SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Less than a century ago, on July 13, 1788, France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland were swept by a cold wave so intense that the Lake of Geneva was covered with ice three-quarters of an inch thick. If those countries had been well wooded the disaster, it is thought, would not have occurred.

In Europe electric railways are growing rapidly in public estimation, not only on the Continent, but in Great Britain. Already one hundred miles of electric transit are in operation, and there is every probability of the total mileage being considerably increased before the end of the present year.

Two German chemists have discovered that in the saliva of the maxillary gland of the horse there is present a ferment capable of converting starch into sugar; that in the saliva of the parotid gland there is a peptonizing element, though in small quantity, and that the mixed saliva emulsifies fats, but does not dissolve them.

These are the conclusions of Prof. E. Wollny on the physical properties of the soil in a dense and loose state. When it is desired to increase the proportion of water in a soil density is to be aimed at, but a loose condition should be maintained when the contrary state is found needful. The more densely the particles of the soil are packed together the more such soil will vary in temperature.

The high commissioner of Cyprus attributes its chief curse, drought and locusts, to the reckless destruction of the forests. As the woods disappeared, so did the soil that covered the hills; that soil was washed down to the plains, choked the rivers, and formed malarious swamps; the hills became bare rocks, incapable of growing a blade of vegetation, and the locust at once took possession of the barren ground, while the absence of trees deprived the earth of its annually fertilizing agent, leaf mould. The same process is going on upon the higher hills, and Sir R. Rudolph believes it not exaggeration to say that Cyprus is in a critical state on this account, from which, however, there is reason to hope that it may yet be recovered. There are districts of this country, too, where these remarks may be pondered over with advantage.

And More Left.

A dozen years ago a farmer came into Detroit with a load of potatoes and sold them to a grocer. A dispute arose as to the quantity. The farmer felt himself cheated out of two bushels and he hit the grocer with a black eye. The grocer was a man who meant to keep even with all men. He therefore took his affidavit to whip that agricultural loafer within an inch of his life, and the longer he waited the mad der he got. At the end of a month, seeing no prospect of catching the farmer in town, the grocer procured a horse and buggy and drove out to the farm to have it out. When within three miles of the place he encountered a man on the highway and inquired:

"Can you tell me where old Stiver lives?"

"Yes—going to buy cattle of him?"

"No, sir; I'm going to pound him out of his boots."

"I guess not. I'm old Stiver's son, and you've got to whip me first."

The grocer jumped out and a battle resulted. He pulled the man off, but it was a tight squeeze. He had not gone half a mile when a man who was hoeing corn near the fence hailed him with:

"Did you have a fight down there?"

"Yes."

"Who whipped?"

"I did."

"Well, that was my brother you were fighting, and maybe you think you can mash me, too?"

A second fight took place, and proved a draw. The grocer was somewhat discouraged, having several loose teeth and a nose as big as his fist, but he drove on to the next house. A strapping fellow about 27 years old was cutting wood at the gate, and the grocer drew up and asked:

"How far is it to Stiver's?"

"Which Stiver?"

"Why, the old liar Stiver's."

"Stranger, the man who speaks that way of my old dad has got to be pounded," remarked the chopper, and a third fight was seen on the boards. This time the grocer laid his fill, and, after brushing the grass out of his hair, he asked:

"How far is it to Mr. John Stiver's?"

"Two miles."

"One more question. I've met and fought with three of his sons. Is there another living between here and the old man's?"

"Another? Why, there are three, and besides, there are two single ones at home who could turn you wrong-side-out in twenty seconds!"

The grocer drove slowly back to the city and went to bed for a week. His mistake was in not waiting to catch the old man home some time when all the boys were off fishing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"You are pale, sir! You are frightened, sir!" said one officer to another, who stood for the first time under fire. "I know it, and if you were half as much frightened as I am, you would run away."

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.

Sensitive people wish to be loved; vain people wish only to be preferred.

An evil speaker differs from an evil doer only in the want of opportunity.

Do you wish to learn how to give anything? Then fancy yourself in the place of the receiver.

To conceal a fault by a lie has been said to be substituting a hole for a stain.

The man who feels certain he will not succeed is seldom mistaken.

