

VACCINE VIRUS.

HOW IT IS PREPARED FROM HEALTHY CALVES.

The New York Board of Health's Operating Room—Calves on the Table—Vaccinating Them and Collecting the Virus.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says: There is a small loft in Mott street which, perhaps, does more to keep down the dreaded virulent scourge (smallpox) than anything else that the Board of Health has devised. It is there that all the vaccine virus used in New York is obtained. The loft extends about twenty-five feet on Mott street and runs back about eighty feet, and is divided longitudinally into a stable for the calves and an operating room. The stable, on the northern part of the stable are twenty tiny stalls, and back of these are the cribs whence the animals take their food. And it is good food that the calves get, for the better condition the calf is in the better the vaccine will be and the less likely are in any effects to follow when it is used on a human being. This stable is in charge of a competent groom, who devotes himself to the care of the animals, watching any changes in their condition and treating them accordingly. He, too, sees that they are given all the hay and Indian meal they can digest. At the south of this stable is the operating room, the torture chamber of the animals when they are subjected to the lancet of the vaccinator. At the side next to the table is the bench upon which the animal is stretched when undergoing the operation, and about the room are shelves upon which lie hundreds of goose quills, treated with virus, drying so as to be ready for use. This room is airy and well ventilated.

The calves all come from the big stock yard, at Sixth street and the North River, where the men know about what the doctors want and take much trouble to pick out the particularly healthy animals. They are taken to the stable on the lower floor of the stable where the veterinary surgeon assigned to the vaccination bureau makes a careful examination of the animal. The animal, if pronounced in fit condition, is trotted up stairs and given one of the little stalls in the top story. There he is allowed to remain until he has fed well and is feeling as though he had at last found comfortable quarters. Then he is hauled out by the nose and tail to the operating room. There he is held quietly until one of the attendants buckles a strap around his left hind leg. This strap, attached to a pulley rope, is given a strong pull by an attendant and up goes the calf on the vaccinating table with a thud and a snort of decided displeasure. But his struggles are utterly useless, for by this time a heavy band is buckled over his nose and neck and forelegs. These are held tight by the hands of the surgeon. But the latter does not vaccinate at once. He lathers the inside of the calf's hind legs and then carefully shaves away all the hair. Then the animal is allowed to go back to his stall and rest awhile until the vaccinator has arranged his virus and his vaccine "spades." These are long points of bone and are used on the calves because they will hold more of the virus than the ordinary quill. Because they are big and hold more than sufficient virus to vaccinate an infant, they are kept exclusively for infants. After a rest of an hour or so the calf is trotted over to his stall again and again trotted over on its side upon the vaccinating board. Then the real work begins. The doctor takes a big six-bladed lancet, and holding the knives together, cuts the hairy skin on the calf's neck. He then pierces the outer layer. Then the operator uses his lancet at right angles with the original cuts, and so abrades the skin that it will readily receive the virus from the "spade." But the "spade" is not used at first. The work begins thus: All the blood is carefully cleaned away from the area, and then a quill holding a small amount of virus is rubbed upon the spot. Then comes the "spade," which holds about four times as much virus as the ordinary quill. The virus from this is rubbed in carefully, and then the calf is led back to his stall. As a rule four abrasions are made upon the shaved skin of the animal.

According to the statements of the physician in charge of the vaccine stable, the calves show no evil effects from the vaccination. Their appetite is unimpaired, in fact they eat more than they did before the operation, and show none of that listless and languid condition often do after vaccination. Their allowance of food is increased. In this way, the calves are treated for about seven days, when the virus has done its work, and again the animal is placed upon the operating board, and then the important business of collecting the virus begins. For doing this, the quills and "spades" are prepared for the reception of the virus. The quills which are taken from Russian geese are purchased from an importer, who charges the Health Department \$10 a thousand for them. They are tied up in bundles of 100, and sent them into common lengths, and scrape the ends so that they will hold the virus. The animal is placed upon the operating board as before, and the roughened end of the quill used to take the vaccine. Then comes the drying process, and subsequently the treated quills are put into hermetically sealed jars and stored in an ice chest. They are then ready to be used on the most delicate skin for the prevention of smallpox. The number of quills of virus which can be obtained from a calf range from five hundred to a thousand, and these are either used by the physicians in the vaccination bureau or by doctors whose patients do not care to be treated by the public physicians.

