THE MOON PATH.

The full, clear moon uprose and spread
Her cold, pale splendor o'er the sea;
A light strewn path that seemed to lead
Outward into eternity
Between the darkness and the gleam
An old world spell encompassed me;
Methought that in a godlike dream
I trod upon the sea.

And lo! upon that glimmering road,
In shining companies unfurled,
The trains of many a primal god,
The monsters of the elder world;
Strange creatures that, with silver wings,
Scarce touched the ocean's thronging floor
The phantoms of old tales and things
Whose shapes are known no more.

Giants and demigods who once
Were dwellers of the earth and sea,
And they who from Deucalion's stones
Rose men without an infancy:
Beings on whose majestic lids
Time's solemn secrets seemed to dwell,
Tritons and pale limbed Nereids,
And forms of heaven and hell.

Some who were heroes long of yore,
When the great world was hale and young;
And some whose marble lips yet pour
The murmur of an antique tongue;
Sad queens, whose names are like soft moans,
Whose griefs were written up in gold;
And some who on their silver thrones
Were goddesses of old.

As if I had been dead indeed,
And come into some after land,
I saw them pass me and take heed,
And touch me with each mighty hand;
And evermore a murmurous stream,
So beautiful they seemed to me,
Not less than in a godlike dream
I trod the shining sea.

—Archibald Lampman in Scribner's Magazine.

DADDY JIM.

You would never have thought of calling him "Daddy," for he didn't look more than 18 years old. In fact, when he first told me he was a married man I thought he was joking.

He worked in the same office I did, and as his desk was near mine we had become quite friendly, although not intimately acquainted.

It is odd, isn't it? how men can sit and write side by side or shoulder to shoulder day after day, each knowing nothing of the other's life or interests and but little of his tastes and disposition.

All hurry through work like so many automatons, then rush each in his own direction, rarely stopping for an exchange of words and never for an exchange of thoughts.

Writing, writing, all day long. Little wonder they have few ideas when night comes beyond catching the first car, burying themselves in a newspaper and dozing away toward their homes.

Now, I am a veritable sort of a creature, just the least bit inquisitive, too. I catch myself listening to conversations in the street car and wondering where the people live and what they are like in their homes. In other words, I haven't yet got to regarding men as mere machines, and I confess to a good, wholesome curiosity about them and their affairs.

When I first came to live in the city I was extremely interested in every one about me, and when to my well meant advances I got short but not unpleasant responses, I thought people took me for a meddling sort of a fellow, and I rather drew back into my shell and kept to myself. But now I understand better, and when a man is what I used to term cranky I set him down as dead tired and let him alone, and that's how it happened that after working for nearly a year in the same room with a dozen men James Murray was about the only one with whom I had even a common acquaintance.

Somehow I took a fancy to the young fellow from the very first. He was tall and thin, smooth freed, with regular, clean cut features and dark eyes and hair; boyish looking, but dignified and very quiet.

I had done him a few friendly turns, such as men working together often get a chance to do one another, and we had become pretty well acquainted. At least he must have known me and my family history pretty well; but he was rather reticent, and beyond telling me he was a "man of family," as he expressed it, he had never talked of his own affairs, and I had often wondered what his family might consist of.

One night he invited me home to dinner with him, and, as you may imagine, I accepted with great promptness.

His home was at the outskirts of the great city, not in one of the pretty suburbs, but in a thinly settled, bleak looking neighborhood, where there were many vacant lots, with here and there a fair looking apartment house or block of flats, but no houses that looked like permanent homes.

The buildings all had that cheerless look seen in the neighborhoods where renters change often, a sort of transient air, as though the houses themselves might be portable; and one would hardly be surprised to see the great furniture vans, that are always coming and going with immense loads to and from these localities, carry away houses and all.

My friend apologized for the distance, saying that cheaper rent had taken him so far out, because now his family needed more room than he could afford to pay for nearer town.

"His family," again; well, in a few minutes I should see for myself. A ring at the door of an upper flat brought a neat little maid servant to the door, and she showed us into a cozy little parlor, empty for a moment, then filled, it seemed to me, by a lively little tot of two or three years. "Daddy Jim, Daddy Jim," he called, as he climbed on him and over him, and hung on his coat; and then the pretty girl mother entered, and Daddy Jim proudly presented me to his family.

We had a merry meal. Everybody talked, even the baby. They both rattled away, and I soon knew all about them. Her name was Kittie, baby's was Ned. She called her husband "Daddy Jim," because baby had begun it, and it sounded so funny. Both were orphans—he was 23 and she was 19. She had married at 16, because her mother had died then and left her alone, and Jim wanted to take care of her. They had been engaged ever since they were children; and so as I heard their story I became more and more interested in them, and I resolved then and there to be a sort of a father to them. Not that I was so awfully old (my hair has always been thin this way—early baldness runs in our family), but they seemed such infants to be all alone in the world.

