THE CHESTNUT BELL.

The News of Its Existence Finally Reaches an English Magazine Editor.

To say that the Americans have got a new slang expression is like repeating the ancient news that a man died yesterday in London. But there are giants even among the Brobdingnags, and from time to time a fresh Americanism breaks out "like an Irish rebellion thirty thousand strong," and rises to the dignity of a national institution. Such seems to be the magnitude and importance of the simple word "chestnuts." Like many great incarnations "chestnuts" came at first before the world in humble guise. As an American Anglo-German poet has sung:

> No one knew how it was started,
> Or how de fore-shlog came—

but about two years ago, where or whenever a Frenchman would have cried "Connu!" or an Englishman have murmured "Joe Miller!" the Transatlantics began to yell "chestnuts!" Woe to the man who tried to palm off an "old soldier" for a "recruit," if any one was present who recognized a single feature. But, as usual, when the etymologists examined the new phrase, nobody knew whence it came. It was said that the dead chestnut of last year suggested, like Villon's snows of the preceding year or of the south wind, its origin. Any one who has prowled in the forests in spring time knows how often a chestnut may be picked up which is fair to view, but which on examination proves to be about as valuable as a Dead Sea apple. Another investigator declared that the word was derived from a certain inveterate repeater of worn-out jokes named Chestnut, who had actually been indicted by a grand jury in Connecticut as a public nuisance "because nobody could stand his stories."

But it is time to consider what will be the ultimate effect of the chestnut bell on American intellect and culture. Is it really good for a country to have no old jokes, no venerable Joes, no standards of "fun?" Everybody can not rise to a point of order or to the point of a joke with the acumen of a Riddleberger. Even a great American declared, after years of investigation through the annals of mediæval, classic, Egyptian and Assyrian wit and humor, that there are only twenty-five original jests in existence, and that all known at the present day can be referred to one or another of these. At the end of the last century the chestnut bell was rung in France as "Connu!" The result has been—froth. A feverish fretfulness for something new, and ever something new, brought France from Rabelais to Voltaire—some may say raised it—but the cry of "Connu!" debased it to endless isolated frivolous witticisms. There has been great rejoicing over the death of the pun; but even the pun was not so bad as the mere slang phrase which is succeeding it.

One can not reflect without horror what the result would be should this great American "campanologistic corrective" be introduced to England. Fancy the chestnut bell in our House of Commons—worse yet, in the House of Lords! But even here there is a gleam of light. It is within the reach of imagination to conceive its being rung with great effect during one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches. Imagine Lord Randolph Churchill armed with one! Imagine—but the imagination of the reader will supply the rest. If there ever was a bell which deserved to bear the inscription "fulgura frango" it is the chestnut. That will break up the thunders of "the gods."—*Saturday Review.*

A LOST ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Days When Letters Were Worth Watching For and Worth Having.

Cheap postage, postal cards and the telegraph have almost crowded letter-writing into a place among the lost arts. When it cost twenty-five cents to send a communication to a distant relative or friend it was a matter of some consequence to get one's money's worth. Letters were days in preparation, and the writer was careful to omit no detail. This was especially true of family correspondence. Letters received in those days were worth watching for and worth having. They were descriptive of what the author had seen and heard, contained a message to each member of the family, and were laid aside for a second and third perusal. The husband and father who goes away from home nowadays telegraphs his safe arrival at his destination in ten words, sends a postal card to the same effect, or at most writes a letter of a dozen lines, knowing that if any thing of importance happens two cents will carry the news or an hour will suffice for a telegram. The days of long letters are over. A single sheet of note paper is enough to contain the average business, friendly or family communication. Years ago the correspondence of bright and able men was worth publishing for the descriptions and opinions it contained. Volumes of letters have been printed, and excellent reading they made. But the correspondence of prominent and busy men of to-day, even to their wives and families, would be largely taken up with dates and signatures. That is the tendency of the times. Reduced postal rates might increase the number of letters written, but it would not make them longer or more readable. The change is only one of the suggestions instigated by the treasury surplus, and it may be years before it gets further than a suggestion.—*Utica Press.*

—"Yes, he called me a liar, an unmitigated liar." "What did you do about it?" "Nothing." "Aren't you going to resent it?" "Yes, but not until the weather gets cooler."—*Harper's Bazar.*

IN A CAPUCHIN TOMB.

Ghastly Devices and Ornaments Constructed Out of Human Bones.

