BROTHER AND SISTER.

"Will they acquit him?"

"Can they do otherwise?"

"Oh! these juries! Who can tell what they will conclude? I know of a case in which"——

"Do you think they could blame this man?"

"If there is any justice in the world, he will be liberated."

"Justice! Where is there such a thing?"

So buzzed the eager voices of the spectators in the court room, from which the jury had retired to make up a verdict in the case just tried.

Suddenly—as if every tongue had been stricken with palsy—the voices ceased and total silence ensued. The jury were returning to their places. The great assemblage was breathlessly waiting the verdict of the jury.

Then the quiet voice of the foreman announced: "The defendant is not guilty!"

The terrible suspense was over. Every face beamed with gratification.

"Thank God! I knew it would be so."

"Look how pale he is."

"He is crying."

The prisoner had seated himself, trembling in every joint of his body. A sudden weakness came over him. His face was buried in his hands and he was sobbing convulsively. The sympathy for him must have been great, for there was hardly an eye in that great room that did not glisten with moisture. Many drew their handkerchiefs and burst into joyful tears. In the midst of this emotion the judge of the court declared the accused to be free. Then a young, fair and delicate girl arose from the witness bench and stepped slowly and hesitatingly toward the young man, her hands groping in the air, showing her to be blind, and her face beaming with happiness. But he saw her coming and sprang up, hastening to meet her, with outstretched arms. With a glad cry she sank into his arms.

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On the fourth floor of a large suburban building they lived. A family of swallows had sought the protection of the gable end of the roof above them, or they would have been the highest lodgers in the house. The birds, however, were good neighbors. Early of mornings they showed their friendliness by tapping with their bills upon the window panes. And they did not have long to wait for the window to be opened and to have their breakfast spread out for them on the sill by the poor blind girl. Each time she stood—while they were fluttering over the food—and raised her face to heaven, whose light her eyes seemed to feel, though they could not receive it or reflect it again.

She was a lovely creature. With wonderful distinctness were the outlines of her features drawn, and from the golden locks, that fell in silken waves over her shoulders, shone a peculiar brilliancy as if to make amends for the exhausted springs of her eyes. When she walked along the street with her head bowed down on the arm of her brother, no one would suspect her to be blind, for she walked firmly and confidently at his side. He was her staff, her eyes, the very air she breathed. She lived for him alone, and only valued life to make him happy. She was 15 years old when a spell of scarlet fever robbed her of her sight. The father, an humble laborer, died long ago, and the mother quickly followed. Father and mother both dead and the world a roaring sea of darkness.

She prayed earnestly then to God to take her also, but a strong, manly arm was thrown around her neck, and an earnest, loving voice said: "Don't trouble, Marie; I am with you and will never forsake you." And he had kept his word. No mother could have guarded her child more lovingly, tenderly and carefully than did this noble brother his charge. To amuse her, to bring smiles to her sad face was the joy of his life. Years ago he thought of marrying; but when he thought of Marie, in her sad affliction, he gave up the thought entirely, for in his love for his sister his soul had found an aim and happiness. His chief pleasure was to sit in his easy chair of evenings, after his day's work was done, and listen to her prattling voice or the music of her piano, which was the only luxury in the modest apartments. She had learned to play before the Cimerian night overtook her; and like spring flowers kept blooming in the blossomless winter time was her music to her, a symbol of a past happiness, a sweet reminder of the daylight of her life. Her feelings, which were too sad, too heart breaking, to confide to any one—which she even tried to keep from herself—were trusted often to the sad wailing strains of her instrument; in them she lamented and wept. He understood too well the wordless language; and often when Marie sighed and sobbed in despondent song he would approach her, take the little soft white hands from the keys and say:

"Marie, why do you make my heart so heavy?"

Then she would pour out her feelings to him. Not on her account was she sad, she would say, but because she was daily and hourly robbing him of his freedom and happiness, and could do nothing for him in return for all his goodness.

"Foolish child," he said once, "when will you learn that I owe everything to you, and you are indebted to me for nothing? Am I not the most contented man that ever lived? Is not my home already more comfortable and pleasant than any woman—no matter how beautiful or rich she might be—could make it? Does my business loss anything by my not dissipating, as most young men do? Or do you think I could enjoy myself more in the heated concert halls among the elegantly dressed people than here in this comfortable chair? Or that the grand music which I don't understand would please me better than your playing? No more of this sadness, little sister; you hear!"

