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THE

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In the Interests of the Colored People of the Country.

Able and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the day.

THE MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—dealing fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticise the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such men as in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

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It is expected that nearly twenty million dollars' worth of buildings will be erected in Kansas City, Mo., during the ensuing year.

The French chemists are constantly experimenting on various herbs, noxious weeds, etc., for the purpose of seeing whether these plentifully-bestowed nuisances can not be utilized by extracting their oils, gums, resins or other valuable properties, or reducing them to pulp or fiber, convert them into cloth, paper or what not, and thus introduce or originate some new industry, and at the same time make these vegetable drones valuable.

It is reported that the celery-raising business, for which Kalamazoo, Mich., has become famous, is being largely overdone there. Every inch of available marsh land has been converted into celery beds, and the search for more land continues. It is not alone the quantity raised that hurts the business, but the quality, which is deteriorating on account of the anxiety of the growers to get as many stalks on the market as possible. There is talk of organizing an association of growers to limit the quantity and keep up the quality.

Although not yet out of the experimental stage, electric street railways are rapidly gaining ground in public favor. Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Toronto and other cities already have electric street railways in successful and profitable operation. About a dozen new roads are in course of construction, and a score or two more are projected. Montgomery, Ala., will be the first city in the world to have a complete electric street railway system. In New York it is expected that a new and powerful Daft electric motor will soon be making trips on the Ninth Avenue Elevated Road, hauling a train of four or five cars.

"Numerous instances have been recorded of late in the medical journals," says *Science*, "of the complete reunion of portions of fingers which had been cut off from the hand, in some cases by the knife, and in others by the axe. In one case a man, in cutting kindlings for the morning fire, accidentally cut off the end of his thumb. He had gone from the place some twenty feet, when he returned, picked up the end, wiped it and replaced it, binding it in its original place as nearly as possible. The wound united; and the finger is now as good as ever, save that its sensibility is somewhat diminished. In another case a boy chopped off the ends of three fingers. He was seen by a physician three or four hours after the accident. The ends of the fingers had been found in the snow, and were brought to him. He attached them, and two of the three united."

An English writer, discussing the low condition of English agriculture, says "the great difficulty is to get men to work on a scale suited to their means. At present the custom is universal for a man who has the means to do justice to 100 acres of land to try to work 800, and so starve himself and the farm too." This, adds the New York *Times*, is sound sense and a great economical truth, for waste of labor is waste of money and material, and where there is waste there is want and loss, which must be paid for without any return. The above remark is applicable to our own circumstances, for, on the average it is a positive fact that thousands of American farmers would be better off were they to cultivate well one-fourth as much land as they now work in a poor and profitless manner, and so produce as much from ten acres as is now made from forty, and at one-third of the cost.

HOW OFTEN.

How many lips have uttered one sweet word,
Ever the sweetest word in any tongue!
How many listening hearts have wildly stirred,
While burning blushes to the soft cheeks sprung,
And dear eyes, deepening with a light divine,
Were lifted up, as thine are now to mine!

How oft the night, with silence and perfume,
Has hushed the world, that heart might speak to heart,
And made in each dim haunt of leafy gloom
A trysting place where love might meet and part,
And kisses fall unseen on lips and brow
As on thine, sweet, my kisses linger now!

—*Charles L. Hildreth.*

THE POSTMISTRESS.

BY SIBELLA B. EDGCOME.

"Muffins and crumpets made to order." Thus ran the written notice, penned, too, in characters nearly approaching half-text, stuck up in one of the few principal shops facing the main street.

The unimportant village of "Lammerton" lay somewhat far away from any town, and therefore did a fair amount of steady going business on its own account. Foremost of all ranked the repository, or store, rented by Janet Lisle, in which she sold stationery, newspapers, the magazines of the day if duly ordered in time, besides a variety of useful odds and ends. She was also the village postmistress, and carried out the duties of her office with a marked regard to promptitude. In each of these pursuits, however, she was aided by her pretty and winsome niece, Elsie Falconbridge.

In all reality, Elsie was more mistress of the postal department than Janet Lisle herself. It was she who ordinarily undertook the dispatch of that twice-a-day letter-bag, bestowing upon each missive previously the due official stamp-mark. "Janet Lisle's right hand, in fact," as every one said. She, too, it was who made the muffins and crumpets—muffins and crumpets which were so popular in the village that no one ever dreamt of having a tea party without also having "muffins and crumpets" to match.

