#### BETWEEN THE LINES.

Between the lines the smoke hung low And shells flew screaming to and fro, While blue or gray in sharp distress Rode fast, their shattered lines to press Again upon the lingering foe,

'Tis past-and now the roses blow Where war was raging years ago. And naught exists save friendliness Between the lines.

To you who made the traveler know In southern homes how warm hearts glow, Let even this halting verse express Some measure of true thankfulness, And grateful, loving memory show Between the lines, -Walter Learned in The Century.

MOUNT MYSTERY.

We were lost in the heart of Costa Rica. There were six of us in the party, all young fellows with little or no experience, and when we realized our situation we were in despair.

When we started out from the coast it seemed to us that it would be a regular frolic to spend a couple of weeks among the mountains in the interior. At the end of that time the brig Pacific would be ready to depart, and we could then resume our journey to San Francisco. The captain of the vessel endeavored to

"The natives are not likely to bother you," be said, "but very little is known of the country beyond the mountains. Strange tales have reached my ears, and although I am as fond of adventure as anybody, the trip would not suit me."

We laughed at the old sailor. We were well armed and afraid of nothing. 'It is all right," I told the captain, "with proper caution there will be no We may make valuable discoveries and become famous explorers. It is time to unveil the secrets of this wonder-(a) land, and it is nonsense to be frightened off by a few sailors' yarns.'

The captain shook his head and said no more. We completed our preparations for the trip, and early one morning started off in the highest spirits.

When the discovery was made, after we and been camping out for about a week, that we had lost our way it appeared to muddle our 1 ++ 1s.

Various attempts were made to head towards the coast, but in every instance we were compalled to return disheartened and uncertain as to our course.

The few natives encountered in our wanderings were unlike those along the seaboard. They were light colored, handsome and active, and fled at our approach, refusing to hold any communication with us.

One evening we camped on the borders of a lovely lake under the shadow of a frowning mountain. "There is something queer about that mountain," remarked Walpole, the only

sailor in our party. 'Queer!" I replied cautiously. "Every thing is queer in this peculiar land. What is it about the mountain that strikes

"While I have been resting here," said Walpole, who was lazily reclining on the grass, "I have been using my eyes. The mountain is as steep on this side as the face of a stone wall. If it is that way all

around the top must be inaccessible. Well," I answered, "who wants to climb to the top?" "I do, for one," responded Walpole. "The luminous cloud or vapor around the summit and reaching down the sides is a strange thing. Just watch it for a mo-

ment. I looked upward at the precipitous mass of rock. The cloud was stationary, and looked more like steam than anything

"Occasionally," said my companion, "I see birds fly out of the cloud, and after circling about for awhile they always re-Then, if my ears do not deceive me, and they are keen ones, I can distinguish various voices all coming from the direction of the cloud."

"Why, man, you are losing your senses," I interrupted. "If the summit is inaccessible what can there be up there to make a noise?"

"Birds at least," said the sailor, with a smile, "I can swear to seeing the birds. I don't know what else may be up there, but several times in the last half hour I have heard the clang of metal and the

sound of human voices."
"He is right," said Hinton, another member of our party. "I have heard the same sounds, but I didn't like to men-

"Why not explore a little !" I suggested, indifferently. To my surprise everybody agreed. The men were tired roaming about aimlessly with disappointment at every turn. They were ready for anything for a change.

In the morning two men started in one direction around the base of the mountain. while two went in the other. Their plan was to proceed until they met, and then return together.

I remained with one man at the camp. Others might investigate Mount Mystery, as we called it, but I felt too fatigued for such an effort.

During the day we lounged about and watched the cloud wrapped phenomenon before us. More than once I heard a clatter apparently in the upper air, and once or twice I was sure that I heard voices. Evidently Mount Mystery was a good name for this freak of nature.

Late in the afternoon our comrades returned. They had walked all day, covering many miles, and they had learned nothing except that the mountain presented the same perpendicular wall-like appearance all the way around.

