

THE LUNCH.

A gothic window where a damask curtain made the bright daylight shadowy and uncertain. A slab of agate on four eagle talons. Held trimly up and neatly taught to balance. A porcelain dish over which, in many a cluster, plump grapes hung down, dead ripe and without luster. A melon cut in thin, delicious slices. A cake that seemed mosaic work in spices. Two china cups with golden tulips sunny. And rich frodo with chocolate like honey. And she and I the banquet scene completing. With dreamy words—and very pleasant eating. —Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The Variety of Uncouth Names.

The number and variety of such uncouth names is so great as to defy enumeration. Not only is history, sacred and profane, ransacked for such names, but hybrid combinations are invented which might be safely worshiped without breaking the second commandment, for they are like nothing in the heaven above or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. An English observer has noticed that American boys and girls are said. I should not at all be surprised if many of them were said about the uncouth names which have been saddled on them without either their knowledge or consent. I heard the other day of a Chicago gentleman who has four fine children, and who is determined that they shall never be said on this account. For, instead of imposing any distinctive name on them, he has simply designated them as "One," "Two," "Three" and "Four." These designations answer all the purposes of names, and when the children reach years of discretion they can assume such names as they desire. —New York Tribune.

No Solitude for the Fair.

To a woman in what is conventionally known as good society, the love of solitude is utterly unknown. She is chaperoned and escorted and accompanied till she has not only no clear idea of her own identity, but no very clear identity of which to have an idea. To achieve this result is, under circumstances that very frequently occur, a task that becomes a constant clog mentally. A man may be taken himself to any place or resort he pleases, be a spectator of its life and yet retain, if he likes, the personal solitude of the primeval wilderness; but if a woman would go to the mountains, to the sea, to the city—anywhere she will, she must have at least a woman companion with her in the guise of a chaperon, friend or maid. Otherwise, she will acquire, at best, a reputation for eccentricity, and, at worst, something even less desirable. And thus she never tastes the sweets of solitude. —Boston Traveler.

No Substitute for Hard Work.

The power to think for one's self has too little standing in the schools; and we do not insist enough upon the appreciation of the worth of the school work. Too often we try to wheedle our children into knowledge. We disguise the name of work, mask thought, and invent schemes for making education easy and pleasant. We give fanciful names to branches of study, make play with object lessons, and illustrate all things. To make education amusing, an easy road without toil, is to train up a race of men and women who will shun what is displeasing to them. But there is no substitute for hard work in school if we are to have a properly trained people; we must teach the value of work and overcome the indifference of children to ignorance. —The Century.

The Charge of Insult.

The laugh at the twelfth jurymen who alleged that he had eleven incorrigible colleagues is a laugh at Columbus and Galileo and Jenner. They all insulted the ignorance of their time, and ignorance is generally in the majority. The charge of insult in such circumstances is generally the cry of the wounded. It is a confession that the shaft has struck home. An arrogant arranger of other men and of common courses, a man who plainly assumes a personal superiority and merit, is the true Pharisee, who is instantly and instinctively repudiated by honest men. —Harper's Magazine.

London's Lost Dogs.

London has long had its home for lost and stolen dogs, and as a commercial affair it pays its way. All dogs brought there are received and are left for several days. If not claimed, the mongrels and aged are killed by an ingenious arrangement, which gives them, many at a time, a painless death by suffocation. A small charge is made for the keep of dogs that are claimed, and the unclaimed ones are sold at good prices. —Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Not Signs of Death.

It will probably surprise most people to learn that both cessation of respiration and of movement of the heart are rejected as signs of death by a French lecturer, in considering the precise moment when life ceases. Heart beats have been known to continue for an hour after the body was beheaded, while, on the other hand, they may temporarily cease in fainting. —Boston Budget.

Oldest Woman's Club.

The oldest woman's club in the United States is the Women's Physiological Institute, of Boston. Forty-one years ago, it was organized with the purpose of promoting the more perfect health of women. There is one surviving charter member, a Mrs. Hobbs, and she is 80 years old. —New York Sun.

A Cheap Catamaran.

An enterprising small boy has nailed a large soap box on some boards and then fastened the whole to a couple of logs. He has made a sail of a potato bag, and sails the main as happy as the owner of the finest yacht afloat. —Chicago Herald.