"Oblige me with a two-cent stamp, Miss Falconbridge, won't you?" and a somewhat elderly man at that moment stared her in the face—this necessarily, however—through the gap made in the wire network marking off the space allotted to the postoffice department.

She handed him what he required.

"And a registered envelope, also," he said.

Again she had fulfilled his request.

"Thank you," and without more ado he deposited a twenty-dollar note within the same.

"All right," he soliloquized, as old gentlemen are so fond of doing. "Come, that's done, at any rate," he added, in self-congratulatory fashion.

Then came aloud, questioningly:

"In the letter-box?—or shall I leave it with you?"

"You can leave it here, sir," answered Elsie, quietly.

Others were now coming in fast, demanding this and that, and in adopting a calm exterior lay her only chance of attending rightly to each petitioner.

Janet Lisle also was unusually busy that afternoon. Miss Veal, the richest old lady in the parish, gave a large tea party that very evening, and muffins and crumpets were accordingly being sent off in startlingly large quantities.

"Is there any letter waiting for me to-day, please?" asked a somewhat timid voice a few minutes later on.

"No, Miss Josephine, nothing."

"I am sorry. Disappointing—is it not?"

The two speakers seemed fully to comprehend each other. There existed, apparently, a sort of pleasant sympathy between them.

Both were pretty. Both looked good, and also thoroughly in earnest. Only, that the assistant postmistress appeared full of brightness and life, and the girl now facing her wore the aspect of being tired of life already.

"Yes, very. I am sorry too."

"Thank you. You are always kind. I will look in again to-morrow, if my doing so will not trouble you too much."

"Not at all, Miss Josephine."

The last-named was already moving away to make room for some one else. Elsie Falconbridge had, however, not yet completed her business with the late lawyer's daughter.

"Auntie," she whispered, "take my place here for a moment."

Janet Lisle nodded in assent.

"Do come in here an instant with me, won't you?" and Elsie signed that Miss Josephine should accompany her into the cozy back parlor, where all was now in readiness for tea. "The fact is, Miss Josephine, I've done the most stupid thing imaginable to-day—made a mistake, and prepared nearly twice the number of crumpets that will be wanted by anybody. Isn't it absurd of me? You won't mind—no, I'm sure you won't, Miss Josephine—helping me out of my trouble?"

"But how?" came, hesitatingly, in response. Then came—ah! so bravely, for it is ever difficult to tell the plain truth in such matters—"I can't. It's quite impossible. We have no money. Don't you understand?"

"Absurd!" was the interruption. "Why, it's a favor I'm asking of you; don't you see? I knew you would be in to day, for certain, and would befriend me. It's only that I want you, if you don't mind the trouble, to carry home a dozen or so to your sweet mother. Many's the dozen she has ordered from us in the past, when, perhaps, we haven't been able to supply her. One can't forget that fact, you know, in a hurry. So there they are, Miss Josephine, all hot and ready-buttered, for I don't think you would know how to do it yourself. You had better go out this way, by the side-door, and then no one will be the wiser for the favor you've done me."

For one brief instant her worn, pale-faced companion had bent down impulsively and laid her own soft cheek against Elsie's, and the next, wholly unable to speak, she had disappeared.

* * * * * * *

"A rather heavier mail-bag to-night than usual, wasn't it, Elsie?"

"Yes, aunt. Thank you for doing it up for me. At any rate, the registered letters did not occupy you a long while."

"No, child."

Meanwhile Elsie had been engaged in penning a dozen words or more upon a large sheet of letter-paper, and the following morning, side by side with the well-known "muffin and crumpet" statement, appeared the following:

"A young lady, clever and well-educated, desires at once a good morning or daily engagement as governess. Terms moderate. Excellent references. Apply for particulars within."

Miss Josephine had, in a most inexplicable way, won the woman's entire sympathy, and also the admiration of Elsie. And yet the latter never seemed to forget the difference in station that she considered still existed between her favorite and herself. She only knew that the lawyer's daughter was a very model of sweet patience, and that she and all at home were as poor as any church mouse.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed little Bob Travers that morning, as the letters were brought in. "What shoals of letters! What a lot of governesses we shall have, mother! I do declare if it won't be just like an evening party."