"I promise, Rudolph," she said, "I will not be so again—no, never." So she spoke, and her face looked bright and hopeful.

He tried to make her keep her word, but the gloomy thoughts would ever recur; and the old woman Frau Stern, who lived on the next floor below, and did the greater part of the simple domestic work for her, was obliged to hear many lamentations.

"Ah! I am a poor useless creature," she sighed constantly. "He has to work hard and bear all the burthen for me, and I spend his earnings day after day, and can do nothing to help him."

"Mariechen," Frau Stern would say, consolingly, "don't talk that way. What could your brother do without you? You are more to him than a wife could be. It would not suit him to marry; he is far too good for the frivolous young ladies nowadays."

Often had she spoken such words of solacement to the poor orphan; but she only shook her little head sadly, and would not be comforted.

One day an old servant came to her in great agitation.

"Mariechen," she said, "if you really would like to earn something, I know how you can do so."

The blind girl smiled incredulously.

"I earn anything! impossible!"

"Yes, by playing the piano."

The features of the blind girl were suddenly animated.

"How do you mean?" she asked, eagerly.

Then the woman explained the plan. On the ground floor was a public house—a small restaurant—where they usually had music for the amusement of the customers. The landlady was a good woman, who, having heard of Marie's playing, sent word by her to know if she would play for her for an hour or so at about 7 o'clock every evening for a proper recompense. The blind girl listened, holding her breath in surprise. Any one offer her money for her simple music, her—a blind girl? She be able to earn something? If it were only possible! Oh! if she only might be able to say to her brother: "Look, Rudolf, what I have earned with my own hands." The old servant, Marie imagined, was only telling her through sympathy for her affliction, and the landlady had no idea of employing her. Thus she reasoned, for she could not realize that there was so much happiness in store for her. But directly the hostess came in person and repeated the wish with sweet, agreeable words. She might begin at once, to-morrow, she said. Only one request had she to make, she continued, and that was for her to play the liveliest pieces she knew. Her customers were honest laboring people, who usually preferred cheerful music.

The blind girl thanked her with her voice trembling with pleasure. Asking her not to let her brother know anything about it, "at least at first," she added.

"Oh! he shall not find it out, rest assured of that," she replied.

The next evening she came and led the girl down. Directly at the foot of the stairway was a door leading into the restaurant. The room was filled with noisy, carousing men. It was easy to read the character of the place in their faces.

The hostess managed to have some one continually to furnish music, to make her place attractive. Sometimes it was a wandering violinist, or a street singer, this time it was the blind girl. In a corner of the room stood a piano, to which she guided her. Like a star with its pure light shining in a wilderness, was the innocent maiden in that crowd of uncultured, vicious men.

Some of them looked at her in surprise and with timidity, and listened for a while attentively to her playing. But soon they took no further notice of her. The blind girl could hear the hum of the voices around her; but did not notice what was passing among them, so busily was she engaged in her performance and so anxious to satisfy the landlady with her efforts. She selected the brightest and most cheerful airs, and played unceasingly for more than an hour. When she was completely exhausted her employer asked her to stop, handing her the promised money, and led her through the throng of boisterous men to the foot of the stairs, from whence she usually ascended alone.

How happy she felt. At last she was able to lighten her brother's burden—to do something toward repaying him for his great and numerous sacrifices. In feverish excitement she groped her way up the long flights of steps. Convulsively and tightly her little aching fingers clasped the coin, which seemed to propel a current of electricity through her every vein, so hot was the blood stream that coursed from her quickly beating heart. She had to stop to catch her breath at the door of her little room. "How much money excites one," she said to herself, almost frightened at the new and peculiar feeling which she felt over her first earnings; but still it was only for her brother, and the thought of giving him pleasure that animated her.

The second evening passed like the first. The soft, sweet, rippling notes seemed to fall from the tips of her flying fingers, and the sweet, strange music sounded with the tumult like the frightened, disconnected song of a bird in a stormy forest. Again she received payment for her exertion; which, inexperienced in the ways of the world as she was, seemed a fortune to her.

Then came the third and eventful evening. She had been at the piano longer than usual, and was just turning to leave when she felt a strong arm thrown around her, and the coarse voice of a drunken man sounded close to her ear.

