

Proud Cobblers.

Years ago, there was in New York city an old shoemaker who had become wealthy through his trade and investments in real estate. His daughters, ambitious to move in fashionable life persuaded him, after much teasing and coaxing, to set up a carriage. They then asked that a coat-of-arms should be painted upon the carriage-door.

"Yes," said the old man, with that grim humor characteristic of the craft, "you may have a coat-of-arms, but it must be one of my own designing. You may paint a lapstone supported by an awl and a hammer."

The shoemaker's daughters continued to ride in a carriage not decorated with a coat-of-arms. But what they would not allow their father to do—to tell the story of his business upon his carriage—a London shoemaker did do. His name was James Lackington, and he added to the profits of his cobbler's stall by selling a few second-hand books. Abandoning shoe-making for bookselling, his success was such that in a few years he was owner of what he called "the cheapest book-shop in the world," in which half a million of volumes were offered for sale. His method of doing business was peculiar to himself. "I found the whole of what I am possessed of," he said, speaking of his fortune, "in small profits, bound by industry, and clasped by economy." When he set up a "chariot," as the phrase went in those days, he put this motto on its doors: "Small profits do great things." To the remonstrances of his friends, he said:

"The first king of Bohemia kept his country shoes by him to remind him whence he was taken. I have put a motto on my carriage-doors to remind me to what I am indebted for my prosperity."

When a man who has risen into fame or wealth feels ashamed of having risen from a lower strata in society, and is anxious to kick into oblivion the ladder on which he has mounted, he shows a weakness that detracts from the respect which his success and talents would otherwise command.

A "Pool" on Milk and Butter.

"Some folks is just too smart to live," said the old man to a Toronto *Globe* reporter, as he puffed hard at his old clay pipe, and wiped a tear from the end of his nose.

"Anybody been trying to swindle you?"

"Waal, it looked that way. A New Yorker came down and bought a farm next to me, and he hadn't been there a week before he proposed a pool."

"On what?"

"On milk and butter. He proposed to put in fifteen head of cattle again fifteen of mine, hire the milking done and divide even on the sales of butter."

"That looks fair."

"So it does, and I was ready to go into it, when my old woman hinted that I'd better go over and see his stock. I went."

"Well?"

"Waal, there were fifteen head, just as he said, but, bless my stars, if he hadn't counted in a bull, two old stags, and a steer to offset four of my cows, which average fourteen quarts of milk a piece a day. I've read a heap about pools, but this is the nighest I ever come to having one bite me."

To Speak by the Card.

To "speak by the card" means to "be as precise as a map or book." The "card" was a document in writing containing the agreement made between a merchant and the captain of a vessel. Sometimes the owner pledged himself, ship-tackle and furniture for due performance, and the captain was bound to deliver the cargo committed to him in good condition. Hence, "to speak by the card" is to speak according to the indentures or written instructions. This old saying is often improperly used in the sense of speaking with authority or in possession of reliable information.

A Question in Grammar.

In one of our city schools the other day the class in English grammar was discussing the difference between the words "like" and "love."

"Now," said the teacher, "we can like a tomato, but is it proper to say we can love a tomato?"

"No, it is not," said a fresh miss.

"One cannot love a tomato."

"Why not?" inquired the teacher.

"Because, you know, you cannot—you can't—well, you can't hug a tomato."

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

During his late journey in Central Asia, Dr. Venukoff discovered the horse, the camel and the goose in their wild state. They showed no fear of man even after some of their number had been shot.

Recently some valuable experiments in photographing the larynx and soft palate at the instant of singing have been made. A powerful electric light was thrown into the throat, the subject sang a note, and the actual position of the vocal ligaments, uvula, etc., was photographed instantaneously.

The finding of a small piece of gold-bearing quartz, in the gizzard of a lyre-bird which he was preparing to stuff, has led an Australian taxidermist to infer that the precious metal exists near the spot, in the Blue Mountains, where the bird was killed. The region will probably be explored for gold.

The Duke of Argyll considers that the fact that some Scotch hills have gravel and no earth on their summits shows that Scotland during the deluge was 2000 feet under water. Darwin considered the same fact to be due to earthworms. Between these two opinions there is plenty of room for discussion.

Preserving fresh meat by means of a mixture of carbonic oxide and carbonic acid is a recent English patent. The former gas alone is highly inflammable and very explosive when mixed with air, while the carbonic acid itself discolors fresh meat and gives it an acid taste. When used together, in proportions of not less than fifty-five per cent. nor more than seventy-five per cent. of carbonic acid to not more than forty-five per cent. nor less than twenty-five per cent. of carbonic oxide, the mixture preserves meat unchanged, and cannot be set on fire.

Signor Baldacci, who was detailed by the Royal Corps of Engineers to investigate the causes that may have led to the late catastrophe on the island of Ischia, finds, contrary to the views expressed by Professor Palmieri, that the destruction was the result, not of a subsidence of the crust as induced by aqueous solution, but of true volcanic activity which is still resident in the island, and which at intervals manifests itself in the form of seismic movements and otherwise. The town of Casamicciola stood over the intersection of the two principal lines of seismic activity, and consequently at its focus.

