

### How to Tell When a Person is Dead.

While we are decidedly in favor of cremation we do not admit that the fear of being buried alive should be a reason to cause us to reject burial and to adopt cremation. There are two simple tests by which we can always convince ourselves whether a person is really dead or not. One test is the same that has been crowned with a prize from the French government, which had for years offered a large reward for the discovery of any method, always applicable, always reliable, and one that may be practiced by the most ignorant. The method of determining actual death which was considered by the French government as being worthy of the reward is the following:

When the fingers of a person who is supposed to be dead are fully extended but kept near together, and if placed in front of a candle light in a dark room, a peculiar bright color, due to the capillary circulation, will be visible where the fingers touch each other, if there is any life left.

The other is based upon the well known fact that the muscles of a human being will never respond for a longer time to the strongest electrical current than for an hour and a half after death; while as long as life lasts, may its evidence be ever so little, the contractility of the muscles, if not affected by some forms of paralysis—and in cases thus affected, when death seems to occur, it is always real—remains.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

### An Idyl of the Surf.

A maiden of Boston,  
One morning while tossed on  
The waves of the surf at Long Branch,  
Set up a wild squealing,  
With such piercing feeling,  
That every face near her did blanch!  
She kicked and gyrated,  
In a way animated,  
While her face wore expression of woe,  
Till when rescued she stated,  
In voice with fear freighted,  
That a lobster shook hands with her toe.  
—L.J.S.

### An Intelligent Juror.

There is an American story of a juror in a trial for murder in one of the backwoods settlements of the far west. Great difficulty had been experienced in getting a jury; eleven jurors had at last been sworn in, and there only remained one man of the panel. He was a small, lean, lank fellow, with a shrewd face and uncouth demeanor, and his apparel seemed to show that never before had he been within sight or sound of civilization. He was asked the usual questions as to whether he had formed any opinions about the case, whether he had any prejudice against the prisoner, or whether he was conscientiously opposed to capital punishment. To all these questions he returned a decided negative. The judge and the council for the prosecution and for the defense did not any of them specially like the man's manner; but it was late and jurors were scarce, and so he was accepted. In accordance with an old form surviving strangely in out-of-the-way places, he was set before the alleged murderer and the judge said: "Juror, look upon the prisoner; prisoner, look upon the juror." When this command was given, the little man leaned forward and scanned the culprit carefully from head to foot for some moments; then he raised his head and turned to the judge and said, in a firm and solemn voice: "Yes, judge, I think he is guilty!"—*Saturday Review.*

### Smoothing the Rough Places.

Black—"How do you get along at your new boarding house?"  
White—"Very well indeed. I am well-lodged, well-fed and everything is made comfortable for me."  
Black—"I am surprised."  
White—"Why so?"  
Black—"Because I boarded there myself and I was half-starved. I can't understand why they treat you differently."  
White—"I'll tell you. You remember the landlady's baby?"  
Black—"That squint-eyed little brat? I do. I can hear him yelling now."  
White—"The baby is not handsome I admit. It cries considerably I allow, but I can't make it any handsomer nor improve its temper, therefore I make the best of it. I call it a pretty little daffling, a sweet little thing. I make excuses for the noise it makes by saying all children are so. The other boarders laugh at me but the laugh is on my side when they are sawing away at tough round steak and I am luxuriating on tenderloin. It doesn't take much effort to smooth over the rough places of life."—*Boston Courier.*

### Nothing Mercenary About Her.

"I'll keep this diamond engagement ring," she said in breaking the engagement.  
"I'm surprised," remarked the male member of the social contract, "that you should wish to keep anything that will remind you constantly of me."  
"I keep it," she continued, as she toyed with the gold band and its sparkling setting, "not for its intrinsic value, but simply a reminder of how big a flirt a man can be."  
"If that is the case," said he, "and you do not want it for its value, I will exchange it and give you a cheaper keepsake—one that will not tempt you to wear, but will keep just as well as a genuine diamond."—*St. Paul Globe.*

### Remedies for the Apple-Worm.

As a large share of the fruit, with the worm still within it, falls to the ground, the picking up of these windfalls and feeding, or otherwise destroying them, or allowing them to be gathered by swine, will naturally suggest itself as an efficient method. Manufacturers of vinegar find it profitable to pick up and press all windfalls; they yield a juice which will make vinegar. The fact that mature worms search for crevices in the bark of the trunk, in which to spin and undergo their transformations, has suggested providing them with artificial shelters for this purpose. Pieces of old carpet, or other woolen fabric, about five inches wide, and long enough to go around the trunk and lap, are fastened with a stout tack. These bands should be applied the last week in June and examined the first week in July, and every ten days thereafter. Any worms or cocoons that may be found under them can be killed by running the bands through a clothes wringer, or by crushing them otherwise.