A Highland Custom.

A Highland custom is that of ushering in the morning by the music of the bagpipe; the piper plays under the windows of the castle and thus arouses the inmates.

It is stated that over 500,000 rose plants are annually imported into America from England, France and Holland.

There are about 15,000 photographic establishments in this country, employing 40,000 people.

CUTTING DOWN THE COST.

Laws to Limit Wedding Expenses in India—A Novel Reform.

A novel sort of reform in the matter of marriage has been instituted by the government in the states of Rajputana, in India, the object being as stated by Col. C. M. K. Walter, agent to the governor general, in a recent report to the English authorities, the "suppression of infanticide among Rajputs." The most immediate inference is that parents hesitate to raise children on account of the trouble of getting them married off, but it may be that Col. Walker intends to intimate that the existing marriage customs lead to an infrequency of matrimony and to other events conducive to the violent putting away of infants. At any rate, the fact seems to have been that marriage among Rajputs of any social standing has heretofore been a very serious financial question, both for the would-be bridegroom and for the parents of the prospective bride, and the reforms are in the direction of fixing an arbitrary limit beyond which the expenditure at a wedding shall not go.

The first of these new rules, under which hereafter two Rajput hearts will be made to beat as one, fixes the maximum amount to be expended at marriages at one-quarter of the annual income of a Thakur, or nobleman, whose income is 20,000 rupees or over; one-third of incomes between 20,000 and 10,000 rupees; one-half of incomes between 10,000 and 1,000 rupees, and two-thirds of all incomes below 1,000 rupees. Rajputs with no regular income at all are not to be allowed to spend over 100 rupees at a wedding. It is explained that the percentage of expenditure is allowed to increase as the total income decreases because smaller sums could not secure the proper performance of the marriage ceremonies.

The second rule does away with all expenditure on occasions of betrothal, and provides that at such times the parties or their representatives shall simply drink a decoction of opium water together and present; told leaves, and the written record of the engagement of marriage shall then be signed. This tomfoolery does away with the previously necessary presentation to the father of the coming bridegroom by the father of the bride expectant of an elephant, horses, camels, jewelry, and other little trifles to a value rarely less, among well-to-do Thakurs, than 10,000 rupees.

The third rule is for the benefit of the family of the bride also, and limits the amount to be expended as "Tyag," largesse to the Charans, Bhatts, Dholis, and others, at 9 per cent. of the whole income where that exceeds 1,000 rupees, 4-1-2 per cent. where the income is between 1,000 and 500 rupees, and nothing at all for Thakurs with less than 500 rupees income. It is also provided that this expenditure for "Tyag" must be included in the amount fixed under the first rule as the limit of expenditure upon the wedding. This does away with what has heretofore been frequently the most expensive thing about a Rajput marriage. Numerous cases are cited where the "Tyag" alone on the occasion of the marriage of a daughter or a sister has been very much more than the whole income of the Thakur for the year. Another important change made by the new rules provides that only Charans, Bhatts and similar personages from the state in which the marriage is celebrated shall be allowed to be present at the ceremony, and of these the number shall be regulated by the standing committee in each state, whose duty it is to oversee the enforcement of the new regulations.

At the end comes a rule, which probably affects or begins to affect a more important reform than all the rest put together. It prohibits the marriage of a man under 18 or a girl under 14, and is the first attempt made in the Rajputana to stop the custom of early marriages, by which a young maid is often doomed to be a widow all her life or yet she has even been a wife. The rule is said to have been proposed by the chief of Bundi, who has been a great upholder of the ancient customs, and is regarded as an important evidence of the growth of modern ideas in India.

Another innovation, incorporated as an after thought into the new rules, limits the expenditure at funeral feasts, and it is said, will be an immense relief to the Rajputs. —New York Sun.

Dancing in British Honduras.