"Give me a kiss, little treasure."

Almost paralyzed with terror, she sprang up and attempted to tear herself from the horrible embrace, but the arm only closed more tightly around her.

"Hold her fast, Thomas."

"Let her go," roared the boisterous crowd.

"Help! Help!" she cried at the top of her voice, and with an almost superhuman effort she tore herself from the fiend and staggered through the crowd, her poor sightless eyes rolling in her fright and her hands held out before her toward the entrance.

Attracted by the disturbance, the landlady hastened to the spot. Comprehending the situation at a glance, she grasped the girl, who, in her fright, trembled like an aspen leaf, and hurried her through the door to the foot of the stairs, which she began to climb, stumbling at every step, so full of terror was she.

In the restaurant the crowd tried to restrain the frenzied man who was attempting to follow her. A fearful struggle ensued in which the demon was victorious. Throwing the crowd right and left in his madness, like straws in a gust of wind, he plunged through the door. Not seeing the blind girl, he bellowed like an enraged beast. Then attracted by her stumbling footsteps he caught sight of her on the first landing. Blind with passion, and crazed with intoxication, he sprang after her, mounting three or four steps at a time. He caught her, and drew her roughly in to his arms.

"Rudolf!! Rudolf!!" she shrieked, and the terrible cry sounded through the building from the ground to the roof. A noise was heard above, some one was bounding—almost tumbling—down the flights of steps.

"Marie!" cried an anxious, apprehensive voice, and a hand, thrust from a manly shoulder, clutched the throat of the assailant in a vise like grip—a howl of rage from the cowardly wretch, a mighty blow from a clenched fist between the flaming eyes. The senseless, motionless body of the maiden fell to the steps between the struggling men. Rudolf sprang quickly to one side, and the next instant the howling, incarnate Satan was locked in an embrace of iron. Then a severe struggle, a smothered groaning, a powerful crushing blow—a shriek—a death groan—a rattle in the throat and a flood of blood, and a lifeless corpse rolled down the steps. Then all was quiet. Rudolf had taken the life of a fellow man—but he realized it not; his eager, anxious glance sought first the pale, lifeless face of his sister. He bent over her, touched her bloodless cheeks—felt for the beating of her heart which had stilled its throbbings. Oh, God! Was she dead? Everything grew black before him, and he would have fallen but for the aid of a friendly hand which caught him as his body swayed toward the edge of the staircase. "Dead! dead!" he muttered; but summoning all his strength, he tenderly lifted the body and bore it into the room near by, and laid her carefully upon a sofa. Quickly procuring water, he moistened her face, listening breathlessly for the slightest indication of respiration. A twitching, a painful twitching around the mouth—then a breath and a half uttered sigh.

"Marie," he said, softly, his heart filling with joy.

A smile passes over the face.

"Rudolf," she whispered, extending her hands searchingly in the direction of his voice.

"Thank God! she lives! she lives!" he cried, sinking on his knees beside the sofa; the great strong figure bowed, and tears of joy rolled down his cheeks.—Translated from the German of W. N. Harben.

A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

HAPPY EXISTENCE OF THE INDIAN POTENTATES IN HINDOSTAN.

Native Royalty Under Surveillance—The Only Bugbear Which Haunts the Indian Ruler—Hotbeds of Intrigue—A Peep Behind the Scenes.

Of the dusky crowned heads of the world the life of a Hindostan king or queen is the happiest. They have literally no cares nor burdens, either political or domestic, and as long as they content themselves with a happy mediocrity of viciousness, they are permitted to regale their sensuous appetites with every species of sensual pleasure. The English rule in India is essentially a parental one. The Indian political agent is generally a military officer who has earned for himself the confidence of the government without ever having run any serious risk to either life or limb. He is invariably a very astute soldier, invariably enters into diplomacy as a poor man with a large and shabbily arrayed family, but always leaves the service with an immense fortune and a considerable estate in England. Sometimes the political agent and the native sovereign do not live amicably. Then trouble ensues, and the independent king or princeling goes to the wall.

Briefly stated, the political agent is expected to do but two things. One is that he keep the evil passions of the king, to whose court he is accredited, from stirring up strife and embarking in any hostile enterprise against the English; and the second thing to accumulate wealth and be civil to all European visitors of good standing.

THE IDLE LUXURY.