Within a few years, the Western orchardists have treated the apple-worm upon the principle of "nipping in the bud." As soon as the young fruit is set, the tree is sprayed with a mixture of Paris green and water—one pound of the poison to fifty gallons of water. This is thrown into the tree by means of a spraying or sprinkling engine, in the hope that a drop of the poisoned water will lodge in the eyes of the young apples. The newly hatched apple-worm, in eating its way into the interior of the young apple, will be so effectively poisoned, that it must give up its task. Should the small amount of Paris green remain upon the fruit, it would be too harmful, but the subsequent rains thoroughly wash it away, so that there can be not the least danger in using the poison in this manner. The chief remedies used in England are barriers, to prevent the worms from ascending the trees to spin. Heavy paper is fastened around the trunks and smeared with tar; this and other means are employed as preventatives.—*American Agriculturist.*

### A Good Man's Tenderness.

Boys are sometimes tempted to think that to be tender-hearted is to be weak and unmanly. Yet the tendermost heart may be associated with the strongest and most forcible mind and will. Take, for example, the story told of him to whom we owe our wonderful railway system. George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house and closed the window. It had been left open a long time because of the great heat, but now the weather was becoming cooler, and so Mr. Stephenson thought it would be well to shut it. He little knew at the time what he was doing. Two or three days afterward, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against the same window and beating against it with all its might, again and again, as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He at once went to the room and opened the window to see. The window opened, the bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room, where Stephenson saw a nest—that little bird's nest. The poor bird looked at it, took the sad story in at a glance, and fluttered down to the floor, broken-hearted, almost dead.

Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under it four tiny little young ones—mother and young all apparently dead. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it; but all his efforts proved in vain. It speedily died, and the great man mourned for many a day. At that time the force of George Stephenson's mind was changing the face of the earth, yet he wept at the sight of this dead family, and was deeply grieved because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of death.—*Manchester Times.*

### He Would Not Tell a Lie.

"No, Willie," said a mother to her first born. "You cannot go out and play this afternoon. It is too warm. I'm afraid it will make you sick."  
"That's just the way, mamma, you keep me from keeping my word; and yet you tell me never to tell a story."  
"How can my command," continued the mother, "to keep you at home this afternoon cause you to tell a story?"  
"I promised Charley, who lives on the next block, that I would come down right after lunch and play with him. If I don't go, I'll break my word and he won't believe me any more."—*St. Paul Globe.*

### To Run by Soda.

At the Baldwin Locomotive Works there are in course of construction four locomotives which are designed to be run by soda, which takes the place of fire under the boiler. Soda has much the same power as coal without any of the offensive gases which the fuel emits. The engines are now nearly finished, and will be shipped within two weeks to Minneapolis, Minn., and are to be run on the streets of that city, where steam engines are forbidden.—*Piedmont Record.*

### FRANK BAD MANNERS.

What American Hosts May Expect from English Guests.

Yes, I agree with you that English people are capable, somehow, of the frankest bad manners in the world. Have you read any of the funny stories flying about that English couple touring among us a while ago—Mr. and Mrs.—? They are both, you know, public characters, both literary, learned in their gooves, madame aesthetic, monsieur reverend, philanthropic, and a musical enthusiast.

A musical friend of mine met them and was sufficiently fascinated by their converse to meditate inviting them to spend some days at her house. She mentioned this project to the lady who was entertaining them. "I have no doubt you would make a visit charming to them," the lady replied, "but, before you ask them, I think I ought, in-hospitable as it seems, to give you some slight account of our experience as hosts."

This visit to us was to begin at lunch time. It was almost the hour for that meal when Mr.—, from whom they were coming to us, drove hastily to our door. "Have Mr. and Mrs.— reached here yet?" were almost his first words.

"No, though I'm looking for them any moment."

"Well, we're at an utter loss what to do. They left us this morning with no word as to their luggage, their trunks are standing open in their rooms, nothing packed up, even their toilet apparatus scattered about. Are we to have them packed, do you suppose?"

Just then our guests came. Salutations over. "Are our boxes come?" demanded madame. Mr.— interposed. "I have just driven here to ask about them. As they were open, and nothing packed, we did not understand your intention about them."

"Why," returned his lady guest, "I expected your valet would pack my husband's things, and your wife's maid attend to mine."

"Very good," returned Mr.—. "The luggage shall come at once. He has no valet, and his wife no maid, but somebody packed the boxes and speeded them here."

At breakfast next morning we had unbolted wheat gems. Both our guests declined them, but Mr.— looked very curiously to see what we should do with them. When one was broken open—"Why, they're not meat," he exclaimed.

"Oh, no, they're a hot bread made of unbolted flour," we said.