'At one place," said Hinton, "we saw a tolerably large stream of water trickling down the sides of the rock. So there is water up there, and it may be that the whole surface is productive and inhab-

ited "You forget," I objected, "that it is impossible for any living thing except a bird to get up there.'

"Of course I don't attempt to explain it," said Walpole, "but it is possible that ages ago the mountain sloped down, at least on one side. An earthquake or landship may have left it in its present condition, with a whole tribe of people stranded there among the clouds. I don't say it is so, but that may be the way

Night came upon us again, and we were glad to rest. "What is that?"

Hinton was standing over me pointing to the mountain. I was wide awake in a moment and listened intently. High above the earth I heard voices

singing what seemed to be a barbaric Mingled with the voices I could hear the clash and sonorous peal of musical instruments.

"What do you say now?" asked Walpole, coming up.

Every man in the camp was awakened, and we spent the greater part of the night listening to the marvelous concert in the

The dawn of day found us looking at

#### each other with pale faces and anxious

"Shall we break camp and move!" I asked.

"Yes, to-morrow," replied Walpole. "Give me one more day. I have found out something this morning that may lead to a great discovery. Down there by the lake there is what appears to be a streak of moss running in a zig zag fashion up the mountain. Well, that moss fringes and partially conceals something like a rough hewn or perhaps a natural flight of narrow steps winding around up the mountain. I am confident that a sailor like myself could manage to ascend a considerable distance, and I am going to try it."

We raised a unanimous protest, but Walpole was obstinate.

"I will take off my shoes," he said, and by crawling on my hands and knees and by hugging the face of the rock it will be safe."

There was no way of talking him out of the notion, and as he could climb like a cat we finally agreed to let him try it. It was slow work after the brave fellow had got fairly started and we watched

him in breathless suspense. He crawled at a snall like pace, never looking down, out keeping his eyes fixed on some point Two or three of the men made a terri-

ale effort to follow him, but soon had to retrace their steps. The pathway was so sarrow that only the most expert and surefooted climber could make his way. It was midday before Walpole reached the edge of the white cloud or mist. After

that we lost sight of him. How far was he from the summit after he entered the floud? Would he be able to proceed? Would be return alive? We asked each other these questions as

we waited for the result. It was perhaps an hour after we had lost sight of Nalpole that we heard a cracking, grinding nois).

We looked at the mountain, and to our unutterable horror saw great fragments of granite falling over the mountain side. carrying with them the last vestige of the steps by which our poor friend had as-

The debris rattled down into the lake, leaving the wall perfectly upright and even, without the slightest projection to which any one could cling.

As the sound of the falling rocks died away we shouted the name of Walpole. If he heard us in the luminous mist above he made no reply.

We spent one more night of anxiety and suspense at the foot of Mount Mys-

There was absolutely no hope of ever seeing our lost companion again, but we could not tear ourselves from the place. For the last time that night we heard

the ringing songs and the triumphant music in the cloud. It seemed wilder, louder, more exultant than before. "They are rejoicing," said Hinton, "over the capture or death of Walpole."

I did not boubt it. It was not likely that these strange dwellers in the air would spare see from the earth below who found his way into their midst. The tumuit on the mountain lasted until daybreak. There was nothing to be

gained by delaying our departure, and it was with a same of relief that we marched off, hoping this time to reach the coast. It would be tiresome to relate the story of our trials. We made our way to the little port where the brig awaited us, and

told the captain all about the tragic adventure of Mount Mystery. "I dreaded something of the kind," said the old man. "Do you know that the mountain has figured in our sea stories for more than a century? I do not believe in anything supernatural, but I believe that if any explorers ever reach the top of Mount Mystery they will find a tribe of people who, with their ancestors, have been cut off from the rest of the world for hundreds of years. As for poor Walpole, it does not matter whether he is living or dead. He is dead to the world. He will never get out of that big white cloud and find his way to the plains be-

So we sailed away in the Pacific, and from that day to this I have never heard anything further from the mysterious land in the luminous cloud.-Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.