From the latest reports regarding the cholera in Egypt, which became epidemic last Summer, it appears that the germs of the disease are always present in the Nile delta, and only wait the circumstances which go to their development to make a pestilence at any time. The disease does not seem to be imported. It has an abiding-place in the country. Now that Egypt is so closely connected with the great distributing centres of commerce of the world, the final report of the Scientific Commissioners will be looked for with interest and given an attention worthy of the subject.

Cured by Laughter.

In a treatise on laughter, Joubert gives a curious instance. A patient, being low with fever, and the physician in attendance at a loss as to how he should produce reaction, had ordered a dose of rhubarb, but after the medicine had been prepared, fearing its debilitating effects, the order was countermanded. Not long after, a pet monkey belonging to the patient, that had been in the room all the while, seeing the goblet, slipped slyly up and touched it to his lips. The first taste was probably novel, and he made a comical grimace. Another sip, and he got the sweet of the syrup. Aha! His vision brightened. He cast a glance around, and then drank it to the bottom, where he got the full strength of the rhubarb. Merely! What a face he made! The visage of the disgusted monkey spoke volumes as he tried to spit out the horrible taste, but finding that impossible, he seized the goblet and hurled it to the floor, smashing it into a hundred pieces. The scene was so ludicrous that the sick man burst into a fit of laughter that lasted until his nurse came in. And when he tried to tell her he laughed again, until he sank back exhausted in a profuse perspiration, which lasted until he fell asleep. When he awoke the fever was broken and he recovered.

General Sherman in the Field.

In a biographical sketch of General Sherman, published in the *Century*, E. V. Smalley says: "Sherman's habits during his campaigns were of the simplest. He rose early in the morning, and was up late at night. In the face of the enemy, five hours' sleep sufficed him. Before the reveille sounded, he was often in the saddle and out on the most exposed parts of his line. The orders were always to arouse him at any hour of the night, if reports came in. During the Atlanta campaign he set the example to his troops of discarding tents and reducing baggage to a minimum. There was but one tent attached to his headquarters, and that was used by his adjutant-general and his clerks. With his staff he slept on the ground under a tent fly, which was stretched at night over a pole resting in the crotches of some convenient saplings. It used to be said that his headquarters were in a candle-box, because one or two small boxes, emptied of the candles they originally had contained, served to transport his papers. The soldiers called him 'Uncle Tecums' and 'Uncle Billy,' the latter nickname coming into general use in the army during the 'March to the Sea.' At his headquarters a single sentry stood guard; but nobody, whether officer or private soldier, who wanted to speak to the General, was stopped. He always had a cordial and encouraging word for the soldiers when he rode along the lines in front of the enemy or passed a marching column. For the details of military etiquette and ceremony he cared nothing; but for steadiness in action and endurance in hard marching he had a quick eye and a ready word of praise. He was usually communicative and outspoken, unless his plans demanded secrecy. Sometimes his frankness deceived the enemy more than concealment would have done. After he captured Savannah, he sent a flag-of-truce boat to Charleston and gave permission to go upon it to the families of Confederate officers who wished to get inside the Confederate lines. Among the applicants for passes was the wife of a Confederate surgeon, who told the General she wanted to go to Columbia, South Carolina, to join her husband. 'Don't go to Columbia, madam,' exclaimed Sherman. 'I shall be there myself in a few days with my whole army. You are at liberty to tell that to your rebel friends in Charleston.' The lady made haste to communicate this to the Confederate commanders in Charleston as soon as she arrived; but all agreed that, if Sherman actually meant to march to Columbia, he would never have said so. His advance reached Columbia a day after the surgeon's wife arrived."

A Colorado Mining Town.

It does not take many days to build the kind of town miners are willing to live in, and they don't care what sort of a place they put it in, either, if it is only near the mines. It may be in the very midst of a pine forest, or out on the steep, bare side of a mountain, all stones and rocks. They cut down a few trees, and leave all the stumps standing; or they clear away the biggest of the stones, enough to make a sort of street; and then every man falls to and builds the cheapest house he can, in the quickest way; sometimes of logs, sometimes out of rough boards; often only with one room, very rarely with more than three. When they wish to make them very fine they make the end, fronting the street, what is called a "battlement front"; that is, a straight square wall, higher than the house, so as to convey the impression that the house is much bigger than it is. It is a miserable make-believe, and goes farther than any other one thing to give to the new towns in the West a hideous and contemptible look. These log cabins, board shanties, and battlement fronts are all crowded as near together as they can be, and are set close to the street; no front yards, no back yards, no yards at the side,—but, around the whole settlement a stony wilderness. It isn't worth while to put anything in order, because there is no knowing how long the people will stay. Perhaps the mines will not turn out to be good ones; and then everybody will move away, and in very little more time than it took to build up the town it will be deserted. There are a great many such deserted towns in Colorado and California. They always seem to me to look like a kind of grave yard.—*St. Nicholas.*

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Industry is the companion of honor. Life hath no blessings like a prudent friend.