This, then, is the only bugbear that haunts the Indian ruler. Otherwise he is the most independent monarch in the world. It is true that he cannot wage war, nor make treaties, nor enter into political relations with foreign powers, but the Indian king of today has generally no inclination for such arduous undertakings. He has soldiers and forts and canons and improved weapons, but these are merely appendages of royalty and would be dangerous to him, only that his army is kept under control by his allies, the English, who have a military cantonment conveniently near his capital. Sometimes there are military outbreaks, notably in the state of Haiderabad, whose nizam has in his pay one or two regiments of Arab cavalry, which frequently mutiny. The maharajah of Gwalior is indubitably the most dangerous of these sovereign allies. He is a man of military instincts, and has an army, it is said, that could in an emergency show a roster of 300,000 men. After the Franco-Prussian war his royal highness reorganized his army upon the German system, completely discarding that of the French, which had before been his model, and so far did he carry his contempt that he deprived some half breed French officers of the positions they held in his service, on the ground that a nation which met with such terrible defeat in so short a space of time could not produce good soldiers.

The early life of a native king is not, perhaps, the very best school in the world to foster the noble qualities that may be inherited in a man's character. The zenana is a hotbed of intrigue. It is the part of the palace which is set aside for women, and as there are a few hundred of these royal wives, each of them perhaps with one or more sons, and each of them desperately anxious for his welfare, there is no doubt that the heir apparent runs more risk of being strangled or accidentally sat upon when cooing in his cradle than children of meaner origin. When he grows into manhood his father, whose regular course of immoralities makes him a debilitated creature when other men of his age are just entering into the enjoyment of life, is jealous of him, and often as not tries to get rid of his eldest born by murder, and as often as not succeeds, for there is hardly a throne occupied by the original heir apparent.

SPECIMEN INDIAN KINGS.

It has been my good fortune to have seen several of these gentlemen, both in the splendor of durbar and in private. In public they are imposing. Their gorgeous dress, their diamonds and their precious stones heaped in the most negligent profusion upon their persons, make them most striking and impressive figures. Diamonds stud their sword hilts; they wear diamond waistbands, diamond aigrettes, diamond necklaces, diamond sprinkled shoes. Indeed, an Indian king in his full regalia is the king of the childish imagination. But divest an Indian king of his ornamentation and seek him in the privacy of his own apartments and you will find a meager man with a little white cloth about his loins, liberally smeared with grease, and obsequiously waited upon by women whose beautiful but scantily draped figures are for grace of motion unequaled in the world.

Singular as it may appear that women, whose life is but an immoral slavery, should exercise so powerful an influence over these men, it is from the harem that emanates most of the mischief done in India. Squatted upon a pile of luxurious carpets, with his long hukah tube in his mouth, much bejeweled and diamond crusted, with women playing with his hair or tickling his royal feet, serving him with sweet sherbets and singing to him lascivious songs, accompanied with the dance, surrounded with gossip and flattery, this scion of former powerful rulers passes the noonday heats in the underground apartments.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Mania for Gambling.

The mania for gambling in and around Wall street is illustrated in queer ways. In recent walks in that part of the city I have heard bets made upon the color of men's eyes, upon the length of a man's mustache or the number of hairs in his eyebrows. It is a common occurrence which took place at Delmonico's, where I lunched with a well known man about town. He was accosted by a friend, who pulled a roll of bills out of his pocket and, holding up a $10 bill, asked the question: "Odd or even?" "Odd," said my friend, and when the number on the note was inspected and found to end with an odd figure the bill was passed over into his possession with as little ceremony as one would hand a nickel to a beggar.

The queerest bit of betting of which I have heard recently was made in a party of men and women who were dining at Delmonico's. They had fallen into a discussion about false hair, when one of the young women dashingly dared the men present to say whether she wore a false front or not. Her companion offered to bet $10 that the bang was false. A man across the table took up the bet. The girl looked at her escort with somewhat of dismay, as much as to say: "You wretch, you are about to expose me." Without a word he pulled out a pocketbook, drew a $10 bill from it and passed it over the table, saying to the other man: "You have won the bet. The young lady has satisfied me that she wears only her own hair." His gallantry was rewarded with a rare and grateful look and smile from the young woman.—New York Tribune.

A singular effect of a recent blasting by the railroad men at Ortega hill, near Santa Barbara, Cal., was the stopping of clocks and watches in the city for several hours.