## The Sepulchral "Whistling Buoy."

Perhaps other people are familiar with whistling buoys," but the one anchored off Monhegan was a novel sight to me. It lies about two miles away to the northwest, and is made apparently of sheet iron, in shape like a large old fashioned locomotive smoke stack, inverted. We sailed out to examine it one day, and with much interest watched this great black mass bobbing up and down with each wave, and uttering a grim "moo" (the sounding is by no means unlike the lowing of a mournful cow) as the waves dashed up inside the drum. It was an erie sight, and I soon had enough of it. Perhaps the fact that the waves were high and the breeze nearly gone, may have contributed to my sensations of queerness. At any rate, we did not get away as soon as I wished. I have since learned that the buoy has broken loose and drifted away. What consternation must it cause the unwary fisherman who shall be out alone at dusk in a small boat and shall see this large black body approach and groan in its sepulchral way. Let us hope that it has ere this been captured and again put in bondage.-Cor. Boston Transcript.

## The Ladies' Fishing Season.

The ladies' fishing season is now at hand. It requires large inducements to tempt women to go fishing, and hence the early days of September are assigned to hem in these waters. The reason is that then the festive snapping mackerel, as it is called in Long Island sound, or the young bluefish, as it is termed along the Jersey coast and at the Long Island seashore, becomes ravenous. It is only necessary for the men to row the women among a school of young bluefish for the atter to believe themselves great anglers. Of course "no gentleman" will tell his fair companions that to catch ten snapping mackerel it requires only the letting down of a line having hooks enough for one half of them. Five fish being hooked, live other hungry ones will hang on to their tails.-New York Times.

# Care of an Umbrella.

Don't continue the practice of dripping the umbrella by the ferule. Turn it the other way, that is, handle down, when you come in out of the rain. The general way is bad for the umbrella, for it rots the material at the coverging point of the frame wires. Any umbrella man will say that the proper way is to let the water run from the frame tips. A good many will object to this good advice because they don't want the pret . handle moistened But the handle will arr, or if not quick enough it would be better to wipe it. Umbrellas should not be permitted to dry folded. Open them to dry them .- New Orleans Times Democrat.

#### THE TURKISH HAREMS.

MRS. LEW WALLACE OPENS THE DOORS OF FORBIDDEN ROOMS.

Shady Gardens Where Nightingales Sing and Rushing Waters Cool the Air-Turkish Women and Cosmetics-Bath Rooms of Alabaster-Passing the Time.

The word harem means the holy or sanctifled, and in a general sense is given to any spot peculiarly hallowed. I was a long while learning that the name applies to the spacious inclosed court about mosques; not a barred prison but consecrated ground, revered as a sanctuary. However blank and bare the remainder of the house may be-and usually is -the forbidden rooms are well furnished according to Moslem fancy, in which is copied, as far as possible, their ideal paradise an adorable palace with a thousand windows, and before every window a sparkling foun-

Free light, abundant space, shady gardens where the nightingale sings among the roses, and rushing waters cool the air. These are the luxuries which foreshadow the golden pleasure fields kept for the faithful by the

The women, old and young, assemble in the sacred rooms, with the children and attendants, and they are the center of the world to the home-keeping Turk, who cares nothing for travel and never emigrates. His spare time and money are spent there, and he wife is, in the tender Arabian phrase, the keeper of her husband's soul.

Turkish houses are much alike. The entrance is through a double door, large enough for horses and carriage. Beyond it is a swing screen, suspended like a gate, which hides the vestibule, or court, when the street door opens. Two outside staircases appear, one leading to the men's apartment, the other to the women's. At the first landing the visitor finds the black aga or guard before the door of the apartment to which only one man is admitted, and which is forbidden to the sight and thought or all men save that one.

There is no special place to eat or sleep in. A low divan, running round the wall of each room, is made a bed by night, the clothes being kept in presses by day. In imperial palaces the coverets are of Lahore stuffs, embroidered with colored silks interwoven with pearls and turquoises, the sheets are of fine otton barred with stripes of silk like satincibbon. The pillows have silk and gold, and during summer necequito nets of Tripoli gauze, spotted with gold, are suspended by gilt hoops over the sleeper. Nothing gayer or daintier can be imagined. Formerly ashmere shawls served as "spreads" for the beds of the rich.