Modesty is the brightest jewel in the crown of womanhood.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

Nothing, indeed, but the possession of some power can with any certainty discover what at the bottom is the true character of any man.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

The American Shop.

If we enter a shop we do not find that deferential welcome which London offers; rather a critical, inquiring attitude as of men we think who recollect that a chance customer like ourselves may be, perhaps, no better than he should be. We soon find that this nadenomstative, observant demeanor only indicates the intention of the shopman to ascertain our wants as thoroughly and quickly as possible and supply them without delay. There is no time lost in ceremony; our demands are met with promptness and quiet civility. The shopkeepers assume that we, like themselves, want to get through the work with as little delay as is consistent with finding what we want. The shopman—or clerk, as he is termed—and the shoeblack are the merchant and railway director and the statesman in an earlier stage, and they do their immediate business with a thoroughness and confidence like people who feel that they are bearing their part in the larger and higher conceptions of life, and will, if they do themselves justice, be one day as comfortable and important as any of their customers. In the American clerk or workman of today, whatever may have been the case in the past, there is no vulgar assertion of this equality. The people he has to deal with ordinarily never dreamed of disputing it. It is only in the case of a European, accustomed to the subservience of the productive or distributing classes here, that any embarrassment can arise. We soon learn that the absence of the deference we are accustomed to does not mean disrespect; it is an unconscious compliment. It is giving us credit for a knowledge of their social system; it assumes that we are aware their is no social inferiority between the wealthy merchant and landowner and the laborer or clerk; it attributes to us some of their own good sense to conclude that we want our business done, and done well, without loss of time.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Taking it Out of the Store.

Mr. Kemper, of Illinois, was in the mercantile business. He had a great deal of work outside of his store, and he generally made it a point to pay men that worked for him with goods. On one occasion he had a pile of wood he wanted cut into stove wood. Calling to a boy on the street he said:

"Here, Dick, I want to get a little wood cut. Can you do it?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"All right, you go over to the house and cut up that pile, and come back and I'll pay you for it; but," he added after a moment's pause, "I suppose you will take it out of the store?"

"Of course," replied the boy, I would just as soon take it out of the store as not."

Meeting Kemper on the street a day two after, the boy said:

"Say, Mr. Kemper, I would like to have the cash for cutting that wood."

"Why," said Kemper, "I thought you were going to take it out of the store."

"Well, who said I wasn't? We are out of the store now, and I will take the cash."—*Free Press.*

Paper Lace.

A writer of society items mentions having seen in Paris a magnificent stage costume enriched with the loveliest lace he had ever beheld. In his own words, "The dress was displayed on account of that lace; and that lace was worth, perhaps, twenty-five francs; for it was paper, wonderfully stamped, and representing trains of fuchsias, and looked just as much a piece of real lace as a Paris diamond by night looks an old mine gem. Parisian actresses wear that paper-lace a great deal; it is tough, soft, and very effective. To wear a costly lot of lace, which may be ruined in a night, when very cheap lace-paper looks as well, is considered the height of folly by intelligent foreigners.

The Philadelphia *Chronicle* will keep poking at the Mayor and Chief of Police until they do their duty or are poked out of office.

The French Wrestlers at the Fair.

