

MARVELS OF PRECOCIITY.

Painters and Sculptors Who Achieved Renown in Their Childhood.

The history of art is so rich in illustrations of precocity that it is difficult to select the best examples. Mantegna showed such marked ability as a child that he was taken up by a patron and entered by his master in the guild of painters before the completion of his eleventh year. Again, Andrea del Sarto is said to have shown fondness for drawing as a child, and at the early age of seven to have been introduced to the world of art in the shop of a goldsmith. Raphael seems to have been a painter from the cradle. He was sent to learn of Perugino when twelve years old, and at seventeen was painting on his own account. Tiziano showed as a child a decided preference for art over classics, and painted at the age of twelve a Madonna and Child in the tabernacle of a house, and about two years later studied under Gentile Bellini. Tintoretto used as a child to draw on the walls of his father's house, and received the name by which he is most widely known at this early date. Hardly less striking in his precocity is Michael Angelo, who, as a lad, kept running off to the studios, and at fourteen was received by Ghirlandajo as a regular pupil. Turning from Italy, we meet with no less interesting illustrations of artistic precocity. Murillo displayed talent as a child, covering the walls of his house with his drawings. It is said that he painted pictures as a boy and sold them at the fair. Holbein, who was taught at an early age by his father, painted finished pictures at the age of thirteen. Raphael is said to have painted notable pictures at twelve. At the same age Cornelius painted original compositions in the Cathedral at Nens, which show great talent. Verast helped when a boy to paint his father's pictures. Ary Scheffer, the son of a painter, painted from early childhood, and exhibited in the Amsterdam Salon at twelve. Among sculptors Canova is said to have carved a lion at twelve. Thorwaldsen entered on a regular course of study at eleven. Coming to our own country we find instances of precocity which equal, if indeed they do not surpass, those furnished by other countries. Perhaps the most remarkable instance is George Morland. He is said to have taken to pencil and crayon almost as soon as he left the cradle. Sketches of his made at four, five and six were exhibited to the Society of Artists, and won praise for the child artist. Sir Thomas Lawrence was another childish marvel. As a small boy he could draw portraits, and at nine not only copied historical paintings in a masterly style, but succeeded in compositions of his own. At ten his childish fame was such that he was sent by his father to Oxford to paint Bishops, Barons and other notabilities—an experiment which brought great gain to his impetuous parent. At seventeen the period of his riper and more lasting fame commenced. With these instances must be reckoned Landseer, who, taught by his father, could draw well at five, and excellently at eight. When only thirteen he drew a majestic St. Bernard dog which was etched by his brother, and in the same year pictures of his appeared in the Royal Academy under the name of Master E. Landseer. Gainsborough was a confirmed painter at twelve. Turner, though hampered by poverty, made such progress that he exhibited at fifteen. Wilkie says he could draw before he could read, and he exhibited at fourteen. Flaxman amused himself when a sickly child by drawing in crayons, and exhibited busts at fifteen.

THE CITY OF ADEN.

An Ancient Town and Its Appearance Half a Mile From Shore.

At the foot of the Red Sea twelve rocks, termed the Twelve Apostles, are scattered close to the narrow straits of the "Gate of Tears." Babelmandel, causing great anxiety to the Captain till we had cleared them and rounded into the Arabian Sea. A few hours more found us lying off Aden. Hidden behind a long bare ridge of rocks, only custom house, shipping and agents' offices, etc., appear from the sea and you see people, camels and vehicles, threading their way among the dark, bare rocks to the town behind. No sooner did we anchor about half a mile from shore than a little fleet of cockleshell canoes, each with one occupant, came dancing out over the waves and surrounded us. The owners had come to dive for buceese, which was their trade and seemingly only means of livelihood. Any of them could easily have carried his boat under his arm and when jostled and upset it was emptied again in a trice by the owner as he floated alongside and then scrambled into it again. The passengers amused themselves by throwing small silver coin into the water and watching them dive and this sometimes they did from great heights off the rigging, reappearing after a long interval lively as ever and in possession of the coin. To save time they sometimes dived right below the steamer to reach coins that had been suddenly dropped from the other side to test their racing powers, and occasionally they would vary the monotony of sitting in their canoes by swimming behind while they pushed them on before them among the different ships lying at anchor. Nothing could be more at home in the tepid water than these uncouth, black African-Arab boys. Another group of natives now boarded us, carrying bunches of magnificent ostrich feathers for sale at most tempting prices and others brought coral jewelry, scented wood, wood ornaments, necklaces of Jerusalem camel bones, crosses of Lebanon cedars and wristlets of threaded shells, all of which were so familiar in the late forestry exhibition in Edinburgh.

