

THE CALL
 When evil, like a poisoned wind,
 Sweeps the good seed from soul and mind,
 Or hearts ignore the love divine—
 The tempter seeks each vacant shrine.
 We all feel we cannot rise,
 While others grasp the sacred prize;
 Sit 'till our souls our spirits view
 Till God's clear sunshine glimmers through.
 —William H. Hayne.

Practical Simplicity.
 "Just the way with women folks," growled Mr. Harrison, "the old story of Flora McFlimsey over again, 'nothing to wear.'"
 "But, papa, you want us to dress respectably, don't you," asked pretty Polly, with a suspicion of a tear in her eye.
 "Why, yes, respectably," replied Mr. Harrison, still grumpy, "my mother dressed respectably without these everlasting flummies you girls are always teasing me for; good, plain, sensible clothes and common sense shoes, no operas and French heels on her feet," and he glanced suggestively at the dainty slipper, which inopportunistly showed itself beneath the ruffle of Polly's pretty morning wrapper.

"Grandmother wore a long green veil, and a nice big bonnet, too, didn't she?" said mischievous Nellie, and her hair in a little knob at the nape of her neck.
 "You needn't make fun, miss," replied her father, sternly, "your grandmother was always sensibly and neatly dressed, and it would be refreshing to see some of her good taste in my family."
 "But, really, Mr. Harrison, the girls have nothing suitable to wear to Mrs. Lincoln's grand party," said Mrs. Harrison, a meek, gentle-voiced little woman.

"No, and they haven't had anything for the last five years," replied Mr. Harrison, with withering sarcasm; "buy! buy! and yet they are in the same distressing situation of the female before mentioned," and he leaned back in his chair with an air of having clinched the conversation with an unanswerable argument.
 "I wish I was a man," said pretty Nell, with a pout, "then I could wear one suit everywhere by varying my neckties."
 "Papa, dear, you are going with us to the picnic, ain't you?" said Kitty anxiously; she was a dainty little fairy and her father's favorite, and, as she spoke, she glanced at her sisters with eyes so full of fun and mischief, that they knew she had some plan in her fertile little brain.

"Picnic?" said Mr. Harrison, in a softened tone; he could not be cross with Kitty and she well knew it. "Bugs and crickets! When I want my dinner seasoned with spiders and grand-daddies, I can eat it in the garden."
 "Oh, but, papa, we want to go awfully!" said Kitty, coming and perching herself on his knee; she took daring advantage of her privileges as the youngest, "and it is so awkward to go to such a place without a gentleman."
 "Oh, well," said Mr. Harrison, Tom for the occasion," replied Mr. Harrison, quite good humoredly, "he is used to handling packages, and you'll find he will manage your five baskets and fifteen bundles in good style." Tom was porter in Mr. Harrison's large store, and doubtless merited the recommendation.

"But that isn't you, papa," replied persistent Kitty, winding her arms around her stiff-necked parent, and kissing the lips which could say such unkind things.
 "Oh, you wheedler!" responded Mr. Harrison, with a feebly attempt at dignity, "but there, I have just been informed that you have nothing to wear."
 "Oh! just for a picnic, papa, one can wear anything, you know," and her eyes flamed a perfect jibe of delighted mischief, "plain white is perfectly suitable for a bag and a little affair of that kind."
 "In my day, plain white was considered just the thing for party occasions also," said Mr. Harrison, quite mollified by his pet's attentions.
 "No hoops, or bustles, I suppose," said Kitty, thoughtfully.
 "Not a hoop," replied Mr. Harrison, "and as for bustles, make a bargain with you," said Kitty. "If you will go to the picnic with us, we'll agree to wear our picnic dresses to the party. Isn't that fair?"
 "Well, fair enough if there's no hidden reservations," replied Mr. Harrison, cautiously. "How many yards of muslin and bolts of ribbon is it going to take to befall you for the picnic?"
 "If you'll give me ten dollars I think I can manage the whole matter," replied Kitty, demurely.
 "Well, well! that's getting off quite cheaply," said Mr. Harrison, laughing, as he counted out the money, while Mrs. Harrison and the sisters looked on in perfect amazement, well knowing that Kitty had some plan in her wise little head, without in the least comprehending what it could be.

