The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON, Jr.,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, ... $2.00
One copy, six months 1.00
One copy, three months, ...50

The Chatham Record.

VOL. V. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., JUNE 14, 1883. NO. 40.

The World is Growing Better.

The world is growing better!
Though it takes a wider sweep,
The hand of sturdy labor
With a friendly hand we greet;
We will not drink the bitter
When so little makes it sweet.

The world is growing richer,
To wealth brought from the earth—
But, better far, with treasures found
In stores of sterling worth.
For noble deed are honored more
Than simple claims of birth.

The world is growing better!
With fewer musty creeds,
With more of human strivings
For man or human needs.
With precious harvest garnered
As the growth of generous seeds.

A SCHEMER FOILED.

"Papa is not like himself. He never was harsh to me before," murmured poor Kate.

"Yet you must not be unmindful that your father believes he is acting for your best interests," was the rather doubtful remonstrance of Mrs. Scott.

"Papa is acting entirely under the influence of Percy Talbot," the girl asserted excitedly; "if he were not, he would understand how grievous it would be should I marry a man whom I detest—how utterly impossible it is when my whole heart is given to another. Oh, mamma, surely you cannot blame me?"

What could the gentle wife, the troubled mother, say? She loved her husband, unreasonable as he might be, she idolized her only child, and she shrank from holding either blamable. So she remained silent, while two big tears rolled slowly down her fair, faded cheeks.

"Mamma, my dearest, you do not blame me, do you?" pleaded Kate, crossing the room and throwing herself on her knees beside her mother. "It would break my heart to give up Robert! I love him so dearly—oh, mamma, so very dearly. You like Robert, too, and so did papa before this Percy Talbot came here to make nothing but trouble for us all. And I have fancied sometimes that you distrust him quite as much as I do. You do not really wish me to marry him, do you?"

"Your father is determined that you shall be his wife, Kate," said Mrs. Scott, winding a kindly arm about the slim, kneeling figure, and drawing the pretty, brown head to her bosom.

"I know. And if I disobey him, he declares he will no longer recognize me as his child," returned Kate with a little gasp of anguish; "he will send me away from him, from my home, and from you. Oh, mamma, it is hard! And yet, if you would not blame me, if you can trust me, I had rather go. After a time papa might relent, and wish me to come back to him."

The mother sighed, but she clasped the pretty pleader more closely to her tender heart, and fondly kissed the sweet bright face.

"I do trust you, Kate," she answered with much earnestness. "Always remember, darling, that wherever you may be, I shall trust my daughter to do the right. If you choose to go rather than become Mr. Talbot's unloving wife, I shall not judge you too harshly; and it may be that sometime the storm will pass over, and that this trial will end happily for us all."

After such a concession the mother could scarcely refuse to acquiesce to anything her child might decide to be best. And so Kate took her last regretful look of the dear familiar rooms; with quivering lips she kissed her weeping mother; and then in the early, quiet morning she left the pleasant house, the doors of which, as it might be, had been closed upon her forever.

"She has made her choice," her father said briefly in grim anger; "and henceforth she is dead to me."

From his home, his heart, his lips, he had banished her; and he forbade the mention of her name in his presence.

And for Percy Talbot he began to manifest singular partiality—a special liking that was frequently shown by considerable monetary favors. Perhaps he fancied that he owed some sort of reparation to the luckless individual who had been so signally disdained by his handsome and refractory daughter!

"It seems strange that a rich man would borrow such sums, and so often," Mrs. Scott ventured to observe.

"You know nothing about such matters, Maria," was the sharp response. "Talbot can be trusted with anything. He is a shrewd man too, and if our last speculation succeeds, I shall be as rich as he is."

"What speculation, Peter?" his wife inquired uneasily.

"I doubt you would understand if I should tell you," he answered testily.

He had yet to learn that his own understanding of the speculation into which he had been persuaded was somewhat deficient.

It was the "oft-told tale" of the credulity of one man and the duplicity of another. And there came a time when Peter Scott knew that he was beggared—when he discovered that all his little fortune, earned by years of honest zeal, had been, by some manner of chicanery, transferred to the possession of Percy Talbot.