I think they must have liked me, too, for soon an invitation to dine with them on Sunday became so much a matter of course that I should have felt hurt had it been omitted. I became their confidential friend, and was consulted in so many of their plans that I felt myself quite important, I assure you. I helped Kittie select Jim's birthday and Christmas gifts, and I gave Jim the benefit of my experience in shopping when Kittie sent him for purchases at the great dry goods stores. In fact, I began to consider myself one of the family.

Now there was employed in our office as type writer a Mrs. Wyman, a very handsome woman of about 35 years of age. A relative of one of the firm, her story was well known among the men in the office. She had been left an orphan with considerable money, and at the age of 16 had married against the advice of her friends; her husband had abused her, spent her little fortune, then died leaving her to support herself.

She was, as I have said, beautiful, but very bitter and sarcastic, and feeling that she owed the world a grudge, she was not apt to spare any one. I think the men were rather afraid of her sharp tongue, and she was not on particularly good terms with any of them except Jim, and from the first day she came she seemed to take a fancy to him.

She was not a bad hearted woman, and, as I afterwards found out, she didn't know Jim was a married man; but she seemed to have a sort of a fascination for him which caused me no little anxiety. Not that Jim was at all in love with her, or likely to forget Kittie, but he was so very young and so sorry for her; and it is through their sympathies that so many men get into trouble.

There was nothing in it, only it took him longer to do errands at her desk than it did the rest of us, and sometimes he would stop and talk a few minutes to her after work was done—that was all; but it worried me.

I felt that I ought to speak to him about it, yet what could a fellow do? There was really nothing to speak about. So it would seem when I was with him, then when I had left him it would seem that I had neglected my duty. Then, again, it would appear too trifling a matter to think of, so there I was, not halting between two opinions, but flopping from one opinion to another a dozen times a day.

One Sunday Kittie took him to task in a playful manner for not getting home earlier. "Fifteen minutes late three times last week," she said, shaking her finger at him. I tossed the baby and pretended not to hear. Then Jim left the room, and Kittie told me she was going to surprise him by coming to the office to come home with him some day soon. "Do you know I never have been in that office," she said, and I secretly hoped she never would come.

A few days later she came into the dingy office, looking like a picture in her pretty new cloak and dainty hat. Jim had just gone over to Mrs. Wyman's desk to carry some papers, and through pure ill luck picked up a flower from the bouquet on her desk and laughingly asked her for it. The lady graciously gave it, and as he leaned over reached up with a smile and pinned it to his coat with her own fair fingers. Such a thing had never happened before and might never again, but Kittie's quick eye caught the whole thing. She turned red, then white. "I didn't know there was a lady in the office," was all she said.

Jim, having finished his errand, was walking leisurely back toward his desk when he saw Kittie. His eyes brightened, and with a glad surprise he hurried toward her, saying how pleased he was that she had come. Kittie replied stiffly with her eyes fixed upon the unlucky flower. He glanced down, then he seemed to understand her manner and there was an awkward pause, broken shortly by their starting for home.

"And who is Mr. Murray's pretty friend?" asked Mrs. Wyman of me later.

"His wife," I answered sternly.

"His wife! What a sweet face! Why, I never imagined that boy was married," she said with surprise.

"So I inferred," was all I replied as I turned and left her.

The next day Jim seemed ill at ease, and I couldn't help noticing he hurried through any work he had at Mrs. Wyman's desk.

She seemed perfectly unconscious of any change of manner, and I truly believe never suspected there had been the least trouble, and was as frank and friendly as ever toward him, speaking of his wife's beauty and her surprise that he was married.

They had been painting the building that our office was in, and some scaffolding had been put up over the door. "A dangerous looking arrangement," I had heard one of the men mutter as he passed under it. A strong wind was blowing just as Jim was going out of the door, and the thing toppled and fell, burying him beneath it. He was taken out senseless, and it was found that beside a slight injury to his head his leg was broken. He soon recovered consciousness, and the doctor set his leg and we took him home.

Mrs. Wyman came to me as we were starting. "The firm will bear all expense, of course," she said, "but if there is anything I can do for that dear little girl wife, please let me know and let me help her." She was so earnest that I couldn't help taking her hand, and promising her that if we needed her she should come.

Poor Kittie! She was terribly frightened, and so conscience stricken because she had been cross to Jim. "Oh, will he die?" she asked over and over again. The doctor assured her there was no danger of dying, but that he would need nursing and care. "Have you any grown person whom you can get to help you?" he said, as he took in Jim, Kittie, Ned and the little maid of all work at a glance. She looked dismayed; they knew nobody. Then I delivered Mrs. Wyman's message. Kittie hesitated a moment, then consented, like the dear little girl that she was.