The etiquette of Santo Toribio ballrooms is peculiar. The ladies sit around the room, their multiplicity of stiff skirts making them look like so many Dutch cheeses, while the men remain outside in groups until the dancing is about to begin. When the first strains of the marimba—mournful and despairing as the wail of a lost soul—announce the opening of the ball one of the sandaled and hatted gentlemen advances to the middle of the floor, on the way thereto carelessly nodding to the charmer of his choice, and she leaves her seat and goes to face him, standing a few paces distant. Then they perform a rapid zapatero, scarcely moving the body, though their feet are flying like mad, for all the world like a pair of jumping jacks, executing all manner of pigeon wings, jigs and double shuffles. When she gets enough of dancing she returns to her seat without so much as an adieu to the gallant; while he, without stopping for a moment in the everlasting jig, nods to another lady to come and play Joan to his Darby. He is expected to keep on, without an instant's pause, until the music ceases, and often it is continued a long time, as a test to the young man's endurance. —Cor. Philadelphia Record.

A Very Large Crop.

Ohio Man—Lovely weather we are having. Maine Man (slightly deaf)—Hey? O. M.—Beautiful weather. M. M.—Hey? O. M.—I say that the weather is lovely. M. M.—Hey? O. M. (roaring)—I wish to remark that the hay crop seems a big one. —Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Straight Stretch.

The longest straight stretch of railway in the world is on the new Argentine Pacific railway, from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes. For a distance of 211 miles the road is laid without a curve. —New York Evening World.

Various Modes of Suicide.

"Of modes of suicide, poisoning is by far the favorite," said Dr. Hamilton. "I looked the subject up between 1863 and 1873, and found that of over 600 suicides here in those years 212 were suicides by poisoning. The preference in poisons was for arsenic, and this in its commonest form, Paris green. Women almost always poison themselves, uneducated women using Paris green, and educated women chloral or morphine. The frequency with which Paris green is used is due simply to the ease with which it can be obtained. The laws governing the sale of the different kinds of poisons are not half stringent enough."

"In London hanging is the popular form of suicide, though voluntary starvation used to be. In France people drown themselves or die from suffocation by inhaling charcoal fumes. It is a singular fact that of the people who shoot themselves 75 per cent. shoot themselves in the mouth. At least this was the case at the time I gathered facts about the matter. Suicide by jumping from a great height is a horrible way of killing one's self, but it is often done. And I am inclined to think that many cases of such are not intentional suicides, but instances in which the morbid tendency which nearly every one feels when at a great height to throw one's self down, has overpowered the will and the brain. I myself once had a terrible experience of this character when ascending the mountain Corcovado, in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. It was with difficulty that I overcame a fearful restlessness and impulse to throw myself down into the blue sea, 2,000 feet below me. A fellow physician once told me that he had a patient who never dared to sleep on the third or fourth floor of a house because of his fear of yielding to an irresistible impulse to throw himself out of the window." —New York Sun.

A Russian Prison Kitchen.

We went to the kitchen, where the dinner was being got ready. The smell of the soup was fragrant and appetizing. Great bowls of boiled buckwheat stood ready to be served, and the reservoir of soup was piping hot. I tasted both. Buckwheat is an acquired taste, but the soup was capital. It is served out in wooden bowls, each containing a portion for five, who sit round the bowl with wooden spoons, helping themselves. In the bakery we found the great loaves of rye bread all hot from the oven. In appearance rye bread is like a dull ginger bread, but in taste it has an acidity not pleasing to the unaccustomed palate. The Russians all eat it when at large, and the prison bread is quite as good as that you get in private houses. I asked about the dietary scale. I was assured by Mr. Saloman and the governor that no restriction is placed upon the amount of food prisoners may consume. They had as much bread as they cared to eat at breakfast, at dinner, and at supper. As a rule, the daily consumption of bread did not exceed two pounds per man. There was no skilful Quass, a kind of thin beer, was supplied them, and this again without limit as to quantity. Of the soup each man could have as much as he pleased; also buckwheat.

The only article which was weighed out was meat. Every man received a quarter of a pound of meat a day. They do not weigh their prisoners in Russia on entering and leaving the jail. That is a practice which they might introduce with advantage. There is no argument so crushing to the assailants of the cruelty of prison treatment as the evidence of avoidpains—the statistics of the increase of weight which has accompanied the alleged privation and torture. And as they do not weigh their prisoners neither do they take impressions of their thumbs, as is done in some French prisons. In this direction something remains to be done. —Pall Mall Gazette.