—Says the Thomaston (Conn.) Express: Our weekly editorial was written too late for this issue. Whether it will keep until next week or not we can't say, but we'll put it on ice and see.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Conference Committee of Harvard recommends expulsion from college as the penalty for cheating at examination.

—The aggregate circulation of the publications of the American Baptist Publication Society was 28,830,000 for the current year.

—The Baptists of the North in the United States, after a stirring discussion, have resolved not to abandon their mission on the Congo river.

—The British and Foreign Bible Society has issued a "penny" New Testament in the Welsh language, and an amended version of St. Luke's Gospel in Irish.

—A good many people will be surprised to know that the Latter Day Saints have a considerable representation in Massachusetts. At their Conference at Fall River, Mass., recently ten churches were represented, and there were two hundred delegates.

—Among the many schools in Boston is one for instruction in carpentry, conducted by a young lady. She has had twenty-five pupils throughout the past winter, composed of boys belonging to some of the leading families, and she goes out of town twice a week to instruct a class of seven.

—It is said that the cost to the Pope in creating and confirming an American cardinal, including the expenses of the abbeys and of the cardinal's hat, to be bestowed by his own hand in Rome, will approach \$25,000. The cardinal's robe consumes fifteen yards of material.

—Getting ready for the home examination: Maud—"Well, commencement is over, thank goodness, and the seminary is closed for the summer. When do you start for home?" Nellie—"In the express tomorrow morning." "Have you anything to read on the journey?" "Yes; I am going to look over my school books; papa may be inquisitive."

—At the meeting of the corporation of Yale College it was voted to confer the degree of LL. B. on Miss Alice R. Jordan, who entered the law school under the clause in the catalogue admitting attorneys-at-law of any State to the senior class. The corporation, however, decided that a note be inserted in the next catalogue that the course of instruction shall be open to the male sex only.

—John Ruskin, being asked the other day for aid in payment of a church debt, replied by letter thus: "I am sorrowfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing. My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is: 'Don't get into debt. Starve, and go to heaven, but don't borrow. Try first begging. I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing. But don't buy things you can't pay for.' And of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach a pray behind the hedges, or in a sandpit, or in a coal-hole first?"

—N. Y. Tribune.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A bicycle tourist may be a modest and unassuming fellow at home, but he travels a great deal on his cheek.

—A story entitled "The Penniless Maiden" has just been issued. It will have very little interest for the modern youth.

—"Most lies are hyperbole; hyperbole is a figure; hence most lies are figures. But figures can not lie; ergo, a lie is not a lie."

—It is in better form now to say to a man who is boring you, "O, bring me a chair," than to remark bluntly, "You make me tired."

—A henpecked husband writes: "Before marriage I fancied married life would be all sunshine, but afterward I found out that it was all moonshine."

—"We want a circus, and we want it bad," sighs a Western paper. We would suggest that the editor call the owner of the opposition sheet a horse-thief.

—"The man most anxious about his social position is the man who never had any such position, though he has tried to buy it with money."

—"Cereal coffee" is advertised in a Massachusetts paper. That's what inmates of boarding houses are yearning for—to cereal coffee, in place of the imitation stuff.