So Mrs. Wyman was sent for. The moment she entered the sick room she seemed transformed. All the bitterness and hardness gone—she was sweet, tender, womanly. Jim was lying white and still on the bed, Baby Ned stroking his pale hand and softly saying: "P-o-oor Daddy Jim." Kitty stood beside the bed weeping. Mrs. Wyman went quickly to her, and taking her in her arms, whispered: "If my baby had lived she would have been almost as old as you, dear." And I know Kittie was conquered, for she put her arms about her neck and they kissed each other and cried together woman fashion, while I looked on and blew my nose furiously, and kept saying it was strange where I got such a snuffy cold.

Well, there isn't much more to tell. Jim got on famously, and all on account of his excellent nursing.

The very first place he went when he was able to walk was to the little chapel around the corner with a merry little wedding party. Mrs. Wyman was the bride, and, being modest, I won't mention the groom's name; but the man who gave the bride away was Daddy Jim.—Marie More Marse in Mail and Express.

Keep Off of White Sidewalks.

If a man wants to avoid being prostrated by the heat he needs to be careful how he walks over a white sidewalk with the sun on it. In very hot weather people wear white or very light clothing because it repels the heat, while dark clothes absorb it. It is just so with these white pavements. They never get so hot as dark ones, and are easier on the feet in consequence, but they reflect the heat on the person who walks over them. It is better to walk in the street than on one of these white heat reflectors when the sun is shining on it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Wealthy Ice Man.

The other morning an ice man, after firing three or four cakes of ice into the kitchen of an uptown restaurant, entered the latter place and ordered "one top sirloin, fried pertaters, er cup o' coffee an' some toasted bread." "Does he do that often?" the waiter was asked. "Yes, every morning. Those fellows make a lot of money besides their wages. They can give us points on getting tips," he sadly said.—Chatter.

Complacency in Modern Athens.

A smile as big as a barn door adorns the Boston countenance when it reads of the social aspirations of some of the people who have gone to London this season. It appears to the self assured Bostonian that society in that vast town is nothing if not democratic, and he no longer wonders at the attraction it possesses when everybody who isn't anybody succeeds without difficulty in getting in there.—Boston Herald.

Sport at Duluth.

The people of Duluth were entertained on Friday by the captains of three tugs, who had a race ten miles away and return, with safety valves tied down and furnaces full to the doors. The pleasure of the populace was only marred by the fact that there was no explosion.—Detroit Free Press.

Pulp manufacturers are deeply interested in an electrical method of reducing the wood in the manufacture of pulp. By this process it is claimed that the fiber is manufactured so cheaply that the entire pulp business will be revolutionized, and the digesters now in use be driven out.

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

INFLUENCE OF MIND ON MIND STRONGLY ILLUSTRATED.

A Strange Story of Thought Transmission—Two Well Known Men Conceive the Same Idea at About the Same Time. An Odd Experience of Mark Twain's.

Now I come to the oddest thing that ever happened to me. Two or three years ago I was lying in bed idly musing one morning—it was the 2d of March—when suddenly a red hot new idea came whistling down into my camp and exploded with such comprehensive effectiveness as to sweep the vicinity clean of rubbishy reflections and fill the air with their dust and flying fragments. This idea, stated in simple phrase, was that the time was ripe and the market ready for a certain book; a book which ought to be written at once; a book which must command attention and be of peculiar interest—to wit, a book about the Nevada silver mines.

The Great Bonanza was a new wonder then, and everybody was talking about it. It seemed to me that the person best qualified to write this book was Mr. William H. Wright, a journalist of Virginia, Nev., by whose side I had scribbled many months when I was a reporter there ten or twelve before. He might be alive still; he might be dead; I could not tell; but I would write him anyway.

I began by merely and modestly suggesting that he make such a book, but my interest grew as I went on, and I ventured to map out what I thought ought to be the plan of the work, he being an old friend, and not given to taking good intentions for ill. I even dealt with details and suggested the order and sequence which they should follow. I was about to put the manuscript in an envelope, when the thought occurred to me that if this book should be written at my suggestion, and then no publisher happen to want it, I should feel uncomfortable; so I concluded to keep my letter back until I should have secured a publisher.

READING AN UNOPENED LETTER.