A Japanese Comic Artist.

Coming to modern times a brief glance on the way of the distant land is in pleasant order. About 130 years ago the most famous artist Japan has ever known was born. His name was Tokusai, and of the weird, peculiar work of the artists of that wonderful country his is said by his countrymen to have excelled all others. All other artists confined themselves almost exclusively to lords and ladies of the court, rich dresses and gorgeous silk costumes, with vases and palanquins.

But Tokusai made a new departure. He gave himself up to humor. He opened a studio in Yeddo in 1810, and labored steadily until 1849. He has left many books of sketches, and the results of numerous trips are left in illustrated albums. His favorite study was the horse. One of his drawings represented a horse with his hind legs wildly waving in the air, while a young woman stands on a latrine, which had been trailing behind him as he ran.

The scene is supposed to be laid in Kaizu, a little village on Lake Biwa. The young woman, named Kaneko, is noted for her strength. In stopping the runaway she simply stepped on the latrine, and the horse's further flight was at once checked. Tokusai is dead, but his pictures are held among his countrymen as examples of perfection in art. —The Journalist.

The Horse and His Driver.

"There's some sort of a telegraphic communication between a horse's mouth and his driver's hands," said an old horseman the other day, "and the best place to prove it is in front of a puffing locomotive. I've seen a horse that would prance and rear a little when the engine approached, but quiet down in a very few moments. I've seen that same horse with another driver get perfectly frantic—scared to death, you might say—and kick everything into kindling wood under exactly similar circumstances. The same thing has happened too often to be a mere coincidence. Why is it that two men of equal or nearly equal strength have an entirely different effect on a horse when holding the lines? There is certainly something in the touch of one man that isn't in the touch of the other. Confidence is inspired in one case, fear in the other. How is that feeling put in the horse's head unless it is telegraphed from the driver's hand?" —New York World.

CAPTURING A SWORDFISH.

A Vicious Monster, Being Wounded Pierces a Block Island Boat.

A man stands on a little platform in front of the bow armed with a harpoon having a sharply and deeply barbed point, so that in piercing the fish, if it goes in far enough, it cannot be easily got out, let the fish be as ugly as he may. The iron is so arranged, in connection with a pole and cord, that the cord can be detached from the harpoon, the pole pulled back, and the harpoon left firmly fixed in the now maddened fish—the line, a very strong rope, 300 feet long, being fast to the iron and the other end secure on the vessel. This end is immediately fastened securely to an empty barrel, which is then thrown overboard, and it marks the course and position of the enraged fish.

It also enables the vessel to send out a life boat to haul in, tire out and, if possible, capture the ugly fellow. And ugly he is, if he is a young fish. If he is old and heavy, he is much quieter—even with a harpoon in him. It is the younger, livelier fellows that are so full of ugly courage—that attack and kill whales, and attack, indeed, pretty much everything in the ocean, unless it may be the sea serpent and the devil fish.

That they will attack a man, even a bath, who is in water not over his head, and kill him, too, unless he can make wonderful time in getting into shallower water, was proved a few years ago in the case of a young Catholic priest who was attacked while bathing on the California shore, in water just above his hips; he was fearfully gashed and nearly killed before he could get ashore. Sometimes, in its fury at being harpooned, it rushes at the small boat and thrusts its ugly sword up through the boat's bottom. Woe to the man it hits!

Our harpooner fastened to a fish that was secured, as it happened, with little trouble, though the harpoon only penetrated a little way into his big carcass. He proved to be 10 feet 5 inches long, and weighed undoubtedly 450 pounds. Much larger ones have been caught, but rarely. We also secured two others, not so large. And it was with the second one that there was an exciting time. He proved to be "a young man" among his fellows, and an ugly young fellow, too.

Having him well harpooned, and the barrel going dancing at a great rate against the wind—for it is a curious and hitherto unrelated fact that a swordfish, when harpooned, always rushes off to windward—the life boat put out to secure him after duly "playing" him. In it went a Block Islander belonging to the vessel, and two courageous passengers. By the time they reached the barrel, they were a mile from the vessel, and could be seen, with a glass, pulling in on the line.

