MEDICAL RESEARCH.

Romance of the Discovery of the Cause of Malaria.

In the history of research are many romances. Of the discovery that malaria was caused by mosquitoes, it is related how Dr. Low and Dr. Sambon lived in the malarious Roman Campagna without quinine. They retired at sunset to a mosquito proof hut, with double doors and windows of wire net, and they did not leave until sunrise. The fact that they remained immune, while the attendants, sleeping outside, contracted malaria, confirmed the belief that the mosquitoes were responsible.

But how did they carry the disease? At first it was thought to be by water. To settle the question live mosquitoes which had bitten infected patients were sent home and two members of the school submitted to be bitten by them. They both went down with malaria. Again, how did the mosquitoes transmit the germ? By cutting sections of the proboscis the malarious parasite was found. It breaks through the skin of the proboscis and is transmitted at the time of the sting. From the first conjecture to the final proof was a series of careful experiments, ending with the slicing of the mosquito's proboscis. Now, this is finer than fine hair. It is necessary to stop to think. For it is easier to imagine the triumph of the proof than the delicate operation that produced it.—London Standard.

LIGHTING BY GAS.

It Was a Costly Process When It Was First Established.

The first incorporated gas company was the National Light and Heat Company of England, established in 1809. In America the first gas company was incorporated in Baltimore in 1816, the second one in Boston in 1822, and the next one was the New York Gaslight company, incorporated in 1823.

Prior to 1830 the gas business of this country was nominal, but the price probably was responsible for its slow development. From 1824 to 1828, says Moody's Magazine, the New York Gaslight company sold gas to consumers at the rate of $10 a thousand cubic feet.

The first artificial illuminating gas was produced in England about 1726 by one Dr. Hales, but not until 1786 was a practical test made. In that year the Earl of Dundonald of Scotland arranged an apparatus by which he lighted his castle with gas. The same year William Murdock of Birmingham, England, introduced gas as a light in his workshops at Redruth in Cornwall.

As Mr. Murdock was the first man to reap any commercial benefit from the discovery of the use of illuminating gas, he may properly be accredited as the father of modern public utilities. In 1813 London bridge was illuminated by gas, and five years later gas was in general use throughout the main part of London.

Red Letter Days.

The origin of a "red letter day" has been traced back to the third century. Gregory, bishop of Caesarea, zealous for the conversion of pagans, found them unwilling to give up their customary recreations at the festivals of their gods, so, taking a leaf out of their book, he instituted festivals in honor of saints and martyrs. This example soon led to the institution of holy days, now corrupted into holidays. In old almanacs all such holy days were set forth in red ink, the rest being in black; hence the term "red letter day" for any notable occasion. Others say that the origin of the expression is much more recent and is due to the fact that Saints' day, the 5th of November, the king's birthday and accession and King Charles' day were similarly marked off in red as holidays for the Bank of England, evidently in the times of the later Stuarts.—London Telegraph.

Political Animosities.

Political animosities today are seldom carried into private life. In the past the opposite was the rule. The "Duke of Norfolk" once stated that when he was a child his grandfather took him on his knee and said, "Now, remember, Tom, as long as you live never trust a Tory." "I never have, and, by George, I never will." G. W. E. Russell, too, tells of an eccentric maiden lady whom he knew in his youth who, having spent her life in the innermost circles of aristocratic Whiggery, always refused to enter a cab until she had exacted from the driver an assurance that he had never carried cases of infectious disease, that he was not a Puseyite and that he was a Whig.—London Graphic.

A Resourceful Community.

"We didn't know what to do about Pete," said the Crimson Gulch citizen. "He was a real good feller, but he would be careless about shootin' the populace."

"Did you straighten out the matter?"

"To some extent. We elected him sheriff, thereby makin' it look a little more legal."—Washington Star.

Breaking It Gently.

Young Wife—Tomorrow will be my twenty-fifth birthday. Hubby—Why, a year ago, just before our wedding, you told me you were twenty. Young Wife—Yes, but we women age rapidly after marriage.—Boston Transcript.

A Bad Cold.

"There are two stages in a bad cold," observed Uncle Allan Sparks. "In the first stage it afflicts the man that's got it and in the other it afflicts everybody else."—Chicago Tribune.