The owner of the booth or circus has usually two or three professional wrestlers, a heavy, medium and light weight. As soon as lifting weights, throwing weights, balancing weights, and other such like performances are got through with, the wrestlers stand forth and challenge each individual in the crowd to an encounter with which ever of their number he shall himself choose. There is usually some one among the audience bold or foolish enough to try his skill, for which daring feat he usually gets a rough mauling and a heavy fall on the sawdust thrown down in the middle of the ring. But on this occasion it seemed the height of folly for a lad of some nineteen years to accept the challenge, as his appearance was slight and his form wholly devoid of muscular development. That, however, was his affair, not ours. Retiring behind a little knot of his companions he stripped himself completely naked, and remained so, with the exception of a pair of bathing drawers, throughout the encounter. When he appeared on the sawdust he looked like a lath. Never had we seen a form so utterly devoid of those bunches of protuberances on any legs or chest which are usually held to indicate strength. His color was that of a red Indian, his appearance that of a lad of seventeen. His professional opponent, on the contrary, was a lump mass of muscles, which hung about him like knots, reminding one of the cartoons of Raphael or the paintings of Rubens. To it they went with a will, at first warily stretching out hands to lay hold of hands, then striking arms or feeling for a grip at the waist. Presently the professional had his man round the body, and lifted him about like a straw, but somehow he could never throw him fairly down. The youth's feet seemed to feel the ground, even when dangling in the air; he turned himself about like a snake, he fell on his hands or feet, or laid himself on the ground flat upon his stomach, while the athlete danced round him, pulling, tugging, twisting in vain—for to gain the battle it is necessary to make both the shoulder blades of the fallen foe touch the ground. For a good quarter of an hour the youngster battled like a bull with his head down, slipped out of the most deadly grips, and sometimes threw his adversary with great violence, yet without making his shoulders touch the earth. The professional got warm, he was evidently a little afraid, yet never doubted the final issue of the fray. At last they joined and wrestled furiously, struggled, fell the youth under the giant; one more turn and it would be over with the poor boy, when suddenly he caught the athlete round the neck, squeezed, as if a vice, his jugular, lifted him clean up into the air, planted him as flat as a pancake upon his broad back, and rose the victor of as fine a struggle as ever mortal eye beheld. We pitied the poor professional, for he looked so very downcast; but the amateur we admired so much that we offered him money, which he refused, showing that he belonged to the better class, and was no confiderate.

Apt at Rhyming.

Wit is sometimes worth money, but it is quite essential to have a good-natured customer to deal with. When Allen Ramsay, the great Scotch poet, began life he was so poor that he could not meet his first half-year's rent. After it had become due he met his landlord and explained his circumstances and expressed his distress at his failure to meet his obligation. The jolly landlord was quite kind to him, and said as he was a lad of some genius, he would give him a chance to cancel his debt without a shilling. "If," said the creditor, "you'll give me a rhyming answer to four questions in as many minutes, I'll quit the rent altogether." Allen said he would try. The questions were, "What does God love? What does the devil love? What does the world love? What do I love?" Ramsay wrote:

"God loves man when he refrains from sin;
The devil loves man when he persists therein;
The world loves man when rich—so him flows;
And you'd love me could I pay you what I owe."

"The rent is paid," said the farmer, giving the ingenious tenant a hearty slap on the shoulder.

The Newsboys' Joke.

The Italians are great jokers, and the humorous instinct runs through every class, from the nobles to the lazzaroni. The municipality of Lucca was lately the butt of a laughable conceit on the part of the news venders of the city. The conscript fathers sought to add tone and dignity to their surroundings by making some extraordinary regulations as to the dress and demeanor of the cab drivers and news venders. The latter were required to be "decently dressed," and were bidden not to cry the contents of their papers, but to be satisfied with decorously announcing their names. On the day when the new rules went into effect the newsboys failed to appear, and the public imagined that a strike had been organized, but at a prearranged hour the paper sellers appeared in a body on the streets in the most correct evening dress, crush hats, swallow-tails, white ties and gloves, and carrying waiters on which the journals were arranged in the most orderly manner. The effect was immense. The people took up the joke and the newsboys did the biggest day's business they had ever known.

RELIGIOUS READING.

Soon Dies.

The fire unreplenished with fuel soon expires. In like manner the spiritual life, unsupported by prayer and meditation, becomes a feeble, fluctuating, expiring flame. Hence comes the need to every disciple of a sort of a Sabbath hour taken from worldly thoughts every day and given to devotional meditation on some great fact in the life of Christ, or on some pregnant words from His sacred lips as found in Holy Scripture. Such fact or truth resolutely held is fore the mind until it penetrates and melts the heart is as oil to the lamp. It moves the affections Godward, quickens the conscience, strengthens the soul in its purpose not to be overcome by the spirit of the world, and begets that spirit of voiceless prayer by which the believer retains his consciousness of the Divine presence amidst the stir and bustle of life's secular duties. The experience of the church universal, as well as common sense, teaches that "without something of this nature the habit is impossible to lay hold of the first truths of morality and religion."—*Dale's Hewett.*

Religious News and Notes.

Dr. Rudolph Poland, the Baptist church has about 2,000 members.