—"Not what he meant,"—Hostess—"I am really ashamed of this dinner! But our grocer had no fresh vegetables and so we had to use cold ones." Guest—"Really, don't apologize. Indeed, I don't think the dinner is worth an apology."

—"See here," he said to his clerk, "I don't mind letting you off a day, now and then, to attend your grandmother's funeral; but I think you ought to have the courtesy to send a few of the fish around to my house."

—Weeping widow—"Yes, poor John met with a terrible fat. He fell from the fourth-story window and was instantly killed." Sympathizing friend—"Dear, dear! And was it so bad as that, Mrs. Larkins? I understood that he fell only from the third-story window."

—Claudius asks: "Would you advise me to write poetry for fame, or simply to make a living?" You will find it much easier to write for fame than simply to make a living, Claudius; but if you succeed in the latter don't worry about the former. The man who succeeds in making a living writing poetry will find fame swooping down upon him terrifically.

—"No," snappishly said the summer boarding-house keeper to Mrs. Culture, of Boston, who was inquiring as to the healthfulness of the locality; "no, we ain't got no typhoid germs, and there hain't been no call for 'em, either. Folks is wanting everything nowadays, and ain't satisfied with clean beds and plenty of what's good to eat."

—N. Y. Mail.

CAROLINE HERSCHEL.

One of the Idiocracies of a Great Astronomer's Assistant.

One of the notabilities of Hanover fifty years ago was old Caroline Herschel, the sister of the great astronomer, Sir William Herschel. She was an assistant, and it used to be said that her sister knew as much as the brother. After her brother's death, in 1822, she returned to her native place, Hanover, where she resided until her death, in her ninety-ninth year. She always insisted that she discovered Uranus, adding, with evident bitterness, "but my brother got the credit for it."

"We always worked together," said she, once, to an English clergyman who visited her. "We used to take turns at observing with the telescope. While one looked, the other noted down the observations. One night it was my turn to sweep the heavens. I looked through the telescope and saw the new planet. My eye first detected it, but my brother received the gold medal of the Royal Society for the discovery."

The old lady had one servant, a dwarf maid, as old-fashioned as herself, and the two read all the books they could find on one subject—love. The old maid would search the shelves of second-hand bookellers, for old books full of excitement, envy and hatred, created by jealousy and love. These tales of passion the two lone spinners eagerly devoured day and night.

It may be that the old woman's mathematical mind craved this excitement, after its fifty years of astronomical calculations. Alexander Dallas Bache, during the years he was superintendent of the coast survey, was in the habit of reading the trashiest of novels, after a day spent in mathematical work. He rested himself by reading everything that was exciting enough to make him forget angles, sines and figures.

On the old lady's ninety-ninth birthday the King of Hanover sent her a kind message and a magnificent bouquet. The Crown Prince presented her with a beautiful sofa, as the most suitable gift for her declining years. She never sat on it, much less reclined on its soft cushions, holding it too sacred for plebeian limbs to rest upon. It stood in state in her parlor, and the old lady, seated in a high-backed wooden chair, called upon every guest to admire the princely gift. At her funeral the sofa was placed at the head of her coffin, according to her own instructions. The German pastor, in his funeral oration, after he had carried the mourners to the planets, the stars and the heavens, descended to speak of the royal present, which "had afforded the dear departed sister such a comfortable seat upon earth, in foretaste of a more exalted seat."

GRAIN SPECULATION.

How the Operation of the New York Exchange Are Conducted.