They worked the fish a good while. When a swordfish, finding himself harpooned and helplessly held, really gives up the fight, he suddenly turns, and goes to leeward. The men at the line understand what that movement means. They were still "playing" this fellow, and exhorting him, when, having several times had him hauled in close to the boat, so that his blue figure was distinctly visible, and as often permitted him to go 100 feet or more, something happened which caused the captain of the steam yacht a mile off, looking through his glass, to exclaim: "They're in trouble! he has struck the boat!"—and to order an instant start for them.

He was none too soon. The enraged fish, withdrawing some sixty feet, had made one of those arrowlike rushes upon the boat, which can be equaled in its velocity by no other fish in the sea. The sword pierced the bottom of the boat a little one side of the keel, near the center—coming up nearly two feet. Fortunately men have learned ere now not to sit down in a boat engaged in hauling in a swordfish. By standing (as well as they can) their feet present a smaller surface, and hence a diminished chance of being hit. Last year one man's boot heel was partly hit, knocking him headlong.

In the present instance one of the men had a narrow escape of hardly ten inches. But the men were saved. Indeed, the boat, being a shell lifeboat, would hardly have sunk, although it was already half full of water and the men hard at work bailing when the steam yacht reached them. The vicious fish was repeatedly lanced through the head and neck till he got comparatively quiet, when, in hauling him up the side, with the harpoon purchase at the shoulder and the long grappling hook at the tail, a slipknot was successfully got over his wide forked tail—and then we had him. But for this last grip he would have leaped the boat over. But the way he leaped the sea with that tail was a caution. —Hartford Times.

Another Cure for Insomnia.

"So many cures for have been advocated for sleeplessness that I am tempted," writes a correspondent, "to propound my own recipe, which, if it may appear somewhat impracticable and far fetched, has at least the advantage of simplicity. It is merely this: When you have tumbled and tossed about one bed until your pillow seems to be on fire and your sheets red hot, turn into another—I mean another bed. You will find the sheets and the pillow refreshingly cool, and it is probable at all events that you will go to sleep. The recipe is not infallible, and it is of course necessary to have another bed to turn into, which is not always possible. But when practicable it is worth trying; and if it fails one can always fall back on the undoubted fact that there is no universal cure for sleeplessness. What is one man's meat is another man's poison." —Pall Mall Budget.

Biting the Finger Nails.

The wife of a well known iron operator in Pennsylvania is beautiful, witty and accomplished, but she bites her finger nails. She says she cannot help it. She acquired the habit in childhood, and has tried every means to break it up, but without success. At times she has succeeded in resisting the inclination until all her finger nails are triumphantly long, but invariably they disappear as if by magic the first time she is disturbed, annoyed or rendered nervous. She does not know when she bites them. She suddenly finds them all gone. Her doctors tell her the habit is incurable except for very strong mind phlegmatic persons.

No Children Need Apply.

A well known newspaper man, who had been temporarily residing in Philadelphia, changed his base of action to this city. His family consisted of his wife and five children, all of the latter having passed the mewing age. Finding himself well settled in New York he looked about him for a nest for his mate and young. He was told of a handsome, well appointed flat in a location conveniently near to the prominent hotels and which a bachelor friend of his had just vacated. He inspected it and was delighted. The price was reasonable. The delighted journalist brought forth his pocket book and, while mentioning some well known persons as sponsors for his good name, proffered a month's rent in advance. The still beaming janitor, without extending a hand, inquired: "Pardon me, sir, but are you married?"

"Why, certainly," was the somewhat indignant response, for our friend saw in the question nothing more than the evidence of a suspicion as to the legality of his conjugal relations.

Still beaming, the janitor said: "Any children, sir?"

Proudly uttered was the response: "Four boys and a girl."

No longer beaming the household agent said, coldly: "I am very sorry, sir, but I cannot let you the apartments."

"Why not?"—this in indignant astonishment.

"Because, sir, the other tenants would leave in a body if we admitted children to this house. Their destructiveness we might put up with, but their noise is what is most objected to. In New York people get all the noise they want in the streets, so they want quiet in the house."

It was in vain that protestations were made as to the angelic character of the youthful quintette in question, and useless was the emphasis laid on the fact that all the youngsters had passed the boisterous age.

