VOL. I.

HONEOYE FALLS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1882.

IN SICKNESS.

the long day I seem to float away brough the gray mists that hide both sea and sun; leasn the plash of waves; I feel their spray, And still my boat is drifting further on?

Ove cannot reach me; death and night alone Are with me, and with ever-deepening shade urtain me round; till darkness thick has grown And helpless hands are stretched in vain for aid.

God has forsotten; only pain has life,
And weakness stealing soul and sense away.
God has forgotten, unit and the strice.
I hear the unknown sea and feel its spray.

Faint through! the darkness shines a tender light; Soft falls a voice I cannot help but hear: "Through waters deep thou passest, yet thy Full soon shall know thy Lord was always

you wilt, my boat, if, as the tide viftly ebbs and bears thee out to sea vinchanging may with me abide, lee still sound, that light still lead to -Helen Campbell, in Our Continent. 101 10 to 10

Lost in a Struggle for a Name

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON. CHAPTER 1.

sachusetts Bay sweeps tope, intrenched in green sands, sleeps the good Tymouth, memorable, as knows, for being the landing place of the English Puritans more

an two centuries ago.
All this, being a matter of history, we life, whether it came by blood, or by as she was! It's a pity it wasn't him—
the more subtle induced which per the great baby!" and he dung himself if you went, and it is not likely there is the more subtle influence which per-meated. the atmosphere where they lived and died so nobly and purely. Benjamin Anderson owned a farm of

some sixty acres—very prolific in this-tles, sweet-fern and pitch-pines. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," admitted of the broadest and most literal interpretation in his hills in shuddering echoes. A limb case. He wrought patiently, early and from the great popular in the yard fell late, and the sby succeeded in wrench-against the windows with a crash just ing a comfortable living from the un-willing soil. [The sed befriended him in y ways. It drove away the frosts looked enviously on his unripened a vointinual inspiration. Rolling the last half hour. on the away fulls will skies, Infinite "I am so glad you lillimitable as the thought of Heart Benius skies said, our

the furm noise, neing toward the second analysis of the shift and this again by another, indicabling and pronounced donsely set with great spreading pines, looking like a vast emerald bowlder thrown up against the pale sapphire of the skies. With a little hysterical sp. "And the

talle farm in the south of Plymouth: grazing the back of the wagon. One addit not been, the Andersons would instant later and it would have orushed him to death, and Myra would have much longer.

'Mrs. Anderson's brother, waited in value for his coming!

'Be careful, dear; the wayes are added to the head grazing the back of the respective forms and sold it. Tom had been in the West waited in value for his coming!

'Be careful, dear; the wayes are added to the head grazing the back of the respective forms and high, and if anything should be a strong and high, and if anything should be a strong and high, and if anything should be a strong and high, and if anything should be a strong and high, and if anything should be a strong and high, and if anything should be a strong and high, and if anything should be a strong and high, and if anything should be a strong and high, and if anything should be a strong and high and if anything should be a strong and high and if anything should be a strong and high and if anything should be a strong and high any strong and high any strong and high anything should be a strong and high any strong any strong and high any strong any str

e about it!

the thought of being a rich man, if he was outside!" she added, with a had ever cherished it, as he probably shudder. ry one does. He had grown to be Mr. Anderson replied; soberly. and then a letter from "brother Tom" broke up the calm of his spirit. As long Myra was content he all not care. h he did not know it. Tom's or descriptions had fallen into hor ike a spark of fire, which, as yet, only smouldered in darkness and e.snShe had a woman's love for surroundings. The bare white white white not quite satisfactory, notwithstandrits spotless whiteness. She had a feminine weakness for soft carpets "stuffed" furniture, and as Tomrrote her about his, how elegant they were, and how much he gave for them, and so forth, her own; half; dozen 'cane seats," and her carpet manufactured by her own; hands! frion strips of cloth sewn together and woven into a heterogeneous melange of all conceivable colors, grew more and more unsatisfactory to her. She had a vague idea that "the West", was a sort of Aladple into nich ones without the slightest

