

# THE FISHERMAN'S LAMENT.

BY GIDRON GUDRON.

I've angled in many waters,  
On many a summer's day,  
By many a murmuring river,  
In many a tangled way;  
And the voice of the brook has never  
Lost its pathos and charm for me,  
As it ripples and runs forever  
To its home in the mighty sea.

These were the days the angler,  
In the flush of innocent youth,  
Told his simple story,  
Told nothing but the truth:  
"I fished the stream near the mill-dam  
Hour after hour in vain;  
I've not a trout in my basket;  
To-morrow I'll try it again."

But now, alas! this boom  
Is shockingly changed; I fear:  
I've learned to talk like others  
In angling months of the year  
"Fishing! I wish I think so—  
A humdrum of half a day—  
Two-pounders and strong—such monsters,  
Each took me an hour to p. ay."

I've learned to "s. retch" like others  
I've gone to the stream and found  
A small boy fishing before me;  
Then, gone on the pleasant ground  
I've laid my club and bid him  
Call "m" when he had caught;  
Just enough to fill my basket,  
And thus my fish were bought.

I told how I fell from the boulder,  
How I tumbled in the turbulent brook  
How I one point of view  
"Spec. kled beauties" I took.  
Men may rave of the joys of angling  
But they them not despise  
The pure esthetic pleasure  
That wells in such angling lies.

## WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

It was half past twelve before the dozen friends who had been dining with me left the house.

The evening began with argument, which by degrees, was relieved by light yet bitter banter. Some of the ladies began to make use of those most expensive words, "indeed," "really," and "I must say" or "if you will allow me to say" etc. And I am ashamed to say that I myself—the host—became so animated as to desire to prolong the discussion instead of putting an end to it before anything extreme should be said on either side.

My guests were my nearest relations—nephews, nieces, and young cousins. One niece was the wife of a rising young Member of Parliament, a man supposed to have a prosperous future before him. Another was one of the sweetest young girls I ever met. One cousin was a Sister of Mercy, who had no home ties left and dedicated herself to God's poor.

And the subject over which we grew so eager was the "Rights of Women." To my surprise the wife of the M. P., a more than ordinary agreeable, clever young woman, took the most decided line against her sisters.

The Sister of Mercy only sat and listened, and often laughed heartily. The youngest and the weakest, a pale little creature who spent all her time in nursing her children and arranging her fair tangled fringe, was our bitterest enemy, and loud were her complaints against the bitter subject of women; though I happen to know that very morning she had gone in tears to her husband to entreat his interference with a refractory nursery maid.

But I am old enough now never to be surprised at any thing.

I was betrayed into using strong expressions myself. I remember asserting that Solomon's virtuous woman contented herself with giving him a first-rate dinner, and keeping his garments in order, and the children altogether out of sight.

The argument grew hotter. Electoral disabilities had to be exhausted, then the vexed question of university honors, medicine and woman's degrees. Finally I almost shouted: "In my opinion woman's mission is submission!"

After that they left me. I felt too much excited to go to bed at once, so I resorted to the calming influence of a cigar.

My wife died twenty-five years ago. Our married life lasted five years, and when she died I gave up—pshaw! It was not that that made me give up the Militia, and Parliament, and Quarter Sessions, and the old schemes for paying off the mortgages and all that to go abroad. The old church is not restored yet. However, this is nothing to the purpose. I am meditating an essay on woman in general, not on individuals, and if the world lasts another thousand years, it would never produce again a woman such as she was.

The cigar is very soothing. I will only make a few notes on the back of an envelope—heads of subjects with their consequences arranged like a pedigree under them. I believe with the creation of Eve—a most important point.

Here my pencil rolled away from me and I think I must have fallen asleep, and yet I should be sorry to swear in a court of justice that all which followed was only a dream.

My ready hand recently added to the house, and the shadows flickered strangely over the wide white plastered wall that faced my great easy chair as I sat by the fire.