"Hold your tongue, Bob!" urged his father, peremptorily. "Leave the room."

Letters of importance had to be discussed, most of them bearing reference to what Bob had termed the "evening party."

Some applicants declaring they were experienced, because middle-aged. Others asserted that they were young, and therefore generally regarded as having an attractive way with children; which latter statement was yet worse. The last-described young ladies would perhaps prove attractive in other ways, and fall desperately in love with the quiet bachelor—Uncle Fred.

No, that wouldn't do at all, and in a decided fit of ill-humor Bob's father threw the entire batch of letters into the fire.

As usual, when perturbed in mind, "mother" turned the current of conversation by addressing Uncle Fred.

"I wish, when passing Janet Lisle's to-day, you would ask for our magazines."

All was hurry-skurry, as usual, three or four hours later on in the post-office. A variety of small packages required immediate weighing; and it was at this very juncture that Uncle Fred placed his foot upon the threshold.

Something had, however, just caught his eye, and without more ado he beat a hasty retreat—not, however, to a great distance off.

"The very thing!" he ejaculated. "There! We have been hunting about all this while—and to what purpose? 'Particulars within.' Eh! Why, I'll go in at once and inquire."

Uncle Fred was a widower, and had, therefore, made his home of late years with his sister Polly's family. Anything, he thought, was better than living alone.

He was rich, too, and a highly cultivated man, with a peculiar faculty also for engaging in the performance of kindly actions. Like the rest of the family, however, he had only lately come into the neighborhood.

"Will you excuse my troubling you about the notice in the window?"

Elsie started visibly an instant. Yes, of course. This was not the first occasion upon which she had seen that certainly striking face. Yesterday, of course, when he had sent off the registered letter.

But Elsie was instantly all attention.

Yes; she could tell him all he required to know—and did so; and even as she spoke, Elsie's eyes sparkled brightly and lovingly. She was doing now what it rejoiced her true woman's heart to venture upon—trying to help her favorite.

"And Miss Falconbridge thought that the young lady in question might be fully relied upon in her guidance of little children?" he asked.

"Oh, dear me! Yes—most certainly."

"You can give me her address?"

Elsie noted it down quickly upon a slip of paper.

Before the end of that certainly eventful day, Miss Josephine was engaged as daily governess in the family of Uncle Fred's sister, at the moderate salary of two hundred dollars a year.

Some months have passed away since then. Kind Uncle Fred, that he ever is, has just appeared in the large, old-fashioned hall, and is assisting "Miss Josephine" in putting on her cloak previous to taking her departure for home. He, and "Sister Polly" also, are both made of good stuff, and folks say, and—Heaven bless them for it!—only wish to make her feel at home with them.

And for the reason, therefore, it seems that Uncle Fred not only, on this special evening, escorts her to the hall door, but also a short distance on the road toward home.

As he says, the evening is so lovely, and the balmy outer air will do him good.

She is telling him—why, she does not exactly know—something about their troubles at home since "dear father" died.

"In fact, you know," went on "Miss Josephine," quite simply, "he had not even a penny left in the house. It was too dreadful, sir."

She paused a moment; then went on, in the least degree nervously:

"Shall I tell you what I did?"

"Yes."

"I advertised, then, in the country paper—don't be shocked, please. At any rate, I did it for the best—whether right or wrong, I don't quite know."

"Go on."

"I merely said, then, that a widow and her daughters—all born to better things, as it had seemed—were suddenly thrown into the lowest depths of poverty—and asked for help."

Uncle Fred gave a sort of slight nervous start at this moment, but "Miss Josephine" did not notice it. She was thinking only at that instant of the terrible struggle which had urged her to take such a step as that which she was now describing.

"And the result?" he asked, quietly. "What was it?"

"No answer came," she returned, gravely, but earnestly. "Possibly those who read the words did not believe in their truth; or possibly some did so who were not in a position to aid us."

"I see," and Uncle Fred spoke now, as if dreamily. "There! I must leave you, Miss Josephine. Very sorry for it—very sorry, indeed. Have just suddenly remembered something. You'll excuse my running away thus abruptly; won't you? Will be a trifle more courteous next time. Horribly hard-hearted of the people; wasn't it, Miss Josephine?" And thus talking glibly—as if, too, he did not exactly know what he was saying—Uncle Fred lifted his hat and disappeared.