The Capuchin brother, attired in his long habit of coarse brown frieze, his waist encircled by a hempen rope, his stockingless feet bound in sandals, his untrimmed beard and head bare, except for a diminutive skull-cap, is a familiar sight on the streets in Rome, which he patiently traverses, carrying an earthen pitcher as a receptacle, while he begs alms from house to house.

The Church of the Fraternity is in the piazza of the same name in the immediate vicinity of the Piazza Barberini. It was founded by Cardinal Barberini brother of Pope Urban VIII., in 1624—the same Cardinal who was the friend of Milton when he visited the Eternal City in 1638. The church contains the tomb of the founder and many remarkable treasures of art, including the magnificent painting by Guido, representing "Michael the Archangel Trampling the Devil"—the latter a portrait of Pope Innocent X., for whom the painter seems to have had an inveterate hatred.

Passing through the church a few steps to the right will lead you to as ghastly and at the same time as grotesquely horrible a spectacle as the morbid searched-after flesh-creeping experiences can possibly desire. A series of four connected small apartments, the floors of which are made of earth said to have been carried from Jerusalem, contain the horrors I speak of. The walls and ceiling are liberally decorated with ornamented devices constructed by cunning workmen out of human bones. The bones of the vertebra, wrists and ankles are arranged so as to describe circles and curves. These figures are interspersed here and there with skulls, femurs and humerus, tibias, fibulas, ulnas and radius.

The same horrid ornaments are arranged around the person of a deceased brother, who appears suspended against the middle of a wall, incased in the coarse brown cloth, the garment he lived, died and was buried in. The dried skin clinging to the face of the skeleton grins in horrible mockery as the living brother, his former companion in flesh, conducts you around this decorated charnel house. He looks as though he chuckled over the fact of having been released from the grave below to give place to a brother more recently defunct, for it is the rule of the fraternity—who are compelled to make a small burial ground meet the requirements of the order—when a death takes place to dig up the longest interred to make room for his successor.

There is a quality in the earth employed that has the effect of preventing decay of the body, drying it up in mummy fashion, and preserving the hair, presenting a far more horrible effect than if bleached bones were presented to view.

There is a weird uncanniness about this strange mixture of the living and dead, and the latter divested of solemnity by environment of ornamental osteology, while the air of the survivor seems toned down to an unnatural sepulchralness—a sort of half-way condition between life and the tomb.—*Rome Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE CONGO PIGMIES.

A Race of Cunning Liliputians Living in the Heart of Africa.

Ronzo de Leo, who traveled many years in Africa with Dr. Livingstone, was one who almost stood out alone in the assertion that a race of dwarfs lived in Central Africa. In his lectures in America he told of a little people who fled to the clefts of the rocks when the explorers approached. C. Eugene Wolff, who traveled many years with Stanley, and who is now in the city, gives some queer accounts of these dwarfs. "On the southern branches of the Congo," said he to a reporter, "I have seen whole villages of these Liliputians. They are a generous little people, who live in rude huts and clear ground, engaging in varied sorts of agriculture. They are also skilled hunters and they make palm wine. They are as lithe and supple in climbing trees as monkeys or baboons, although they are physically as perfect men as any of the giant tribes thereabout, and they know as much. The men are not over four feet and a half high, while the women are a good deal smaller. These tiny little men are both brave and cunning. They are experts with the bow and arrow and readily bring down the African bison, antelope and even elephants with them. As trappers of small animals they are unsurpassed. In a close pinch they use the lance with astonishing dexterity, and an ordinary sling in their hands is wielded with wonderful skill. The dwarfs collect the sap of the palm, with which they make soap. The men are smooth-faced and of a rich mahogany color, while the hair is short, kinky and as black as night. Tens of thousands of them live on the south branch of the Congo. They are an affable, kind-hearted people, of simple ways and devoid of vicious tendencies to a greater degree than most semi-barbaric races. The women are industrious and amiable. Very queer these people look alongside the great swarthy blacks further up the Congo. The latter are of prodigious size, uncouth, rude to the remotest degree and cannibalistically inclined. The dwarfs stand in awe of them, but are so brave and cunning that, with all the odds of physique against them, the pigmies are masters of the situation."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

—Blondin, of tight rope fame, will return to this country next summer after an absence of over twenty years.

A PECULIAR RAILROAD.

How It Is Constructed to Climb Up an Elevation of 5,360 Feet.