The small round mirror, framed in velvet, s always at hand for toilet use; and the laying on of cosmetics is so deep that it is samed "face writing." Turkish women inderstand the arts of repairing the ravages f time, and their toilet service is varied and

Every Turkish harem has its bath rooms, hree in number, if the owner is well to do. "he first is square, chiefly of marble (in the ultan's palace, of Egyptian alabaster), glited from a glass dome. A large reservoir milt against the outer wall, with an opening nto the bath, contains the water, half of air pipes throw intense heat into the room, ountains lead the water from the reservoir, and here the rubbing process is conducted, The second room is less heated and furnished only with a marble platform holding mattresses and cushions, where the bathers repose after the fat: ue of ablutions too many for description. Here they smoke eigarettes, eat fruits and sweets and finally wrap themselves in soft burnouses and pass to the outer chamber, where they drowze and doze on downy couches till they recover from the long, warm bath.

women spend many hours in gossip and the passive enjoyment of being thoroughly rubbed, brushed, combed and perfumed.

I once met a famous lady bought with a great price by a high official of Stamboul. She was a Georgian, I think, with hair of reddish gold—the sunbright tresses of Medea -ivory white skin, eyes black as death, the antelope eyes of the poets. The faintest line of antimony drawn on the lids at the root of the long lashes added to their luster and the witchery of her glance.

She were the yashmak and, as only ladies were present, I begged her to remove it so I might see her unveiled loveliness. She comhed without affectation of timidity or dushing and returned my gaze with smiling serenity, too well used to open admiration for embarrassment. I cannot recall her name. t was something which being interpreted might mean Tulip Cheek. A rivierer of pearls lay on her neck-snow on snow-and

the exquisite mouth was a very Capid's bow. My princess must have been a peerless naiden ten years before, now, unhappily, growing stout as eastern women usually do: the result of the luxurious living and much eating of sweets. Her manner was soft and gracious, her aspect the repose of supreme

content. The seclusion of the harem gives much time for discussion, and many a question of grave import is there debated. The women are well informed in politics, fond of intrigue, and so artful that our missionary, Dr. Dwight, of Constantinople, writes: "Any one who has a private scheme to advance, a policy to develop, an office to gain or to keep, boy to provide for, or an enemy to crush, sends his wife to the harem of a grandee. Women here bring about the most astound-

ing results. Their manner is ceremonious during formal calls, and they still kiss the hem of the garment in deference to age or superiority. In familiar places they have a sweet frankness like untrained young girls, and listen with interest to accounts of our ways of living, how we keep house, do great charities, manage the churches. "How hard," they say in tender pity, "that life may be good for you, but would not be at all good for us. You are made for work; we are made for love: this suits us best." So they lean back on the silky cushions, taste the conserve of rose and of quince, light their cigarettes and are happy.—Susan E. Wallace in New York World.

# When Potatoes Are Done.

Jessup Whitehead, the gastronomic writer, says the infallible rule to know when fried potatoes are done is this: When first thrown into the fat they sink; when done they rise and float. After that it is only a question of color when they should be taken out.-Boston

## An Old Complaint.

The papers of Guadalajara are complaining that many ladies that go the performances of the Pastor zarzuela troupe wear very large hats, which prevent those sitting behind them from seeing what is going on on the stage.-Chicago Times.

There is grumbling in Gotham because the tipping nuisance has extended to the maids who at receptions look after the wraps of the indy guests.

#### TRAINING FIGHTING DOGS.

Improving Their Grip, Reducing Flesh and Cultivating Wind and Limb.

A man who owns several fighting dogs and who also owns a barroom not many blocks away from Washington square, explained the method of training a dog to a reporter, as follows: "Well, take my dog Grip, for example. Say I make a match for him to fight at twenty-four pounds. He has been hanging about the bar doing nothing but eat and sleep for six or eight months and is consequently fat, short winded and lazy, as well as ten or twelve pounds over weight.