"My dear sir, it is one of the freaks of fortune and is neither curious nor uncommon," Talbot said blandly to his victim. "In my career as a speculator, I, too, have sometimes lost—even to my last farthing. I have been left with nothing, absolutely nothing but my debts. But I never lost courage; nor must you do so now. Beside, if you will bring back your pretty fugitive daughter and induce her to become my wife, I will make you a free gift of the property that once was yours."

For a moment Kate's father regarded his interlocutor with a fixed and scathing gaze. The scales had fallen from those tired and troubled eyes.

"My daughter," at length he enunciated, with a dignity that was majestic, "was wiser than I—she could not be deceived by your pretensions as I have been. I may be a pauper, sir, but I shall still be honored that I have a child who would prefer death to marriage with such as you."

He turned away haughtily and went back to the home that was no longer his. But the shock had been too sudden, too overwhelming; and an hour later he lay writhing in mortal agony at the very gates of death. In his delirium he raved piteously of his folly, and of the man whom he had so trusted only to be befooled, robbed and insulted. And to his disordered senses his bonny Kate was everywhere present. He would listen for her gay voice and light footsteps; he seemed to behold her bright and beautiful image, and he would pathetically entreat her to forgive him for his harshness and his great mistake.

Meanwhile, Kate was far away, and not altogether unhappy. She felt that somehow, in a blissful time to come, she would be providentially guided back to contentment with her beloved ones.

One morning a visitor was announced, and with much surprise she turned to stand face to face with her old suitor, Percy Talbot, as ever, sleek, smiling, insignificant.

"You wish to see me?" she queried, coldly, startled by something oddly assured and exultant in his aspect.

"I wish to discuss a matter of business with you," he returned, glibly, as with great nonchalance he appropriated a cosy chair. "Will you not be seated, too? Where are the roses of your cheeks, Kate? Are you ill, or has my coming disquieted you?"

She was pale with anger at his insolence, at his stare of ardent admiration; and she trembled with vague alarm before his strange look of triumph; but she stood quite still and regarded him with calm inquiry.

"You may not be aware of what has happened at home," he pursued, still with the honeyed voice and hateful smile.

"No," was her simple utterance.

"My mission is not a particularly pleasant one," he continued cautiously; "and you make it harder for me, Kate, you seem so indifferent; and I have only come to serve you. Your father is very ill; he may not recover."

Yet she remained silent, watching him with her scornful, questioning eyes.

"And beside," her visitor went on, with a semblance of the sympathetic, "he has been unfortunate in business, and everything he possesses will be sold at once if there be no friendly interposition. I alone have power to aid him, and I will do so if you—oh, listen, for I love you, Kate! If you will be my wife, I will stop this sale, and your parents shall still have their home."

He had arisen and approached her with outstretched arms; but at that instant the door opened to admit one whom he had not anticipated meeting precisely then and there.

"Ah, Mr. Merle," he articulated, with extreme politeness. "This is indeed a surprise."

"A mutual surprise," Robert amended drily. "My wife and I had scarcely expected a visit from you."

"Your wife," he stammered, in swift confusion.

"With mamma's approval, Mr. Merle and I were married the day I left home," Kate explained, civilly.

"Ah! then I have come only to congratulate you," he succeeded in saying, even as he recoiled discomfitted before the contemptuous scrutiny of Kate's handsome young husband.

But he had no desire to prolong so unsatisfactory an interview, and he speedily departed.

"Be comforted, my dearest," Robert enjoined her when the guest had gone. "I have foreseen this day of trouble for your father, and providentially I have been given means to help him. Would you care to be back in the old home, Kate?"

Would she care? Had she not longed every hour for months to behold the dear old place? And the beloved, familiar face?

And while the train that bore her homeward was rattling across the white, winter world, her parents were making ready to leave the house where they had lived all the years of their wedded life. Everything had been sold. The ominous red flag yet waved over the entrance, about which was a melancholy and suggestive litter.

Inside, in the only apartment safe from intrusion, lay the unfortunate man, sufficiently convalescent to realize that all his gains had been taken from him, and still weak enough to hold valueless the life that had been regiven him.

"We are not yet so old, Peter—you and I, that we need fear beginning life anew," his wife lovingly reminded him.

"But what will give me back my child?" he asked fretfully. "What will restore to me her affection, just as fond and just as trusting as it was before I drove her from her home by my severity?"