Business begins in the "Pit" at 10:30 a. m. Buyers and sellers are indiscriminately blended in the compact, throbbing, surging mass. All offers and bids are on a unit basis of 8,000 bushels. Winter wheat is the only grain in mind. "I'll give 4 1/2 [34] cents per bushel for May wheat," is the bid of a nervous, active broker, emphasized by uplifted hand and moving fingers. "I'll sell at 5," is the quick rejoinder of a neighbor. "I'll give 5," "I'll sell you at 4 1/2," is the only obstacle to a bargain. Long and furiously, or short and sharply, the conflict rages around that 1/2. The tug of war on the part of the seller is to pull the buyer up 1/2, and on the part of the buyer to pull the seller down 1/2. The contest is quite as exciting as aught in the intercollegiate games. But seldom is the battle drawn. Victory, hesitant in the vocal hurricane, decides for one of two parties. Bids and offers are usually regulated by telegrams from Chicago. The difference in prices between the two markets should be the cost of transmission from the latter to New York. Manipulation, or, in other words, gambling, at either point, defies all criteria of value. A "corner" in Chicago may raise wheat there above the normal price at New York; or a broken corner in New York may depress wheat below the healthful standard at Chicago.

The facility with which sales and purchases for future delivery are made has enormously augmented the volume of trade. Foreign merchants avail themselves of it to provide for the prospective needs of different markets. It gives to the farmer a ready home market for his products at their full value, and affords to traders the opportunity of selling at a reasonable profit and at a moment's notice and to deliver at option within specified times, as may be agreed. The exports of grain and grain products from the United States in the fiscal year 1885 were valued at \$160,370,821. Seventy-five per cent. or more of the whole was probably sold ten or twenty times over before it was finally shipped. Sales and purchases, charter of ships, bills of exchange for payment, sale of letter—all contemplated "future" delivery. Similar remarks are true of oil, tobacco, cotton and other commercial staples. The system is a device of necessity, the judicious adaptation of prospective supply to probable demand, the work of foreseeing prudence. It may be, and is, abused by gambling speculators, or prostituted to assist aggressive corner conspirators and in all such instances is shamefully demoralizing.

—When the city angler, with a gilt-edged basket and twenty-five dollar split bamboo rod, comes back to the country hotel at night weary and lame and with no trophies of his skill to exhibit and buys a big string of hand-some trout of a ragged, barefoot urchin whose tackle is a crooked alder stick and a two-cent cotton line, it may be set down as a clear case of the boy caught.—Lovell Courier.

—Elevators in certain New York buildings are run from 450 to 500 feet a minute. The latter figure is the present Chicago rate. Pittsburgh is going to have one to beat the record at 850 feet a minute.—N. Y. Sun.

ANCIENT GLUTTONS.

The Extravagance of the Roman Emperors and Their Nobility.

The history of the Caesars, with some exceptions, is the narrative of a continual orgie. Take the notorious group at random—Commodus, Caligula, Tiberius, Verus, Vitellus, Nero, Helio-gabalus, Domitian. These men spent their lives in a round of monstrous debaucheries. The day and night, we are assured, were not long enough for their revels. Verus, the first to increase the number of guests from nine to twelve, prolonged his supper throughout the night. Nero sat at table from midday to midnight. Tiberius spent two days and a night at the festive board. They had huge appetites—not only the gigantic Maximilian, who devoured forty pounds of flesh meat and drank five gallons of wine at a meal, but finical dandies like Commodus, who ate even in the bath; Vitellius, who ceased eating only when he slept; Domitian, who "ate out of his hand" to stay his stomach in the intervals of regular repasts. Helio-gabalus was perhaps the most elaborate. Vitellus the most extravagant, in his daily fare. The latter squandered in seven months £7,000,000, chiefly on his table. The total staggers belief, but let us examine the figures on the other side. The Roman empire is reported to have paid £55 or so for a mallet; a brace of pigeons cost £1.12s. An entertainment given to Vitellius by his brother two thousand of the rarest fish and seven thousand of the rarest birds were served up. One individual spent the sum of £5,000 on a single dish made of the tongues of the choicest singing birds. The Roman *bon vivant*, supping on the brains of peacocks and pigeons, and the roes of the most delicate fishes, swallowed thousands of pounds at a meal; and we need only multiply the individual expense by the number of the guests to form a notion of the cost of a high-class dinner in the days of the Caesars. A supper in the Apollo meant one or two thousand pounds thrown to the purveyors. But the Emperors were certainly the most reckless in the proficiencies of the table. Seneca and Tacitus are among the authorities who tell us that Helio-gabalus spent £20,000 on one supper; that Nero, master of "the House of Gold," ate a dish which cost over £30,000, and drank a tuncer still more precious. It is asserted further that the Emperor Verus treated twelve friends to a feast which cost £46,000, and Seneca is responsible for the statement that Caligula spent £80,000 on a supper. The magnificence of the Emperors was imitated, if not equaled, by citizens like the Apicii; like Esop, the actor, and his son Clonius; like Vedius Pollio, who fattened his lambs on the flesh of murdered slaves.—Nineteenth Century.