If the Rigi railroad is worthy of being considered an extraordinary and wonderful piece of work, the latest undertaking of this kind—the building of the railroad on Mount Pilatus—certainly ought to attract the attention of railroad engineers and of the traveling public. This new road differs essentially from its oldest rivals in the construction of its roadbed, as well as the rolling stock. The ruggedness and steepness of the mountain, together with its great height (6,882 feet against 5,905 in the case of Rigi), offered much greater obstacles than the roads previously built, and required an entirely different system.

The restless spirit of man is always glad to set for itself some new task, and consequently men are found who, equipped with the necessary capital, were willing and able to carry out this tremendous undertaking. When a portion of the road had been completed all fear in regard to strength and safety was removed, for it was thoroughly tested every day, the locomotives going as often as was necessary to that part of the road on which they were at work, carrying materials of all kinds, weighing from 20,000 to 22,000 pounds.

The southeastern side of the mountain was chosen for the road, which begins at Alpnacht-Stad, between the Hotel Pilatus and the Eagle Hotel (1,448 feet above the level of the sea). From there it climbs in a northerly direction to the Aemsigenalp, then westward to the Mattalp (5,315 feet above the sea), and after much winding reaches the plateau of the Hotel Bellevue, on Mount Pilatus (6,811 feet above the sea).

The road is about two and three-quarter miles long, and the total height climbed from the shore of Alpnacht Bay to the Hotel Bellevue is 5,360 feet feet. The grade is from 18 to 48 per cent., which is scarcely exceeded by any rope road. In the middle of the line at Alp Aemsigen, there is a switch. Seven thousand two hundred and sixty-seven feet of the entire road consists of straight stretches, curves, with radii of from 262 feet to 328 feet constituting the remainder. The road includes a viaduct, three short tunnels and one long one. The width of the track is 2 feet 7 inches. The foundation consists of a wall covered with plates of granite and loose material, and on this the superstructure is firmly anchored.

The toothed bar—which is placed midway between the rails and is somewhat higher than the latter—consists of soft steel and is provided with a double row of vertical teeth which are milled out of the bar. The cogged wheels on the cars, which engage the toothed bar, are arranged in pairs at the right and left of the same. The axles of these cog-wheels are not horizontal with the level of the road, as in the Rigi system, but perpendicular to the same, this arrangement making it impossible for the cog-wheels to become displaced.

The locomotive and cars form a train with two running axles and four cog-wheels engaging the toothed bar. The boiler and engine are behind or below the cars, which latter accommodate thirty-two passengers. Brakes can be applied to all the cog-wheels, and besides this there are two clamps at the upper running axle which clutches the head of the rail, thus preventing the upsetting of the cars by the wind. The weight of the loaded cars is about 21,000 pounds, and one trip up or down can be made in about eighty minutes.

The idea of the Pilatus road originated with Edward Locher of the firm of Locher & Co., in Zurich, under whose supervision and control the road has been built. The engine was invented by Mechanical Engineer Haas, and Engineer Hensler, who has had much experience in the construction of railroads, undertook to act as the representative of Messrs. Locher.—*Illustrirte Zeitung.*

TO GRAIN WALNUT.

The Colors and Motions Required to Do Satisfactory Work.

It is very difficult to teach graining by essay, for, as experts know, this knowledge can be obtained only by years of practice. We do not profess to be expert on this sort of thing, as it is a little out of our line, still we will do our best.

The groundwork for black walnut should be made of white lead, yellow ocher, Venetian red and black, and should dry with somewhat of an oil gloss. To obtain any degree of perfection in imitating burl walnut or any other wood, it is necessary to procure a panel or bits of veneer, and copy the color and form the grain as nearly as possible. The grain color should be burnt umber.

To grain in oil, mix the grain color in boiled linseed oil and turpentine, and add a little soap or whiting, or both, as it makes the color flow more freely. For distemper color, grind the grain color in ale, beer, vinegar, or whisky, (the latter to be preferred in cold weather), the object being to bind the color so that it will not rub off.

Graining should be done with a free and careless motion of the hand, yet having an eye to the character of the wood to be imitated. Glazing colors are transparent, and should be used very thin, whether in oil or distemper color. Blending should be done by brushing the tip of the blender back and forth slightly over the work while it is yet wet. Blazing, or the light shades, are put in by sliding a blaze stick up, and bearing around to the right or left. The same motion is required in packing in the fine check grain with the side of the blender.—*The Hub.*

THE RATTLESNAKE'S EYE.