"Our Kate will never reproach you, Peter," was the soft reply. "And all is well with her. I have hidden something from you, dear—something that once would have angered you, but that now may comfort you instead."

Just then a carriage rumbled to the door. The purchaser of the property, that had been bought by proxy, had arrived, and directly was admitted to the room.

But the sick man was greatly perplexed when he beheld Robert Merle standing before him.

"A little legacy, not altogether unexpected, came to me just in time," explained the generous young gentleman, "and I bought the old place as a gift for my wife."

And then, like a bright spirit, Kate glided in and dropped on her knees beside her father's couch.

"O, papa, forgive me," she cried, with her sweet face pressed upon the yearning hands that clasped her quickly.

"Forgive you, dear child?" ejaculated the father, like one amazed. "It is I who should beg to be forgiven. But I scarcely understand what it all means. Does it mean that you and Robert and mamma were all leagued against me?"

"I am afraid so," was the roguish confession. "But Robert had a little secret of his own, though," she added, with a happy glance toward her manly husband. "He kept me quite in the dark about his legacy and his purchase of the old place until he had brought me here—brought me back to the old home that shall still be yours, papa."

How Colds are Taken.

A person in good health, with fair play, says the London *Lancet*, easily resists cold. But when the health flags a little, and liberties are taken with the stomach, or the nervous system, a chill is easily taken, and according to the weak spot of the individual, assumes the form of a cold, or pneumonia or, it may be, jaundice. Of all causes of "cold," probably fatigue is one of the most efficient. A jaded man coming home at night from a long day's work, a growing youth losing two hours' sleep over evening parties two or three times a week, or a ng lady heavily doing the season, young children over fed and with a short allowance of sleep, are common instances of the victims of cold." Luxury is favorable to chill-taking; very hot rooms, soft chairs, feather beds, create a sensitiveness that leads to catarrhs. It is not, after all, the "cold that is so much to be feared as the antecedent conditions that give the attack a chance of doing harm. Some of the worst "colds" happen to those who do not leave their house or even their bed, and those who are most invulnerable are often those who are most exposed to changes of temperature, and who by good sleep, cold bathing, and regular habits preserve the tone of their nerous system and circulation. Probably many chills are contracted at night or at the fag end of the day, when tired people get the equilibrium of their circulation disturbed by either overheated sitting-rooms or underheated bedrooms and beds. This is specially the case with elderly people. In such cases the mischief is not always done instantaneously, or in a single night. It often takes place insidiously, extending over days or even weeks. It thus appears that "taking cold" is not by any means a simple result of a lower temperature, but depends largely on personal conditions and habits, affecting especially the nervous and muscular energy of the body.

"YANKEE DOODLE."

Interesting Facts About the Origin of the Term.

The good the Rhine-song does to German hearts,
Or thine Marseillaise to France's fiery blood;
The good thy anthemed harmony imparts,
"God save the Queen," to England's field and flood,
A home-born blessing, Nature's boon and Art's.
The same heart-cheering, spirit-warming good
To us and ours, where'er we war or woo,
Thy words and music, Yankee Doodle!—do.
—*Halleck.*

The origin of "Yankee Doodle" is by no means as clear as American antiquarians desire. The statement that the air was composed by Dr. Shackburgh, in 1755, when the colonial troops united with the British regulars near Albany, preparatory to the attack on the French posts of Niagara and Frontenac, and that it was produced in derision of the old-fashioned equipments of the provincial soldiers, as contrasted with the neat and orderly appointments of the regulars, was stated some years ago in a musical magazine published in Boston. The account there given as to the origin of the song is this: During the attacks upon the French outposts in 1755, in America, Governor Shirley, and General Jackson, led the force directed against the enemy lying at Niagara and Frontenac. In the early part of June, whilst the troops were stationed on the banks of the Hudson, near Albany, the descendants of the "Pilgrim fathers" flocked in from the Eastern provinces. Never was seen such a motley regiment as took up its position on the left wing of the British army. The band played music as antiquated, and outre as their uniforms; officers and privates had adopted regimentals each after his own fashion; one wore a flowing wig, while his neighbor rejoiced in hair cropped closely to the head; this one had a coat with wonderful long skirts, his fellow marched without his upper garment; various as the colors of the rainbow were the clothes worn by the gallant band. It so happened that there was a certain Dr. Shackburgh, wit, musician and surgeon, and one evening after mess he produced a tune, which he earnestly recommended as a well-known piece of military music, to the officers of the militia. The joke succeeded, and Yankee Doodle was hailed with acclamation as to their own march. This account is somewhat apocryphal as there is no song; the tune in the United States is a march; there are no words to it of a national character. The only words ever affixed to the air in this country, is the following doggerel quatrain:—

Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a little pony,
He stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni.