"The picnic morning was a rarity in the weather line; a perfectly clear sky, and just breeze enough to make it delightful, and Mr. Harrison was in a rare good humor also, which was unusual enough to add materially to the pleasures of the day, for, unfortunately, he could be decidedly "grumpy" on occasions, but happily for all concerned, the preceding day had been a particularly profitable one.
 "It appears to me, mother, it takes those girls an unusual time to pick this morning," said Mr. Harrison, looking at his watch a little nervously, "the train leaves at eight."
 "They'll be down presently," said the mother, with a surreptitious smile, as she packed the sandwiches into one of the baskets.
 At length there was a subdued rustling on the stairs, and the three girls filed in demurely, and announced themselves ready.

"What in—?" said Mr. Harrison, as his eyes fell on them, and seeing the joke and his own defeat at one glance, he bit his lip, and left the sentence unuttered.
 "Plain white dress without a ruffle, tuck, or overskirt, thick, high boots, broad toes and no heels, not a hoop or bustle; they were the plainest, primest trio of maidens, that ever appeared before a fault-finding papa. Nellie's bright hair was a tamed hawk on her high forehead,

giving her a wild, hawkish look, under her immense poke hat, which was adorned with a long green veil hanging in folds over one shoulder.
 Polly was as near hideous as possible, under a great limp sailor hat, which flapped discontentedly at every motion, while dainty Kitty's good looks were effectively buried in the depths of a generous white sunbonnet.
 "Your dresses are very becoming," said Mrs. Harrison, sweetly, as the youthful grandmothers ranged themselves in a row.
 "We think so," replied Kitty, solemnly. "If I could only have finished my silk suit."
 "And my handkerchief reticule," said Nell.
 "Don't we look neat, papa?" said Kitty, turning herself around for his inspection.

"Very neat," replied Mr. Harrison, dryly, turning away to hide a smile of mingled amusement and vexation.
 "We quite agree with you, papa, that so much frillery is all nonsense," said Nell, arranging her veil carefully.
 "And we are counting on creating quite a sensation at Mrs. Lincoln's party," said Polly, mischievously, as she picked out the bow of her muslin hat strings.
 Mr. Harrison was fairly caught in his own trap, and his own often repeated words came back to him with rather unpleasant force, as he looked at his daughters in their unbecoming array, and thought actually dreaded to ask him for money to carry on the household, even upon the most economical basis.
 "You see, papa, I've given up cosmetics, and have to rely on nature and a green veil for a complexion," said Nell, drawing her veil closely over her face, as she dropped Polly's arm, and took her father's in a delightfully filial clasp.

"Ah, Harrison out for a pleasant trip, eh?" said a fashionable acquaintance, as they turned into Madison street, looking quizzically at the curious figures with a puzzled air.
 "Yes, yes," replied Mr. Harrison, stily, getting very red; he would have given a month's profits if the girls had been dressed in the usual "fripperies."
 As might have been expected, the party was the observed of all observers, as they passed along, and one little street gamin called out enthusiastically to another: "Hi there, Jimmy! see them yer Kate Greenways!" and Mr. Harrison felt as if he was the proprietor of a circus, and would gladly have left them to go alone, if he could have done so, without accompanying himself ignominiously back.

In the car it was worse still; giggles and whispers greeted them on every hand, though, of course, their acquaintances understood that there was some joke about the matter; but the girls were seemingly entirely unconscious of the scientific way we are creating, and chattered and laughed under their monstrous head gear with all their accustomed vivacity, keeping close to their father the while to check any furtive attempt on his part to escape to the smoking car.
 In the grove, however, it was not so easy to keep him in surveillance, and after dinner he took an umbrella and moodily stalked off to the shade of a giant oak, and stretched himself upon the grass for a siesta. He had been there but a short time, when a couple of gentlemen strolled along that way, and, seeing the shadows especially of the radical ones, have shown that as to prevalent position the popular belief has a certain foundation in the fact.