It became suddenly quite dark, then a circle of light danced into the center of the white wall, and grew larger and brighter, till I saw as if in broad daylight a scene which might have been reflected from a magic lantern.

Ring-a-ring-a-ring! Oh! that indescribable sense of hurry—who that has ever experienced it does not recognize it? It must be the division bell of the House of Commons. There go the Honorable Members running fast. The scene represents the exterior, two policemen stand at one of the doors. Two or three members hop stiffly out of the way of the Honorable Members.

Ring-a-ring-a-ring. It has stopped now. There is a pause, the pigeons peck about and plume themselves, and the policemen pursue their endless walk. A brougham trots up at a round pace, an anxious face looks out watching; finally a voice calls to the footman:

"John! Sir Joseph is there." A tall care-worn member of the opposition jumps into the carriage, "Round St. James' Park," he calls out, and away they go.

A lady takes her husband's hand eagerly and speaks: "Here are the notes, Joseph. Now, whatever you do, do not forget 65,000, 700 and 66."

"Of course, 65,000, 700 and 66. And it was the Times and not the Daily News, remember that, and the date was April 12th. You had put down the 11th."

"And was I accurate about Peel?"

"Yes, I have found his very words. They are just what you want, only I think I would make the other two points first."

"I meant them for a peroration."

"Yes, but don't you think this one that I have found will do better? See this quotation. It will enable you to fulfill the ungrateful duty of annihilating one of our own side with more grace: 'You urge me as a judge; but I had rather you would have bid me argue like a father. Oh! had it been a stranger, not my child, To smooth his fault I should have been more mild.'"

A part at least I do avoid. And in the sentence my own life destroyed. Alas! I looked when some 'f you should say I was too strict to make mine own away, But you grant leave to my unwilling tongue. Agreed, my will to do myself, this wrong."

"Did you notice an inaccuracy in B's speech last night? He said that Lord Palmerston was distinctly of his opinion. Here is Palmerston's speech on the same subject. Read it, dear."

"Bravo, Jennie! you have surpassed yourself to-day. Now we must turn."

"Already! Oh, Jos, I wish I could go to the gallery!"

"You could not stay late enough to hear me."

Then in an eager whisper, she said, as the brougham pulled up, "Good-bye, God speed you!"

That picture faded away as the little brougham trotted out of it. The next showed a London street. The hostess standing at the head of the stairs receiving her guests; a lady, exquisitely dressed, sitting on the sofa, with two or three men around, and a buzz of political murmurs.

"Best speech of the season! outdid himself; never thought Pelham would come out like this!"

"Well, Lady Pelham, I congratulate you heartily. We all look upon Sir Joseph as the rising hope of the party."

"You should have heard the roars of laughter with which his Shakespearean quotation was received. Harvard, you can tell Lady Pelham what it was. I do not remember the words, but he took so fatherly a tone to poor W., that from a man of his age the effect was inevitable."

Two members were talking together in the ante-room.

"Best speech of the session! I never believed there was so much in that lazy fellow Pelham."

"It is all his wife's doing. She has brought out his dormant powers."

The shadows are passing over the wall again. I bend forward eagerly. What is it? What a blurred looking picture! It is raining fast, pouring, with the hissing sound of rain on the pavement. It is so dark that I can only just distinguish a narrow alley, such a den of pestilence as Shoreditch can best show.

On the right stands a public house. I see faint lights through the chinks of its dirt-encrusted shutters, and hear loud tones and evil words within.

A man reels to the door, and looks out, nothing but rain and black mud, and a horrible stench from the rushing gutters. He shuts the door with an oath and goes in again.

"Take care, missus!"

A faint glimmer from a lantern shows me two figures picking their way through mud and filth—a rough looking man, whose old fur cap is drawn low over his brow, and behind him a woman, dressed in the coarse gown and white cap of an English Sister of Mercy; a little black wooden cross on her breast, and a long cloak around her.