"I must put him to work at once so as to be ready, but I must begin slowly. Every morning before breakfast I take Grip out and walk him around Washington square half a dozen times at a brisk walk and then back to the house. With a rough towel I give him a good rub down and sponge out his mouth with a clean sponge. He is now ready for breakfast, generally a piece of raw beef. In the afternoon I give him another two or three mile walk, a rub down and sponge his mouth. Giving him three times a day a good substantial meal.

"A few days of this and Grip is feeling as bright and chipper is you please. Then the walks become longer, with an occasional run, and I add some exercise in the house. This consists principally of chasing the ball. I'll

"Here, Grip! and a fat, lazy looking bull dog came lazily from behind the bar. A rubber ball, about half the size of a baseball, was taken out of a box and sent spinning across the floor and Grip went after it. He picked it up and brought it to his master, giving it up with a wag of the tail as naturally as a well trained setter.

"When he is in training I keep him at that work for two or three hours a day," continued Grip's owner, "besides the walking it gets the flesh off of him and gives him good wind. After the training has gone on for a couple of weeks I give him long runs and slack up on the walking. Sometimes I'll hitch him under a light wagon and drive at a smart jog up to Central park and back. He'll make it after two or three trials without turning a hair.

"Another essential thing has to be looked after, his grip. The way this is cultivated is by taking a heavy crash towel and making the dog bite it. The way that a bull dog will hang on is something marvelous. I can make that one take a towel and can drag him all over the place, or even lift him off the floor and carry him the length of the room, provided his jaw is in good condition and the towel holds. He gets anywhere from half an hour to two hours of this work every day, and after he has been at it for two or three weeks he'll hold on until you kill him or his trainer tells him to let go.

"It generally takes about a month to get a dog like Grip into first class shape, and when he is there he is fit to fight for a man's life."

#### A Dining Room Mystery.

A gentleman who was invited out to dipe at a Delaware avenue residence lately, observed that the chandelier over the dining resca table was of peculiar construction, so that there was a light over the head of each guest. The globes were of various colors, some amber, some red and some blue. "What is the object of having the globes of different colors?" the guest asked of his hostess. "Why, you see," said she, "when one gives a dinner which is heated by a furnace below it. Hot or tea, one may invite some people whom one perfectly hates. Now last Tuesday I gave a supper and I had to invite two women whom I despise. But I had to invite them or some of the young men I wanted wouldn't come. I had my revenge on my fair enemies, however. I placed each of these two women under one of those pale blue lights at the table. They're usually considered beautiful women, but under that light they had the most ghastly look you ever saw. They were perfeet scarecrows. They seemed to have aged twenty years the minute that they sat down steaming heat and the languor that follows a | The men noticed it, of course, but they did not divine what caused it. They were quite Besides these, there are public baths where taken aback and awfully glum at first. But finally one of them turned with a sigh and began talking to a real homely little thing that was sitting under a ruby colored light. Why, she was perfectly charming under it. So you see that when I want people to look perfectly hideous I put them under the blue lights. It kills everything." The gontleman looked up. He was under a blue light.-Buf

# The Eight Hand and the Left.

As I stood on the curb talking with an accomplished anatomist the other day he offered to bet me that I could not tell which was my right hand. I immediately held out my right hand for the wager. But he objected. He said he did not offer to bet me that I could not show him my right hand, or extend him my right hand, but that I could not tell him which was my right hand-that is, that I could not describe it in words so that one who never heard of the distinction we make between the right hand and the left would be able to find it. I thought that that would be easy enough, also, until I thought it

over, and then I had to give it up. Said the anatomist: "There are plenty of criteria within the body which define its place such as the heart, the liver and the duodenum. But on the outside of a perfectly formed human being there is nothing to distinguish the right hand from the left, and no one can describe it in words so that an ignorant person can find it. If people were ambidextrous, and were not taught, from childhood, to use one of their hands more than the other, it would be almost impossible for them to know which is which. I often think of this when I hear any one say to some one whom he wishes to stigmatize as a fool that he 'can't tell his right hand from his left,' as I do also when I read that God said to Jonah about Nineveh, in which he said were 'more than six-score thousand persons that can not discern between their right hand and their left hand. "-Chicago Journal.