It has been asserted by English writers, that the air and words of these lines are as old as Cromwell's time. The only alteration is in making "Yankee Doodle" of what was "Nankee Doodle." It is asserted that the tune will be found in the "Musical Antiquities" of England, and that "Nankee Doodle" was intended to apply to Cromwell, and the other lines were designed to "allude to his going into Oxford, with a single plume fastened in a knot called macaroni." The tune was known in New England before the Revolution, as "Lydia Fisher's Jig," a name derived from a famous lady who lived in the reign of Charles II, and which has been perpetuated in the following nursery rhyme:—

Lucky Locket lost her pocket
Kitty Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding round it.

The regulars in Boston, in 1785 and 1776 are said to have sung verses to the same air:

Yankee Doodle came to town
For to buy a fire-lock
We will tar and feather him
And so will John Hancock.

The manner in which the tune came to be adopted by the Americans, is shown in the following letter of the Rev. W. Gordon.—Describing the battle of Lexington and Concord, before alluded to, he says:—

"The brigade under Lord Percy marched out (of Boston) playing, by way of contempt, "Yankee Doodle." They were afterwards told that they had been made to dance it." It is most likely that Yankee Doodle was originally derived from Holland. A song with the following burden has long been in use among the laborers, who in the time of harvest, migrate from Germany, to the Low Countries, where they receive for their work as much buttermilk as they can drink, and a tenth of the grain secured by their exertions:—

Yanker didel, doodel dous
Didel, dudel lanter,
Yanke viver voover vown
Bottermilk und Panther.

That is buttermilk and a tenth.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Small clocks are attached to the principal lamp posts in Amsterdam.

Dynamite is safer to transport than gunpowder, according to English experts.

Along the road from Mobile to Montgomery there are miles of turpentine orchards.

Fairmount park, Philadelphia, is the largest park in the United States. It contains 2931 acres.

Darwin asserted that monkeys flush when angered, and the observations of younger naturalists confirm him.

The use of joints only became general when forks were substituted for fingers in the reign of Elizabeth.

The first work favoring the use of Saturday as the Christian Sabbath was published in 1628 by Theophilus Brabourne, a clergyman.

The *Freie Presse* of San Antonio, Tex., tells of a species of ants found in that state which make a honey equal to any that is produced by bees.

Stone mortars, throwing a missile weighing twelve pounds, are mentioned as being employed in 757 A. D. and in 1232 A. D., it is incontestable that the Chinese besieged in Caifongfu used cannon against their Mongol enemies.

Some of the best English jockeys are women, daughters of farmers, or of country squires, who have lost their fortunes. They have been accustomed to ride to hounds from their childhood are perfectly fearless, and their light weight in the saddle makes them desirable as jockeys.

There are ninety-one city companies in London. Of these, twelve, the mercers, grocers, drapers, fishmongers, goldsmiths, skinners, merchant tailors, haberdashers, salters, ironmongers, vintners and clothworkers are styled honorable. The wealth of these bodies is enormous.

English gentlemen of Queen Elizabeth's time were accustomed to wear handkerchiefs in their hats as favors from young ladies. These articles when wrought and edged with gold were worth from five pence to twelve pence each, their value was not great even in good Queen Bess's time, when a penny was a penny.

The Bayeux tapestry contains, besides the figures of 505 quadrupeds, birds, sphinxes, etc., the figures of 623 men, 202 horses, 55 dogs, 37 buildings, 41 ships and boats and 49 trees, or a grand total of 1512 figures. The tapestry is divided into seventy-two separate compartments, each representing one particular historical occurrence and bearing an explanatory Latin inscription.

The Chinese and Egyptians reckoned by the lives of their kings. The Romans began with the founding of their city 753 B. C. The Greeks counted the years by Olympiads of five years each, beginning with the first Olympic games, in 776 B. C. The Mohammedans reckon from the flight of Mohammed to Medina. Savages notch upon trees a mark for each year as it passes.