Captain Mayne Reid mentions it in one of his books as follows: "We had guide to our direct on the magnetic needle. We were traversing the region of the polar plant, the planes of whose leaves at almost every step pointed out our meridian. It grew upon our track, and was crushed under the hoofs of our horses." Burton also refers to it: "Whistling in the damper ground appeared the polar plant, that prairie compass the plane of whose leaf ever turns toward the magnetic meridian." Another writer says: "Fortunately none goes to the prairies for the first time without being shown, in case of mishaps, the groups of compass-weed which abound all over the plains, and the broad flat leaves of which point due north and south with an accuracy as unvarying as that of the magnetic needle itself."—Harper's Young People.

Only a Fly Speck.
 In the Adjutant-General's office at Washington there is a division where mutilated army rolls are copied. These copies have to be exact fac-similes of the originals, even to the spelling of words improperly and tracing the sky rocket marks on the rolls and the slip of the pen of the not always successful company clerk. Among the many clerks employed on this work are two old men, who are great sticklers in having their copies exact. For a whole half day, a short time since, they examined a black spot on a roll on which copying to see whether it was a comma, period, or a slip of the pen. They had criticized the spot at every angle, had placed it in the sunlight and had brought a powerful magnifying glass to bear on it, without being able to agree as to whether it was a comma or period, one containing the former point, while the other felt certain it was a period. They referred it to another clerk, who was considered an expert in reading such things, and he thought it was meant for a colon. As a last resort they referred the matter to a young fellow-employee, and he soon settled the question by picking the disputed black dot off with his finger nail. It was a fly speck.

Animals Confined in Cages.
 A Brooklyn physician says that most wild animals become insane after they have been confined in cages some time. After they have been captured two or three months they go off their mental bases. For snakes, crocodiles, and that sort of cold-blooded creatures, confinement is not irksome; they obtain their provender without hustling for it, and that suits them to a dot. Some kinds of birds, too, find imprisonment a natural condition for them and their ancestors for many generations were born in cages and never knew liberty.

heard, and, somehow, as he weighed his merry daughters, with their pretty, winsome ways, and their gentle mother in some ways, with his long bank account, the money side of the matter generally lightened, and he thought with a shudder that the world would be to him with even out of the loved ones taken from him.
 "Stingy old bear," that just describes it," he said to himself, as he looked back over the many contents, in which the very least which could be made to supply the family wants had been grudgingly given, only too frequently, with bitter words which made the giving worse than a charity.
 "Hush! this been a most delightful day, papa?" said Polly, who escorted her father home from the train.
 "Yes," assented Mr. Harrison, soberly, "and a most profitable one also," and he meant his words, most sincerely.

"I don't think so," said Kitty, as they were entering the gate, "for I have a horrid green grass stain on the hem of my dress, and I shall have to put in a new breadth before I can wear it to the party," and Mr. Harrison bit his lip at the allusion to their compact, but said nothing.
 "Poor papa; he was so ashamed of us," said Kitty, as the girls retired to their bed, "actually, Nell, I never was so sorry for any one in my life."
 "Girls," said Mr. Harrison, the next morning at breakfast, "didn't I hear you say something about a party to which you had been invited?" with an innocent air of inquiring for information.
 "At Mrs. Lincoln's, perhaps you mean," replied Nell, falling in with his conceit and willing to ignore the past.
 "You may need a little pin money for the occasion," he continued, taking a roll of bills from his pocket-book, and carelessly flipping one toward the plate of each of his daughters, "and I promise a trifle of spending money wouldn't come amiss with your mother," he continued, as he laid a bill beside his wife's plate, and hurried away before the astonished family could thank him for such a remarkable performance.

"One hundred dollars!" said Polly, in an awe-struck tone as she gazed at her bill in amazement.
 "And mine is two hundred," said the little mother, with actual tears in her happy eyes.
 "That means that the new silk which you have needed so long is to be forthcoming at once," said Nell, patting her own bill with loving fingers.
 "And for once we are going to have party dresses, without one shred of economy stitched into them!" said Kitty, getting up, and dancing such a spirited pirouette in her delight, that the parrot wagged her head in wonder, as she shrilly inquired in her favorite phrase: "Bless me! what ails the child?"—F. M. Howard, in the Current.