The face, on which the yellow light shines, is homely with a slightly worn expression, and eyes full of kindly sweetness.

"I am very glad to have arrived," she says, cheerfully, shutting her cotton umbrella, and about to step into the house. A man from within pushed her back roughly but not unkindly.

"Do you know what you undertake, miss?" he says, "Five of 'em—two brothers, wives and a child. And it's black small pox."

"I know! let me pass! Thank you for your warning," she answered gently.

The man mutters something and draws back.

She goes in.

I suppose some days, even weeks must have passed in my dream, for I awoke to find my little circular picture full of daylight.

It is the same alley, but a narrow pathway along it is swept clean and dry, and here and there strewn with straw. At the door of the public house stands a group of people, surrounding the Sister of Mercy. Two of them seem as if their hearts were of speech; on the arm of one hangs a weakly woman, the other stands alone. They press her hands, one man raises the rough sleeve of her gown and kisses the hem, with tears raining down his cheeks.

Kindly words she says to all, a little practical advice, a little exhortation. They listen as if she were a saint from heaven, and then she goes her way.

One old man exclaims as she disappears: "Well, if there be a God, He will hear our blessings on that there Sister."

The shadows gathered so quickly over my picture that I hardly saw her to the end of the street. I leant my head on my hand and tried to make out these visions, but I seemed strangely unable to fix my thoughts.

"Exceptional cases, nothing but exceptional cases," I heard myself mutter, and the words half aroused me. I felt for my pencil to make another memorandum, when my attention was again arrested.

Shadows rose up one after another like thin curtains from my magic circle, and a new scene presented itself to my gaze.

A charming boudoir furnished with every luxury, the walls, hung with crimson silk, full of rare pictures and cabinets of precious china. A white bear-skin rug before the fire, on which was seated a young lady, who leant her arms on the lap of an older woman reposing in a deep arm chair.

"They were very like each other, but it was doubtful whether the elder lady could ever have been so lovely as her golden-haired child."

The girl held out to her mother a clearly written letter, saying in a broken voice, "Mother, I want you to see what I have written to him."

Her lips smiled bravely, while the tears were streaming unheeded down her cheeks.

The mother took her letter. I seemed to be reading with her eyes, for I heard no voice, yet I know what that letter contained:

MY DEAREST HARRY: Your letter came to me this morning, and it is so difficult to answer that I hope you will be patient with me. We have known each other so long, and loved each other so dearly, that it grieves me bitterly to refuse to marry you. Yes, dearest, it is to refuse that I write, and perhaps you will think me hard and pedantic for my reasons, and perhaps you will not grow more steady, you will break my heart. I have read your letter over and over again, and tried to believe what you say, that I could save you, I am only a girl, and full of faults. I could not hear of my husband gambling, or see him helpless from drink without terror, disgust, horror. I dare not, Harry; your salvation is in higher hands than mine. Do not lean on a broken reed. We have no strength in ourselves. I am doing this—I am sending you away from me—but it is breaking my heart. For I love you, my darling—I love you as I know that you love me. Do not try to see me, or to alter my determination, for it cannot be altered. Good-bye, my darling; I will pray for all God's blessings on your head. Good-bye, good-bye,

MAUDE.

Then the shadows stole lingeringly over the article, folding it softly out of sight.

Again I must suppose a lapse of time, perhaps years. It is war time, anxiety and trouble are brooding over the land. The shadows flit past. It is the same room, with the same figures, but differently occupied. Dressed in deep mourning, mother and daughter have been picking lint. A little packet of letters lies on the table, and low sobs burst now and then from Maude.

There lies her own letter, worn, and yellow, and old. It was found in his breast and sent home with a lock of his chestnut hair, accompanied by a letter from his colonel—full of bitter grief for the young officer whom every one had loved, the steadiest, the best, the bravest, the most zealous, whose influence had raised the whole tone of his command.