An Aggravating Little Wretch.

Some of the city stores are constantly annoyed by children coming to the door and asking for cards, empty boxes and that sort of thing. The clerks are, of course, down on the youngsters, and the warfare never ends. The other day a little girl opened a store door, and sticking her head in, called out:

"Say, mister, have you got any empty boxes?"

"No!" said the clerk, not very politely.

"Got any cards?"

"No!"

"Got any almanacs?"

"No!"

"Got any empty bottles?"

"No!"

"Got any pictures?"

"No!"

"Got any sense?"

"No—yes—no—yes—you miserable little wretch!" and the clerk flew out of the door; but the youngster was in the next alley making faces at him, and he came back madder than he had been since his salary was reduced.

No Use.

A citizen of Brooklyn who had been run down by a bill collector, used some pretty plain language, and wound up with:

"It is lucky for you, sir, that duelling is not permitted in this country."

"Would you challenge me?"

"Certainly I would."

"Oh, well, it wouldn't be of any use to do that," was the calm reply. "You couldn't get credit anywhere within fifty miles of Brooklyn for enough powder to kill me with."—*Wall Street News.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Can't Catch It.

Children, what is it that you can never catch, even if you were to chase after it, as quick as possible, with the swiftest horse in the world?

You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips.

Once spoken, it is out of your power; do your best, you can never recall it.

Therefore take care what you say, for "in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise."

How a Bird Outwitted the Monkeys.

"Of all the hanging nests, commend me to that made of grass by the baya sparrow of India. It is one of the most perfect bird-houses I know of, and seems only to need a fire-place to make it a real house. It is entered through the long neck at the lower end. The bed for the eggs rests in the bulb, or expansion at the middle of the nest, where there are actually two rooms, for the male has a perch divided off from the female by a little partition, where he may sit and sing to her in rainy weather, or when the sun shines very hot, and where he may rest at night. The walls are a firm latticework of grass, neatly woven together, which permits the air to pass through, but does not allow the birds to be seen. The whole nest is from fourteen to eighteen inches long, and six inches wide at the thickest part. It is hung low over the water,—why, we shall presently see,—and its only entrance is through the hanging neck.

"Why do birds build hanging nests?

"Those birds that do make hanging nests, undoubtedly do it because they think them the safest. Bird's eggs are delicacies on the bill of fare of several animals, and are eagerly sought by them. Snakes, for instance, live almost entirely upon them, during the month of June; squirrels eat them, racoons also, and opossums, cats, rats, and mice. But none of these animals could creep out to the pliant, wavy ends of the willow branches or elm twigs, and cling there long enough to get at the contents of a Baltimore oriole's nest.

"In the country where the baya sparrow lives, there are snakes and opossums, and all the rest of egg-eaters; and in addition there are troops of monkeys, which are more to be feared than all the rest together. Monkeys are wonderfully expert climbers, from whom the eggs, in an ordinary open-top pouch nest, like the oriole's would not be secure; for if they can get anywhere near, they will reach their long, slender fingers down inside the nest. The baya sparrow discovered this, and learned to build a nest inclosed on all sides, and to enter it from underneath by a neck too long for a monkey to conveniently reach up through. Beside this, she took the precaution to hang it out on the very tips of light branches, upon which she thought no robber dare trust himself. But she found that the monkeys 'knew a trick worth two o'that.' They would go to a higher limb which was so strong, and one would let himself down from it, grasping it firmly with his hands; then another monkey would crawl down and hold on to the heels of the first one, another would go below him, and so on until several were hanging to each other, and the lowest one could reach the sparrow's treasures. He would eat them all himself, and then one by one they would climb up over each other; and last of all the tired first one, who had been holding up the weight of all the rest, would get up, too, and all would go noisily off in search of fresh plunder, which, I suppose, would be given to a different one, the rest making a ladder for him as before.

"Now the cunning baya sparrow saw a way to avoid even dangerous trickery. She knew that there was nothing a monkey hated so terribly as to get his sleek coat wet. He would rather go hungry. So she hung her nest over the water close to the surface, and the agile thieves do not dare make a chain enough to enable the last one to reach up into her nest from below, as he must do, for fear that the springy branches might bend so far as to souse them into the water.