Its Malignant, Terrible and Dangerously Fascinating Expression.

Never seeing a snake charm a bird or animal, I concluded it was a negro superstition or fancy, devoid of fact. So I continued to think until a few days ago when a farmer friend of mine, living four miles south of Abilene, told me what he had lately witnessed. He said he was riding along on a prairie, and saw a prairie dog within a few feet of him, which refused to scamper to his hole, as prairie dogs usually do when approached by man; on the contrary, he sat as if transfixed to the spot, though making a constant nervous, shuddering motion, as if anxious to get away. My friend thought this was strange, and while considering the spectacle, he presently saw a large rattlesnake coiled up under some bushes, his head uplifted, about six or seven feet from the dog, which still heeded him not, but looked steadily upon the snake. He dismounted, took the dog by the head and thrust him off, when the snake, which had up to that moment remained quiet, immediately swelled with rage, and began sounding his rattles. The prairie dog for some time seemed benumbed, hardly capable of motion, but grew better, and finally got into his hole. My friend then killed the rattler. Now, was this a case of charming? If not, what was it? My friend who told me this is named John Irving McClure, a farmer, well known to me, a good and truthful man. I now give it up that snakes do indeed charm, or so paralyze birds and little animals with terror, when they catch their eye, that they become helpless and motionless, almost as good as dead. What say the scientists?

And to one who is familiar with the eyes of rattlesnakes it does not seem unreasonable that they should have such power. If you will examine the eye of one when he is cold in death, you will perceive that it has an extremely malignant and terrible expression. When he is alive and excited I know of nothing in all nature of so dreadful appearance as the eye of the rattlesnake. It is enough to strike not only birds and little animals but men with nightmare. I have on several occasions examined them closely with strong glasses, and feel with all force what I state, and I will tell you that there are few men on the face of the earth who can look upon an angered rattlesnake through a good glass—bringing him apparently within a foot or two of the eye—and stand it more than a moment.—*Forest and Stream.*

OLD-TIME VAGARIES.

How Ague and Nightmare Were Cured in the Good Old Days.

In the early days of credulity and superstition the popular mind was prepared to receive as a remedy any thing of a mysterious character. A ring made on the hinge of a coffin was credited with the power of relieving cramps, which also received solace when a rusty old sword was hung up by the patient's bedside. Nails driven into an oak tree were not a cure, but a preventive against toothache. A halter which had served to hang a criminal withal, when bound round the temples, was found an infallible remedy for headache. A still more efficacious remedy was found, of course, in the "moss" growing on a human skull, which moss was dried and pulverized and then taken by way of cephalic snuff. A dead man's hand could dispel tumors of the gland by stroking the parts nine times; but the hand of a man who had been cut down from the gallows-tree was, we need not say, a remedy infinitely more efficacious.

Some of these remedies still exist among the superstitious poor of the provinces, although the formula, of course, is not now strictly adhered to, the game being emphatically "hardly worth the candle." To cure warts, for instance, the best thing was to steal a piece of beef from the butcher, with which the warts were to be rubbed, after which it was to be interred in any filth, and as the process of decomposition went on the warts would wither and disappear.

The chips of a gallows on which several persons had been hanged, when worn in a bag round the neck, were pronounced an infallible cure for the ague. The nightmare, supposed, of course, to be caused by supernatural agency, was banished by means of a stone with a hole in it being suspended at the head of the sufferer's bed. This last remedy went by the name of a "hag-stone," because it prevented the witches, who of course wrought the mischief, from sitting on the patient's stomach.

Its effect upon these mischievous old crones was singularly deterrent. The poor old creatures who could not have sat a horse the moment he began to walk were credited with riding these animals over the moorland at headlong speed in the dead of night, when better disposed and less frisky people were wrapped in slumber. A "hag-stone" tied to the key of the stable door at once put a stop to these heathenish vagaries.—*Time.*

—"Great Cæsar, Smith!" said the editor of the society paper to his assistant, "here's a ten-line paragraph you've written about Colonel Bulger, and you haven't called him handsome once in the whole of it." "But Colonel Bulger isn't handsome," persisted Smith. "Handsome! He's ugly enough to scare a carload of monkeys into convulsions." "Then would I be justified in speaking of him as handsome?" "Never you mind whether your justified or not—always speak of Colonel Bulger as handsome; I get my butter of him."—*Exchange.*

THE KARA-KIRGHESE.