THE TALL SILK HAT.

How the Fashionable Chimney Pot Hat is Made and Where It Originated.

A Broadway dealer discoursing on the subject of hats to a reporter said: "How few men know how hats are made, and silk hats in particular. Retrospective old men come in here sometimes and tell me about the different shapes they have worn for the last fifty years, and in spite of the vast improvements in the shape and weight of hats made nowadays, all those old fossils declare for the hat of fifty years ago that weighed about a pound. A silk hat is composed of two or three thicknesses of muslin soaked in gum shellac dissolved in alcohol. After the proper stiffness is acquired it is stretched on frames to dry. The sides are cut in bias strips of the proper width and the ends are neatly fused together with a hot iron. The top, which is of heavier material, is fastened by a narrow strip of muslin coated with shellac. This is ironed over the edges and keeps the whole firmly in place. The brim is now put on. This is of muslin five times thicker than the sides and is fitted to the crown by strips similar to those that keep the top in place. These are called "bodies," and after the block upon which they are made is removed they are dried.

"The drying room is about twelve feet square; the sides are lined with steam pipes, and in the center are a number of shelves. It is very necessary to have the hats dried at an even temperature all over to avoid "weak spots." From the drying room the bodies are sent to be covered with the plush. This is an operation requiring the greatest care. First, the underbrim is covered with cashmere, then the plush is placed on the overbrim and ironed down. The top and sides are neatly joined with a hot iron, and no one not in the business would know a seam was there. The hat is adjusted on a circular machine that cuts the brim any width with metrical precision. After the polisher has removed all dust and particles it is sent to be trimmed.

"As the hat nears perfection the greatest skill is required in its handling. The edger sets the brim and then the curler begins his work. Upon his deft fingers depend the style and finish of the hat. This work is done entirely by hand and is the most important and best paid branch of the trade."

Silk hats were known in Florence, Italy, a century ago, and in 1825 were introduced into France, where the best hats are now made. The hatters in England continue to celebrate Nov. 23 by an annual festival in honor of St. Clement, the patron saint of the craft, to whom tradition ascribes the discovery of the manufacture of hats.—New York Evening Sun.

How Saratoga Chips Are Made.

"Do Saratoga chips come from Saratoga?" inquired an innocent reporter of a grocer.

"Not much," said the grocer. "They are made in this city, and many are shipped to Saratoga. But if you want to know all about them just go up to the bakery and see how they are made."

At the bakery it was learned that the concern has a monopoly of the business in this city, and that there are only three makers of Saratoga chips in the country. Chips are an American institution, and are not known abroad save for some small lots that have been exported. The process of manufacturing is in part a secret. The potatoes are peeled and sliced by machinery. They are washed and then dried between muslin cloths. If they were now fried the amount of starch that they contain would make them brown, and the secret of the business is to remove all of the starch, so that the chips will be perfectly white. When this is done they are put into the hot grease, and come out curled and crisp and with the delicious flavor that has made them famous the world over. Said the manager:

"We use seventy-five barrels of potatoes a week, keep seven bakers at work and have three wagons out delivering. Hotels take them by the barrel, restaurants take them in twenty-five pound boxes, and for grocers to serve to private families we put them up in one pound cartons. The dining cars on nearly all the railroads use them, and we have sent some to England. Cities as far away as Jacksonville, Fla., and San Francisco send to us for Saratoga chips. They will keep for three months. A few minutes in a hot oven makes them as crisp as though they were just fried."—New York Mail and Express.

Clubman and Cabby.

The other night a cab of rather a dilapidated and dissipated appearance, which was more or less attached to the cab horse by ropes and bits of harness, came to a stop near the Brunswick, while the driver got down and held a long colloquy with a drowsy clubman within. The cabman insisted that he had been promised a fare of $5 by his passenger, but the passenger vigorously but sleepily denied it, and tried to negotiate a new deal on a basis of fifty cents. About the time that the driver threatened to take him out and thrash him on the sidewalk the clubman gave in gracefully and said in a conciliatory voice:

"All right, cabby. Take me up to Seventy-sixth street, and when you get there open the door of your cab and collect your little $5. I'm too tired to talk any more."

Thereupon the driver climbed to his seat, wrapped his blanket around his legs, pulled his cap over his ears, humped his shoulders, kicked his horse, and started slowly up Fifth avenue.