THE LETTER "R."

It Divides the United States in Three Distinct and Well-Defined Sections.

The use or misuse of the letter "h" in England determines a man's social position. He may drive in a carriage with outriders in livery, and his wife rustle in satin and glitter with jewels, yet if they say "orse" for horse and "heye" for eye, their excommunication from so-called polite society may be taken for granted. Of course no one will deny that many excellent English men and women have led useful lives, died and have gone to Heaven, who never once put the "h" where it properly belonged, and were in every way superior to those who could pronounce it as Hamlet enjoins, "trippingly on the tongue."

In the United States it is "r" that unmistakably proves a man's origin, if not his social standing and his moral character. In New England and the Middle States the natives have a peculiar way of dislocating the potent liquid. They detach it from words like "near" and "dear," making them "nea" and "dea," and tack it on to others like Judea and Isaiah and Emma, making them, respectively, "Ju-dea," "Isai-aher" and "Emmer." This, it has been argued, is a fault peculiar only to the uneducated classes. But unprejudiced and truthful observers declare that they have heard it from persons of unquestionable culture, from lecturers, authors and clergymen, even in the inmost sanctuaries of Boston itself. In the West the Eastern tourist is impressed by the manner in which the "r" is rolled. It seems the most prominent letter in the Western alphabet; while in the South it is heard very rarely. The people, however, do not imitate their Eastern fellow-countrymen by adjusting the balance, and making the letter suffix where it is wholly superfluous. And their soft, musical tones make the fault rather pleasing to ears accustomed to catarrhs, gutturals and high nasal tones sharpened by east winds. The side-show man, the vender of patent medicines who varies the monotony of selling his nostrums by strumming upon a battered guitar, or sawing an asthmatic fiddle; the leading man of the traveling theatrical company, the ringmaster of the perennials circus, the negro minstrel—all these drop the final "r" as an affection of extreme gentility. We can never hope to be a really united people until representatives from all sections of the country meet in convention and agree upon a National pronunciation of the letter "r."—Interior.

—A Cincinnati gentleman was walking along the street the other day with a young lady hanging on each arm when a thief stepped up and relieved him of his watch. The young man saw the deed and strove to catch the thief, but the alarm of the girls for his personal safety was so great that they clung to his arms and implored him to desist, as the robber would kill him. Of course he had to stop and argue the case with the ladies, and in the meantime the thief escaped.—Cincinnati Times.

—A little fellow at San Juan, Cal., recently received a present of a shotgun for committing to memory one thousand verses of the Bible. The next day the youthful prodigy accidentally shot his grandmother in the knee, lacerating it so badly that it will have to be amputated.—San Francisco Call.

A SCOUT'S DARING.

On Reynolds' Next Escape from a Band of Bloodthirsty Sioux.

The nerve, hardihood and daring of the genuine frontier scout was illustrated time after time during General Custer's Indian campaign by a favorite scout named Tom Reynolds. He had been in the Indian country for ten or twelve years before Custer attached him to his command, and he bore twenty-two scars of wounds received from red men. He was known to them as "The Snake," and they both hated and respected him. In one of his rambles among the strongholds to the south of Custer sent Reynolds back to Fort Laramie with dispatches. The scout preferred to go alone, and the fact that the country was all with Indians was taken by him as a matter of course. He left camp one night soon after dark, mounted on a swift mule and having a ride before him of sixty-five or seventy miles. That was the last seen of him for a week, when he rode into Laramie one day and made his apologies for being detained on the way.

