

When Doctors Disagree.

New York Medical Record.

He stood by the bedside counting the pulse, counting the respirations. The patient was in advanced life, and was suffering from broncho-pneumonia. "One hundred and six" was the exclamation; "respiration thirty-six, an increase over last evening of ten pulsations and six respirations. Some slight lividity of the extremities of the fingers. Heart's action a little irregular." Dr. Blank shook his head dubiously. "Mrs. Brown is not so well to-day." A loud passed over his countenance as he spoke these words; it was noticed by Jane, Thomas, and Susan. A gloomy silence followed. The Cammann binocular tube was applied to different parts of the thorax. Subsequent rouché everywhere; small bubbling at the bases. "There is extensive consolidation," he said; "this dull region is stuffed with the products of inflammation. It is a hard tug for breath with the old lady."

The supreme cortical cells of Dr. Blank's cerebrum were evolving this thought: "This patient will die; I shall lose the prestige in consequence; I shall lose the patronage of this family." What shall he do about treatment? The digitalis does not seem to be working well; there is nausea. Do not promote expectoration. There is pain in the head, and he fears that it is caused by the quinine and whisky. In doubt and uncertainty he tells them to put these medicines on one side, and give a prescription for some carbonate of ammonia. He directs full doses of this medication, and then, after starting for home, in his hesitation comes back and advises the family to give only half the dose prescribed. With a heavy heart, which his countenance too plainly shows, he bids the Browns good-morning.

What are Thomas and the Brown girls thinking about at this time? The man is fairly discouraged. He has done all he can. He has no confidence in his medicines. He has made a complete change, and now is doubtful about the result of the change. He evidently thinks mother is going to die. Mother, too, is discouraged. It is time to try somebody else.

Dr. Blank had hardly arrived home that morning when a messenger brought a note from the Browns, stating that they had made a change; that Dr. Blank might consider this note a note of dismissal; that Dr. Bluff would now take charge of the case.

Dr. Bluff was not in any sense a scientific man, nor had he any skill in the selection of his remedies. He stole a good many useful hints from the members of the faculty and young graduates, with whom he now and then held consultations (and with whom he always agreed), but his diagnosis was haphazard and his treatment was haphazard. He administered horses and would bluster like an English country squire. All this gave him great popularity. Individuals had been heard to say that they would rather have Bluff's presence in a sick-room, than to die nothing more than the slang, and that they would be able to dance the polka in a few days, than have the most scientific college professor who would give them nauseous medicines, and tell them that their sickness was of a very grave nature.

Dr. Bluff was ushered into the room of the sick Mrs. Brown. The diagnosis and the fearful prognostications of poor Dr. Bluff were turned to ridicule. There was nothing the matter with Mrs. B., only a "little stuffing" in the chest. He would clear out those pipes in less than no time. Whisky and milk and his white emulsion of ammoniacum was all that was necessary. In less than half an hour the vocabulary of banter and current slang was exhausted. The sick woman was a "diary," a "blomin' rose of Sharon," and a "gay old gal." She had not "got through her sparkling" yet, and "if the present Mrs. Bluff should ever be taken off he would improve his opportunity, etc. As for the "fiddlesticks" she cannot die with that pulse." He would "have her out of that bed scrubbing the kitchen floor before a week."

It is needless to say that the Browns were all delighted with the assurance and the jocoseness of their new family physician, whose encouraging words rallied them to renewed efforts to prolong their parent's existence by often-repeated potions of whisky and milk.

It is worthy of note, also, that the patient herself for a while felt the invigorating stimulus of a new hope. Although the final result was as Bluff predicted, yet there always was a feeling on the part of the Browns that if Bluff had been called in earlier the result would have been different.

TAILORING TO-DAY.

New York Sun Interview.

"Tailoring is now an easier business than it was when I began twenty years ago," said a Broadway tailor decisively. "I have just begun to realize what Americans want. The taste of the age has changed. There was a time when a patron would say, 'I mean a tuxedo,' wanted good clothes. He didn't kick much if the fit was not very good, but wanted tip-top cloth. The suit that wore the longest pleased him best. But after a while I noticed that a change was setting in. That change is now a fixed fashion. Men no longer exhibit particular care about the quality and texture of the goods. What they want is a stylish fit. Not a good fit, mind you, but a stylish one. If we cut a patron's clothes after the prevailing mode he is satisfied. A thin or crooked legged man with a long waist ought to have roomy trousers and a coat with rather a short skirt. If we cut a man's clothes after that style he would look well, but he wouldn't take the clothes. So we make skin-tight trousers that make his legs look weak, and a long-tailed coat that makes him look ridiculous, and he is happy. He will surely come back to us for his next suit if we make him what he thinks is a stylish suit."