Iwas another thing that influ- Author welln on'y child—so much hope centers!in er of her brother Tom a dozen times a -fiery, daring, ambitious, chafing rainst the nurrowness and poverty that hedged him in, as Tom had done. Tom had gode West. Ralph declared his intention of going to sea. This was what filled Myra Anderson's heart with fear and dread. Years ago, when she was little more than a child, her father's vessel was driven ashore on Manoract rocks, and Captain, mate and crev, sixteen in all, were swallowed up in the boiling surf. Long years of rough and shadows crept shivering through the quiet had slipped between, but through rank, March grasses, like lost spirits them all she saw lorever one face, the searching for rest. Suddenly the dull sea-weed tangled in the dripping hair, and about the neck where her arms had twined so often and so fondly. If only they were West, Ralph would forget his passion for the sea, she said; sitting with Tomes last letter in her hand, dreaming some very bright dreams for

Mother!" rang out sharp and clear, startling her from her pleasant reverie.

She put the letter hastily into her dress and came out into the little porch.

Sno put the letter hastily into her dress and came out into the little porch.

for the first time she noticed that it was side, on the broad stone step, Ben them heard Ned Bradige's shout, and very dark, and the wind was blowing in Anderson, with Ralph by his side, looked up. He took a step or two forvery dark, and the wind was blowing in little sudden gusts that threatened to listened to the crash, crash of the min- ward, and between the finl glare of the become a gale.

"I'm going up to the hill, mother— isn't it splendid?" Ralph asked, excitedly, his blue eyes darkening and dilating.
"To the hill! Why it rains now, and

against the door with insane fury. listened, no sound save the shock of "Nonsense! Who is afraid of a little waves and shrick of winds came up

rain and a puff of wind? I only wish I again from the stormy east. was oittside—wouldn't it be jolly!" The lamp was re-lighted, and the fam-making a telescope of his hands, and ily sat down to supper with white, grave looking off. "Ralph!"

in a newspaper the other day an account of a man choked to death by eating a safely to land." want to see if there are any sails in consent they rose from the table.

"You are just like Tom—"
"Yes, so I have heard," he interlike Rob Thatcher. He is a nice speci-

"Ralph, Robert wasn't to blame if speak so," she replied gravely, but with fearless spirited and paid a "Wasn't to blame! Well, if I had a

All this, being a matter of history, we pass by, and introduce, without further preamble, the Anderson family. I have never seen the genealogical records of the Andersonis, and am not sure of their their their the Andersonis, and am not sure of their t

hung like a veil along the long reach of watching the fitful gleam of the landripping sands. A hollow, hungry roar tern till a turn in the path hid it from scame up, and crept away behind the sight. as Ben Anderson drove up to the barn door.

"It's the hardest storm we've had doked enviously on his unripened it hese ten years—a regular old-fashis it washed lavish quantities of fond line gule," he said, coming into the kitchen where his wife was trying to coax the fire up chimney instead of its coming into the room, as it had for

the last hair nour.
"I am so glad you have got home,
Bon!" the said, coming had laying her
hand of his arm. it sung forever of action, and prog-es, and victory.

He say how white, she was, and no-ticed the hand or his arm.

He say how white she was, and no-ticed the hand or his arm trembled.

Below were little ritts of green valleys; sen interest in the sun; a shallow rush-bordered brook, brightened by scarlet cardinals, and brightened by scarlet ca yond all, the giftee and flash and sparkle to the truth. A great pine, standing know what it is, even if he punishes me of the sen, the se

dozen years or more. He had grown ing round, a sudden fear that he had happen to my boy!"

ch there, and so was enthusiastic about gone down the harbor overtaking him gone down the harbor overtaking him "O nonsense!" he interrupted, as she stooped and kissed him, "what a coyard the country. It is often the case that "I never say such a boy—unless it stooped and kissed him, "what a coyard the country is the country of the c stern people who do not grow rich in was brother Tom. Why, he is rigged West, are not particularly enthusion up in your old jacket, up on the hill; out it!s had long since given did'—this terrible storm—and wishes

at some time in this life, as nearly Heaven help those who are outside. rayDo you think there are any vessels

on the coast?" she asked, auxiously,
""They lad been looking off with
their glasses from Cole's Hill for an hour or two when I left town. was a large ship, just discernible in the distance. The spray was so thick tivas next to impossible to make her out. I hope she managed to keep out to sea; with this wind driving her, if she became unmanageable from any cause,

it would be a hard look. "Father! there's a sail outside, and it's driving in toward the point," Ralph cried, excitedly, opening the door, which sent a sudden sheet of flame and smoke half way across the room. "Come in Ralph,!" Mr.: Anderson