When the Board of Health has finished with the calves, they are ordered to the stock yards where they are either sold or slaughtered. As the calves used are principally the former fate generally awaits them, but farmers are somewhat shy of vaccinated calves and will not give so much for them as they will for those which have not been treated. The best sections of the vaccine virus are for the virus collector in the early autumn and the spring.

Standard Advice.
Would you respect yourself, keep your heart and body clean.
Would you never be told a lie, do not ask a personal question.
Would you retain the love of a friend, do not be selfishly exacting.
Would you enjoy quiet content, do away with airs and pretences.
Would you sleep and have a good appetite, attend to your business.
Would you have others to respect your opinions, hold and never disown them yourself.
Would you have good health, go out in the sunshine. Sickness is worse than fleckles.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Squashes.
The squash is a fruit of the gourd kind. It is somewhat synonymous with our marrow, and the recipes for cooking one do equally for the other.

Pie: Line a deep plate with crust, and pour in the following mixture; two breakfast cups of strained squash, mixed with four eggs; a teaspoonful of spice or ginger, a cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of butter. Bake a pale brown.
Baked: Cut in pieces and scrape well, bake till tender, and eat with salt and butter.
Fried: Cut the squash in thin slices and fry in a little water until it stands a few minutes, then beat an egg and dip the slices in it. Fry in butter and serve with sugar or salt and pepper, according to taste.—*Nec Yr Herald.*

Ricicles.
STEAMED OMELETTE:—Half pint oatmeal, one teaspoon of salt; put in two quart basin and pour over it one quart of boiling water; put it in a steamer and steam two hours. Do not remove cover during that time.

FRIED EGGS WITH BROWN SAUCE.—Brown two tablespoonfuls of flour in a little butter, stir a little water into it, very little chopped onion and a pinch of sugar and one of salt; put it into a saucepan and boil for an hour, stirring occasionally to prevent it from getting lumpy. Fry a couple of eggs in butter or lard, place them in a dish, pour the sauce over them and serve with fried rice.
BREAD OMELETTE.—To make a bread omelette soak a loaf of bread in a cupful of milk, or enough to make it entirely soft; beat three eggs smooth, mix them with the soaked bread, season it palatably with salt and pepper; put over the fire a smooth frying-pan containing a tablespoonful of butter, and when it is hot pour in the omelette; with a thin knife loosen the edges of the omelette as they harden from the sides of the pan; shake the pan gently to keep the omelette loose.

STEWED PIGEONS.—Clean the pigeons, cut them in quarters and put them, with their giblets, in a saucepan with a little water; let it, do not cover them entirely; salt them to suit taste and season well with pepper, sage and any spices desired and add a tablespoonful of butter; cover the pan closely and stew until tender. Thicken the gravy with the yolk of an egg beaten with four tablespoonfuls of milk and a little flour, and when the gray thickens add another spoonful of butter. This rule is for one half-dozen pigeons.
PUMPKIN MARMALADE.—Pare, core and cut into small pieces a medium-sized ripe pumpkin of rich color; take six pounds of sugar, one pint of good cider vinegar, a dozen cloves and one ounce of best ginger; bruise the ginger and tie it with the cloves in a spice bag, put it with the sugar and vinegar in a earthen jar or porcelain-lined kettle that will hold two gallons; when it gets warm put in as much pumpkin as the jar will hold, pressing it down, and boil it until it is well cooked (it will be quite transparent and soft); take it out with a strainer and set it near the fire while the liquid boils to a thin syrup, put the pumpkin back into the jar and let it boil for half an hour, crushing it as much as possible the while with a wooden spoon.

Household Hints.
A much worn broom is very hard on the carpet.

If possible, keep one utensil sacred to onions alone.

The covers of the range should never be allowed to get red hot.

If you wish your bread to be white, put very little lard into the flour.

Cistern water may be purified by charcoal put in a bag and hung in the water.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them with fine sand and it will make them smooth.

Wash cloths should be thoroughly rinsed in water with soap and a little ammonia.

To clean tinware, dampen a cloth, dip it in soda, rub the ware briskly, after which wipe dry.

To prevent drain pipes from stopping up, dissolve a solution of potash into them every two months.

The luster of Morocco may be restored by varnishing it with the white of an egg. Apply with sponge.

Miss Parlos says: "Let the sink rest on iron legs. The space under it should not be enclosed, as every dark place is a source of temptation to a slovenly domestic."