Customs and Life Among the Semi-Barbarian Siberian Nomads.

The Kara-Kirghese are essentially a nation of shepherds and breeders of cattle, and think it a "come-down" in life when compelled to resort to settled occupations. They are not so rich as their brethren in the plains. Very few own as many as two thousand horses or three thousand sheep. Also they have fewer camels; but, on the other hand, possess an excellent breed of oxen for traversing the mountains. Their cows are large, but do not yield much milk. Yaks are kept by them instead. Their cattle-breeding claims far less labor than agriculture, but is exposed to great risks. For the support of a Nomad family for a year are required eleven head of large and ten of small cattle, and to provide hay for the winter consumption even of this number exceeds the working power of one household.

I was much interested to see some of the Kirghese on the march. Their wanderings are thus conducted: When the pasture in a neighborhood is eaten, one or two of the young men are sent to select a suitable spot for another encampment, and to clean out the wells. This done, the women pack the tents and the men form the cattle in droves. The camp is ready and starts before dawn, the good women of the family riding in front. I met one old lady in this honorable position, mounted astride a bullock and looking any thing but graceful. After her came the other women, variously mounted on the top of carpets, teakettles, tents, etc., the whole being made to wear, as far as possible, a festive aspect. The length of a stage is from thirteen to seventeen miles, and the *aul* traverses about twenty-five miles in twenty-four hours.

On arriving at the place of encampment it is the office of the wife to put up the tent. I chanced to see a woman begin to do so, and would not stir from the spot till I had witnessed the whole operation. The principal parts of a *kibitka*, or tent, are large pieces of felt to cover a frame-work that consists of lintel and side-posts for a door, and pieces of trellis-work surmounted by poles that meet in the center. On this trellis-work are suspended arms, clothes, bags, basins, harness and cooking utensils. Not that there is a large variety, however, of the last, for most of the cooking is done in a large open saucepan that stands on a tripod over a fire in the middle of the tent. Crockery ware is not abundant, being of hazardous carriage, and metal goods are not cheap, so that leather has to do duty not only for making bottles (specially those for carrying *koumiss*) but also pails, some of which are furnished with a spout. I met with no small saucepans or teakettles of English shape, their place being supplied by *kurgans*, or water-ewers, somewhat resembling a coffee-pot. Round the walls of the tent are piled boxes, saddles, rugs, and bales of carpet, against which the occupants lean, the head of the household sitting opposite the door, and in front of him the wife in attendance.

I was honored with an invitation to dine in one of these tents, the dishes being put before us according to our rank. I heard nothing of grace before meat, but I never saw any thing to exceed the alacrity with which the dishes were cleared. Hands were knives and fingers were forks, the meat being torn from the bones as by the teeth of hungry dogs. It is considered polite for a Kirghese superior to take a handful of pieces of meat and stuff them into the mouth of an inferior guest, an elegancy I saw practised on another, but from which, mercifully, I myself was excused.—*Dr. Henry Lansdell, in Harper's Magazine.*

—As the Virginia street car rolled from Cottage street into Virginia, says the Buffalo *Courier*, a young woman motioned the conductor to stop. Before the car had come to a standstill she stepped off and landed her full length upon the pavement on her back. It seemed to the passengers that she must have been seriously injured, and, as she was being assisted to her feet, one lady with an expression of pity on her face said: "What a foolish woman." The injured one straightened herself in an instant, waved her broken parasol in a threatening manner and shouted: "When I want your opinion I'll ask for it."

—A San Francisco newspaper says that a pet chipmunk in that city hurt its foot so that the flesh dropped off and left the bones exposed. Thereupon the little fellow bit off or amputated the foot at what would correspond to the wrist joint. In the course of a few days the bone still remained uncovered because no provision had been made for a flap of the flesh to cover it. The chipmunk then, with his nose, turned back the flesh and bit off a piece of bone above the end of the flesh so that it projected beyond the bone. In two weeks it had healed up and the result is a perfect stump.

—A man near London recently made a bet that he could kill, clean, cook and eat a spring chicken in fifteen minutes. Preparatory to the contest he secured the chicken and provided himself with a pot of boiling water, a bucket of cold water, a hot skillet, and a hot flat-iron. When time was called he jerked the chicken's head off, doused it in a pot of boiling water, slipped the feathers off, cleaned it, and then laid the fry flat in the pan, with the flat-iron on top to cook the upper side. At the close of eleven and a half minutes he had the chicken bones beautifully polished.—*Housekeeper.*

ATTRACTIVE IZALCO.