FISH NOT BRAIN FOOD.

Sir Henry Thompson, the London surgeon, recognizes in fish a combination of all the elements of food that the human body requires in almost every phase of life, more especially by those who follow sedentary employment. To women he considers fish to be an invaluable article of diet, but he scolds as a complete fallacy the notion that fish eating increases the brain power. "The only action fish had on the brain was to put a man's body into proper relations with the work he had to do."

The once famous tribe of Cherokee Indians is now reduced to about 1,000 persons, and they suffer a steady decrease.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

A LESSON TO RECKLESS DISCIPLINARIANS OF THE NURSERY.

Arkansas Traveler.

Few people seem to properly estimate the great wrong of frightening children. Nearly every household has its "ugly old man" or "great old bear." This terrible old man and this great old bear are powerful factors in nursery discipline. "Come along here now," a mother or nurse will say to a child, "and let me put you to bed." "I don't want to go now," the child replies. "You'd better come on here now, or I'll tell that ugly old man to come and take you away. There he comes now." This has the intended effect, and the child, trembling in fear, submits at once and goes to bed, probably to see in imagination all kinds of horrible faces.

The sad death of a little girl, which occurred recently, shows what a strong impression these "boogers" make on the minds of children. The little girl was a beautiful child, and everyone at the fashionable boarding-house where her parents were spending the summer months loved her with that purity of affection which a child so gently yet so strongly inspires. She would stand at the gate and clap her little hands in glee when her father came to dinner, and when he would take her on his shoulder, she would shout and call to everyone to look how high she was.

One day a large, shaggy dog came into the yard, and when she ran to him and held a flower to his nose, he growled and turned away. She was terribly frightened, and the black nurse, who had never seen the dog before, and who had never seen a dog hold a flower to his nose, he growled and turned away. She was terribly frightened, and the black nurse, who had never seen the dog before, and who had never seen a dog hold a flower to his nose, he growled and turned away.

"Yer'd better come heah an' git in dis bed," the nurse commanded.

"I don't want to."

"All right, den. I see gwine out an' call dat ole dog what growled at yer. When he comes an' fin's yer outen de bed, he'll bite yer head off."

The little girl grew deathly pale. "Nuthin' would suit dat dog better den ter git a chance at yer. Other nigh he coteh a little girl across da road an' eat her all up."

The child screamed.

"Come on here den, an' I won't let him ketch yer."

The poor little thing obeyed. Her father and mother were at an entertainment and there was no appeal from the negro woman's decision. When morning came the little girl did not awake with her glad "good mornin'" papa an' mamma. She had tossed all night and a hot fever had settled upon her. She grew rapidly worse, and the next day the physician declared that there was no hope for her. She became delirious, and her mother would exclaim: "Dog shan't have mamma's little girl!"

It was a sorrowing circle that surrounded her death bed. The parents were plunged into a grief which none but the hearts of fathers and mothers can feel.

Her last moments were a series of struggles. How hard the beautiful can die. She wildly threw up her little hands and shrieked: "Dog shan't have mamma's little girl!"

A gentle hand wiped the death froth from her lips.

Again she struggled and shrieked: "Dog shan't have—" but she died ere the sentence was finished.

HENRY MILLER'S LUCK.

California Eye.

Nestled close by the saloon at Grand Forks, in the very heart of the peaks of the Sierras, was the home of Henry Miller, a brother of Joaquin Miller. He had a very sensible woman for a wife, who bore him a beautiful son.

When the child was three weeks old, Mr. Miller, in a wagging way, told the "boys" he had "struck it rich," and had at that very time a nugget at his house that weighed two pounds. If any of them doubted his word, they could call at the house at any time and be convinced.

In a few minutes a delegation of miners filed out of the saloon and made a straight line for Mr. Miller's home. They were very courteously received by Mrs. Miller, who listened to the story of their errand, and with a twinkle in her eyes, concluded to keep up the joke. The speaker of the party began: "They tell us, Mrs. Miller, that your husband has struck it rich."

"Indeed he has," replied Mrs. Miller.

"Has he pre-empted his claim?"

"He certainly has."

"What price does he ask for his mine?"

"I really don't think he would take a cool million for it."

"Is the specimen very fine?"

"Indeed it is more precious than diamonds to me."

"Let us see it, will you?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Miller, as she advanced to the cradle and lifted out a handsome twelve-pound nugget, and exhibited to the astonished gaze of the good-hearted but puzzled miners. They took the joke very good-naturedly, and laughing heartily left the house without a very ceremonious leave-taking. Mckay, the millionaire, was one of the duped miners.

How It Happened.

[New York News.]