Before the cab had gone fifty feet the door was pushed open gently and the clubman swung himself deftly to the ground while the cab went on up the avenue with the door hanging wide open. The clubman stepped into the Brunswick, took a room and was snugly in bed before the cab had got within sight of Sixty-sixth street.—New York Evening Sun.

Sanitary Effect of Rain.

"We commonly abuse our climate," writes Mr. W. Mattieu Williams, "on account of its humidity. This is a great mistake. Frequent and moderate rain, such as constitutes the characteristic of British climate, is the most effective of all sanitary agencies. It cleanses the ground, and, what is far more important, it cleanses the air. The ammoniacal and other exhalations, continually rising from decomposing animal and vegetable matter, are all more or less soluble in water and are largely removed by gentle rain. Besides these it absorbs and carries down into rivers and thence to the sea the excess of carbonic acid exhaled from our lungs, and produced by our fires and lights. De Saussure found that a shower of rain removed about 25 per cent. of the carbonic acid from the air over Lake Geneva. Also that there was less over the lake than over the neighboring meadows and the great elevations of the Alps where there was no water. The atmosphere over the sea contains less than one fourth of the quantity in that over the land. Far away at sea the quantity is inappreciable, and at a given place on the coast it varies with the wind, increasing as it blows from the land and vice versa.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Washington's "Gospel Wagon."

The Gospel is preached every Sabbath in various neglected parts of the national capital by a band of Christian men and women from an immense "gospel wagon." Great crowds eagerly listen and join heartily in the singing, and many have been converted.—Chicago Herald.

HOW NOT TO CATCH COLD.

SURE PREVENTIVE WITHIN EASY REACH OF ALL.

More Than Half the Colds We Catch Are the Result of Draughts Upon the Feet—Magic Virtues of the Cold Foot Bath.

I would rather undertake to prevent 100 colds than to cure one. Tonics, local applications, cutting short the complaint at the outset, or chasing it up after it has got the start of you—all these plans may be tried, and sometimes they succeed very nicely. But the trouble is that a cold is a law unto itself, a self limited disease like any other inflammatory fever, and the chances are that if the cold has even six hours the start of you, it will run faster than the spriest doctor. So I will say nothing here about curing colds, but will be treasonable enough to point out a way that is little known of preventing them.

What is the cause of a cold? It is usually the effect of a cold draught upon a limited part of the body, or of a lowered temperature even where, as in the case of the feet, the air does not directly reach the part that is exposed to danger. The protected parts of the body are naturally the most sensitive, and it is through these that we catch cold. And of all other parts, the feet, especially in the case of the sedentary, are the most frequent avenues of approach for this complaint.

The artificial tenderness of the skin, which is the lot of civilized man, causes all of us to be more or less liable to an ailment which is comparatively unknown to those inhabitants of warm climates who take no interest in the fashions, and who have only heard from the missionaries that clothes are a good thing.

But we cannot return to such a primitive immunity as this. What shall we do meanwhile, if we would toughen ourselves against the artificial tenderness that makes life during our cold winters far many of us a grave discomfort, and one that is coupled with the risk of pneumonia and of other serious illnesses? The question is, how to cure the excessive sensitiveness of the skin? Generally cold baths will do for the healthy, but they will not do for all; and, indeed, almost any one, strong or delicate, will be the better for the treatment that I will describe.

It is a cold foot bath of two or three minutes, more or less, according to the time required to make a smart impression upon the superficial nerves; this is the one thing needful in this matter. In the winter the water as it runs from the faucet will generally be cold enough for the needed effect, if, as in New York, it flows at a temperature of from 50 degs. to 60 degs. Fahrenheit. But it may well be colder than this; and in summer, using ice to cool the foot bath, there will be no harm in bringing it down to 40 degs. The point is to make a decided impression of cold, and a few minutes will do this. Let the feet stay in the water or under the jet until the very bones ache; then rub them with a crash towel and wrap them up warmly, and it will not be more than a minute, as a rule, before the delightful warm glow of the reaction. Seldom, even in the case of the most delicate persons, does this glow fail to come. The advantage of this treatment is that it is not severe, as the cold bath is for many. The amount of surface exposed to the cold is so small that very little draft is made upon the system; and the person who would never have a reaction after a cold bath is easily able to profit by this local treatment. Of course no bath must be used without regard to times and seasons; but the fear which some delicate persons have of this treatment is unfounded, for the constitution rarely fails to honor so light a demand upon it as that which is made by a cold foot bath of two or three minutes. If the beginner is very timid, its duration may be even less than this at the start, or until the experimenter finds out what a safe yet potent remedy is in hand.