I pigeonholed my document and dropped a note to my own publisher, asking him to name a day for a business consultation. He was out of town on a far journey. My note remained unanswered, and at the end of three or four days the whole matter had passed out of my mind. On the 9th of March the postman brought three or four letters, and among them a thick one whose superscription was in a hand which seemed dimly familiar to me. I could not "place" it at first, but presently I succeeded. Then I said to a visiting relative who was present:

"Now I will do a miracle. I will tell you everything this letter contains—date, signature and all—without breaking the seal. It is from a Mr. Wright, of Virginia, Nev., and is dated the 2d of March—seven days ago. Mr. Wright proposes to make a book about the silver mines and the Great Bonanza, and asks what I, as a friend, think of the idea. He says his subjects are to be so and so, their order and sequence so and so, and he will close with a history of the chief feature of the book, the Great Bonanza."

READ ARIGHT.

I opened the letter and showed that I had stated the date and the contents correctly. Mr. Wright's letter simply contained what my own letter, written on the same date contained, and mine still lay in its pigeonhole, where it had been lying during the seven days since it was written.

There was no clairvoyance about this, if I rightly comprehend what clairvoyance is. I think the clairvoyant professes to actually see concealed writing and read it off word for word. This was not my case. I only seemed to know, and to know absolutely, the contents of the letter in detail and due order, but I had to word them myself. I translated them, so to speak, out of Wright's language into my own.

Wright's letter and the one which I had written to him, but never sent, were in substance the same.

Necessarily this could not come by accident; such elaborate accidents cannot happen. Chance might have duplicated one or two of the details, but she would have broken down on the rest. I could not doubt—there was no tenable reason for doubting—that Mr. Wright's mind and mine had been in close and crystal clear communication with each other across 3,000 miles of mountain and desert on the morning of March 2. I did not consider that both minds originated that succession of ideas, but that one mind originated them, and simply telegraphed them to the other.

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

I was curious to know which brain was the telegrapher and which was the receiver, so I wrote and asked for particulars. Mr. Wright's reply showed that his mind had done the originating and telegraphing and mine the receiving. Mark that significant thing now: Consider for a moment how many a splendid "original" idea has been unconsciously stolen from a man 3,000 miles away.

If one should question that this is so, let him look into the cyclopedia and con once more that curious thing in the history of inventions which has puzzled every one so much—that is, the frequency with which the same machine or other contrivance has been invented at the same time by several persons in different quarters of the globe. The world was without an electric telegraph for several thousand years; then Professor Henry the American, Wheatstone in England, Morse on the sea, and a German in Munich all invented it at the same time.—Mark Twain in Harper's.

The Howdah.

The Indian howdah is a sort of car or pavilion, a saddle for elephants. It is a handsome affair with gorgeous trappings, and though of various forms is usually covered overhead. The driver is not seated in the howdah, which is reserved for his master, but sits on the elephant's neck.—Detroit Free Press.

Two Prescriptions.

A correspondent asks for a reliable remedy for blind staggers. In the case of a horse bleed the animal in the roof of the mouth; in the case of a man confine the patient to a simple diet and the use of water.—Detroit Free Press.

Judge James M. Shackleford, of Indiana, appointed judge of a court in Oklahoma territory, took his son with him as clerk of the court. The son and clerk has recently distinguished himself by marrying a Cherokee.

DANGER ON THE ELEVATOR.

People Who Should Be Careful How They Use the Rapid Lifts.

The general use of rapid traveling elevators is having an effect upon the people who use them that is causing a good deal of speculation as to whether it is safe for a person having a weak heart to ride up and down on them habitually. Some persons believe that the rapid motion and sudden stops are liable to produce heart disease. Doctors are not positive on the subject, but their opinions seem to lend color to the theory that a person with a weak heart should not ride frequently on such elevators.

"This is certainly a very interesting question," said Dr. Thomas J. Mays, who makes diseases of the heart a specialty. "I have heard people complaining of a sinking feeling in these rapid transit elevators, but whether the movement of the elevator has any effect on the heart or not I am not prepared to say. When a person's heart is diseased in any way the slightest change of environment will affect it, of course. The movement of the elevator causes a change of environment, but it may or may not cause an aggravation of the heart trouble. Doubtless it quickens the movement of the heart, but without investigation of the subject it would seem to me that the movement of a rapid transit elevator would only affect those persons whose hearts are affected. However, I am not prepared to give an opinion without study of the question."

Dr. Frank Woodbury, another physician who gives heart troubles special attention, also said he had not studied the question, but he was rather inclined to think the movement of a rapid transit elevator would affect a person; "but," said he, "I think it would have more effect on the nerves than on the heart. I came down in one of those elevators this morning with a lady, and she complained of a sinking feeling, as if she was going to faint. Not having given the matter any serious consideration, I am not prepared to give an opinion, but I should think nervous people would very probably be affected by the sudden and swift upward or downward motion of an elevator."

Dr. John B. Shoemaker was another physician who declined to express an opinion. "I have heard the matter discussed," said he, "but I have not given it personal attention. The motion of a rapid elevator undoubtedly has a temporary effect on some people, but whether it affects the heart permanently or not I cannot say."