For every 200 of the inhabitants of Denmark there is a Lutheran preacher.

The Mexican Indians are becoming civilized under missionary influences.

[illegible] Episcopal churches in Massachusetts are entirely free from debt.

A large number of churches are being built in the South by colored people.

[illegible] that the Bible has been translated into 326 languages and dialects.

[illegible] is now 10,000 Sunday-school organizations, with [illegible] members.

[illegible] United States and Canada Young Men's Christian Association [illegible] 52,000 members.

The Methodists of Canada are [illegible] in regard to burning their dead, [illegible] of their brethren in the United States.

[illegible] we conclude that the [illegible] Lutheran persecutors of [illegible] are [illegible] who are [illegible] church.

All Moodyism [illegible] by preaching [illegible] in long prayers, giving [illegible] who build churches.

Rev. Dr. [illegible] Washington, of Newbury, Mass., the oldest Congregational minister in New England, and already [illegible] years, was the author of a [illegible] commentary on Solomon's Song.

Standing and Sitting.

The London *Daily Telegraph* says: Nature, which is specially fond of the human form, has stated erect, face towards door, that men and women should sit or lie down and sleep. Nevertheless, [illegible] the [illegible] position. At [illegible] the Italian lady has [illegible] to the [illegible] that standing for long operations is a [illegible] Wherefore, [illegible] certain [illegible] that from the [illegible] of a changing nature, it is easier to [illegible] than to sit, [illegible] that when people are standing they alternately [illegible] from one leg and [illegible] the other, but more frequently [illegible] the left, and that a girl with a [illegible] after standing upright for some time, [illegible] keep her feet in line, but place one above the other, [illegible] of the same, albeit long [illegible] of the result. The habit of standing on one leg is [illegible] almost impossible in clinging [illegible] long, [illegible] to [illegible] their heels [illegible]. The [illegible] opposite to the preceding [illegible] becomes rather than the [illegible], and the spine becomes deformed laterally at the part.

A Savage Elephant.

An Indian newspaper reports that Mr. Allan G. B. Theobald, of the forest department, has invented an elephant of the Passage Infernal, or the Kedgeree Tables. Mr. Theobald was twice [illegible] by the Trade, which was [illegible] in [illegible] which [illegible] the hill villagers in terror for a [illegible] long time. Mr. Theobald was a few years back [illegible] the Kedgeree Kedgeree [illegible] Unfortunately, [illegible] the [illegible] Kedgeree [illegible] Tables [illegible] spared [illegible] but [illegible] Proceed that [illegible] be killed [illegible] the Kedgeree [illegible] the [illegible] Kedgeree [illegible] Tables [illegible] Kedgeree [illegible] who build churches.

Rev. Dr. [illegible] Washington, of Newbury, Mass., the oldest Congregational minister in New England, and already [illegible] years, was the author of a [illegible] commentary on Solomon's Song.

A PROFESSIONAL CONFESSION.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man Made Public.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith republished entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting.

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:

Sir: My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for my death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And, yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times a neuralgic, pain in my head but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from Malaria and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger always brings a person to his senses even though it may then be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, Oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. Six two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorder—the little twinge of pain had grown to aches of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I held the death-premonitory hiccough constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudices both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and decided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised that I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me, but this I thought was a good sign for me in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music of this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and pure at condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately and as a physician, that I believe that more than one half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity, but has the symptoms of every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arise the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and verify which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample recompense for me to take the step I have, and if I can save safely warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked. I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

Tomatoes are the least digestible of vegetables, and yet they are much digestible vitamins as one lion's eg.

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The Chinese must go, and all Americans should go—and buy a bottle of Carboline, the deodorized petroleum hair renewer and dresser. Since the world improvement no preparation ever had such a sale as Carboline.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

Austin, Texas, February 20, 1881.

To Mr. J. W. Graham, Druggist:

Dear Sir: My case was an acute form of Bronchitis, and was of one and a half years duration. I employed the best medical skill possible, but failed rapidly and the doctors said I would die; that my case was incurable. Throwing aside my own resources, I got a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and in an hour felt a decided relief. In three days the cough almost disappeared. Now that my chances of life are good for many years, I earnestly recommend the above to every sufferer without a day's delay.

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