An excellent way of cooking eggs is to break them in boiling milk without beating. Cook slowly, occasionally stirring, and when done add pepper, salt and butter.

For coffee stains try putting thick glycerine on the wrong side of a washing cloth, and wash with lukewarm water. For raspberry stains weak ammonia and water is the best.

There should be a small table about the height of the range for use as a resting place for utensils when omelettes, griddle cakes, etc., are made. It should be covered with zinc.

Spirits of camphor will remove fruit stains of all kinds from white goods if applied before the goods have become soiled with the usual manner, and you need not look for the stain, for it will not be there.

A Misplaced Comma.
The part that a comma may play in history was never better illustrated than by the fate of Manchuria. This place, according to a writer in the month's "Proceedings" of the Royal Geographical Society, is a paradise on the borders of China. Though a luxurious and luxuriant land, it has, however, for years been considered a great mountain is misapprehension. "Chang-pai-shan" for "Chang-pai-shan." The latter is its real name, and means "the long, white mountain"—the white punice stone being referred to. Chang, however, means "perpetual," and misapprehension of the name, both Chinese and European geographers concluded that a land with a "perpetual white mountain" must be cold and sterile. So they brought the top of the mountain above the snow line, and gave out to the world that this "Garden of Eden" was another Iceland. Such it has been held for ages.

They Get a Rest.
When the autumn leaves are falling, and the nights are growing long, and the bright sun's tunic has been changed to a thin summer gown, and the grass and the flowers, and the twittering swallows leave us for a warmer clime than ours, when flies no longer bother us as breaks the dawn, and morning o' beholds a coat of hoar frost on the lawn, and the birds in the parlor are revived, and the hinges of the garden gate are of a weight relieved. —*Boston Courier.*

FAMOUS TRIPS.

TRIPS MADE BY PRESIDENTS SINCE WASHINGTON'S TIME.

The First President's Fine Turnout—Monroe's Tour—Jackson in the East—Accidents During Tours—The Saddest Tour of All.

An interesting article upon the tours of the Presidents appeared in the *Commonwealth*. It stated that President Washington made two important tours. The first one, in 1789, extended to Portsmouth, N. H., and to Washington. Two years later he took a tour through the South. President Washington had the most famous of his tours. His name was blooded ones, and his English coach was the wonder of New York. Enthusiastic demonstrations of respect and honor met him everywhere except in Boston. John Hancock, who sat in the gubernatorial chair at the time, considered his position equal to that of Washington, and said that while Washington was sovereign of the United States he was sovereign in Massachusetts, and that it was Washington's duty to make him the first call. Hancock failed to meet him at the city line, as was expected, and Washington declining an invitation to attend a dinner given by the Governor that evening, Hancock was remonstrated with. His theory of State sovereignty was overborne, and, having slept upon the matter, he became convinced that Washington would not call, and sent the following note:

SUNDAY, 26th October, 1793.
The Governor's best respects to the President. If at home and at leisure, the Governor will do himself the honor to pay his respects in half an hour. He would have done much sooner had his health in any degree permitted. He now hazards everything in respect to his health for the desirable purpose.

To this President Washington replied as follows:
SUNDAY, 26th October, 1793.
The President of the United States presents his best respects to the Governor, and has the honor to inform him that he will be home until 2 o'clock. The President need not expressly the pleasure it will be to him to see the Governor, but his health in any degree permitted, he will not hazard his health on this occasion.

The Governor managed to smother his pride and made a brief call. Later on, to mollify the Governor, Washington took Jefferson, Adams and Thomas Jefferson, took Presidential tours in the sense in which the word is used to-day, and there was a decided doubt in President Jefferson's mind as to their propriety. All of the first Presidents were, however, men of wide travels. Washington went to the West Indies as a boy, and his whole life after that was made up in passing from one point of this country to another. Jefferson, Madison and Monroe were all employed in diplomatic missions to the various courts of Europe, and at the age of fifteen years as the Secretary of the Legation of the Count of the czar, kept up his travels for a long lifetime at the Government's expense or out of the salary received from the Government. Martin Van Buren started to England as Minister to the Court of St. James, and during Jackson's Administration, and Jackson's own white-tailed active life and seen much of the country during his campaigns and his ante-presidential career.

After Washington the next purely Presidential tour was that of Monroe, whose reign was known as the Era of Good Feeling. While on his tour, he took a tour throughout the North. He left Washington in June and was conveyed up the Delaware from Wilmington in a gorgeous barge, which was lined with crimson velvet and which was rowed by sixteen oarsmen dressed in scarlet vests, white breeches and white trousers. He was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm.