What is the effect of this simple treatment? It gives the feet power to resist cold; it toughens them, not exteriorly, but in the tonic quality of their superficial nerves. And it accomplishes this result with wonderful quickness. I have known delicate ladies who complained that their feet were never warm and who were subject to frequent colds restored to their pristine birthright of warm feet after two or three trials of this treatment, and after a week of it well fortified against draughts, at least upon their feet. A lady patient of mine, though otherwise quite healthy, was so liable to catch severe cold on the slightest exposure of her feet to the draughts of the floor that she always managed to perch them upon the rungs of her chair, or otherwise to curl them up under her in some way out of reach of the air current, fearing even the draught of an August day in her country house. She let them down to the ground with secure temerity after the second trial of the foot bath, and since that time, renewing the treatment two or three times a week, she has never caught cold. I mention her case not because it is exceptional, but because it is typical. She suffered as thousands of others suffer. In the whole range of hygiene I know of no simpler and more efficacious treatment than the cold foot bath. It will make the feet permanently warm, and it will prevent a large proportion of all colds, because considerably more than half of all are the result of draughts upon the feet. It should be continued occasionally, as it may be needed.

For those that take cold otherwise than through the feet—and there are many other ways that are easy enough, as most of us have found out—the familiar precept of baths and of exercise in the open air must be repeated. "Do you catch cold by exposing your face to the air?" said an Indian sachem to one of the Puritan captains—Thomas Munson, of New Haven, I think.

"Never," said Munson.

"Well, our bodies are all face." And in so far as we can make our bodies "all face" by exposure to cold, we shall be free from the civilized ailment of colds.—Titus Munson Coan, M. D., in Harper's Bazar.

Remedy for Seasickness.

If this idea should meet the eye of any ladies or gentlemen far gone in seasickness, let them cheer up. A remedy for what is ailing them so bitterly has been discovered. Chewing gum. A passenger who was caught out on a vessel in a late storm testifies as follows: "I immediately put a piece of gum in my mouth and began a rapid chewing, which had a pleasant and soothing effect and dispelled all feeling of nausea. I soon was made happy in the knowledge that it had prevented me from falling a victim to seasickness. I enjoyed the rolling of the vessel and stuck right to my gum during the trip." That settles it. Don't despise the day of small things. With your mouth full of chewing gum you can defy Neptune. The news is sure to give an immense impetus to ship building.—New York Tribune.

The emperor of Japan is about to start a printing office in Tokio, having got the compositors, pressmen, bookbinders, and electrotypers from the United States government printing office at Washington.

To the machine in which you drop your nickel and get weighed there is to be added a similar apparatus by which a lady can perfume her handkerchief.

STRAY BITS.

An Indian woman, the last of the Humboldt tribe, recently died at Oakland, D.T.

There are said to be only four horses in Alaska, three at Juneau, and one at Sitka.

An interesting sale of autographs recently took place in Paris. Liszt's signature brought $20, while Zola's sold for $1.80.

The first Mormon temple in Wisconsin was dedicated at East Delevan recently. The building is small and unpretentious.

Berlin has a technical high school, built by the city at a cost of $4,800,000, and maintained at an annual cost of $190,000.

In Ohio 100 farmers' institutes will be held next winter as part of the commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the state.

The favorite stage of the late King Louis of Bavaria has been purchased by a traveling circus. Even his shirts have been sold at auction.

A new way to make sure of dreaming on wedding cake has been discovered, and thus epigrammatically expressed by a contemporary: "Eat it."

Dr. Schaeffer, of Washington, asserts solemnly that walking on railroad ties is fine exercise and conducive to health. This will lighten the hearts of many theatrical people.

Irwin Bleichart, who runs a shifting engine at Lebanon, Pa., claims to be the youngest locomotive engineer in the country, if not in the world. He is only 18, and has been at the business two years.

The proper thing in neckwear among the swells of San Antonio, Tex., is a scarf made of rattlesnake skin, with a pin composed of the snake's rattles. The skins are prepared by a Texan, who has a snake ranche near the city.