"The way dot happened was dis," said the host:

"Fred Weitzer, he took from his trunk a German navy pistol about six long, measuring about three feet with his hands," and said he had killed about one hundred Frenchmen with it. Swenson asked him if it was loaded, and he said it was not. Bang went dot gun, and Mrs. Kolb said she was shot, and Fred cried 'Mein Gott' and ran down stairs with all hands. Dot's all."

Georgia's Confederate Pensioners.

[Chicago Herald.]

Georgia has a Confederate pension list amounting to \$25,000 per annum. One hundred dollars is allowed for the loss of leg above the knee; \$75 for the same loss below the knee; \$60 for an arm above the elbow, and \$40 for an arm below.

A Triumph of Science.

[London Times.]

The young Dr. Draper, whose loss followed so quickly and so sadly for science on that of his lamented father, produced photographic plates showing stars which can not be seen through the telescope by which those photographs were taken.

A Development.

The question concerning an operatic performance in New York is gradually developing from "How was the music?" into "How much capital did the difference represent?"

GREAT MEN SPEAK.

A Norwegian Carriage.

There were a few other carriages on the route as we passed, but the favorite mode of traveling seemed to be by cariole, a vehicle which, as far as I know, is indigenous to this country, and the use of which is not likely, I should imagine, to extend. The cariole is a sort of cross between a milk and a buckboard, and is a little more uncomfortable than either. It consists of a pair of wheels and of a pair of shafts attached to the wheels at one end and to the horse at the other. Upon the shafts, between the axle and the horse's tail, is poised what looks like a small boat, not sufficiently wide for a man of broad beam to squeeze himself into comfortably and yet so wide that one of either build must necessarily wobble about. The legs of the occupant in either case hang out and find a precarious resting place either upon the shafts, adjacent to the flanks of the horse, or in two steps let down therefrom, while the extremities of the shafts, which project behind the wheels, have a slip of board nailed across them, which serves either as a resting place for a valise or as a seat for an attendant horse boy.

It is in conveyances of this kind that a great deal of the traveling in Norway is accomplished. You hire your carioles for so many days or weeks and journey along, finding relays of horses, or rather ponies, at the different post stations, the distance being ten miles from either end to the other. The carioles are of moderate—about five or six cents a mile—but they are for the most part sorry animals, and there is not much pleasure in sitting behind them. One pair of little horses, however, and the driver, excellent, and they rattled down hill a little too fast. It is a remarkable peculiarity in this hilly country that they use no brakes to their carriages, and yet they trot down steep grades as fast as their horses can get on. It is a good thing, it is the system of training, I suppose, that renders this safe, but any other than a Norwegian horse would most assuredly come to grief if driven down a steep hill at the pace they drive down here with their brakeless carriage crowding on his heels.

Curiosities Concerning the Thumb.

An article on "Thumb Lore" in the current number of the *Illustrated* initiates us in all the legends which have been formed of the thumb. We are told that "in the remotest days of antiquity" among Goths, Iberians and Moors the licking of the thumb was regarded as a solemn pledge or promise. Another custom of even greater grace and elegance was common in Scotland, where among the lower classes bargains were concluded by "licking and joining of thumbs." But the same ceremony was not always regarded as a solemn agreement or a form of business; licking or biting the thumb was often a challenge, as in "Romeo and Juliet," or as in Decker's "Dead Term," an act to "beget quarrels." Sir Walter Scott also alludes to it in this sense, and many stories are told where the biting of the thumb, or even of the glove, caused death and destruction. Kissing the thumb was regarded as a sign of servility, the ceremony being held by the nobles and tradesmen with superior customers. The important part which the emperor's thumbs played in the days of gladiators is well known; not so, perhaps, the Chinese custom, which still prevails to present an impressive sign of the thumbs of criminals, by which, as the thumb is said never to change in its formation and other characteristics, malefactors are identified on future committal.

The Antiquity of Narcotics.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

The plants which produce narcotic and stimulating effect were in the earliest times sacred plants, used in the worship of the gods, while their soothing or exhilarating effects were known only to the privileged classes or the royal and priestly orders. The priestesses of Apollo, under the inspiration of the juice of the poppy, delivered their oracles and prophecies. The Hindoo seers, drunk with bang, saw visions of the future, and held communication with the spirits of their dead ancestors. The American Indian smokes the pipe of peace and burns the sacred tobacco to appease the anger of the Great Spirit. Finally, in the course of ages, these sacred plants, the opium plant, the poppy, which produces the opium; the cannabis indica, or Indian hemp, which yields the hashish, or bang, and the American tobacco—became the inheritance of the common people, who have used them for the exhilaration, transports, and bliss which, if they are not divine, have in them at least a touch of alysum when they can make the wretch forget his miseries and the sufferer his pain.

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Minister of the Tribunal of Justice of the Republic, Lima, Peru.

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