## A State Deer Park.

The state of New York is about to embark in the enterprise of raising and keeping deer. Last year the legislature voted \$5,000 for the establishment of a state deer park in the Catskill mountains, and recently the forest commission designated Frank C. Parker to take the matter in hand. Mr. Parker will try to find two men who know the habits of deer, and with them tramp the Catskills to find a suitable state paddock. When located and purchased the ground will be fenced in and efforts will then be made to catch deer and keep them in the park.-Chicago Herald.

## Drawing Boom Meetings.

An Englishman with a missionary spirit has issued an appeal to evangelicals to provide "drawing room meetings," at which those who attend should be required to wear evening dress. "We dress to go out to dinner, why should we not dress to read the Bible togetherf' is his original theory.-Chicago Times.

Natives near Asheville, N. C., get \$1.75 s pound for ginseng root, which they dig in the woods, for exportation to China.

The city of Madison is a phenomenon, from a western point of view. It has never had a

## CARE OF AGED PERSONS.

HOW TO LIFT THEM OVER LIFE'S ROUGH PLACES.

The First Physical Changes Noticeable as the Years Glide Swiftly by-A Physician's Ideas Concerning Diet and Medicine-Sleep-Temperature.

There appears good reason for considering

old age "second childhood." The development seen in childhood during the first five years is reversed, though more gradually in those who live to be over 80 years old. Among the most noticeable changes is wasting, first, of the least essential part of the body-fat. As that disappears a shriveled appearance of the aged subject is the result; the face becomes deeply wrinkled, the hands bony and the timbs shrunken. Then the muscular tissue is slowly absorbed, and the process is accompanied by loss of strength, which, however, is less noticeable by reason of the previous reduction in weight. Oc casionally we note in very aged people that the powers of the mental faculties are retained in a wonderful degree, but in the majority of cases they are more or less impaired, and the subjects become capricious, exacting, and, in fact, childish. The feeble ness of mental power is due to wasting of the brain. As has been said, the memory goes first, especially the recollection of recent events. Far off remembrances of early days, and those of middle life, come up almost as freshly as ever; but what happened yesterday, or even to day, is easily forgotten. The power to reason closely, or to give attention very long to one subject, next gives way. We need not dwell on the dimness of sight and duliness of hearing which are among the usual, but not universal infirmities of age. In all these particulars there is a very great live the longest retain till the last more of their original mental capacity, with good sight, hearing and muscular strength, than those whose life energy is exhausted not much after the end of four score years. POWERS OF DIGESTION.

The care of the aged is a subject which nust concern all, although to some of us the time when we shall need the application of correct management may seem afar off. It s easy to reason out the most imperative needs. We know that the powers of digestion must necessarily be weaker at 70 than in sarly life; hence the importance of a correct dietetic regimen. Food must be taken oftener and less in amount at each feeding. After a person has reached the age just stated, he should take food four times a day until he is 80 years old; then, for the next ten years that he lives, five meals each day are none too many, and his food should be simple and easily digested. There are very few people near the age of 90 who have many sound teeth; therefore, during the years which follow their loss, unless false can be worn, their diet should be liquid, and made up largely of milk. Beef tea and fluid extracts of beef, properly prepared, are f great assistance in feeding the aged.

After three score years and ten have been eached, earlier if it appears necessary, it will be well to commence the use of stimulants. It cannot be denied that by the judirious administration of alcohol to the aged better health and longer life are promoted. of course, it must be wisely given, or, instead of a benefit, it will prove an injury. The question naturally arises, what quantity may se safely allowed and only good follow its use? No rule applicable alike in all cases can be given; each case must be studied, and the estimate made on individual needs. In a general way, it may be said that when deline in the vital powers, in consequence of old age, is reached, be it at the age of 65, 70, or later, use of stimulants may properly commence. If the subject has been habituated to the use of alcoholic drinks, then the quantity allowed him may be greater, but if he has lived a temperate life, a teaspoonful of whisky or brandy, or a lessertspoonful of the stronger wines, sherry, etc., may be properly given before his meals. Alcohol will improve his appetite, stimulate digestion and quicken circulation. As he declines in life, and his strength fails, the quantity will need to be increased somewhat. The conservative reader will kindly understand us, that we advise alcohol in old age as an accessory food. Not only would we discourage its use for any other purpose, unless it be medicinal, but we most emphatically condemn it. Give the old man or woman regular doses of a tenspoonful or more if needed, of whisky, or some stimulant equally as strong, or the equivalent in wines, and he or she will be better for it, and, we doubt not, will live to a greater age. MORE HOURS OF SLEEP