Burnt wood ornaments are really works of art this season, so exquisite is the shading upon them. One of the prettiest is an owl, which conceals an ink well somewhere in his portly body, and whose markings are indicated by burning, which must have been done with a fairy torch.

Telegraphic communication will shortly begin between Russia and France. All dispatches at present come through Germany, and have recently been tampered with at Berlin. Russia, in the case of a war between Germany and Austria, would be entirely cut off from telegraphic communication with the remainder of Europe.

There are 20 blast furnaces in and about Pittsburg, 35 rolling mills, 39 steel works, 15 window glass works, 37 flint glass works and 11 green glass works. The blast furnaces make 900,000 tons of iron per year, the rolling mills 575,000 tons, steel works 750,000 tons, plate glass works 3,250,000 square feet, window glass works 900,000.

A North Carolinian, recently returned from Japan, says that in a few years the Japanese will be the greatest railroad builders in the world. He bases his judgment on the fact that the Japanese are great patrons of railroads. Even when they have no business to transact they ride back and forth on the cars until their money is gone, even the beggars in the large towns spending their money in this curious way.

It is not generally known that the world's supply of pencil wood is drawn from the gulf coast swamps on both sides of Cedar Keys, and that the product of the mills there is shipped not only to the New York and New Jersey factories, but also to Germany, and, perhaps, other countries of Europe. That nothing may be lost, the sawdust is distilled in large retorts and the oil extracted, every ounce of which finds ready sale.

PLAYS AND ACTORS.

New York is filled with disengaged actors, and there will be more after the holidays.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has decided to add "Romeo and Juliet" to her repertoire.

Coquelin, the French actor, now playing in England, sails for the United States in May.

J. M. Hill denies that he has secured Helen Barry for a tour of the United States.

Abbey and his partners will bring the Royal Saxe Meiningen players here in January, 1889.

Robert Manchester, perhaps the oldest song and dance man on the American stage, is worth more than $50,000.

Lotta's farewell tour will begin a year hence, if she does not by that time reconsider her determination to retire.

Lotta's mother says that the bright little actress is going to give $500,000 for the founding of an orphan asylum.

"Anarchy" is to be put on tour late in December. It will be done for a few weeks on the road, preparatory to its opening at the new Broadway theatre, New York.

Mr. Irving's tour includes Philadelphia, Chestnut Street opera house, Dec. 12; Chicago, McVicker's theatre, Dec. 26; Boston, Boston theatre, Jan. 23, and the Star, New York, Feb. 20.

Fay Templeton is in New York, and will probably soon be seen again on the stage. It is said that recent losses incurred by her husband, Howell Osborn, made her return to the profession advisable.

"Nanzulm," Mr. Kiralfy says, will cost $85,000, and the expense of each performance will be about $1,000. He promises to make an honest effort to revive the glories of the famous Ravel family. Mr. Arnold Kiralfy will play an important part in the piece, and the production will enlist the services of 250 people on the stage.

Fanny Davenport, who owns the American rights of "La Tosca," Sardou's latest drama, has made Messrs. French and Sanger a proposition to open the new Broadway theatre in New York with a grand production of the play. Mr. Sanger has said that the proposition would probably be accepted, and if so, that the opening would occur in the latter part of February.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

Scene—Thanksgiving dinner, everybody commenting on the immense size of the turkey. An appalling silence fell upon the crowd when Tommy cried out: "Mamma, is that the old sore headed turkey?"—Athens (Ga.) Woman's Work.

Our little one's grandmother was eating some berries from a saucer, and walked about holding them so high that baby could not see what they were. Finally she brought a chair, saying: "Grandma, you are tired; sit down."—Athens (Ga.) Woman's Work.

A little curly headed girl was walking about one Sunday afternoon in her garden. A little neighbor called to her to come over and play. She refused, but upon being urged to come looked up with a quite sad and indignant face, and exclaimed: "What! I play on Sunday? Don't you know this is God's day, and it's the only day he's got?"—Babyhood.

My little nephew, aged 3, writes a lady, was fond of playing cars by running along, puffing and whistling in imitation of the engine. One day I chanced to step in his way as he was going at full speed. He stopped, and instead of requesting me to give him the right of way, remarked solemnly: "The engine will wait till that cow gets off the track."—Babyhood.