"Maude—tell Maude that I owe all to her under God." Those were the last words he uttered before he was laid in a soldier's grave.

See, the shadows are stirring again, moving to and fro in an agitated way. What is coming now?

It is dark at first, then slowly, as my eyes got accustomed to the gloom, I saw before me a death bed. Upraised on the white pillow lay an aged woman, her face beaming with a light more divine than of earth, her pale hands crossed on her breast. Round her stood her sons and daughters, and her children's children, and not one among them who has not wept bitter tears that so soon they should see her face no more.

Only one more little glimpse, and light poured over the picture, which disappeared in a golden glow.

I hid my dazzled face.

"Charley!"

A voice spoke my name in tones that thrilled my soul, and a sound of distant music filled the air.

I raised my eyes. In the midst of the glow stood the form of my wife. Her robes were as white as snow, her golden hair fell like a halo around her, her lips parted in that sweet smile that never could fade from my heart.

"Husband," she said, "you have seen visions, sent to teach you the secret of woman's mission—influence, the power of the weakest."

"And their rights?"

"The reward of their labor. Prayers and blessings, the fruition of self-sacrifice, gratitude, reverence, love. These are the rights of true women."

The sweet vision passed away, and I was left sitting in my chair with the blank wall opposite to me, and the embers in the grate slowly burning out. Sweet Maude, energetic Jennie, my good cousins—we would have thought of you all? Well, well, one lives and learns. I wish I had come home soon enough to see my mother once more. They said she asked for me.

In this world all must have its fitting place, and all be adjusted so well that the revolutions of our circular globe do not produce a second chaos. What were the tree without its leaves or the flower without the stalk? What were women without man, and in Heaven's name where were men without woman.

—Temple Bar.

Did Not Succeed.

It takes two to make a slander—one to listen, the other to report. If mankind would act as a Russian general once did, the race of scandal-mongers would die of enforced idleness.

A Russian once tried to tell Skobelev of certain scandalous reports about him. "One of your officers," he began, "is spreading lies about you. May I give you his name?"

"No, no; not a word," answered the general, sharply. "My officers fought like heroes. I love them. One word of mine was sufficient for their going to death."

When the Russian, thus silenced, had left the room, Skobelev called his servant, and asked:

"Did you notice well that face?"

"Yes, general."

"If so, then remember for that man I am never at home, never! Do not forget my order!"

Eighty years ago North Carolina had as many Representatives in Congress as New York. North Carolina now has nine, or one less than she had in 1800 while New York has thirty-four.

## A BIG THING IN BIVALVES.

Single Oysters Weighing Three Pounds—Single Clams that Five Men Lugged into a Dining-Room.

"Speaking about shells," said an eminent conchologist, holding up a magnificent orange shell as if it were a gem, and breathing upon it preparatory to polishing it with a chamois skin, "reminds me of a practical joke that some friends of mine got up a little while ago. You see, we had a club of shell-men and met in each other's houses once a week, and once a year we gave a dinner, to which each member was allowed to invite a friend. Two of the guests at the last dinner were Englishmen, and as one of them expressed a desire to see something of American oysters, and the other had inquired about clam-bakes, it was decided to give them a surprise, and to say we did so doesn't express it. We met at a member's house up town, and about twenty sat down to dinner, the two Englishmen being seated on the right and left of the President, as sober-faced a professional wag as ever graced a gown. After the blessing, which was delivered in the Sioux language, two waiters came in, bearing a meat-platter of the largest size, and, lifting it with the greatest difficulty, placed it before one of the Englishmen, whose eyes began to open as he saw that the dish contained six oysters on the half-shell that looked as though they would weigh three pounds apiece. They were brought from Old Point for the occasion, you see, and are what are called coons—nearly a foot in length, and of gigantic proportions. They projected from the dish like great blocks of stone, and a small part of one would have been large enough for two men for a whole meal."