The younger a child the more hours of sleep it needs. In deckning life the number of hours in bed must be progressively in creased. Old people, as a rule, are more or less wakeful; few among them sleep so many hours continuously as those who are younger. At least eight hours of the twenty-four should be passed in bed by every one who has reached his 60th year. After 70, nine hours should be passed in the same way after 80, ten; and as 90 approaches at least half of the time should be spent in bed or re-

elining on a couch. The next measure of treatment which w shall recommend for the aged will doubtless be as strongly antagonized as the stimulant treatment already advocated. Here we will say it is by no means original with us, but has long been recognized and advised by able physicians. It is that of giving opium during declining life. This agent may be used to promote sleep, and under certain conditions it can very properly be administered occasionally during the daytime. If the aged subject is wakeful and sufficient sleep is denied him, then ter. or fifteen drops of laudnum on retiring will be found of benefit in nearly all cases, and if its action is good, there can be no ex cuse for withholding it. Restlessness and mental irritability, which tell sorely on the aged, may demand, as stated, its use at other times. It should be remembered that opium is not simply a quieting, or what some call a "benumbing agent," it is a stimulant, and with nearly all very old people it acts well, and seems to help "lift them over the rough places" encountered in the way down the de cline of life.

The natural temperature of the body is lowest in the aged. They cannot bear the cold well, and are easily made ill by it. Therefore, their clothing should be the warmest, and, if very old, they should not sleep in a room where the temperature is below 50 degs. In warm, pleasant weather they can be in the open air if it pleases them; in fact, the more they are out of doors, if the conditions are favorable, the better. But in very cold weather, those who are far advanced in life should be comfortably housed. As has been said, a very old person "risks death from cold stroke by even walking out of doors when the temperature approaches zero. -Boston Herald.

A bit of soft paper is recommended by an English doctor for dropping medicine into the eye as being equally effective as brushes glass droppers, etc., and far less likely to introduce foreign substances.—Brooklyn

CONKLING AND SCRIPTURE.

An Encounter at Quotations He Ones Had with Ex-Secretary Robeson

Recently a correspondent of The Sun, callng attention to a blunder made by a well known lawyer in quoting Scripture, signed himself "C." A party of lawyers were speculating as to who "C." was. One of them

"Why, it's Conkling, of course. I know all the lawyers in New York, and I'll take an affidavit that Roscoe Conkling is the only one of them all that knows enough Scripture to tuote even the Lord's prayer correctly. He has the Bible at his fingers' ends, or seems to have, once he gets started quoting it, and he does that often. In a day's speech be always slings in a score or more of quotations from the Bible, every one so apt that it seems impossible that they are impromptu and not coked up beforehand. But he really does evolve them on the spot.

"I saw that proved once during the arguments in the great Dinsmore railroad suits out at Trenton some three years ago. He and Mr. Robeson were on opposite sides. They had tarked nearly all day. The court room was crowded and hot, and every one was weary of the railroad case. Conkling was talking away, and Robeson lay back in a big chair, with his curiy gray hair, jolly red face and gross bulk making him look like some aged Bacchus resting from his romp. Conkling was looking his best, and seemed a Jove to Robeson's Bacchus. Suddenly Robeson, penderously raising his hand, interrupted Conking with some quotation pleasantly satirical. He inughed as he did so, until his fat form quivered like jelly. In an instant Conkling retorted with a quotation that was even more apt than Robeson's, and turned the lanch Robeson was ready almost as quickly with another quotation, and Conkling's parry was as prompt as before, The other lawyers got interested, the court smiled, and everybody felt a grateful relief variety in individuals. Some of those who from the strain of the long day's speeches. Conkling and Robeson enjoyed it as well as any one, and for a quarter of an hour railroads and dry figures were dropped, while great Jove and Bacchus flung quoted jest at one another. Robeson did well, but Conkling was marvelous. The Bible and poets and sages of all times paid tribute to his demand for a tart repartee. When the duel finally ended it was Robeson who dropped it first.