Another physician said that many persons' nerves and hearts are affected by the excessive use of tobacco, and the rapid motion of the elevator will always affect them. The heart is always affected by the constant use of tobacco, and its movement easily quickened by excitement of any kind. This is especially the case with persons of a nervous temperament, and those persons always have sinking feeling when a rapid transit elevator suddenly starts or stops. Whether these rapid transit elevators have a permanent effect upon the heart or nerves, he would not venture an opinion.—Philadelphia Record.

Won by a Cuff Button.

"Do you see that peculiar looking stud that man is wearing on his shirt front?" said a hotel clerk the other day, pointing to a gentleman standing near by, and on whose expansive bosom was fastened a gold button with a bird in black enamel upon it.

"That man is a St. Louis drummer, and he has been wearing that stud for twenty years to my knowledge," added the clerk. "It was twenty years ago that he married a relative of Patrick Egan, of Nebraska. Previous to that time a certain young business man of Chicago was also courting her, and among the presents he once gave her was a pair of cuff buttons, of which that stud was one. The rival saw these buttons one day on the young lady's cuffs, and in jest purloined one of them and placed it in his shirt front. When leaving the house afterward he encountered the Chicago suitor, who spied the jewel. An explanation was demanded of the young lady and an angry scene followed, and the Chicago man left in a huff.

When the St. Louis drummer called the next time he proposed and was accepted. After their marriage his wife told him that had the Chicago lover proposed first, which he undoubtedly would have done but for the cuff button episode, she would have accepted him. Ever since that time the happy husband has been wearing that button, and money could not buy it of him."—San Francisco Call.

Training a Dog to Dig for Truffles.

It has been found that dogs could be trained to hunt truffles, and so great is the demand in France for the truffle that many of the canine species are now, in certain districts, possessed of this estimable talent. The training through which they pass in order to acquire a scent is a decidedly agreeable one. To begin with, finely cut or sliced truffles are mixed daily with their food, until at length they develop a liking for the flavor.

Afterward their owners conceal in some portion of a field where truffles are supposed to exist a little tin dish of fliet aux truffes, covering the same with a few handfuls of earth. The dog is then brought out and urged to hunt for the dish, goaded by an empty stomach. When he at length finds it he is caressed by his master, and thus in the space of a few weeks he will readily learn to hunt for the vegetable itself.—Washington Letter.

Greenland.

On some of the old time maps Greenland was known by a different name than the one it now bears.

During the Ninth century Gunnbjorn, a brave sea rover from Iceland, discovered "Greenland's icy mountains," and because of their glittering mantle of ice and snow he called the island Hvidsærk or White Shirt.

Some years later Eric the Red came to the island to found colonies there, and changed the name to Greenland. Perhaps on a map White Shirt might not make so dignified an appearance as Greenland, but it would not be so strikingly inappropriate to the great "inland ice," as the Danes call it—a country of glaciers and snow fields that stretches away into the shadows of the unexplored and unknown.—Youth's Companion.

"It is curious," remarked a salesman in a Chestnut street store, "what odd excuses people will make for not buying things rather than tell the truth."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

EXPLORING ALASKA.

THRILLING EXPERIENCES OF A PARTY OF SCIENTISTS.

The Strange Land of the Far Northwest Has Many Interesting Features—Luxuriant Vegetation Where There Is No Ice—St. Elias Not a Volcano.

Mr. Israel C. Russell has returned to Washington from that region of eternal ice and snow in Alaska, where the highest peak in North America rises to an altitude of 19,000 feet from a glacier 1,000 square miles in area and as big as all those of the Alps put together.

Along the edge of the glacier, all the way from Icy bay to Yakutat bay, there extends a strip of green coast which is covered with luxuriant vegetation. Strawberry vines cover the ground for miles, and the verdant fields are reddened as far as the eye can reach with luscious fruit, which compares favorably in point of size and flavor with the finest grown in temperate latitudes. There are huckleberries, too, and "salmon berries," which are something between blackberries and raspberries, but of giant size, measuring nearly two inches in diameter. All the lowlands are carpeted with violets, buttercups, yellow monkey flowers and other wild blossoms. Here and there, in the midst of the vast ice fields, are the loveliest gardens watered by the melting snow.

There are plenty of grizzly bears in the vicinity of Mount St. Elias, but Mr. Russell did not find them very dangerous. He says that his encounters with them reminded him of killing pigs. Of brown and black bears he saw and shot a great many. The expedition met with enough perils, however, to satisfy the most adventurous geographical explorers. Nearly all of the climbing had to be done up steep walls of ice and snow by cutting steps. At almost any time a slip would have precipitated the party down the frozen precipices thousands of feet. On one occasion they were descending when they found that an avalanche had carried away the steps which they had made in going up. The impromptu staircase was destroyed for 300 feet, and they had to lower a man by a rope to chop out another, there being no other way of getting down. Such accidents as this were not uncommon.