commanded. "But I want to go down to the beach,

"Come in I say." he repeated, sternly, Ralphishut the door, and came slowly through the porch into the kitchen. It would, not do to disregard his com-mands, he had learned that thoroughly. His mother he could "bluff off," called it, but he never tried it with his

ced her. Ralph was most fifteen, and You could not stand on the beach y child—so much hope centers in an instant in this gale, Ralph, and the only children. Ralph reminded spray drives clear up to the windows—her brother Tom a dozen times a see! And as he spoke it grew suddenly dark, and the wind whirled the rain and spray, and great handfuls of green leaves which it had, stripped from the trees, against the glass. out what little was left of the rapidly waning light...

Ralph sat down by the window in silence, while his mother set the table for supper. Outside the storm and darkness increased till the long line of beach grow ghastly and indistinct, and fitful shadows crept shivering through the boom of a gun broke with a slow, sullen crash through the pauses of the storm. Ralphsprang to his feet, and followed his father to the door. The wind caught it from them, and lifted it from hinges in an instant. Mr. Anderson drew to the inside door as quickly as possible, but not before the light had flared and gone out, leaving them, in a

ute guns that came up through the terrible rumble and roar, sometimes with startling distinctness, and anon caught an's form. . Something familiar about it up by the fierce wind, and tossed made him pause an instalt, then with a to and fro till it fell back into the sea, bound he sprang up the dripping, sedgy see how black it is, and—O, mercy!' and was lost in its hoarse diapason. This exclamation was caused by the The guns suddenly ceased, and the wind lifting a barrel that stood at the sky lowered darkly over the moaning corner of the house, and dashing it sea, and though they waited and

The lamp was re-lighted, and the famfaces. The simple "grace" which Ben Anderson never omitted, had in it a "Ratph!"
"Well, mother!" turning sharply word of earnest supplication that "He round. "Because my grandfather was drowned, must I be a coward and turn who holdeth the waves in the shollow of His hand would keep those of His away my eyes every time a wave comes children, through this hour of terrible

There was a little pretense of eating, piece of meat—do you suppose his descendants will all forswear meat? but none of them are more than three Pshaw! I am going up to the hill; I or four mouthfuls, and with commor

sight. I shall not get shipwrecked up there," he added, dryly, as he drew on an old oil jacket of his father's.

"Have the tea-kettle full of hot water, Myra, and perhaps you had better bring out the blankets, too," said Mr. Anderson, taking down his lantern. "I am going down to the beach, and though "I suppose you wish I was I think the ship has gone south of us, it brain indelibly.
Thatcher. He is a nice speci-won't do any harm to have things "Hurra! hurra!" came up from a point won't do any harm to have things rendy."
"You don't think she is ashore here,

Lulu was drowned. You do wrongly to speek so." she replied gravely, but with "I hope she is not ashore anywhere, a little recret thrill of pride at her boy's but I didn't like the sudden way those minute guns stopped. If they can only keep her off an hour longer, till the tide

"No, my boy; you could do no good out of the room too indignant to make anything to do. Stay with your mother more talk about the matter. till I come back; I shall only take a look The wind increased momently, and the shore;" and he shut the door the spray from the incoming waves and went out, Ralph and his mother

sight.
Mrs. Anderson finished clearing the table, filled the tea-kettle and put it on the fire, and then going to a large blue chest in the bedroom, took out a pile of blankets and a roll of flannel, and brought them out and laid them on the table. Then she went to the window and looked out; but the rain, which had increased since nightfall, beat against the glass with blinding fury, and the sashes creaked and rattled as if some invisible hand were seeking to wrench

them from their fastenings.
The moments slipped slowly away;
the kettle sent out a little cloud of white mists and the blankets lying over the chair-backs were so warm that Mrs. Anderson drew them back once or twice, but Ben Anderson came not; and now it was nearly an hour-and now a full hour, and still, though they strained their eyes to get a glimpse of the lan-tern's pale glimmer, everything was

perfumed with meadowed mint; and be-tell her how near her fears had come not stay so long, and I am going to your all, the give and flash and sparkle to the truth. A great pine, standing know what it is, even if he punishes me

stooped and kissed him, "what a coward you would make of me!" but he put his arms about her neck, nevertheless, and returned the kiss very fondly and tenimpenuous as he was the mother knew his heart was arises predisposition to disease? To very tender, and gentle, and so she renembered only that, and forgot his

faults. Again Myra Anderson waited and listened as the moments went by with lagging feet. The tide had turned, but the storm did not abate, as usual; indeed, to her excited fancy, it grew wilder every moment. By and by she came back from her post at the window, and proceeded to wrap herself for going out. she could endure it no longer, she thought, as she opened the door and stepped out into the thick darkness and drenching rain. Even that, flerce as it was, was a relief from the dead incubus of suspense and dread which had been settling down upon her for the last