The Compass Plant.
 Long before men learned to point a piece of magnetized iron on a pivot to indicate the north, there were natural compasses growing in the American prairies, and they still flourish in large numbers as a reliable guide to travelers across the American desert. They are a peculiar species of plant, called the compass plant, the pilot weed, or the pilot plant, and have been known for generations to the Western hunter, and the scientific world has known them but a short time. The edges of its leaves are said to be always pointed due north and south. An authority states: "Repeated observations upon the prairies, with measurements by the compass of the directions assumed by the leaves, especially of the radical ones, have shown that as to prevalent position the popular belief has a certain foundation in the fact."
 Captain Mayne Reid mentions it in one of his books as follows: "We had guide to our direct on the magnetic needle. We were traversing the region of the polar plant, the planes of whose leaves at almost every step pointed out our meridian. It grew upon our track, and was crushed under the hoofs of our horses." Burton also refers to it: "Whistling in the damper ground appeared the polar plant, that prairie compass the plane of whose leaf ever turns toward the magnetic meridian." Another writer says: "Fortunately none goes to the prairies for the first time without being shown, in case of mishaps, the groups of compass-weed which abound all over the plains, and the broad flat leaves of which point due north and south with an accuracy as unvarying as that of the magnetic needle itself."—Harper's Young People.

He Filled the Prescription.
 When the fizz of the soda fountain died out in a Washington avenue drug store yesterday afternoon, the good-looking clerk glanced up and saw a man standing there with a deprecating look near the door.
 "Well, what is it?" demanded the clerk.
 The man came forward and spoke a few words in the language of Ebanus Peger, which were entirely unintelligible to the good-looking clerk. Then the clerk took, studied a moment and said: "I don't know this doctor, but sit down and I'll have it ready in a moment. He went behind the prescription case and in a few minutes reappeared with a four-ounce vial, which he neatly labelled, and marked the dose: "A tablespoonful after each meal. Shake well before taking."
 Handing it to the man he remarked laconically: "What is it?"
 "Dollar and a half."
 It evoked considerable pantomime before the Swede understood, but he

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.
Wanted to Fly—A Boarder With Two Throats—He Paid Off An Old Debt—Preferred a Mud Color, Etc.
 "My son," said a Boston father as he took his boy by the hand, "you are about to start for the West to found a city. Consider well. Found it upon the banks of a river, so that steamboat rates will keep railroad rates down to the lowest notch."
 (A period of six months was supposed to have elapsed, and the old man gets a letter from the young man.)
 "Dear Father: River is frozen up and railroad snowed under. Send wings for me to get out of the durned country."
 —Wall Street News.

A Boarder With Two Throats.
 The Widow Flapjack got a new boarder the other day. At first meal he took her choked and had a terrible time trying to swallow some coffee.
 "What's the matter, stranger?" she asked, kindly.
 "Nothing, except the coffee went down the wrong way."
 "Good heavens! It isn't possible that I have secured a boarder with two throats!" exclaimed Mrs. Flapjack, who has been complaining very bitterly of the amount of food a man with only one throat can punish.—Chicago National.

He Paid Off an Old Debt.
 There is in this city a young man who has a habit of personifying objects in his speech, and this habit has brought him no little annoyance, particularly in the office where he is employed, and where the young lady bookkeeper seizes upon every such lapse of speech to make him uncomfortable in the presence of his other office associates. The other day in speaking of the clock he said: "She keeps excellent time, and was immediately brought up short by his tormentor with the question: "Why do you say 'she' in speaking of a clock?"
 Here was a chance to pay off an old debt, and promptly came the reply: "Because its pendulum, like a woman's tongue, is always wagging."—Boston Budget.

Preferred a Mud Color.
 "Yes, a pretty good looking carpet," she said as she stood off and surveyed it, but—
 "Aren't the colors all right, ma'am?" "They seem to be."
 "And you like the pattern?" "Very much."
 "And I'm sure the price is very reasonable."
 "Y-es. It wasn't that so much, but I was wondering how this carpet would look after we had shedged on fire and the engines had filled the house with water, the firemen had tramped through all the rooms, and twenty reporters had come around to ask about the insurance. I guess I'd better get something of a mud-color."—Detroit Free Press.