President Jackson made his famous tour through the Eastern States in 1833, Baltimore and Philadelphia received Jackson in grand style. He received a great ovation in New York, and at Newport, Concord, Providence and Boston there were grand demonstrations in his honor. At Boston, Harvard College made him an LL. D. One of the seniors addressed him with a speech of welcome in Latin. The tour, though successful in winning friends for the President, was full of accidents. The New York bridge that connected Castle Garden with the Battery gave way with the weight of the crowd upon it just as the President had landed on the other side and precipitated the spectators into the water. Again the general's horse took fright while going up Broadway, and on another occasion the wadding of a cannon came within a few inches of singeing the General's bristling head of frosted hair.

The tour of John Tyler to Boston did not call out great demonstrations, and the lack of enthusiasm at Baltimore and Philadelphia was painfully expressive.

Andrew Johnson's famous tour to Chicago, was full of stirring incidents. General Grant was very fond of traveling, and during his Presidency he made many trips, but they were more of the speech-making character. Rutherford B. Hayes made one tour throughout the South. The trips of President Arthur were largely made for his health, and they embraced many fishing and hunting excursions. The trip to the Yellowstone Park and that to Florida were the longest of his. During the latter he became so ill that the newspapers were filled with reports that his life was in danger. During the earlier part of the Florida trip a stone was thrown through the window of his special car, and as the train approached Wilmington, on the return journey, the coupling that attached the car to the train broke and left the President and his party for some time in the woods, while the remainder of the passengers were carried two miles onward.

It was thus, it will be seen, with President Arthur as with the majority of the Presidential tourists of the past. A singular fatality seems to attend them while on the road. Washington was insulted and caught cold at Boston; Jackson had his nose pulled at Alexandria, and narrowly escaped death from a cannon at New York. Tyler had two members of his Cabinet killed while making an excursion down the Potomac on the Princeton, and a trip full of accidents was that which President John Quincy Adams made with Lafayette in visiting ex-President Monroe at his home at Oak Hill, Va. The last great tragedy of our history occurred on the eve of a Presidential tour. Perhaps the saddest tour a President ever made was that which Garfield took some weeks later when he was carried to Elberon to die.

A Warm Welcome.
When early spring stole softly to this shore, I gave to thee a very glad farewell; It would have been a sad farewell, and was no longer a safe dwelling place for her family.

A Maiden's Mistake.
Bride—"Did you receive the piece of wedding cake I sent you?"
Schoolmate—"Yes, dear."
"Now, tell me what kind of a husband you dreamed about."
"I don't like to think about it. He was an awful creature, with hoofs and horns and the most horrible face you could imagine. Oh, it was terrible."
"Mercy me! Did you put the cake under your pillow?"
"No, I ate it." —*Omaha World.*

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WORDS OF WISDOM.

Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand. Humility leads to the highest distinction, because it leads to self-improvement.

Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.

The manner of saying or doing anything goes a great way toward the value of the thing itself.

It is better to have thorns in the flesh, with grace to endure them, than to have no thorns and no grace.

In the loss of an object we do not proportion our grief to its value, but to the value our fancies set upon it.

The man who doesn't know much, and his name is legion, is the one most anxious to display his knowledge.

The love of singularity proceeds from a restless mind, possessing some portion of genius and a large portion of vanity.

Oppression makes wise men bad; but the distemper is still the madness of the wise, which is better than the sobriety of fools.

A happiness that is quite undisturbed becomes tiresome. The difficulties which are mingled with love awaken passion and increase pleasure.

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: Money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least coveted.

Every increase of knowledge may possibly render depravity more depraved, as well as it may increase the strength of virtue. It is in itself only power, and its value depends on its application.

Yesterday is yours no longer; tomorrow may never be yours; but to-day is yours, the living present is yours, and in the living present you may stretch forward to the things that are before.