Rosa Bonheur's Humble Lover.

When asked why she had never married Rosa Bonheur always answered: "Nobody ever fell in love with me. I have never been truly loved." More than one man, however, really worshiped her. But she inspired such deep respect that no man seems to have dared to reveal his feelings to her. There is a curious example of this fact, taken from the humble walks of life. On several occasions Rosa Bonheur had done service for a workingman who throughout his life spent his savings in buying engravings of her principal pictures and photographs of herself. His simple dwelling was a temple to her kindness. He described himself as "the earthworm in love with a star." The person here referred to—E. A. Bautray of Clermont-Ferrand—tells me that Rosa Bonheur once asked him why he was not married, and he replied by asking her the same question. Here was her answer: "Well, sir, it is not because I am an enemy of marriage, but I assure you that I have never had time to consider the subject."—"Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur."

Paternalism In Groceries.

Paternalism with a vengeance is practiced in certain New York groceries. It is benevolent paternalism, though.

"Ma wants two pounds of sugar," said a child to a patriarch in the trade. He consulted a calendar on the wall. "I guess you'd better take only a pound today," he said, "and go kind of slow on that. The week is only half gone, but you have already eaten up three-fourths of your allowance. Tell your mother so."

The child promised to deliver the report on financial depression.

"That is the only way on earth to keep those people from running into debt," said the grocer. "The system is common in this neighborhood. I do it at the customers' request. Every pay day women with spendthrift husbands and an extravagant disposition of their own deposit enough money with the grocer and butcher to see the family through the week. They instruct us to let no one overdraw the amount, and except in cases where extra food is actually needed we stick to our end of the bargain."—New York Times.

Horrors of Bokhara.

The terrible deeds that once made Bokhara a byword are now prohibited by the Russian government. Prisoners are not permitted, for instance, to be dragged through the streets by galloping horses. Nor are they thrown from the top of the high tower called the Minar Katan. This was the usual punishment meted out to evildoers in the old days. Watched by thousands of spectators, the poor wretches were flung from that giddy height on to the flagstones beneath.

Bokhara has many chambers of horrors, unwholesome for western eyes to see and the description of which would certainly be unfit for publication. Perhaps the most horrible of these is a pit where prisoners were tortured by vermin, which were so numerous and ravenous that in the absence of human prey they were fed on chunks of raw meat.—Wide World Magazine.

Disraeli and Goldwin Smith.

It may have been partly by suspicion of my possession of an unpleasant secret that Disraeli was moved to follow me across the Atlantic and try, as he did in "Lothair," to brand me as "a social sycophant." His knowledge of my social character was not great, for I had only once met him in society. His allusion to the "Oxford professor" who was going to the United States was as transparent as if he had used my name. Had I been in England, where my character was known, I should have let the attack pass, but I was in a strange country, where, made by a man of note, the attack was likely to tell. I therefore gave Disraeli the lie, and neither he nor any of his organs ever ventured to repeat the calumny.—Goldwin Smith in McClure's.

The Thimble.

About 200 years ago a London goldsmith called Trotting made and presented to the lady of his heart on her birthday anniversary a thimble of gold, beautifully ornamented and chased, accompanied by a note which introduced the little contraption as a "token of my humble esteem which shall protect those delicate, fair and industrious fingers from prick and scar of needle head." That was the origin of the thimble.

Fate of a Duchess.

We have had excellent morals drawn from the substantial waist of the Venus of Milo for the admonition of the fashionable woman. But what can we say about the Duchesse de Mazarin, who (G. Duval tells us in "Shadows of Old Paris") "died in 1775 from tight lacing, although she had posed for a statue of Venus?"

A Matter of Looks.

First Boarding House Keeper—I always keep my boarders longer than you do. Second Boarding House Keeper—Oh, I don't know! You keep them so thin that they look longer than they really are.—Boston Record.

He Got His.

Geraldine—You haven't been to see me since you asked father for my hand. Gerald—No; this is the first time I've been able to get about.—Human Life.

All Alike.

The following entry appears in the "visitors' book" of a hotel in Germany: "The living here is good, plain and substantial. So is the waitress."

Stage Snow.