The Most Active Volcano in the Central American States.

Your Central American correspondent was recently at Izalco, the most active and attractive of the volcanoes of Central America. It never harms anybody. There is a church at its base, its buttressed walls quite eighteen feet thick. It has stood the rockings and racket of daily quakes through one hundred and eighty years. Three great bells, each weighing one thousand pounds, and constituted quite one-half of silver, are suspended in the churchyard. They are often tolled by Izalco when the jolly mountain is in a rollicking good humor, or perhaps when it is "colicky." Its explosions occur at intervals of from three to five and fifteen minutes. Now and then the great vent for explosive forces within are hermitically sealed for five or six hours, and even longer. Then the country has agues, its and San Salvador is shaky, and the prescribed path of earthquakes, which is about twenty-five miles wide, is "rattled." This, too, is the width of the coal-beds along this route of earthquakes. Beneath the coal is the river of oil that is on fire at Izalco. There coal-oil and a stream of water meet. Each explosion of the mountain emits two columns, one of black smoke from the burning oil, the other of white steam from Rio Caliente, which runs out from beneath the mountain and crosses the railway five miles from the volcano. The water is so hot that it peeled the hair off my mule's leg that crossed it a few days ago. When an explosion occurs in Izalco, not only do these two columns of steam and of smoke rise up among the clouds, but great stones and ashes and scoriæ and vast volumes of lava are emitted. The greater portion of all this measureless volume of earthly mineral substances falls back into the crater, closing it and resting on it as a mighty valve. Great masses of earth and stone fall in from the interior of the mountain side, and then the valve is heavier and deeper and broader than usual, and then the oil must burn longer, and greater and more resistless volumes of gas must be produced. The flames rage, the waters boil, gas and steam and smoke explode at last, and the country along the earthquake's or coal measure's route is rudely shaken, and the thunders of the universe are heard roaring through the vast distances in measureless caverns beneath Izalco.

Nobody should be afraid of earthquakes. They are simply products of forces of coal-oil gas and water. All that astonishing yarn about mother earth cooling off and contracting her belt is very fine and grand and imposing, as a theory, but it won't hold water; certainly not that of Rio Caliente, which took the hair, last Saturday, off my gray mule's shins.—*San Salvador Cor. Ata California.*

PASTEUR'S METHODS.

What Experience Has Shown in the Matter of His Hydrophobia Cure.

Whether a cure for hydrophobia has been discovered is still matter of doubt. The widespread gratification which sprung up when the news was flashed throughout the world that M. Pasteur, the eminent French pathologist, had evolved a remedy for the disease has given place to doubt created by evidences which have bred severe criticisms. So severe, indeed, were the attacks of certain Vienna professors that M. Pasteur recently deemed it expedient to defend himself and his practice in a letter addressed to the Vienna Imperial Society of Physicians.

In favor, however, of M. Pasteur's position, much that is weighty is offered in the report of a royal commission appointed in April of last year by the British Local Government Board to investigate M. Pasteur's system. Many experiments were had with rabbits and dogs exposed to the attacks of hydrophobic dogs and cats. Some of the subjects were previously inoculated on M. Pasteur's plan; others were not, and, while only one of the protected animals died, every one of the others succumbed. Upon this the conclusion of the commission is, that "it may be deemed certain that M. Pasteur has discovered a method of protection from rabies comparable with that which vaccination affords infection from small-pox." In support of this inference the commission states that in fifteen months Pasteur inoculated 2,682 persons, of whom 31 died of rabies. Assuming that 5 per cent.—the lowest estimate of mortality among the unprotected—would have died if no method of inoculation had been discovered, the number of deaths would have been 134. Hence, it holds the opinion that inoculation saved 100 lives.

But, as against this favorable view, there is to be taken into account a very significant record of M. Pasteur's practice. It is affirmed that the average annual number of deaths from hydrophobia in France since 1850 has been 30. Pasteur records that 31 of the patients inoculated by him in fifteen months died of hydrophobia. This forces one of two conclusions: either during the fifteen months spoken of the cases of hydrophobia must have run far above the average number, or M. Pasteur's treatment effected but a small reduction in the number of deaths. All things considered, it seems desirable to hold the new theories and practice as still on probation.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

A new cloth employed for driving and dust cloaks is reversible, being plain on one side and striped on the other.