Good works will never save you; but you cannot be saved without them. Evil habits are webs which are too light to be noticed until they are too strong to be broken.

The truly grateful heart may not be able to tell of gratitude, but it can feel, and love, and act.

Every man's work, pursued steadily, tends to become an end in itself, and so bridges over the loveless chasms of his life.

Affectation is certain deformity; by forming themselves on fantastic models the young begin with being ridiculous, and often end in being vicious.

There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others.

Any man may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of their temperament.

Nothing so narrows the playground of wit as when individual opinions and love of truth stand therein as fixed, solid pillars.

We should do by our cunning as we do by our courage—we should always have it ready to defend ourselves never to offend others.

Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes fly away of themselves; sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more.

When a man has forfeited the reputation of his integrity he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn—neither truth nor falsehood.

It may serve as a comfort to us in all our calamities and afflictions that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Hot soda biscuits is one of the most injurious kinds of food.

Never prick a blister with a pin. A needle is the only suitable thing.

Lime juice and milk is one of the best remedies for dyspepsia or indigestion.

A good gargle for sore throat is made of vinegar and a little red pepper mixed with water.

Do not drink strong coffee just before retiring, or in the evening at all. It is apt to cause sleeplessness.

Oatmeal porridge is one of the best things to begin the day with. Those who dislike it should take it as a medicine.

Coffee or tea should never be given to children at night. They disturb the nerve system and make children cross and peevish.

Baking soda is one of the best known remedies for burns and scalds. It should be immediately applied either wet or dry. It almost instantly relieves the burning sensation, and helps to heal.

Rolling Stones.

Many of our readers have doubtless heard of the famous travelling stones of Australia. Similar curiosities have recently been found in Nevada, which are described as almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut, and of an irony nature. When distributed about upon the floor, table or other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately began travelling toward a common center and there huddled up in a bunch like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone, removed to the distance of three-and-a-half feet, upon being released, at once started off with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity to join its fellows; taken away four or five feet it remained motionless. They are found in a region that is comparatively level, and is nothing but a rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins, from a few to a rod or two in diameter, and it is the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be loadstone or magnetic iron ore.

Chloroform as a Stimulant.

Dr. Stephen W. Roof said to a New York *Sun* reporter: "Unquestionably, the use of chloroform as a stimulant has declined of late years, but there is still a great deal of the drug consumed in that way. It is by no means easy to determine who are the chloroform drunkards, for they are almost all women, and women are very secretive and cunning when it comes to doing what they know is wrong. They will buy small quantities of the fluid from different drug stores, where they are not known, and under various pretexts. Often they will get it in the form of a very strong chloroform liniment, when they simply purpose inhaling it, but wish to conceal the fact. There are almost as many women who use sulphuric ether in that way as there are who take chloroform, but the latter is most likely to be preferred, as it is sweeter and pleasanter. When the evil effects of hydrate of chloral were exposed a number of years ago, at a time when it was a popular drug for those who sought intoxication other than alcoholic, a good many women were badly scared, but, unable to drop everything of the sort, turned from it to chloroform and ether. The habit of getting drunk on such things becomes fixed, just as the habit of liquor drinking does, but it is less likely to spread and make new permanent victims, because there is no sociability about these drug drinks. People who resort to them do so positively and solely for the sensual and selfish gratification of inebriation. And they do not afford the satisfaction that drinking men want and find in liquor. If you saturate a cloth with chloroform or ether, throw it over your face and breathe the fumes, you will have a very brief exhilaration, say for a minute or two, and then all will be gone, except, perhaps, a little feeling of nausea. To get drunk as a drinking man can with liquor, it is necessary to keep on saturating the cloth at short intervals."

"Women who have a tendency to hysteria are those most likely to resort to the use of chloroform and ether. Of course, temporary relief is obtained, but the ultimate consequence is an aggravation of the complaint, and those drugs will induce a mental and physical condition like *mania a potu*, just as certainly as liquor will. I knew of a woman a few years ago, the wife of an excellent gentleman, a down-town merchant, who was a slave to ether. She was one of a family of six children, who all had an inherited predisposition to drunkenness. Every little while the craving would come upon her for an ether spree. She would have a violent fit of hysteria, and to quiet her the husband was obliged to supply her with ether. He used to buy it in quantity from a wholesale house and she would empty pound bottles by the dozen. Each of her ether sprees would last about two weeks. During that time she would shut herself up in her room, and so much of the drug did she use that the smell of it would enter the adjoining houses, and even reach the street, although she was on the third floor. It killed her eventually."

Gladstone and the Boston Girl.

The story of an unusually ingenious two possible drives out of Liverpool, one a very long one and this short one; he remembered only the Boston girl and her artlessness, and nothing that he or his wife or his household could offer was too good or too distinctive to lay at her feet.