"We generally begin on six of these," said the president. "They're a little undersized, but it's late in the season."

"Those are not all for me?" said the horrified Briton.

"Certainly," replied the president, "and if you want any larger ones say the word."

"Finally the victim lifted the great morsel that looked like an underdone ham, got it half way to his mouth, and then with a shudder dropped it. 'Good heavens!' he said, 'you don't mean to say that you eat six of these? I can't go on. You see I haven't been educated up to it. I must give it up.'"

"He was urged politely, but it was an impossibility; the oysters were refused and the next course brought on, every one looking as sober as a funeral. I tell you it would have made a horse laugh to have seen those men look as the waiters came in. The course was baked clams, a la Rhode Island, and, as before, it took two men to bring in each plate, piled with clams so enormous that it took one's breath away, and the Englishmen looked on in downright horror. By actual measurement each clam was nearly a foot in length, and nearly all weighed more than six pounds. By the time half a dozen plates were brought in the table was about covered. The victims sat there in helpless amazement, while the rest pretended to pitch in. Did they eat them? I should say not. Nobody noticed them, and finally, when they had eaten some small clams that had been tucked in for their benefit, the monsters were cleared away. The next course was scalloped devilled tridacna, and one of the guests being urged to try some, a moment later five waiters came struggling through a door with an enormous half-shell of a clam, that actually weighed 250 pounds. This was lifted to the table and put before the now demoralized Englishmen, who looked so utterly dumfounded that the whole party broke into a roar of laughter. They then saw they were the victims of a joke, and it took well."

"But how about those big clams? Were they made up?" asked the visitor.

"Not a bit of it," was the reply. "They were, I guess, the first of newly-discovered edible clams of the Pacific that had ever been brought to New York for the East. They have been known some time, but not to the general public. A naturalist traveling some months ago near Puget Sound found that the geoducks, as they were called, were considered delicacies, and were in reality giants of the soft clam race. Just think of a common soft clam about a foot in length containing a mass of flesh weighing more than six pounds. In taste they don't seem like ordinary clams, but rather like crab boiled, or the Southern salt-water crawfish or whip-lobster. When you go clamming for these giants you have a day's work ahead of you. In the first place, you can get at them only on certain times when there is an extreme low tide, and then you want a gang of men or dredging machine to dig them out.—New York Sun.

How to Split a Sheet of Paper.

It is one of the most remarkable properties of that wonderful product, paper, says the British and Colonial Printer and Stationer, that it can be split into two or even three parts, however thin the sheet. We have seen a leaf of the Illustrated News thus divided into three parts, or three thin leaves. One consisted of the surface on which the engravings are printed; another was the side containing the letter-press, and a perfectly blank piece on either side was the paper that lay between. Many people who have not seen this done might think it impossible; yet it is not only possible, but extremely easy, as we shall show. Get a piece of plate-glass, and place it on a sheet of paper; then let the latter be thoroughly soaked. With care and dexterity the sheet can be split by the top surface being removed. But the best plan is to paste a piece of cloth or strong paper to each side of the sheet to be split. When dry, violently and without hesitation, pull the two pieces asunder, when a part of the sheet will be found to have adhered to one and part to the other. Soften the paste in water and the pieces can be easily removed from the cloth. The process is generally demonstrated as a matter of curiosity, yet it can be utilized in various ways. If we want to paste in a scrap-book a newspaper article printed on both sides of the paper, and possess only one copy, it is very convenient to know how to detach the one side from the other. The paper, when split, as may be imagined, is more transparent

than it was before being subjected to the operation, and the printing-ink is somewhat duller. Otherwise the two pieces present the appearance of the original if again brought together. Some time ago the information of how to do this splitting was advertised to be sold for a considerable sum. We now impart it to all our readers gratuitously.