The wind caught away her breath, it the body. From these facts the Doctwisted her skirts about her limbs, it tor draws the conclusion that hardness drove the salt spray into her eyes, but of flesh it the distinctive mark of rostill she struggled on—staggering, falling two or three times, but resolute as ng two or three times, but resolute as failing sign of delicacy of constitution. The soft-lessied are more liable to disthose she loves are in peril. It had heen growing steadily upon her for the Exercise and perspiration, moreover, last hour that Ben had been caught in are powerful remedial agents, in that the surf, and when she saw. far down toward the Point, the ghostly glimmen of the gerris of infectious disorders be-of lanterns moving through the mist as fore they reduce positive illness. But, of lanterns moving through if carried by invisible hands, she was sure they had found him-they were bringing him home! She gave a little, sharp cry, and put her hand to her heart. Hullo! Well, well, if this don't beat all natur I declare!" cried a surprised voice, and a lantern was swung o close to her face that its sudden light blinded her. "What upon earth sent on the brust of a fover patient will reyou down here? it's no place for a
woman such a night as this," and Ned
thirty toporty per cent. He has further Bradlee looked, as he felt, astonished. She could not speak, but catching his arm she pointed towards the shore, and

the moving lights. "Yes, yes," he said hastily, "but go home, Mrs. Anderson, you can't do any good, it's too late!" She dropped his arm and sped away

like a deer through the blinding storm of rain and spray. Goodness sakel what does all the woman?" he exclaimed, gazing after her an instant and then hurrying on. "Mrs. Anderson! Mrs. Anderson, stop, called, making a trumpet of his hands, and hallooing with all his might. But she did not pause nor turn, but, weak, slender woman as she was, kept far in

The dozen men on the shore were too A door came to with a sharp clang, and with her car against the pane. Out- busy to notice her approach, but one of Specialor

lights on the shore and the one Bradlee carried, he caught the outline of a wom-

sands and caught her in his arms.

"Myrat are you crazy?" he cried, holding her white, stony face toward the light Bradlee brought up
"O, Ben! and you are not dead?". she gasped, with a long, shivering sob.
"Dead! What put that into your brain?" he asked, with surprise. "You were gone so long! and then all those men-what are they here for?"

she said slowly, as if just waking from a dream. He drew her a little closer in his arms and turned her face toward the sea. About half a mile from the shore a ship

lay on her side, the waves washing over her, and tossing their foaming spray high above the broken masts and battered sails. "We have been trying to save them, but it was too late; they were probably exhausted and sank without a struggle

-poor fellows!" he said, gravely.
"O, that wreek-why, I had forgotten!" she said, shivering and turning away from the gloomy picture, which however, photographed on her was,

dozen rods or so to the south. body was swinging a lantern wildly over and over his head.
"It's Ned Bradlee," said one of the

"I saw him headin' that way a minute or two ago. Can't be he's found anybody alive now." Wait here, Myra; fill I come back."

Anderson said, hastily. A sudden thought had sent the blood back with an icy chill to his heart. Rulph had gone down that way nearly a half hour ago, and in the excitement he had quite forgotten him. 1.10

But he had full time to remember now as he ran on after his neighbors—full time, because the thoughts of a lifetime sometimes crowd themselves, into one little moment's space. He remembered that he had spoken sharply to him for coming, and bade him get out of the way, telling him it was alloy's place at home until they were large enough to be of service, instead of being in the way of men who might do something." O, who in all the world could ever fill the place—the little place—one slight form had filled. -again, that

But he was getting neared, and nearer, but, with the feeling one experiences in nightmare, it seemed as if his feet were lead and he could not lift them. He hardly dared turn his eyes toward the little circle of friends and neighbors lest he should see the pity in their faces.

naces.