A Possible Explanation.
 "Snifkins says he's no friend of yours any more," said Sam Sipple to Charley Sellers as they met at the store the other morning.
 "Indeed?" "He says that you are no friend of his any more. Now what is the trouble? You haven't insulted him simply because you both happened to be going to see the same girl, have you?" "Certainly not."
 "Then what can be the matter?" "Who 's'nt know unless he has got word out of his own mouth that newsboy in front of her house to holler, 'here's your morning papers,' while he was in there calling. I understand that that sort of waked up her father and made trouble for Snif."—Merchant Traveler.

The Dark Side of Things.
 Some people will persist in taking a gloomy view of everything. There is a man of that kind in Austin, living in Ward No. 13. A neighbor happened to drop in to see him the other day and found every body lively except the head of the family.
 "How are all you coming on?" "We are all tolerable except Bob. He is laughing and joking because he is going fishing. I just know that he is going to come home drowned, and howling with a fish hook sticking in him somewhere."
 "Well, the rest seem to be cheerful."
 "Yes, sorter. Jimminy is jumping and skipping about because she is going to a candy pulling, but I know something will happen to her. I read of a girl in Philadelphia only last year who was coming from a candy pulling, when a drunken man threw his wife out of a three-story window and killed her."
 "Killed who?" "Jimminy."
 "Why, no; there she is."
 "Well, it might have been her if she had been on the pavement below where the woman fell."
 "Well, you are looking healthy."
 "Yes, I feel just like the man did who dropped dead in New York last week from heart disease. He was in high spirits and had a good appetite, and them's just my symptoms."—Texas Siftings.

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 When the fizz of the soda fountain died out in a Washington avenue drug store yesterday afternoon, the good-looking clerk glanced up and saw a man standing there with a deprecating look near the door.
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finally paid the money and disappeared with the medicine. The good-looking clerk went down to the ball game and had hardly disappeared before he rushed to a well-known young attorney from Temple Court. He carried the vial in his hand and blood in his eye.
 "Where's the man who filled prescription No. 3,006?" he demanded.
 The proprietor coolly surveyed the bottle, and with a look that would have disgraced a pirate, blandly replied: "Why?"
 "Great Cesar! Why? I'll show you why! Produce the prescription! Do you hear me? Trot out the prescription before I strangle you."
 The druggist produced the scrap of paper and the excited attorney straightened it out on the show-case and deciphered the bad writing as follows:
 "Ivan Olsen—Come to my office this afternoon at 3 o'clock, sure. Business of importance. Saw your man and everything is all right."
 This was the "prescription." The drug man fainted and the clerk is now advertising for a position as porter in a hardware store.—St. Paul Globe.

Just a Bit Too Previous.
 A Chicago society youth recently attended church with a young lady on whom he was particularly sweet. When the contribution box started out on his rounds the young man took a five-dollar gold piece out of his pocket and displayed it in such a way that the young lady saw it. She mildly rebuked him for his extravagance, but he said he often contributed that much, especially when in strange churches. Watching his chance he slipped the gold coin into her pocket and slyly took a silver quarter which he slyly dropped into the box when it reached him. This fixed the impression on the young lady that her beau was generous, and held the church in high esteem. At the close of the services, as was the custom of the church, the amount in the box was announced. The total was \$3.75. That young man has had no business in the immediate neighborhood of that young ladies' house since that eventful evening.—Chicago National.