## About Earthquakes.

England has been visited by earthquakes several times, of which the following have been recorded: One felt throughout England in 1089; another felt throughout the country in 1274, by which Glastonbury was destroyed; the greatest known in that country up to that time, on November 14, 1318; a slight shock in London on February 8, 1749, and a severe one on March 8; and the latest recorded, a very slight one in the northwestern part of England on November 9, 1852. England, as will be seen from the above instances, has had little practical experience of earthquakes, and they loom, therefore, large with all the terrors of the unknown, added to those of the truly terrible. The mere word of a madman that an earthquake was to be expected on a certain day was sufficient to send thousands of persons of wealth and fashion to spend the night of April 6, 1750, in Hyde Park, in tents and carriages. April 7 passed, however, and the trembling bivouackers returned home, disappointed of their earthquake. In a country where such disturbances are frequent few people would think it worth while to be robbed of a night's rest for such a trifle. Fondness for earthquakes is an acquired taste. Natives of land where the ground is seldom still come to be quite proud of their volcanoes and mud-squirts, as in New Zealand, and like to point out their phenomena to visitors, who, for their part, are perpetually on the qui vive lest the ground should suddenly get up behind their backs and swallow them. The natives at Catania were once excessively indignant because Sir John Herschel reduced the height at Atna, the pride and boast of the locality which it had twice destroyed, by some three thousand feet, with his scientific measurements.

Anaxagoras, starting from a purely scientific basis, argued 400 years before Christ, that earthquakes and volcanoes were simply the results of underground lightning, and after an earthquake had been felt in London in 1749 men of science again began to conceive the "new opinion" that earthquakes were due to subterranean electricity. Anaxagoras, if they had lived a thousand years earlier, would have told them as much. But between these two dates the errors that prevailed upon the subject were frightful enough to produce the effect attributed to the earthquake at Meacum, which "caused the hair to stare for fear in all the beholders."

The "learned Arabicks"—Geber, Avicenna and Almanzor—were accused by Sir Thomas Browne of believing the doctrine of the Koran that earthquakes arise from the motion of the great bull upon whose horns the earth is poised. Unfortunately, however, it happens that the Koran teaches nothing of the sort. But one ridiculous item of doctrine more or less in that volume makes little difference among so many, as queer opinions about earthquakes were common enough without dragging the "learned Arabicks" into the muddle. Sir Thomas Browne himself appears to have suspected much of the true nature of earthquakes, as it is understood at present, and left in his "Popular Errors" precise directions for their manufacture, so that in the next century Lemery, a famous French experimentalist, enjoyed the pleasure of seeing an earthquake—composed of sulphur, water and iron filings, wrapped in a rag and buried underground—in full activity in his own back garden.

The science of earthquakes has not yet gone so far as to determine the exact nature of the connection between apparently isolated shocks occurring within a brief interval of time. Obviously the rate of progress which these subterranean disturbances make must be exceedingly great, and the energy they possess must increase as they proceed, if we accept the supposition that the disaster in Java, for example, has any relation with the one which has desolated one of the fairest islands of Italy. If one takes a map of the world and draws a line, commencing on the western shore of Great Britain, and proceed thence by almost any route that may please the fancy through Ischia and Java and then on to Japan, it will be seen how very arbitrary a course the earthquake energy must take, assuming a connection between the various shocks. Moreover, any theory that may be based upon this supposition encounters a difficulty from the degrees in which the energy declares itself at different places.—N. Y. Herald.

## The Cost of Royalty.

As a sample of what royalty costs the people of Great Britain alone, Whitaker gives the following annuities to the royal family:

Her Majesty—Privy purse.....£ 80,000  
Salaries of household.....131,400  
Expenses of household.....172,500  
Royal bounty, etc.....13,500  
Unappropriated.....8,400

Prince of Wales.....£285,000  
Princess of Wales.....£40,000  
Duke of Cambridge.....10,000  
Duke of Edinburgh.....25,000  
Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.....6,000

Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne).....6,000  
Duke of Connaught.....25,000  
Duke of Albany.....25,000  
Duke of Devonshire.....6,000  
Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.....3,000  
Duke of Cambridge.....12,000  
Duchess of Teck.....5,000

—Inter-Ocean.