"Lest hop of there I was not bors!" cried Bradlee, "and tell me if your ever see the beat of that when feller citizens, if you want to see a hero, just you look at Master Ralph, I

Ben Anderson stopped short and gazed at the picture, and his eyes grew suddenly blind; but it was not the rain nor the spray of the dashing surf which made them so. And this was the picture he saw:

TO BE CONTINUED.

Exercise and Health.

Dr. Jaeger, of Stuttgart, a gentleman whose theories touching the influence of exercise and clothing on health linye lately made considerable stir in Germany and Switzerland, had his attention first directed to the value of exer cise, by his own ill health, the result, as he afterward discovered, of a too sedentary life. He noticed that wile animals, though they had no thought for their health, are nearly always whole; and he asked himself: Wherein lies the difference between soundness and delicacy of constitution, and whence solve these questions, he began a series of observations on the effect tie exercises on the human body compared the health of school children, who wentthrough a regular course of gymnastics, with those who did not, and he found that the absences from illness among the former were forty per cent. less than among the latter. In an other gymnasium, the difference was eighteen per cent. In a girls' school, in hich gymnastic exercises were given, the absences were almost nil. cise," he says, "by draining the body of its superfluous moisture, hardens the flesh, and hard desh is sounder than soft flesh Sweating baths produce a

like effect. They draw moisture from the blood, and quicken the renewal of bust health, softness of flesh a neverease, by reason of their diluted blood. they often enable the body to get rid in Dr. Jager's opinion, exercise and perspiration will not induce sufficient hardness of flesh for perfect health, unless the right sort of clothing be The right thing in clothing is worn. woolen next the skin. Hence flanne shirts shold be worn all the year round A piece of moist tlannel, he says, laid ascertained by actual admeasurement, that the jody wastes less, and therefore renews iself more slowly, when clad in cotto for linen, than when clad in woolen dothing. The reason of this is that whereas woolen tends to draw the to the surface of the skin, cotton and link in do the reverso.

Tho loctor has a theory that woolen a sort of disinfectant. If you put a seco of linen and a piece of flannel on your breast for a few days, he says. Lie linen will have an unpleasant odor, while the flannel will sm sweetly as at first. The color of clothing if another matter of great import Undyed stutts are the best ance among colors, indigo blue and blue black materials are most conducive to preservation of houlth. -London the

Wanted, a Summer Beverage. The ideal summer beverage vet re-

mains to be discovered.

whatever nature, are obviously misapplied when used as ordinary drinks, and edicinal or medicated waters, however useful as agreeable vehicles for the ad-ministration of small doses of medicine, ought certainly to be avoided as mere thirst quenchers. Warm and simply nourishing drinks are generally distaste-ful in warm weather, and the thirsty mortal finds himself compelled to resort to cold or iced beverages. The danger of suddenly and severely depressing the temperature of any part of the organism for the mere sake of a momentary sensation of pleasure does not need to be insisted upon, especially in view of the death of Dr. Breen, of Brooklyn, only a day or two ago. Beyond the amount of fluid needed to compensate for the loss by perspiration it is well not to drink excessively. In fact, to quote the London Lancet: "The perpetual imbibition of liquids increases or maintains the ense of need it is desired to satisfy. The organism rapidly adapts itself to the circumstances and requirements of the noment. It is thrown into a perspiration, the skin being set to liminate fluid, the action will be continued, and the de-mand for fluid will be perpetuated, not only to replace what has been secreted ov the sweat glands and east off, but to prove further work for the skin! seting up a drain which is unnatural, in ismuch as it outruns the necessity of affording relief for the augmented bloodpressure in the superficial vessels in yhich an outbreak of perspiration originates. If any enterprising eaterer should be able to devise an agreeable drink which is neither too stimulating nor