The flat was inexorable. No children need apply.

An exceptional case, you say. That's what our friend said. He went from house to house inspecting flat after flat, but everywhere the insurmountable "Have you any children, sir?" put a stop to further negotiations. —New York Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Sketch Artist and Camera.

"No, I do not think that amateur photography is supplanting out door sketching," said a well known Fulton street dealer in artists' materials a few days since, in response to a question of a reporter.

"While I do not say that the converse of that proposition is true, I do know for a fact that a larger number of sketching classes have gone into the country this summer than ever before, and, as a rule, these classes have had a very large membership. It is a theory of mine, which, I think, can be really demonstrated, that there is really no reason why the sketch artist and the amateur photographer should not work in perfect harmony, and that the union will be greatly to the benefit of both."

"I can give you an instance," he went on, "where the camera has been of untold service to one of the artists on a well known magazine. Formerly this artist, of more than local renown, used to sketch wholly from nature, but now, when making a tour through England, Scotland, or where he may chance to be, he always carries his camera along, and when he comes across a pretty bit of landscape, a ruined castle or anything else he wishes to preserve, he at once takes a negative. Thus you see that in a few weeks' time he can take him a coil of negatives, while months would be consumed on his tour if he were compelled to sketch each view himself. When he reaches home he throws the negatives onto a piece of cardboard, touches them up with India ink, then in some way decomposes the silver on the plate, leaving the India ink drawing in its place. The drawing is then photo-engraved and is published in the magazine as a bona fide sketch, while, in fact, it is purely a piece of mechanical work." —New York Mail and Express.

How to Test a Mushroom.

The mycophagist selects from wood or field a specimen of toadstool which by its external appearance extends an invitation to try it. Hard, dry, leathery, fetid, slimy, or decomposing ones are left rigidly alone—as they should be. Carefully removing the fungus from its habitation, and after noting its botanical characteristics, a small piece is tasted raw; if it is nauseous, it is thrown away and branded as non-edible; if it is hot, acrid, or bitter, a small piece is cooked without seasoning; if it retains any disagreeable qualities over the coals, it is branded in like manner; if it loses them all, larger pieces are cooked and eaten until the kind either gives signs of noxious qualities or proves to be harmless. If the specimen is mild and pleasant to the taste (a small piece) both raw and cooked, the same care is observed until a full meal is eaten; and it is very necessary that it should be; for in one family of gill bearing toadstools—the Amanitas—no sign either cooked or raw is given of its deadly properties. This is the only family to which deaths have been traced; and the botanical characteristics of its members must be thoroughly mastered. There is no other method of testing that is safe. Charms of salt and silver are as useless as the romances of the fortune teller, and even worse; for, if believed in, they inspire a confidence that leads directly to serious results. —Charles McIlvaine in Lippincott's Magazine.

Destruction Wrought by Insects in America.

The annual loss to productive industries in the United States caused by insects is estimated at \$150,000,000. Here is a fair battle between man and another sort of earth occupiers. They are smaller, but if they can whip us, have undoubtedly as good a right to the world as we have. As civilization advances new insects make their appearance, marching sometimes eastward, but generally westward. There are few, if any, forms of vegetation that have no parasites that devour either foliage or fruit. The loss to the cotton crop is estimated at \$15,000,000 a year, while that to the apple crop is much less, and that to the potato crop at least one-half as much. But the estimate is not a fair one until into the loss is counted the time spent in fighting to secure the preparation that is saved. —Scientific American.

OPERATION FOR HARELIP.

Performed Upon a Child of Four Months. A Surgical Success.