"Aw! then I'll try one," he remarked. "I think it very stupid to travel in a foreign country and shun all the oddities one encounters! Take one, my dear," he added presently to his wife; "they're not so bad as they look."

For dinner we had a turkey—a very large one. Some of it was grilled for supper, and next day we had some in a salad at lunch. Mr.— did not understand what the dish was, and I said it was turkey salad. "Aw!" he answered me; "turkey for dinner, turkey for supper, turkey for lunch; no wonder they call the turkey the American bird!"—*Providence Journal.*

### Iron in the South.

We have been frequently assured of late by the tariff organs north and south that the iron industry in some of the southern states will undoubtedly soon lead those states into the protection camp. The growth of iron manufacturing in the south is of course very gratifying, but that it is confined to a few small districts seems to be overlooked in all the calculations we have mentioned. The increase in the output for last year shows how little the whole iron industry in the south influences the prosperity of the southern states, or even the condition of the iron trade in the United States. As compared with last year, Alabama turns out in round numbers an increase of 28,000 tons; Georgia, 15,000 tons; West Virginia, 14,000 tons; Tennessee, 16,000 tons, and Kentucky, 2,500 tons. The entire increase for the year in all the southern states is about 75,000 tons, which would be a moderate product for one small plant. The whole increase could be sold in any one northern iron market without affecting prices. It is too much to expect that the farmers of the south will consent to be impoverished to support manufacturing enterprises all over the country, even if a few iron mills are established in this section. It will always be unprofitable to them to pay out a dollar in order to get back 10 cents, and that is about what protection means to them in every case.—*Charleston News.*

### She is a Real Nightingale.

At the Argyle, Babylon:  
"Won't you sing, Mrs. Moneybags?"  
"I have not sung since I was married."

"But you were a perfect nightingale before."

"Nightingales never sing after they have made their nests."—*Town Topics.*

### Excepting During the Sermon.

A New Hampshire chap who wanted to break off the engagement to another fellow of the girl he loved didn't try to persuade either that the other was false, but just contrived to get them both to join the same church choir, and in less than a week they didn't speak.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*



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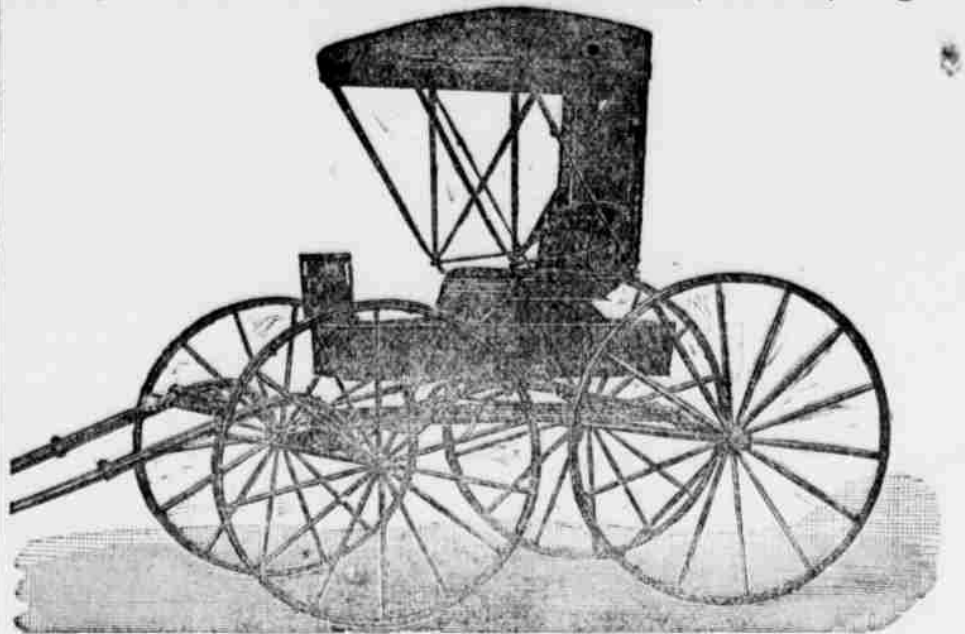
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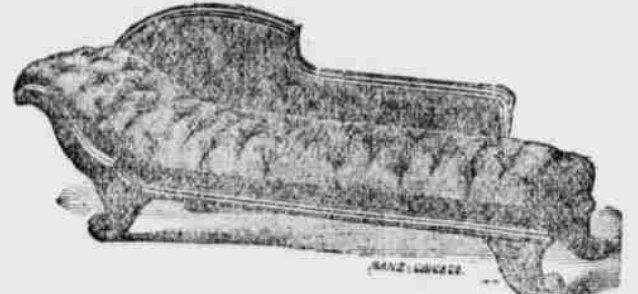
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