ishing, like barley-water, he will confer a public benefit." In America, particularly, the great im-bibiation of alcohol in summer is a source of great evil, and this is just what the average American will not recognize. He will not learn that alcohol is a fuel. A large per cent. of the sunstrokes that occur would never have to be recorded were it not for the fact, that the sufferer has been drinking, and in the hospital books the entries often read, "suffering from sunstroke and alcoholism." Of late years "dairies" have sprung up about New York, and doubtless save many a heated man from adding to his discomfort by means of alcoholic drinks. A cool glass of milk is most refreshing and takes away the desire for something stronger. Buttermilk used to be a great summer beverage, but has come to be neglected, in New York, at least. The penny ice industries of the sidewalks. where a compound of citric-acid is sold, have grown to large proportions; frequently they are combined with stalls Too the sale of crullers and ples, and the problem who has five cents can Idast and of public resort may be heard cries like the ears of 200 people: "Fresh-coolbeer—soda, sasparilla—ginger-ale—lem-

medicated with salines, ferruginois com-

pounds or phosphates, but simply nour-

Everybody thirsts, and the moneymaking individual turns thirst into capand let the water run into your throat

and down your shirt-front. -N. Y. World.

A Spell on the Corpulent Gentleman. Two or three years ago there lived in the lower oil country a prominent oil producer who was a notoriously bad peller. In a letter, among other errors, he spelled water with two t's. A party of gentlemen were discussing this pecu-liarity in the bar-room of the Collins House, Oil City, one evening, when the poor speller himself chanced to come in. "Hello!" said one of the party, a corpulent gentleman, now remotely nected with the New York Petroleum Exchange, "we were just talking about

"Is that so?" was the reply. "And vhat were you saying?" "Why, some of the boys claim that you are the worst speller in seventeen

"They do. I think I can spell about as well as the average producer,"
"I'll tell you what I'll do with you," said the first speaker, "I'll bet the cham pagne for the party that you can't spell

"All right," replied the producer, and he proceeded to spell the word, 'w-a-t-e-r." "That's the way I spell water for

he quietly remarked, "but money," when I spell it for fun I sometimes use

The corpulent gentleman paid for the wine, and the silence became so great that you could hear a house fall down. -Bradford (Pa.) Sunday News.

An Eastern Romance. The reported death of the deposed gackwar of the principality of Baroda. in Western India, closes another chapter in an Eastern romance well worth the attention of any historical novelist. Some years ago the gackwar was de-tected in a deliberate attempt to poison Colonel Phayre, the British resident at his court, and was dethroned forthwith. The vacant throne was filled by a youth of twelve, originally the son of a Hindu peasant. The Princess having seen the child in his native village and taken a fancy to him, adopted him as her own. This adoption, according to native ideas made him in all respects her lawful son and heir. A similar adoption formed the basis of the claim put forward by Nana Sahib, and disallowed by the English Government with such fatal results. In the case of the young gackwar, however, no opposition was made, and this lad, who was running about a mud vilage not many years ago, with no clothing but his own matted hair, now ranks among the sovereigns of India, and has just had the last obstacle swoot from his path by the death of his predecessor, in whose favor more than one plot has been hatched against him. N. Y. Times.

Of more than 1,500 Chinese who sailed for home recently, after fifteen or twenty years residence in California, not one could frame a single sentence in not one could the English

Tricks of Druggista

"People often wonder why their physician's prescription doesn't take ef-They protest that the bottle has been well shaken before using; that the three-times-a-day injunction had been religiously followed, and that every cau-tion about diet and sleep has been ob-served to the letter, and yet the con-dition is not one whit improved. They begin to suspect that their ailment has not been properly diagnosed, and sometimes throw out a fint to that effect. It never occurs to them that the druggist is at fault; that their prescriptions have been juggled and either weakened beyond any possibility of doing any good,

different." A prominent Philadelphia physician made use of the above language yesterday in easual conversation upon topics

or transformed into something entirely

relating to his professional experience. "One of the most common frauds I have already mentioned—the substitution of cinchonidia and cinchona for quinine. Adulterations of the most familiar drugs are almost universal. Citrate of magnesia is made with only one-half or three-fourths its wonted strength; tineture of iodine, one-fourth to three-fourths; laudanum, half to threefourths. The laudanum of the stores is exceedingly unreliable, the cheaper preparations being weak in proportion to the price. There may be some con-nection between this fact and the lack of success of so many would-be suicides. Paregorie is very commonly diluted one half, and often contains no benzoic acid and but one-fourth the standard proportion of opium. Aqua ammonia, sweet spirits of nitre and a long catalogue of others are similarly manipulated. various oils-rose, lemon, bergamont orange, rose geranium, etc., are nearly one-half alcohol. "But to come down to the actual al-