The following Thursday morning, just as "Miss Josephine" was starting for her usual daily occupation, a letter was placed in her hand by the postman; after reading which, that young lady marched deliberately upstairs again, removed her hat and cloak, chased away with her pocket handkerchief a great many tears that for some reason or other would insist upon pouring down her cheeks, and then set to work to re-read the following words:

"DEAR MISS JOSEPHINE: Pardon my abrupt leave-taking yesterday; but I will now explain. Returning home expressly by way of the post-office, I did a small stroke of business there on my own account.

"Miss Elsie Falconbridge was out, having gone to spend the evening with the widowed, and alas! now childless mother, of her once, and so lately too, sailor lover. We have, however, already spoken together—you and I—of this unlooked-for event, and also of the brave way in which Miss Elsie bears the heavy blow.

"But I would now speak of something else—so selfish are we all in this world, you see. I persuaded the good dame, Janet Lisle, to assist me in something which was puzzling me not a little.

"I heard last evening, for the first time, of course—and also from your own lips, most strange to say—that a twenty-dollar note, which I had sent you in answer to your advertisement asking for aid, never reached you. It had not, I now find, miscarried in the ordinary way that letters do occasionally go astray; but it was as impossible, you will presently see, that it should ever have reached your abode, as the residence of one of the ancient patriarchs.

"The letter containing the amount named was, it appears, although placed in a registered envelope for which I duly paid, never dispatched; and in the hurry-skurry of the moment it was never entered, either, in the official book. The fault was, of course, my own, quite as much as that of any one else; but every one was asking hurried questions at the moment, and my letter—yours, rather—paid the penalty. Then, as fate would have it, it landed itself otherwise than in the legitimate post bag, and dropped, how is best known to itself, behind a drawer that is rarely opened.

"Forgive the details, however. Janet Lisle had only discovered the thus hidden-away missive half an hour before I appeared upon the scene—mark the coincidence—and was in a state of no little consternation.

"Picture also my own dismay.

"The mystery, however, is now solved.

"I will not again tender the amount for your acceptance, as there certainly seems to be something unfortunate attending its career—beside which, on my part, I am going to ask a favor from yourself.

"Will you, I ask, become my wife?—and also kindly acknowledge promptly the receipt of this letter, or I shall be compelled to take it for granted that my second communication has shared the fate of my first.

UNCLE FRED."

"Miss Josephine," like a wise woman, answered the letter just received by return of post.

* * * * * * *

The years have flown since then, and matters go on much as usual in that small township of Lammerton.

But there are changes, nevertheless.

Janet Lisle knows her place no more in the cozy little postoffice. She has already gone home long since to rest and sweet Elsie Falconbridge is now the mistress of everything.

Her hair, however, though still beautiful, is in these days white—white as the driven snow; and the abiding expression upon her still handsome face is that of one who has passed through a mighty and also terrible sea of trouble, and borne the trial only as a true heroine could.

She knows, she says, that God has ordered all, and that she shall see her sailor lover again one day in heaven.

But there is still one person in the world whom she loves dearly, and that is the happy, true-hearted wife of "Uncle Fred."

"I owe all—every bit, in fact—of my happiness to you, sweetest Elsie," as Josephine says. "It all dates from the day—don't you remember?—when you gave me muffins and crumpets."

"And also dispatched my registered letter so carefully," remarks Uncle Fred, quaintly.—*Frank Leslie's.*

Not Very Polite.

Mrs. Hendricks (the landlady)—"Can I send you some more soup, Mr. Dumley?"

Mr. Dumley—"No, thanks."

Mrs. Hendricks (engagingly)—"Don't refuse, Mr. Dumley, because it isn't considered good form to be helped twice to soup."

Mr. Dumley—"Oh, etiquette has nothing to do with it, madam; it's the soup."—*New York Sun.*

Sixty feet of solid salt has been struck at Port Huron, Mich.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The cave animals of North America, according to Professor A. S. Packard, comprise a total of 172 species of blind creatures, nearly all of which are mostly white in color.

A communication to the French Academy of Sciences by Mons. C. V. Zenger, has called attention to the simultaneous occurrence of brilliant auroras and meteoric showers, suggesting a probable connection.