Reynolds made only about fifteen miles the first night where he had calculated on making forty. On several occasions he narrowly missed riding into bodies of Indians who seemed to be scouting all over the country, and up to midnight he had to move very slowly. Just after that hour his mule was bitten by a rattlesnake, and the scout turned into a grove of cottonwoods on a little creek to care for him. He had a small package of the Indian weed used to extract the poison, and by daylight the mule was better. It would be impossible to move for several days, however, and he settled down to pass the time in the grove. There were Indian signs all about him, and the chances were that he would not be left undisturbed many days. It was a small but dense grove, and the scout and his mule were well hidden from any one skirting the timber.

On the fifth day nine Indians were seen approaching the grove. They watered their ponies at the edge of it, and then turned them loose, built a fire and made preparations for dinner. Reynolds had made his mule lie down and then covered her with brush, while he retreated to the other side of the grove. The Redskins were loading around for over an hour before anything occurred. They were then joined by twelve others, but as the new-comers did not dismount the scout was in hopes the whole band would soon leave the locality. They were evidently about to do so, when Reynolds' mule got up and brayed, a thing he was never known to do before or after in the face of danger. It was accounted for in this instance by the fact that one of the Indians was mounted on a horse which had been stolen from the cavalry, and the mule evidently recognized its presence. The Indians at once raised an alarm and rushed into the grove. The mule was speedily discovered and led out, and five minutes later the scout quietly surrendered and walked among his captors with smiling face. He might have held them at bay for a time, but the odds were too great to hope for anything turning in his favor.

Several of the Indians recognized Reynolds as "The Snake," and there was great exultation over his capture. An ordinary prisoner would have been insulted and maltreated in the first excitement, but no indignity was offered to mount his mule, and the whole body moved to the east. After traveling all the afternoon they reached the north fork of the Platte and went into camp. The scout could speak the Sioux dialect as well as a member of the tribe, and during the journey he kept up a running conversation with the two subchiefs, leading them to believe that he had had a personal quarrel with Custer and was no longer in his service. He claimed that he was on his way to purchase a trapper's outfit and return to the mountains. While the Indians no doubt kept a sharp eye on him, no one seemed to do so. It was coming on dark as the band reached the creek, and Reynolds was in the midst of them as they dismounted. He swung himself down and seemed to be engaged in removing the saddle, at the same time asking one of the chiefs why they did not cross over and get better grass. Like a flash he suddenly swung himself into the saddle, and like an arrow the mule darted away. Reynolds had to pass six Indians and their horses before he was clear of the camp, but such were his movements that he was pistol shot away before a shout was uttered or a shot fired. Every Indian then mounted in pursuit, and the foremost kept up a running fire until they were out of ammunition.

The mule seemed inclined to make up for his bad break in the grove, and he drew ahead so fast that at the end of a quarter of an hour Reynolds turned sharply to the right, rode about half a mile, and then man and mule hugged the earth and let the Indians gallop ahead into the darkness. The scout then returned to the stream, crossed it, and took a bee line for Fort Laramie, where he arrived next morning. Two arrows struck his saddle, and six bullets chipped his clothing without drawing blood. When he handed his dispatches to the commandant he humbly exclaimed:

"Ought to hev bin here sooner, but a snake bit Nancy and a band of reds gobbled me. Hope the delay won't make any trouble."—N. Y. Sun.

Goethe's Frankfort Home.