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES.

Avalanches were continually falling, rushing down the slopes with the speed of railway trains and with a roar like thunder that could be heard twenty miles away.

One night about 12 o'clock the party was passing over a bad place in the Agassiz glacier. Two men were in the lead, drawing a sled. Suddenly they disappeared from sight, having fallen into a fissure in the ice. Luckily they were caught upon a projecting ledge at the depth of about twenty feet, else they would never have been seen again. They were hauled out with ropes. The next day in the same neighborhood Mr. Russell chanced to look behind him and saw that the ice field over which he had just passed was gone, leaving an enormous hole of unknown depth. Another time one of his men tumbled into a crevice, and was only saved by the pack fastened to his shoulder, which interrupted his progress through a twist in the frozen tunnel that had yawned for him.

The Agassiz glacier is one of the four great glaciers which, together with about a thousand small ones, flow out from the mountains at the north to the mighty Malaspina glacier, pouring their streams of ice continually into this vast frozen sea. This glacier of Malaspina, from 1,500 to 2,000 feet thick, is interesting, not merely because of its enormous size, but also by reason of the fact that it is the only one now in existence of the same type as the glacier which formerly covered all of this continent as far south as Philadelphia and St. Louis, leaving traces that are visible to this day in scratches on the rocks.

A GLACIAL RIVER.

Where the land in that region is bare of ice the vegetation attains an almost tropical luxuriance, and the Arctic jungles are well nigh impassable to the explorer. One of the chief obstacles encountered in threading them is a plant known as the "devil's club," which grows to a height of ten or fifteen feet, its stems running along the ground for some distance and then turning upward. Every part of its surface, even to the ribs of the leaves, is thickly set with spines, which inflict painful wounds, and breaking off in the flesh cause festering sores. In the Lucia glacier occurs a most interesting feature in the shape of a glacial river which comes out from a mountain through an archway of ice, flows for a mile and a half in plain view, and then is lost to sight in another tunnel. Where the stream emerges finally is unknown. No explorer has as yet been bold enough to enter the tunnel and drift through, after the fashion of Allan Quatermain and Umslopogaas. The greatest risk in such an undertaking would be from falling blocks of ice. At the mouth of the tunnel there are always confused noises and rhythmic vibrations to be heard from the dark recesses within. The air is filled with pulsations like deep organ notes, and it requires but little imagination to transform these strange sounds into the voices and songs of inhabitants of the nether world. It used to be supposed that Mount St. Elias was a volcano, and sea captains sailing on the Pacific have often beheld what they imagined to be smoke issuing from its summit; but this is a mistake, and it is probable that the alleged smoke was really avalanche dust blown upward by the wind.—Washington Cor. New York Sun.

Street Sweeping Machine.

A street sweeping machine has been patented by a Californian. This machine involves the novel principle of throwing the dirt upward and backward over the top of the brush into the base of the elevator, and thence carrying it directly back and discharging it into a delivery spout at the rear. The special advantage of this machine is that the elevator, being behind the brush, only one elevator is required. Side brushes and a gutter brush and power transmitting mechanisms to operate all the brushes at the proper speed are also provided, together with several adjustments of the various parts.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A New Cure for Toothache.

A Russian practitioner recommends the use of hyoscyamus seeds for toothache. His plan is to burn the seeds, and to convey the smoke through a little paper tube to the hole in the tooth. He declares that in nearly all cases one application, or at most two, will suffice to cure the toothache.

DOCTORS' PLATITUDES.

How They Cajole, Humor, Mystify and Relieve Their Patients.

"Illness is always serious," is one of the stock phrases of the business like doctor. "Persevere with the medicine," is a stock remark worth several hundred a year to some men we know. The "professional air" which is now acquired requires a genius to originate, but it is easy enough to affect it. The Abel Druggers are dying the death. The public nowadays objects to being made ill, and, as a rule, in the better class of practices, medicines are either supplied free of charge, or prescriptions are written; but generally the people in the middle ranks of life who employ the general practitioner object to go to a chemist for medicines; consequently the drugs are dispensed by the doctor. We fear that many of the most successful of general practitioners owe their position simply to their proficiency in the art of pleasing.