Need for a Central American Canal.
 Some way still ask, is a canal or a ship railway worth building after all? Ever Admiral Auman intimidated doubts at late as 1870, after the decision of the Paris Congress, as to whether the time had come to cut the Isthmus. It may not be hard to satisfy ourselves on this point. In a report submitted to the Navy Department in 1866 by Admiral G. H. Davis, an estimate is given of the tonnage which would have used a canal had one been in existence, as well as of the loss inflicted upon commerce because of its lack. The former estimate is 3,094,070 tons, which agrees pretty well with the estimate of the Paris Congress for the year 1870. If we assume the rate of annual increase from 1866 to 1879 which the Congress adopted, Admiral Davis's estimate of the loss annually experienced by commerce was \$49,530,208. These estimates made over twenty years ago, would be entirely too low for 1887. But even should we assume that in the course of the past twenty years no increase of traffic had occurred, a result sufficiently surprising would be arrived at. The loss to commerce would amount to \$200,000,000, about the cost of the Panama Canal according to the low figure of \$187,000,000. This simple calculation shows the importance of the work. Mr. Bigelow, in his report, already quoted, says, with reference to the Panama Canal, "Were all nations to contribute to its construction in an equitable proportion to the advantages they would derive from it, the stock would be as difficult to obtain as the golden apples of Atalanta."

Street Cars in Mexico.
 The street cars run in groups, one never being seen alone nor two together, but always three or four in a row less than half a block apart. Instead of starting from the terminus one every five or ten minutes, several are started every half hour, and each car requires two conductors besides the driver, and also in many places two or three soldiers armed cap-a-pie. The first conductor approaches a passenger, sells him a ticket and pockets the money, and soon the second conductor comes along and takes up the bit of printed pasteboard, meanwhile the brass-buttoned guardians of the peace stand glovering upon you with suspicious eyes and loaded carbines. In some respects the double-conductor system is better than the "punch-in-the-United States," but though the soldiers are provided to insure the safety of passengers from robbers and revolutionists, a timid person is more worried by their presence than by the possible dangers they are supposed to avert.—Sacramento Record.

A Ghost Guards the Cave.
 In the Squaw Peak Range, Arizona, is a cave which no prospector has the nerve to attempt to explore on account of its being guarded by a ghost. In the entrance sits a thing that looks like the corpse of an Indian woman. In 1898 a party of whites found the cave filled with murdered. Since then no one has had the courage to try to enter the cave because of the thing that sits in its door. Last week George Matthews and his partner, named McClood, being in the neighborhood, had a look at the Squaw Peak Cave, not having any faith in the stories told of it. The cave is situated under the highest butte of the Squaw Peak Range. They found it and just took one look at the thing sitting in its mouth. "Matthews," "Matthews there is not enough money in Maricopa County to pay him to go there again, and his partner, McClood, has not stopped since that time.—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

Doubly Left.
 Once, doubly in love, I wavered between Two sweetest girls that I know, And only these faults in the pair could be seen:
 A little too lively and quick was Pauline, While Jane was a little too slow.
 But alas! their behavior no harmony kept, When I begged them, by turns, to be mine, In spite of the way that I pleaded and wept, Pauline was unduly and too quick, Jane was truly quick to decline.
 —Tid-Bits.

Had Been Swimming.
 I met a freckled village boy,
 Who loitered by the way;
 His hat was off, his brickbat curls
 With balmy winds did play.
 "Oh, whither bound, bareheaded boy,
 Beneath this blazing sky?
 "I'm going home—but have to wait
 Until my hair is dry."
 —Detroit Free Press.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Best Time to Bathe.
 It is best to bathe just before going to bed, says the London Lancet, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided, and the complexion is improved by keeping warm for several hours after leaving the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into a thin bag and then in the bath tub is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a small quantity of water several hours before being used.
Salt a Cure for Falling Hair.
 "I am very glad of the opportunity given me by the query to thank "Notes and Queries" for the recommendation of dry salt, as a cure for falling hair. My hair had come out frightfully for several months, so that I dreaded touching it with a brush. Thinking that salt could do no harm, anyway, and remembering the benefit always derived from sea air and bathing, I tried it, and was surprised at the result, for after three applications—putting it on at night and brushing and shaking it out in the morning—not one hair came out with the most vigorous brushing. I have used it three or four times a week since the middle of November, and notice a perceptible thickening of my hair, and no disagreeable results whatever. The treatment might not be so beneficial to every one, of course, but I have written this fully, feeling that I could hardly say too much in praise of what has been so successful with myself."—Boston Transcript.