The work of renovating the Goethe house in Frankfort-on-Main has at last been completed. In removing the old paper from the wall in "Fran Rath's" room a closet was discovered which has been restored and now contains on its shelves many autographs of both parents and son. In Goethe's sitting-room, in the attic, filled with reminiscences of the poet and his Lotte, now stands the latter's spinet and an old-fashioned writing desk, once belonging to Johanna Wolfgang's grandmother, Cornelia Goethe. The two mansards on either side have been restored in their original form, with sloping roof, and having one window each. Every thing has been done to restore the house as nearly as possible to what it was in Goethe's boyhood.—American Register.

A PERFECT WIFE.

Her Success and Happiness.

When Benjamin Disraeli, Mrs. Wyndham Lewis was a girl of sixteen years. Yet her character: "The most severe of a perfect wife." Great as was the kinship to the criticisms of her husband when they are assured of her own confidence in her judgment, she seemed to us an oracle and a leader, is not usually in a position to be criticised even by her wife. That Mr. Disraeli, after a great debate in the House of Commons, what he ought to do, and what he should have left to indicate that she was a woman of exquisite tact, and that he—

She was a loved helpmeet, a union of thirty-three years of unbroken harmony, confidence, respect for him, studied his wishes, and served him with an intelligent companionship. Her husband is contented if she shows herself a good housewife, an attractive hostess and a wife. But Benjamin Disraeli, the average man, made his wife a companion and treated her as a loyal comrade. She possessed intense love and admiration.

When Disraeli delivered a speech in the Free-Trade Chamber—a speech which helped turn the Conservatives to the platform whence he was often transferred from to the sympathetic face of the wife, and then to the way to time to time, he lifted his eyes seeking her smile of approval.

When the oration was over he drove rapidly to the house of his husband. No sooner were the wheels heard grinding upon the than she hurried to the hall, entered she rushed into his arms, exclaimed: "O, Dizzy! Dizzy! that is the greatest night of all for all!" At that moment she could not live out of the three months before her husband pronounced her death warrant every step of her movement produced the acutest pain.

A well-known story also tells her strength of will and self-control when her love made necessary. When Disraeli, as the Exchequer, rode to the office to introduce his last budget, he paid a visit to his wife. She was seeking one of her finery boxes between the door and its frame maintained her composure, though pain was excruciating, though she, and until she saw him pass the "members'" entrance, she fainted.

The man who makes his wife a companion may hear severe criticism he will be "known in the papers."—Chicago Tribune.

CURE YOURSELF.

Observance of the Laws of Nature.

The body, to a large extent, is a machine which, when disarranged, pairs itself. Physicians tell us *vis medicatrix nature*—the power of healing inherent in nature. It is to get well. The body's resources are not equal to every case, but they are very great. It is of this even that the well man keeps well, if he conforms to the laws, for the system is ever full from its own waste, the disposition which nature has provided for than any city has for the disposal of its deadly sewage.

Take the case of an ordinary cold. It needs only to have its parts brought together, and does the healing; and even in cases where the parts are not together nature fills up the space with new flesh. So nature will break down, on the simple rest that the adjusted parts be allowed requisite rest.

Dyspepsia, whether induced by improper eating, the neglect of the brain overwork, or care, will, in time wholly remove the cause and cure with the laws of nature.

The best physicians now treat that typhoid patients, in the majority of cases, would recover a drop of medicine; that the medicine mainly to promote comfort, and that pure air is better than all drugs. The same of some other diseases. More is it being admitted that, in the drugs have any curative power, only aid nature, as the surgeon in the case of a badly broken limb, moving irritating bits, and securing the proper fixation of the parts.

The old-time doctors graduated people—in multitudes—literally dosed people to death, less than twenty years ago, called to watch with a patient gone in consumption, were eleven different medicines, which she was to administer the symptoms.

It can not be too strongly emphasized that those who observe the laws of their physical nature are likely to be well—and even infectious diseases little power over such persons would wholly disappear if all these laws.—Youth's Companion.

—An English humanitarian, Lindel by name, has set on foot a project for providing what she calls the Home of Rest for Horses and Dogs. The idea is that the usefulness of creatures might be preserved if they have an occasional week of rest.