The importance of microbes to the growth of plants has been practically demonstrated by M. Laurent, who obtained only one-fourth as much buckwheat from sterilized mould as in soil containing bacteria.

A new method of cure has been recently and successfully tried by a physician in Thuringia. He made the experiment of letting several of his phthisical patients pass the night in the open forest in hammocks, covered with cushions and plaids.

A German engineer named Henkels has invented a ventilating window-pane which admits fresh air while preventing a draught. Each square metre of glass contains five thousand holes, which are of a conical shape, widening toward the inside. The new device has already been adopted by many of the German hospitals.

In the new organ now being built by Messrs. Willis for Canterbury Cathedral, the electric current is also employed as a transmitter of power from the fingers of the organist to the pipes, which will be 120 feet above him. This is no new application of electricity, for the same thing has been done in past years. But the system employed is new, and is the invention of the builders of the organ.

Mahogany is being rapidly introduced into every part of India, where it promises to thrive. The seeds sown have germinated remarkably well, a single pound planted in green-houses in the southern districts having yielded between three and four thousand plants. It is thought to be quite probable that the world may some day look to India instead of to America for its mahogany, as well as for its quinine. The eastern product of the latter has already become so extensive and of such superior quality that the cinchona bark exports to the United States of Colombia are said to have diminished fifty per cent. within five years.

In some of the great sawmill establishments of the West, six foot circular saws are run 700 revolutions to the minute. Running at 750 revolutions to the minute, the teeth of the six foot saw are traveling nearly three miles a minute. Six foot saws have been driven at as high rate of speed as 850 revolutions to the minute. In Michigan, a few years ago, a Canadian company geared up its mill to run its six foot saw 850 revolutions to the minute. A sawmill at Paducah, Ky., which had a seventy-six inch saw and steam feed, cut one day 10,-571 feet of one inch poplar boards in about seventy minutes. In this trial the saw made no sawdust; each tooth tore out a strip of wood about one-quarter of an inch long. Michigan sawyers have boasted of a mill dropping sixteen one-inch sixteen-foot boards a minute, but this seems like an exaggeration.

Twice Mistaken.

The resemblance between Attorney-General Garland and First Comptroller Durham is very striking, and hardly a day passes that one of them is not mistaken for the other, often giving rise to very ludicrous scenes. Each one is tall, with a cleanly shaven face, snapping black eyes, and rugged features, while the similarity of their slouched hats and their attire generally adds to the likeness. There was a similar case in 1860, when a wonderfully striking likeness existed between Mr. Guy, the landlord of the National Hotel, and Senator Cass, who was one of his guests. One morning a Baltimorean, who had taken two or three cocktails, meeting General Cass in one of the upper entries of the hotel, rushed up to him, slapped him heavily on the shoulder, and said: "Old Guy, how are you? You must give me a better room, or I will go to some other hotel."

So soon as General Cass could recover from his surprise he exclaimed: "Sir, you are mistaken; I'm not Mr. Guy; I am Senator Cass of Michigan. You should be more careful before you salute people as you just did me." The man was terribly mortified, and sought consolation in another cocktail. Just as he left the bar-room he met, as he thought, his friend Guy, and going up to him, said: "Guy, I made a terrible mistake just now. I thought that I met you upstairs, slapped you on the shoulder, and asked for a better room, but it turned out that it was old Cass and not you."

"Sir," exclaimed the person spoken to, "you have made a mistake again. I am Senator Cass, and you have been drinking. You should be ashamed of yourself, sir!" The man took the next train for Baltimore.—*Washington Letter.*

A Boy's Great Grit.

Recently two boys, brothers, one of eleven and the other ten years of age, were playing on the banks of the river at Ures. They proposed to take some wood home to their mother, and while gathering it lifted the dry branch of a tree and uncovered a rattlesnake, which bit the eldest boy in the finger. The youth, feeling the venom entering his veins, called on the younger brother to cut off the injured member. The latter asked: "With what?"

"With this thin flat stone," replied the intrepid youth, picking up one and placing his finger on another flat one. The brother took the stone and hammered away, and after some time succeeded in mashing off the finger, thus saving the life of the heroic boy, who stood the horrible torture with great fortitude.—*Brownsville (Texas) Cosmopolitan.*

A Battle in Africa.