In "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving" Bram Stoker lets his readers into the secret of how the snow scene in "The Corsican Brothers" was made so effective:

"All over the stage was a thick blanket of snow, white and glistening in the winter sunrise—snow that lay so thick that when the duelists, stripped and armed, stood face to face they each secured a firmer foothold by clearing it away. Of many wonderful effects this snow was perhaps the strongest and most impressive of reality. The public could never imagine how it was done. It was salt—common coarse salt—which was white in the appointed light and glistened like real snow. There were tons of it. A crowd of men stood ready in the wings with little baggage trucks such as are now used in the corridors of great hotels, silent with rubber wheels. On them were great wide mouthed sacks full of salt. When the signal came they rushed in on all sides, each to his appointed spot, and tumbled out his load, spreading it evenly with great wide bladed wooden shovels."

Tuning Bells.

"What a beautiful tone that bell has!" is often heard. There are few, however, who know how a bell receives its joyful or solemn tones. All bells after they are cast and finished must go through a process of tuning the same as any other musical instrument before they respond with a clear, true tone. Every bell sounds five notes, which must blend together in order to produce perfect harmony. The tuning of a bell is done by means of shaving thin bits from various parts of the metal. It is as easy for an expert bell tuner to put a bell in tune as it is for a piano tuner to adjust his instrument to perfect chords. At first thought it would seem that a bell would be ruined should a tuner shave off too much at the last tuning, or the fifth sound, but such is not the case. He would, however, be obliged to begin over, starting again with the first tone and shaving the bell till it gave forth its harmonious sound at the fifth tone.—Scientific American.

No Clock Wanted.

There had been some talk of placing a clock in the tower of the village church. But John, the old sexton, who lived in the little cottage opposite the church, declared himself "dead agin it" and expressed the opinion that it would mean "an awful waste o' brass" were the scheme carried out.

"We want no clocks," he said the other day. "We've done without clocks up to now, an' we shall manage. Why, lyin' i' my bed of a mornin' I can see the time by the sundial over the porch."

"Yes," replied one who approved of the scheme, "that's all right so far as it goes. But the sun doesn't shine every morning. What do you do then?"

"Why," answered John surprisedly, "I knows then as it ain't fit weather to be out o' bed, an' I just stops where I is."—London Tit-Bits.

The Lavish Jenkins.

In October, 1886, a religiously minded Buckinghamshire farmer named Jenkins brought his firstborn to the parish church to be christened, and this was to be the name: Abel Benjamin Caleb Daniel Ezra Felix Gabriel Haggai Isaac Jacob Kish Levi Manoah Nehemiah Obdiah Peter Quartus Rechab Samuel Tobiah Uzziel Vaniah Word Xystus Zechariah. It will be observed that the names are all arranged in alphabetical order and are as far as possible selected from Scripture. It was only with the very greatest difficulty that the clergyman dissuaded Mr. Jenkins from doing the lasting wrong to his child that he had unwittingly devised, but eventually it was decided to christen the boy simply Abel.—Chambers' Journal.

Where Plato Taught.

The famous academy of Plato was in a suburb of Athens, about a mile north of the Dypilum gate. It is said to have belonged to the hero Academus; hence the name. It was surrounded with a wall and adorned with walks, groves and fountains. Plato possessed a small estate in the neighborhood and for some fifty years taught his "divine philosophy" to young and old assembled in the academy to listen to his wise words. After Plato's death in 348 B. C. the academy lost much of its fame, but the beauty remained for centuries after the great teacher was no more.—New York American.

Poet Laureate.

The office of poet laureate practically begins with Chaucer, who assumed the title about 1385. After Chaucer the office was more or less in the shadow, but from Spenser in 1599 the line of poet laureate is pretty well filled down to the present time. The office is largely honorary and has not always been held by the greatest of English poets, Dryden, Wordsworth and Tennyson being the most illustrious of its holders.—Exchange.

His Own Valuation.

"Belle tells me she is sorry she ever married you," said a young lady to the husband of her dearest friend.

"So she ought to be," he retorted. "She did some nice girl out of a good husband!"

Unhappiness.

They who have never known prosperity can hardly be said to be unhappy. It is from the remembrance of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.—Emile Zola.

It will never rain roses. If we want more roses we must plant more trees.

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