"I never contradict a patient," one of the most astute of our friends used to remark. Curious are the experiences on this head, we will give a case in point. Mrs. A. came regularly to the surgery of a professional friend; her disorder was chronic. In sober truth, she simply fancied that her skin was too tight for her. For months the bi-weekly consultations continued. The practitioner was aware that the lady was a malade imaginaire, and he rang the changes on tonics and placebos. They did no harm; he argued they might do good by their effect on the mind. At length our friend's conscience began to prick him. He hemmed, he hawed; at last he told Mrs. A. in polite language that she had nothing the matter with her. Mrs. A. rose indignant. "And have you been physicking me all this time if nothing was the matter?" Mrs. A. left in a rage, and, walking straight to another practitioner in the neighborhood, she explained to him that our friend "did not understand her constitution;" in fine, that he had committed the crowning sin of telling her that she had no disorder. The rival practitioner was a wise man. He sympathized, he prescribed, he is possibly prescribing still, and still, probably, the unfortunate lady suffers from the skin, which is too tight. This is no histoire pour rire; it is a solemn fact.

One of the most tradesmen like practitioners we know, in defending what we fear can only be called charlatanism, remarks: "They like it, sir. They will have it." This practitioner always uses the stethoscope, and takes the patient's pulse with a sphygmograph; he has the reputation among his numerous patients of being a very scientific man; he has a large and wealthy connection in a fashionable suburb. Really his ignorance is crass. Many general practitioners seek to dazzle their patients by a dashing turnout, an affectation of hurry and bustle. One eminent accoucheur is said to have actually driven himself into practice. He was known to his confreres as "Jehu." He affected a yellow brougham and a pair of carriage dogs; he drove with jobbed horses at a rate of about fourteen miles an hour; he soon became talked of, and died a rich man. The clever practitioner never "lingers," he makes himself desired, and lets the patient conclude that his moments are precious. As a rule, in general practice the patient is never told he has nothing the matter with him. "He must be ill or he wouldn't come to me" is the natural sophistry of the general practitioner. He is probably right; for there is something consoling to the generality of people in the mere seeing of a doctor. As a rule, the general practitioner, if an honest man, succeeds in gaining his patient's confidence.—Saturday Review.

His Weak Point.

The other day a young London doctor, who, doubtless from some scientific or other high motive, had declined to pay a bill, had a "distress" served upon him in the most ingenious manner. His intelligence had long defied the bloodhounds of the law, but the broker's man alone was one too many for him. The doors were locked, the windows bolted, the area gate impregnable; but the genius to whom had been intrusted the task of entering the castle was equal to the occasion. What he looked for was "the motive"—that is, the motive which would be most likely to induce a young doctor to open his door; and he found it in a "patient." He drove up to the door in a cab as a chronic but well to do invalid. Swathed in flannel he tottered up the steps, and when the sympathizing physician let him in and was about to inquire into his case, he replied: "Summons, sir; I'm the broker's man."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Crack Georgia Sharpshooter.

In your paper of today I saw an article of the best shot in Americus, one that is the equal of Carver or Bogardus; now, I wish to dispute with you, for we have one in Sumter that is far the superior of either; his name is Howard; he never allows his hands to mark either his cattle or hogs; he has a trained dog for the occasion who starts the hogs or cattle from the pen; after they have gotten from fifty to a hundred yards the start he puts his horse in full speed, draws his Smith & Wesson and fires two shots in quick succession, and thus proceeds to cut an underbit in one ear and a swallow fork in the other, leaving a hole in each ear with a swallow fork in the right and an underbit in the left of each ear. His employer has been satisfied with his manipulation for several years, and tells him to go ahead, as everything is O. K.—Americus (Ga.) Republican.

Colors and Health.

In a recent lecture on decoration Mr. George Aitchison, A. R. A., stated that certain colors and tones are prejudicial to health. Very dark rooms are so, and red and yellow are also prejudicial in the same way, if we have to remain in rooms so colored all and every day. The lecturer said that a manufacturer had a woman's workshop painted yellow, and found sickness increase in his hands. His doctor recommended whitewash, and normal health was restored.—Chatter.

Using Amber to Imitate Jewels.

Amber is often seen carved into elegant forms in ancient Etruscan jewelry. The magnificent necklace known as the Prince de Canino's, the masterpiece of the Etruscan goldsmith, has pendants of alternate beetles of sardonyx and amber. Juvenal represents his patron displaying at his feast a bowl embossed with beryls and raised work of amber. Pliny records the fact that it was used to imitate all the transparent stones, especially the amethyst.—Philadelphia Times.

NEW YORK'S LODGING HOUSES.

People Who Patronize Them and Get Accommodations at Trifling Expense.