Lemons in the Sick Room.
 The lemon is a fruit much used in the sick room, and, many times, unwisely. Lemonade being a very refreshing and agreeable drink, is easily taken in excess by persons suffering from fever, a fact which should not be forgotten. In typhoid fever, for instance, its immoderate use would be attended with danger, indeed, as it might, additional derangement in the management of diarrhea from mucous membranes. In all inflammatory diseases of the stomach and bowels lemonade should only be given after the attending physician has sanctioned its use. During the past few years lemon juice has become quite popular in the management of diarrhea from the supposed action on the membranous deposit in the throat. There have also been attributed to the juice marked virtues in the functional derangement of the liver, commonly called "bilious disorders." Some persons so affected have found benefit from the persistent use of lemon juice. In all inflammatory diseases of the stomach and bowels, however, have been aggravated by it.—Boston Herald.

To Allay Vomiting.
 At this season of the year diseases of which persistent vomiting is one of the important symptoms are exceedingly common. In summer complaint especially, the stomach is often so excessively irritable that everything taken excites immediate vomiting. In such cases prompt measures should be resorted to, and vomiting is then always attended with great thirst, and, as a rule, water or other drinks are freely given by those who have the patients in charge. Where much is taken into the stomach, even if it is simply water, the vomiting is sure to recur. Therefore, the most important thing to do is to give that organ opportunity to rest, for a time at least. Nourishment should be entirely dispensed with, if necessary, even for twenty-four hours. Experience has shown that such a privation is borne well by infants even when the car of old, and it is certainly better than to continue to give them food that is thrown up again as often as it is taken. To reduce the irritability of the stomach, and to allay the thirst as well, ice pellets are advised. If ice water is allowed at all, the utmost care should be taken to avoid it. When it is proper to give nourishment, milk and lime-water in equal parts is the first to be given. That, also, should be limited to teaspoonful doses. One teaspoonful may be given every fifteen or twenty minutes. If it is retained, the interval between the doses may be gradually shortened until such small quantities can be safely allowed every two or three minutes. Then the dose may be increased to a dessertspoonful at long intervals, and, after a while, to a tablespoonful, then to a wineglassful, and so on. By this method nearly all cases of vomiting due to irritability of the stomach of recent origin can be allayed in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. Under all circumstances, even light food is forbidden in such cases for at least three days after the vomiting has ceased, and even then it should be selected with exceeding care, and given in gradually increasing quantities.—Boston Herald.

The Giant's Causeway.
 The Giant's Causeway is a series of columnar basaltic rocks in County Antrim, on the northeast coast of Ireland. For eight miles along the coast the land abuts on the sea in cliffs of basalt, many of them made up of rude vertical columns, and the appearance of these columns from the sea suggests a partial resemblance to architectural forms. The name Giant's Causeway is often applied to all this coast range of cliffs, but it properly belongs to only a small part of it, which is a platform of basalt in closely arranged columns—from fifteen to thirty-six feet high—which extends from a steep cliff down into the sea till it is lost below low water mark. It is divided across its breadth into three portions, the Little, Middle and Grand Causeway, these being separated from each other by dikes of basalt. The columns are generally hexagonal prisms, but they are also found of five, seven, eight and nine sides, in almost every instance being fitted together with the utmost precision, and it is said that even water cannot penetrate between adjoining columns. The name causeway is given to the platform, as its columns terminate at so nearly a uniform height that it presents an almost smooth area extending to the water's edge, to the primitive imagination a road that had been prepared for the convenience of giants.—Inter-Ocean.

MURDERED BY HIS NEIGHBOR
The Terrible End of an Old Fued in an Indiana Town.
 A dispatch from Louisville, Ky., says: Dr. Samuel Hay was shot and killed at Charleston, Ind., while riding in a buggy with his sister. The murderer was Jacob Robinson, who lives on an adjoining farm. Death was instantaneous, two loads of buckshot from a double barrel shotgun fired at Hay at a distance of 30 feet.
 The tragedy was the result of an old feud. Hay and Robinson lived on adjoining farms. The only outlet for Hay to the public road was through Robinson's premises, and the latter refused him the right of way. Hay brought suit and the court decided in his favor. Other suits followed, a d Robinson was ordered to leave the land and his sister, and without giving his victim a word of warning, he fired. He then put the gun in his shoulder holster, and took a walk to the sermons of Miss Hay attracted a large crowd and before the body was cold gallons of men were on the ground, ready to lynch if caught. Hay was rich and prominent in politics. He was one of the best known men in Southern Indiana. His brother is sheriff of Clark county. Robinson is equally well-to-do and almost as well known. He attempted to shoot the body of the Hay family Friday evening, but his revolver was taken from him. Both men were married and have powerful family connections.