There is at present under treatment at the Roosevelt hospital a child not quite 4 months of age, who has been the subject of a very difficult and delicate surgical operation, in spite of which he still lives and seems to enjoy life. The child's parents had been married ten years before his birth, and his mother had given birth to three other children who were in no way deformed. A strange circumstance to which three months before the child's birth its mother discovered for the first time that its father had been born with both harelip and cleft palate, and that he had been successfully operated on while an infant for the former, the scars of which operation were totally hid by his heavy mustache, while for the latter he wore a false palate with several teeth in his mouth. So perfect had been the work of the surgeon and dentist in his case, that it would never have been known by any one had he not, on the occasion of his wife's discovery, had a severe toothache, which had made the removal of the false teeth necessary. Very unwisely he then told her that he and two of his brothers had been born with harelip and cleft palate. Being a nervous woman and in a peculiar state of mind, she took a notion that her child would have the same deformity as its father. The idea haunted her, and in some way it seems to have affected the infant's development. When it was born she saw at the first glance that the baby had harelip. The child was unable to take food in the way it should have. It could not nurse. Food had to be given by the spoonful, and the result was that the infant suffered for proper and sufficient nourishment. At last it was evident that heroic measures must be resorted to or the child would die.

At first the mother would not consent to an operation, but she did at last, and on May 24 Dr. McBurney performed it in the operating room of the hospital. Either was given the little patient in such quantities as was safe for one so young, and that no evil consequences might result from its struggles if pain should be felt in spite of the anesthetic, the patient was put into a tight fitting rubber bag, which was closed around its neck. The surgeon then, selecting a sharp curved bistoury, or knife with a pointed blade, commenced the operation. The malformation to be corrected as the first step was to close the broad fissure which, like the letter A, divided the upper lip. The next step was to dissect the flesh, muscle and all, from the bone beneath on both sides of the mouth for some little distance. A slight incision was then made from the left corner of the mouth in the direction of the ear, as the mouth was a little short on that side. An incision was now made from the left nostril directly into the flap on the right side, in the direction of the right corner of the mouth. This was planned so that it left a triangular vacancy, the apex of which triangle was midway between the center of the nose and mouth. The flap on the other side was now cut to fit this vacancy and drawn into it with silk sutures and carefully stitched. Stitches were then passed into the mucous lining of the flaps in such a way as to evert it and bring sufficient to the outside along the lower border to form the vermilion border of the lip. The fissure in the cheek was then sutured together carefully and the external operation was finished.

It now remained for the surgeon to bring the bony roof of the mouth together in the middle, by which means it was hoped that the fissured palate could be closed and the patient saved the inconvenience of being obliged to use an artificial set of teeth and mouth roof like his father's. With a sharp knife the surgeon incised the soft mucous membrane on both sides of the fissure, and, taking care not to wound the blood vessels, raised the periorbital membrane from the bony wall of the cavity beneath, and uniting this flap from each side in the middle of the fissure, thus formed a periorbital tent over the mouth, for the protection of which against the tongue's action he put a thin silver plate, made for the occasion, in the mouth under said tent. At the interior end of the fissure he united the two parts of the soft palate, thus forming a good palate and completely closing the cleft.

The periorbital membrane above referred to has the property of forming now bone. It is deposited on its inner side. It forms the outer or hard layer of all bones, and its finely ramifying blood vessels supply the outer layer of all bones with nourishment. It is expected that a bony roof will grow over the tent of periorbital that was made to close the fissure. When this bony roof is formed the silver guard will be taken from the child's mouth, where it must remain until then.

The little patient is rapidly recovering from the effects of the operation. The wounds are all healed with the exception of that in the hand palate, and a firm, bony arch is forming over the roof of the mouth. The child's own mother scarcely recognized it after the first bandages were removed. In a few days the little one will leave the hospital cured. —New York Cor. Globe-Democrat.

A Plant That Catches Flies.

One sees many curious things in nature, and nowhere is there anything stranger to be found than among certain species of the vegetable kingdom. There is to be seen in the yard of C. L. Stibson a flowering curiosity. It is what is known as a black fly. When it first blooms it is black, but gradually fades to a dark purple. It is bulbous, the same as other members of the genus liliaceae. The flower is something of the shape of a calla, but much larger, being some sixteen inches across the top by ten inches in breadth. It is serrated around the edges. The pistil emanates from a pouch about ten inches in depth, and is itself some fifteen inches long by nearly an average width of an inch, and is perfectly black. But the most curious thing about the flower is its odor, and it has lots of that. It is extremely offensive, smelling like the decaying carcases of a horse or cow. Flies swarm about the flower. Attracted by the odor, they find their way into the pouch from which the pistil comes, and once down in there they never get out. It is really worth a visit to see it. —Chicago (Cal.) Record.