teration of prescriptions. I have here a number of documents which tell their own stories," and the physician took a package of duplicate prescriptions from a pigeon-hole. "These bits of paper expose the delinquencies of more than a dozen of Philadelphia drug stores; and represent similar irregularities in scores of others. Here is the copy of the prescription as written by the physicians. On the same slip is the pharmacist's revision of it. I need not explain how this information came into my possession, but it is strictly accurate, a druggists, whose names I have in each case, are all registered and graduates from schools of pharmacy. Here is one that calls for fifteen grains of iodoform, one dram balsam or Peru, and one ounce of cosmoline. The compounding druggist followed instructions accurately, with the trifling exception of substituting two grains of iodine for the lifteen grains of ladoform. lading acts as an irritant, while the effect of lodoform is quite amerent". The physician was not disport himself. On the excursion boats slow in discovering the irregularity and about New York in the various cool places promptly returned the prescription. Anof public resort may be heard cries like other reads: Malto peptine, 12 grains; that of a waiter who last night sang into lacto peptine, 12 grains; citrate casseine, 6 grains. It was filled thus: Saccharated pepsin, 28 grains; citrate casteine, 2 grains-strictly adheres to the weight, you will notice, but is somewhat irregular as to ingredients. This one calls for ital. After all, perhaps, the most grateful drink of all is a mighty draught from the cool old spring under the hill, where you put your mouth to a trough of bark permanganate would suffice. "Cinchonia sulphate, 30 grains; strychnia sulphate, three-fourths of a grain; arsenious acid, three-fourths of a grain;" under the wizard hand of the prescription clerk loses two of its ingredients, and comes out plain einchona sulphate, and the druggist from whose file this was taken

universally fills it in the same simple

nhia Press.

way.
"Bread crumbs play a conspicuous"
The physician part in this next one. The physician wrote 'Citrate caffeine, 20 grains; bro-mide lithium, 12 grains.' The inserutable wisdom of the druggist substituted one grain for the twenty, two grains for the twelve, and made up for all deficiencles with twenty-nine grains of bread crumbs. Seidlitz powde made to cost just half what they should by using equal parts of Rochelle salts and bicaronate of soda in the blue paper, when the Rochelle salts should hree-fourths of the mixture. - Philadel-

Fixing His Own Fine.

Mr. S. Whitfield is a rather tall, dignified looking man, whose gray hairs pro-claim the fact that he has performed twothirds of life's journey, at least. He is before the court at regular intervals. always on the same charge of drunkenness. He bowed politely to Judge Higley yesterday morning, and his Honor returned the salute.

"Well," said the latter, "it is stated on the docket that you were drunk.'

"When did you get out of the workhouse, Mr. Whitfield P" "Now, Judge, that's unkind. I have never seen the inside of a workhouse to get out," replied Mr. Whitfield with dignity, "I have always paid my fine."

And can you pay one now P "Well, how much, now, do you think you ought to pay pi, "I don't know, Judge, just how much. You've got as good an idea of that as l

said the prisoner, attempting a

was a simple drunk." "What did we agree upon the last time ?" said his honor with a kindly smile.

calculation. "So far as I recollect it

"I don't just remember, Judge, I believe you taxed me about five and costs." "Would you consider ten dollars and costs too much on the present occasion,

from all you know of the circumstances?

"I reckon that would be about fair. Very well. I am anxious to have you perfectly content. Let it be ten dollars and costs: Good morning.

Mr. Whitfield, bending gracefully and waving his hat in a friendly farewell as he descended to the lower regions in company with the officer amid the aughter of the auditory. - Cincinnali Gazette.

One of them in Goorgia is called The Bridal Wreath Security Associa-

NO. 1.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH. Fifty children of the missionaries of the American board are now aboring a

foreign missionaries. -There has been a revival in Jaffra College, Ceylon, and fifty of the seventythree students have renounced paganism

for Christianity. -Several libraries in the United States report a decrease in the reading of fiction by the young of from sixty-five to fiftyght per cent. This decrease is due chiefly to the efforts of teachers and librarians to give school children better taste in reading. - Detroit Post.

-The will of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Hazeltine, late of Philadelphia, bequeaths to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and the Presbyterian Board of Education 8500 each.—N. Y. Post.