"The sparrow has fairly outwitted the monkey!"

The Greatest Tramp.

One Christian Frederick Schaefe, a Hessian, who recently died in New South Wales, was probably the greatest tramp of the century. He begged for food and clothes, but would not accept money. It is supposed he walked more than 150,000 miles in making successfully the tour of Germany, France, Spain, Northern Africa, Turkey, Italy, Greece, England, the United States, New Zealand and Australia. Occasionally, when absolute necessity required, as for instance on shipboard, he would do a little work, but his apparent feebleness always excited pity and saved him from hard labor. He was honest and harmless.

Delay.

To-morrow, morrow, not to-day!
'Tis thus the idle ever say.
To-morrow I will strive anew;
To-morrow I will seek instruction,
To-morrow I will shun seduction,
To-morrow this and that will do.

And wherefore not to-day? to-morrow
For thee will also be too narrow;
To every day its task allot
Whate'er is done is done forever,
Thus much I know; but whatsoever
May happ to-morrow, know I not.

Out out or thou wilt be retracting;
For all our moments quickly flecting,
Advance, not backwards move incline.
What we possess alone is ours,
The use we make of present hours;
For can I call the future mine?

And every day thus wisely spending
Is in the volume of my being
A page unwritten, blank and void.
Then write on its unsullied pages
Deeds to be read by coming ages
Be every day alike employed!

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A nobby thing in boots.—A bunion.

A relic hunter—A fellow endeavoring to capture a widow.

Flattery is called "taffy" because it makes a man feel awfully "stuck up."

The eye is sometimes called the window of the soul, consequently a black eye must be a stained window.

If any merchant doubts the efficacy of advertising, let him put a two-line notice in a local paper stating that he wants to buy a dog.

A note made on Sunday is void, which may account for men sleeping all through church service, and making no note of what the preacher says.

A man who had tried it says that the only reason why a sufferer's head don't come off when having a tooth pulled is because the tooth gives way first.

Human nature illustrated: Baby nudges his mother's elbow. "Mamma, stop Tola from killing that fly on the window." "What for?" "Because I want to kill him myself."

A western merchant says that when he wants a rest he does not find it necessary to go to the seaside and spend all his profits, but just takes his advertisements out of the papers, and then he has an easy time.

A lady poet asks: "How can I tell him I love him no more?" There are divers ways. If he lives out of town, and economy is an object, she might apprise him of the depressing fact by a postal card; or get her brother to tell him; or wait until a telephone line is established; but if she wishes him to receive the news as if by magic, she should divulge the state of her feelings to a couple of members of the sewing-circle.

What to Drink.

A physician writes in the *World of Science* some very interesting things things regarding what to drink. The habit of drinking strong tea or black coffee directly after dinner is especially bad, and certainly interferes with digestion. At breakfast time a healthy man has all his sleep in him, and surely it is then unscientific for him to inflict upon his system strong tea or coffee. At tea time tea or coffee may well be indulged in moderately. The bulk of the day's work is done; the body not only wants rinsing out, but fatigue is felt, which may well be counteracted by the use of a mild stimulant such as tea; and bed time is not yet so near that sleep is interfered with. Most nations that drink coffee largely get sallow skin, and I am inclined to think that the carbonaceous matter of the roasted coffee, when so largely and frequently taken, may perhaps have something to do with this. For hard working people who are not corpulent I should suggest the thick-flake cocoa as the healthiest and most nutritious breakfast beverage. For those who do not want fattening drinks, and who often cannot digest cocoa, I should say drink hot water at breakfast. Those who dine late and make their dinner their main meal need a diluent drink an hour or two afterward; and, if they drink tea it keeps them awake or makes them irritable and nervous. I find for myself that dining so idly as I am obliged to do when I have done my work (7.30 p. m.) and often needing to work from 9 to 11, a tumbler of hot water brought into my study or laboratory is the best and wholesomest drink, and after few evenings it will be as much relished as the usual draught of tea. The hot water assists to complete the digestion of residual food, acts upon the kidneys and rinses out the effete matters, and thus will be found to wake one up sufficiently, and neither to injure the stomach nor to keep the brain awake after bed-time. In cold weather warm water is by far the best drinking at dinner-time, and in hot weather a draught of warm water is far wholesomer and more cooling than cold or iced water.—*British Medical Journal.*