SEVEN LIVES LOST AND MANY INJURED.
Business Houses Destroyed—Half a Million Dollars of Property Burned—Names of Those Who Perished.
 A dispatch from Hurley, Wis., says: Fire broke out on the stage of the Alcazar Theater at eight o'clock Saturday night, and with an hour the entire business portion of the town was in flames, while eleven persons had perished in the disaster. The remains of nine people have been taken from the ruins. The loss is fully half a million dollars. The Alcazar was a variety theater, chiefly frequented by miners, and was one of the resorts of unavary repute associated with the notorious dance houses of the mining regions. Only a small number of actors had gathered when the fire broke out, and they scrambled out in a hurry. Several of the actors, however, stopped to save their wardrobe, and when they sought to escape found that they were hemmed in all sides, the flames having spread through the various rooms, and they were unable to get out. How they struggled to flee will never be known, as none of them, except Mabel and Mrs. Moore, were recovered. The former appeared at a second-story window, and called persistently upon the crowd outside to save her. But they could not be raised the flames reached her, and communicated to her clothing. She made frantic efforts to jump, but was stopped, then, with a piercing shriek, fell into the furnace below.
 Mabel Moore had reached a third-story window, she jumped and was so badly injured that her recovery is doubtful.
 Among those who perished in the theater were:
 Frank Young.
 Nels McCabe and George Jackson, colored comedians.
 Till E. Moore, song and dance artist.
 Mabel Goodrich and husband.
 Sam Wall.
 Mrs. Benton and two or three others whose names were not known.
 The Alcazar was in the very heart of the city. It was a mass of flames in a very short time. The fire seemed to leap from building to building, until several blocks became a roaring oven. It was not long before every business building between Third and Fifth avenues was in flames. All efforts to get the fire under control seemed futile. The fire department, reinforced by scores of volunteers, sent its puny streams against the burning walls of flames, but they were as the fire swept resistlessly on. It did not stop until the material for it to feed upon was lacking. The individual losses were \$400,000; Heinemann Bros. Co., dry goods, \$25,000; Moore, Acnew & Co., general hardware, \$20,000; Heinemann Bros. Co., dry goods, \$25,000; Kohl & Ninn, general merchandise, \$10,000; Bell and Langdon, same, \$9,000; Carothers Bros., stock of liquors, \$3,000; J. B. Lanolis, saloon and household goods, \$3,000; Oscar Hanson, furnishing goods, \$2,500; Leonard & Goodrich, same, \$2,500. The former estimate is 3,094,070 tons, which agrees pretty well with the estimate of the Paris Congress for the year 1870. If we assume the rate of annual increase from 1866 to 1879 which the Congress adopted, Admiral Davis's estimate of the loss annually experienced by commerce was \$49,530,208. These estimates made over twenty years ago, would be entirely too low for 1887. But even should we assume that in the course of the past twenty years no increase of traffic had occurred, a result sufficiently surprising would be arrived at. The loss to commerce would amount to \$200,000,000, about the cost of the Panama Canal according to the low figure of \$187,000,000. This simple calculation shows the importance of the work. Mr. Bigelow, in his report, already quoted, says, with reference to the Panama Canal, "Were all nations to contribute to its construction in an equitable proportion to the advantages they would derive from it, the stock would be as difficult to obtain as the golden apples of Atalanta."

BURNED IN A THEATRE.

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FRIGHTENED BY HIS PERJURY
A Father Swears Falsely for His Son and Swears.
 A dispatch from Halifax N. S., says: In the