## Careful in Selecting.

"I want to present Augustus with a cane," said a young New York lady, "but I don't know what size he wears."

"What do you mean by size?" was the question; "are canes of different sizes?"

"Oh, yes, and one has to be very careful in selecting them. I shouldn't like to send dear Augustus a cane with a head big enough to choke him."

The weak may be joked out of any truth by their weakness.

## THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

IRREGULAR HEART ACTION.—Dr. Bowditch has used the following formula for the past twenty-five years:

R.—Pulv. digitalis, gr. x; pulv. colchicid sem., gr. xx; sodii bicarbonas, gr. xxx; M. et div. in chart. No. xx. Sig. One powder three or four times daily.

DEATH FROM GLUTTONY.—Two cases are reported in an exchange. The first is that of a railway clerk, who appeared well when he went to bed on Christmas night, but died before morning. The medical man who examined the body found the stomach largely distended with undigested food which had stopped the action of the heart. The other case was that of a negro from Sierra Leone, in whose stomach whole potatoes were found.

PROF. KNAUF, of New York, recommends the wearing of cotton pellets moistened with glycerine and water, deep in the ear canal, when there is a defect in the natural ear-drum. They protect the deeper and inner parts of the ear against unfavorable atmospheric influences, prevent drying of the mucous membranes, arrest profuse discharge, and improve hearing. They must be renewed once a day or week as the case requires, and may be worn a lifetime with benefit and comfort.

TO ADOPT A STYLE.—Dr. Louis Fitzpatrick, who has recently returned from Egypt, where all kinds of eye affections are extremely common, writes to the Lancet, that he has never seen a single instance in which the style continued to develop after the following treatment had been resorted to: The lids should be held apart by the thumb and index finger of the left hand, while tincture of iodine is painted over the inflamed papilla with a fine camel's hair pencil. The lids should not be allowed to come in contact; until the part touched is dry. A few such applications in twenty-four hours are sufficient.

GOOD FOOD AND GOOD DIGESTION.—All persons who like good and well-cooked food should digest well, or they cannot properly enjoy it. It takes away all the comfort of eating to know that the stomach will refuse to comfortably dispose of the luxuries presented to it. To all whose digestion is in the least degree languid, we say, relieve yourself by taking vitalized phosphites; it will be a permanent blessing to you, and strengthen your digestion as well as your nerves. Many hard-working persons, especially those engaged in brain-work, would be saved from the fatal resort to chloral and other destructive stimulants, if they would have recourse to a remedy so simple and so efficacious. This is no secret remedy; it is used by all physicians. All who are troubled with their digestion, or with nervous weakness, go to your druggist and get a bottle of vitalized phosphites.—Health and Home.

EATING LEMONS.—A good deal has been said through the papers about the healthfulness of lemons. The latest advice is how to use them so that they will do the most good, as follows: Most people know the benefit of lemonade before breakfast, but few know that it is more than doubled by taking another at night also. The way to get the better of the bilious system without blue pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two, or three lemons, as the appetite craves, in as much ice water as makes it pleasant to drink without sugar, before going to bed. In the morning, on rising, at least half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humor and bile with efficiency, without any of the weakening effects of calomel or Congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear; the powerful acid of the juice, which is always most corrosive, invariably causes inflammation after awhile, but, properly diluted, so that it does not burn nor draw the throat, it does its medical work without harm, and, when the stomach is clear of food, has abundant opportunity to work over the system thoroughly.—Health and Home.

## Advice to Base-Ballists.

Do not wait for the ball to rebound, before striking it. It may not rebound. Do not depend too much upon the judgment of the pitcher; he may be indiscreet.