk about mistakes of pharmacists, but not one mistake is made in a drug store to twenty by doctors who write prescriptions. I have just had a case which might have caused a death if I had not discovered an error by a physician in time to prevent it. Two hours ago a man came in here with a prescription. He was in a hurry for it, because the person for whom it was intended was suffering greatly, and something had to be done. The physician who attended the case wrote out a prescription. The medicines he intended to give were to relieve the suffering, but in compounding the prescription I found that he had included enough of a powerful drug to have killed twenty persons in the doses he intended to give. It was not a case where I could make an alteration, as druggists frequently have to do. I could not make up the prescription, because I knew it would cause death. The only thing to be done was to hunt up the doctor. I had to hunt him up myself, because he would have been very angry if I had sent the man after him, and we would have lost his custom. I took a cab and drove to his house. There I found he had moved away, and I had to go a mile farther before I found him. It was an hour and a half before I got back and filled the prescription."

"Do such things frequently occur?"

"They happen every day. In most cases they are detected by the druggist before harm results. A pharmacist must know the nature of a drug, for what purpose it is used and the amount given in ordinary doses. This is especially true of poisons or potent remedies. By this means if errors are made we can detect them. The mere accidental addition of a small angle to the sign used for a 'dram' will make it an 'ounce' and multiplies the quantity eighty times. That little mark is easily made and it frequently is. Just yesterday a perscription came to me from a physician who wanted to give a patient a medicine so potent that three drops would have killed him. In order to prevent overdoses the medicine was to be mixed with four ounces of some harmless liquid, which is known to the trade as the 'vehicle;' that is, the harmless drug used to dilute the potent remedy. In this prescription the physician had simply reversed the two drugs, giving four ounces of the poisonous medicine and a few drops of the 'vehicle.' Of course that was a mistake on its face, and I simply reversed the quantities."

"Do these errors arise from the carelessness of the physician?"

"I can't say it is carelessness, but something is wrong. I can see that some errors arise from the fact that members of a family talk to a physician when he is writing the prescription, and he inadvertently writes the wrong medicine. If, however, physicians would carefully read their prescriptions before sending them out there would be less trouble, but more than half the doctors write out the prescription, tear it off the tab and give it to the patient or his friends without looking at it again. If physicians would read their prescriptions some very common errors would be avoided. For example, it not infrequently happens that morphine is written for quinine. Physicians in good standing in Chicago have written on prescriptions calling for six-grain morphine capsules. Now anybody would know that was not the thing that was wanted. Such prescriptions would never get into a drug store if the doctors were only more careful in their work, or if they would read their prescriptions before sending them out. But the greatest trouble is in illegible writing. Doctors as a rule are careless writers. Their prescriptions are difficult to read. Many a time I have been compelled to go to a doctor's office and get him to decipher a prescription, and every druggist has had the same experience. Now, if there is anything that should be written in a clear, bold hand it is a prescription. Think how much depends upon its correct composition by the druggist. If he should make a mistake no excuse would be made for him. Scores of doctors never think of this. They write prescriptions in bad penmanship and the druggist has to trust to luck. It seems to me that good penmanship should be made one of the requisites of a physician's right to practice. Medical colleges should have a penmanship department and require its students to take a full course before graduating. In that way many mistakes of physicians now attributed to druggists might be avoided."—*Chicago Sun.*

MONSTER CANALS.

Two Enterprises of Astonishing Magnitude and Importance.

The proposed German canal which is to connect the North Sea and the Baltic, seems to have directed attention in France to various schemes for connecting by canal the great Mediterranean seaport Marseilles with the mouth of the Rhone, thus completing inland communication with Lyons, Paris, Rouen and Havre. In 1881 the General Council of the Department of the Bouches du Rhone adopted a resolution expressing approval of a scheme for a canal which was to be carried through a tunnel eight kilometres long. The plan was, however, shown to be attended with many practical difficulties. A proposal is now made by Dr. Louis Combet, deputy mayor of Lyons, to carry the canal from the port of Marseilles along the shore of the Mediterranean to the mouth of the Rhone. It is asserted that the whole expense will not exceed 50,000,000 francs, and that the new waterway will very materially diminish the expense of sending goods by inland navigation from the Mediterranean to the English channel.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A hint to theatrical managers: Miss Clara—"Are you familiar with Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' Mr. Featherly?" Featherly—"No; I've never seen it. The fact is, Miss Clara, I think this comedy business is being overdone. The sooner the stage returns to the legitimate drama the better it will be for the profession."—*Harper's Bazar.*