—In Cairo, Egypt, there is a Moltam-medan theological seminary. The Rev. Mr. Mangasarian, a returned missionary, recently made the very large statement that in this seminary 10,000 students are from sunrise to sunset studying the Ko-He says that every year vast numbers of missionaries are sent out from this school through Africa and eastern Asia seeking converts. - Chicago Herald.

-The colored people of Delaware have long bravely struggled to support their schools, raising by contributions among themselves two-thirds of the necessary sum. They have forty-six schools, and not until last year did the Legislature give them any, help. Its appropriation was only \$2,400. The colored population is one fifth of the entire population of the State. - Chicago Journal.

-There is a foolish movement in the San Francisco School Board for reducing the sularies of primary teachers. ought not to be necessary to tell school officers in this age that the man or woman who gives a child its first training, its. first mental bent, should be a specially intelligent and competent teacher, a person worth sation.—N. Y. Tribune. worth liberal compen-

Justin D. Fulton, pastor of the Bapcongregation worshipping in a building known as the Brooklyn Rink, has been very successful in establishing a good work. The building, which originally cost \$127,000, was purchased by this congregation for \$50,000. It was in bad repair, but the congregation have spent \$10,000 on repairs, besides paying \$30,000 on the building. This leaves \$20,000 debt which the pastor and the people are very anxious to remove. It is in reality a people's church, and many who would not entou the more wealthy and fashionable churches on the Hill feel nt home in this church.—Ohristian Advocats,

—Baltimore has a population of about 340,000, and a church membership of 377,688. The Roman Catholic Church londs with a more consist of 1709. The Methodists come next, with 28,642. then the Lutherans, with 11,475; Protest, ant Episcopulians, 2,561; Baptist, 6,887, Presbyterians, 4,035; Reformed, 4,109; Friends, 1,003. The Catholic Church includes the whole Catholic population in the number above given, while membership of the Protestant churches has a stricter sense. The News, which gives the figures, concludes that there are in

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-Two boys in Springfield, Ohio stole a whole cart-load of sheet music. That's all right; you can't do anything with a fellow for just taking notes. —Burlington Hawk-Eye.

-The number of men known to fame as "the man with the iron jaw" has been reduced to ten this summer. The count try should see that the figures are kept right there.—Detroit Free Press,

-The saw-dust which this country threw away for seventy-live years is now valued a\\$12,000,000 per annum, outside of what is used to make mattresses for hotel beds.

—A Key-West shark, captured the other day, had among the contents of his stomach a half-dollar with a hole in it. The shark is supposed to have taken it at forty-five cents .- Courier-Journal -A German professor claims to be able to toll a man's character by feeling of his nose. It is possible to tell some

men's character—or absence of character—by merely glancing at their noses. – Norristown Herald, -In alluding to the death of a pig from sun-stroke, the Chicago Liter Ocean says that "we must all be more citreful and wear sponges or green leaves in our hats." It isn't often that a confession so frank in its nature emanates from Chi-

engo.—Detroit Post. The story that an old gentleman lu Louisville rubbed his buld head with coal oil, and now, as a result, sports a luxuriant growth of hair, is evidently a deep-laid scheme to raise the price of

petroleum. - Courier-Journal. -Another planetoid has been discovered by a Smithsonian Institute professor. We won't take the trouble to tell what a planetoid is. Everybody knows: Like the shark, you can serve it with greens, or use it for striking a light.

Baltimore American: -A Georgia farmer who owns a melon-patch has fired his shot-grin fortyone times into the darkness thus far this season, and it has been answered only seven times by yells of: "Golly, mighty but ize gwine to git outer dist! Detroit Frec Press.

- "Vy, Adolph," says Mrs. Leide stolderberger, at Long Branch Stouthef been helped tree times to dot sharry pies, und you will be sieks." Neter pics, und you will be sicks.'! **Negar** mind,'' says Mr. Folderstelderberger, ''I bay four dollar mits day, und Adolph s entitled to a whole pis, anyliowill-Seaside Waif

-A decently dressed workman came to a photographer's recently to have a portrait of his wife taken. While the opcrator was arranging the camers, the husband thought fit to give some advice to the companion of his life concerning her pose. "Think of something serious."

ho said, "or else you will have hand spoil it. Resiember that your father is in prison, and that your brother has had to mpound with his creditors; and try t magine what would become of you had not taken pity upon you. ago Tribline.