"One of Conkling's best hits was when Recesson introduced some allusion to so commonplace a thing as a fact, and Conkling with an inimitable gesture, pointed to Robeson and exclaimed: "A primrose by the river's brim

A yellow primrose was to him, And it was nothing more. "What finally squelched Robeson was, I be-

tieve, something from Pope. Conkling, with a mock reverential bow to Robeson, who was still lying back in his chair, and, shaking with laughter, exclaimed: "'See, where he "Shakes his ambrosial locks and gives the nod. The stamp of fate and sanction of the God."

"After that I never suspected Conkling of

having his quotations made to order before hand."-New York Sun.

Professional Window Gazers. Two young men who spend the day and a large part of the evening on Chestnut street are paid to do so. They are both well known figures, and generally they travel together. They are professional window gazers. The young men, in common with everybody else, know that to attract a crowd to a window, all one has to do is to stop and gaze into that window. In a short time ten or a dozen people will be gazing with him. They were down to hard pan-on their uppers, so to

speak. One of them went to the proprietor of a men's furnishing house on Chestnut street and told him that for so much a week he would guarantee to attract more attention to his window than all the displays that could be laid out. The proprietor was struck with the idea and gave it a trial. As a consequence there was a crowd at his window nearly all the time. The young man would walk up to the window stand gazing there until a crowd of a dozen or fifteen were standing with them. To keep the crowd moving he would walk away and that started a break in the crowd. The performance was repeated every ten or fifteen minutes. The young man went to other stores along the street, unfolded his plan and pointed out the success of it. In a short time e had the whole street from Ninth to Broad on his beat, and he had to take his friend nto partnership and he makes plenty of

If other window gazers do not get on to the dea and get into the bus ness these two orginators will shortly establish branches of the "Gazers" in other cities.-Philadelphia

International Copyright.

The English author who rails at our legisators for refusing to bring about an internaional copyright law has an equal grievance gainst his own law makers, for they give him as little protection in another way as ours to. There is nothing in the English law, for nstance, by which the right to dramatize a ovel can be reserved to the author. In this ountry at least that much protection is given writers, but in England any one can produce a dramatic version of a published novel with-

out let or hindrance. Constant litigation.

akes place over this point, but it has always esuited adversely to the author of the book. A case of this kind has just been decided in ondon. A popular novel was turned by its author into a play and became a success. Another person, seeing this, made a play from the same source and produced it at another theatre. Suit was instituted by the lady who had purchased the play from the author of the book, but she was beaten, as it was certain she would be. The only safeguard the English novelist has is to first write his story as a play, produce it and then issue his novel. Under the English law he is thus protected

against any other stage version of the book. Charles Reade, that steady defender of his rights, was the first to discover this protective bechnicality. But nearly all his books are dramatic in their construction, anyway, or are susceptible of dramatic treatment, and his popularity was sufficient to overcome as a novelist all failure possible as a playwright. This is the only loophole left to the English novelist at home. It is little wonder that he omplains when foreign pirates steal his work .- Chicago News.

Closing the Sub-Treasury.

The United States sub-treasury makes it a practice to close on all holidays that are observed by the banks and clearing house in New York city. The reason is that while the banks are closed the treasury can transact no business of moment and might as well close as keep open. So intimate is the relation between it and the banks that when the latter close for a day the sub-treasury in forced to observe a law that it is not legally

bound by .- Chicago Times.

Boxing Not Allowed. An attempt was made in Madrid reby a party of Englishmen to get up a boxin match, but the authorities would not allo it. Buil fights are perfectly proper.

Platinum has been discovered near Clin