Not long ago a reporter, curious to test the truth of the old adage that "one-half the world knows not how the other half lives," made a tour of the cheap lodging houses, which almost completely line Chatham street from the Brooklyn bridge to East Houston street. As a rule the cheapest class of these lodging houses are patronized by tramps who, during the day, have begged a nickel or dime of some benevolently inclined person, and by inveterate drunkards who, having no home to go to, have pledged whatever article the pawnbrokers would accept. In this class of lodging house the usual charge is five cents. Having paid the man in charge of the packing case like office one is entitled to a "bed." This "bed" is the bare floor of an outrageously ventilated room, usually about twenty feet square, and no covering is provided. In this room are nightly huddled together anywhere from twenty-five to fifty men. The close atmosphere of the room, together with the breath of the sleepers, renders the air sickening in the extreme. No attempt is made at cleanliness, and further, a man suffering with any contagious disease is as readily received as one in perfect health. Only a few months ago a man suffering with smallpox was spotted in one of these holes by the police, and after much delay removed to a hospital. The entrance to the lodging house is invariably through a narrow doorway off the street, and up a staircase, lighted only by a small oil lamp. Everywhere about the place vermin can be found. Rats and mice fairly overrun the place. It is the custom to turn out all lodgers at 6 a. m. for the avowed purpose of ventilating the place, but ventilation is impossible unless the vile building be torn down.

The ten and fifteen cent houses are a little better than the "five centers," but not much. For ten cents one can get a cot bed in a small room with several others. Sometimes a mattress and sheet are provided the lodger, but oftener he gets no covering whatever. For fifteen cents the lodger gets a "private room," which is one of many. It is made by dividing a good sized room, by means of wooden partitions, into a number of smaller rooms. In some of them one finds a chair as well as the cot. A weak effort at cleanliness is made here. In a fairly large room near by soap, water and towels are furnished, and all are expected to avail themselves of their use. In this class of lodging houses the patrons are awakened at 7 a. m., when a general cleaning up takes place and everything is put in readiness for the next night's lodgers. The next priced houses cost lodgers twenty-five or thirty-five cents a night, according to the accommodations. These houses are all that a reasonable person in reduced circumstances can expect.

For twenty-five cents one is frequently given a single room, but at some places the lodger is quartered with two or three other men, but in a separate bed. Attached to some of this class of houses are sitting rooms, where far in the early morning hours groups of men sit about talking or reading. Some houses furnish their patrons with a bath. The best class of cheap lodging houses charge fifty cents per night. These are patronized chiefly by poor mechanics and laboring men. Everything is done to make their patrons comfortable. The daily papers are kept on file, and games of chess and checkers are permitted in the reading room. The entrances are large and wide, lighted by gas, and kept as clean as possible. Notwithstanding that every effort is made to keep these places well ventilated, in the summer the heat is intolerable.—New York World.

Killing Beef for Hebrews.

As is well known, the Israelities are very particular as to the use of butchers' meat, which, in order to be kosher—i. e., to comply with the ritual requirements—ought only to be taken from animals that are killed not only in the presence of, but by a person of the faith, specially appointed for the purpose. Complaints in this respect have been of frequent occurrence, many butchers or dealers of game and fowl offering their Jewish clients "unclean" meat. At a recent trial of this kind in Berlin the rabbi of the principal synagogue was called upon the stand and testified as follows: "The Mosaic law requires that the Jew butcher be a person of good reputation and morals, and, after undergoing an examination by the rabbi, should only exercise his particular function on the strength of a certificate. One of the tests of his fitness for the place consists in promptly resharpening a knife which the rabbi has purposely blunted. During the act of butchering he has to say certain prayers; he must see that the blood falls upon the ashes of peat, and, above all things, he must avoid being touched by any one while in the act, this in itself rendering the slaughtered animal unclean. He is required to put his seal upon the carcass, giving the date on which the animal is killed. No Israelite is permitted to eat fowl which has been killed more than three days before."—Paris American Register.

A Cure for Insomnia.

If you are troubled with insomnia these sultry nights just turn the faucet of cold water in your bath room for a minute or two upon your feet and then thoroughly dry them. Haul taut your musquito bar, let your head lie low, and, like the pious country blacksmith in his pew at church, close your eyes and think of nothing. The cold water drives the blood to the head and produces a soporific effect. One of the big Portuguese onions sliced and neatly seasoned and eaten with thin bread, in the form of sandwiches, would be good. An ordinary United States onion will do if the great big fellows are out of the market. Onions are full of opium. Let business and all mental labor go out of your head. Keep the thoughts of maturing notes, interest upon mortgages, the good looking chap that was attentive to your best girl, and all such enemies to repose on the outside of your musquito netting.—New York Times.

An Old Rib of Wood.

In Galveston, in sinking an artesian well, which is now 2,040 feet in depth, gray and green clay, mixed with wood, lime concretions and pebbles, were found at a depth of 1,510 feet. The age of the wood is estimated at 200,000 years by Professor Singley, and in the stratum, which is 106 feet in thickness, he found seeds resembling apple and hackberry seeds.—Yankee Blade.

If people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly, with regard to married people, when he said: "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of a domestic day."