Two white men in the heart of Africa, who with their little force of native soldiers manned the advanced post of civilization on the Congo, have been driven out of Stanley Falls station by slave-dealing Arabs. The white men fought three days for the blue-and-gold flag of the Congo State, killed sixty of the enemy, with a loss of only two of their own men, and when their ammunition gave out and their natives deserted them they burned their buildings, destroyed their guns, and retreated down the river with only four attendants.

This stubborn defence was characteristic of Mr. Deane, the chief of the Stanley Falls station. Deane has the reputation on the Congo of being absolutely without fear. He is a relative of Sir Francis de Winton, who succeeded Mr. Stanley as administrator of the Congo. One night last spring, when Deane was on his way to Stanley Falls, he camped on the bank of the river. Without the slightest warning he was suddenly attacked by a swarm of natives, who killed several of his black soldiers. His panic-smitten party fled, leaving Deane in the darkness to battle alone with the savages around him. He was well armed, and his bullets whizzed through the bushes in such rapid succession that the natives, unaccustomed to firearms, fled in dismay. Deane had received two very bad wounds, one spear having passed through the calf of his leg and another nearly through the thigh. Most men would have posted back down the river as fast as possible for medical assistance. Deane, however, proposed to go to Stanley Falls if it killed him, and gathering his people together, he dressed his wounds himself and steamed on up the river. A little later the natives were punished for their treachery by the burning of several of their villages.

It was also characteristic of Mr. Deane that he refused to give up the slave girl who had taken refuge with him to escape the Arabs. His comrades say of him that Deane would die before he would be forced to obey any orders except those of his superiors in authority. His pluck and bravery very likely exceeded his discretion, for by defying the Arabs he has lost his station.

The station at Stanley Falls, which the Arabs with their many hundreds of armed slaves now hold, was founded by Stanley three years ago. Dr. Lenz, who visited the station, wrote that the buildings, amid the surrounding gardens, were very prettily situated on the river bank, and the view of them from the river produced a very agreeable impression. The Arab settlement was not far from the station, and the influence of their powerful leaders over the surrounding country was much greater than that of the Congo Free State.—*New York Sun.*

HEALTH HINTS.

The best promoters of health are fresh air and sunlight.

A simple remedy for neuralgic headache is the juice of a lemon taken in a cup of black coffee.

Changes of dress from thick to thin should always be made in the morning, as then all the vital forces are in full play.

Almost all bites and stings being acid in their nature, the cure is an alkali. Spirits of hartshorn is the best houshold remedy; next comes saleratus or lye from wood ashes.

For warts, corns and other indurations of the cuticle nothing acts more satisfactorily than a mixture of equal parts of tincture of iodine and glacial acetic acid, applied in repeated layers with a brush, night and morning.

It has been shown by actual experiment that the water which streams down the inside of the window of a closed sleeping-room is so impregnated with the noxious exhalations of the sleepers that one drop is sufficient to poison a rabbit.

It is said that a solution of pilocarpine, two grains to the ounce of water, injected into the tooth cavity will cure neuralgia caused by bad teeth. From an eighth to a quarter of a grain seems sufficient to check the pain in the course of an hour.

Water cannot satisfy the thirst which attends cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa and some other forms of disease; in fact, drinking cold water seems to increase the thirst and induce other disagreeable sensations; but the thirst will be perfectly and pleasantly subdued by eating a comparatively small amount of ice, swallowing it in as large pieces as practicable and as much as is wanted.

M. Ginjeot states that of all measures applied locally to boils, the best results are obtained from tincture iodine. He paints the boil with a thick coating, and sometimes a single application is sufficient to cause the inflammation to subside; it is better, however, to make the application several times a day for several days. He does not recommend the early opening of boils, but if evacuation of pus be necessary antiseptics should be used.

The Mania for Medicine.

There are 1,010 medicines in the pharmacopœia of the United States, and in most communities there is one man who has tried every one of them before discovering that there never was anything the matter with him. The taste for strong drink is a mild, innocuous, feeble inclination, compared with the raging mania for "taking medicine" when once it gains a perniciously active hold upon a man. There are not many really sick people in the world, and if it wasn't for the man who delights in dosing himself with anything that has a long name and an almanac attachment, there wouldn't be half enough paint on the rocks of picturesque America to hide the landscape.—*Burdette.*

The number of those who are now invalids as the result of the war is said to be 265,854, the total number of soldiers having been about 1,250,000.