An Interesting Plant Duel.
Some time ago my pupils were much interested in reading what they inappropriately termed a hand-to-hand combat between a sumach and a climbing bitter sweet. Judging from appearance when found, the sumach was about two inches in diameter when the bitter sweet first met it in coils about it. As the growth of each proceeded, the coils became tighter and tighter, cutting into and through the bark and growing layer of the sumach which seemed to be threatened with strangulation. It was not, however, to be so easily vanquished. It resolutely kept up its manufacture of new material, which, owing to the tight embrace of the vine, had to be distributed along a spiral line immediately above the coils. Just below the coils the supply appeared to be cut off, as the trunk was then shriveled and in most places dead. Although rendered unsightly by the coils, the sumach, however, was not destroyed. It was a case of having two spirals, one of living and growing, the other of dead and decaying material wound about its heart wood, so that the whole resembled a huge auger. To avenge this deformity the sumach proceeded to push a new growth out above the coils, and the coils of the bitter sweet one place it had completely encompassed it. The vine, in turn, was now so tightly squeezed as to cut off from communication with the ground, and below this point but little life remained. Victory now seemed within the grasp of the sumach. The vine, however, had not extremity now united itself with the growing layer of the sumach, and thus literally drew from the camp of the enemy whatever supplies were needed to keep its top bright and thrifty. At this stage the conflict was cut short by the ax of the collector, and the combatants locked in each other's arms, were laid away among the curiosities of a museum. —*Journal of Education.*

Professional Pall-Bearing.
A gloomy-looking individual in Philadelphia told a *News* reporter that he was a professional pall-bearer, and told the following story of how he started in his peculiar calling.

"Some years ago there was a strike in my trade. I am a carpenter, and during one of my idle days I passed a house where there was a funeral. Stopping to watch it, I was approached by the undertaker, who asked me if I was going to the funeral. I said no, that I knew no one there. He then asked me if I had any objection to being a pall-bearer. I said I had none, provided I was paid for it, and we finally struck a bargain. I made as much that afternoon as I would have made all day at my trade, and since then I have adopted pall-bearing as a means of livelihood. I dress in black, as you see, and each morning look over the death notices. I have found that my services are very seldom required, and I have never had a funeral. On the other hand, I have had many a woman, or woman, or where the deceased has belonged to any secret societies, and that my most profitable customers are those who have outlived most of their companions. If the dead person happens to be an unmarried lady, past the meridian of life, I am nearly always certain of the job. The funeral is a rough and ready affair, and the attendants outnumber the male about four to one, and that most of the latter are close relatives. As it is generally the rule to select the pall-bearers from among those not connected with the family, you can see that my services are very frequently in demand. I generally seek out the undertaker and make my bargain with him, and I average about two funerals a day. It is a nice, easy sort of life, and eminently respectable. You will have to excuse me now, as I have a funeral in this street and must get off here."

A Mouse Nest in a Window Curtain.
A family party was sitting at a dinner when one of the children noticed that a mouse was slowly and carefully toiling up the damask window curtain with something in its mouth. The little creature was not disturbed, says a writer in *Chatterbox*, but was carefully watched till she disappeared in a fold of the curtain. After awhile she emerged and ran down to the floor, and so disappeared. On examining the curtain, four very little mice were found in one of the folds, which formed a kind of pouch, and which were very comfortable enough without any lining; but Mrs. Mouse had not thought so, for she had placed in the fold some soft wool stolen out of a rent in a sofa cushion. The following day all the little mice had disappeared; the mother mouse evidently knew that her nest had been discovered, and was no longer a safe dwelling place for her family.

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Bride—"Did you receive the piece of wedding cake I sent you?"
Schoolmate—"Yes, dear."
"Now, tell me what kind of a husband you dreamed about."
"I don't like to think about it. He was an awful creature, with hoofs and horns and the most horrible face you could imagine. Oh, it was terrible."
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FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

To Preserve Eggs for Winter.
A New York correspondent of *Prairie Farmer* gives the following directions: Stake half a peck of lime and add 10 gallons water. Stir well, and after a day or so, pour off the clear liquid and fill the firkins or crocks to be used for packing. Place the eggs in layers, the small end downward, filling the vessels to within one and one-half inches of the top. Lay a thick cloth over the whole and stir this a close-fitting cover. Keep them in a cool place.

"John's Wife," of Missouri, says: Greasing the eggs to exclude the air, and then packing in common salt, is a good way to preserve them. I find that by setting the round oval eggs, the majority of chicks are pullets. I have tested this and never failed.

SUGAR COOKIES.—One cup butter, two cups of sugar and three eggs. Flour enough to make a soft dough; flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg and bake in a moderate oven.

LEMON MARMALADE.—Take lemons, peel and extract the seed. Boil the lemons until soft, add the juice and pulp with a pound of sugar to a pound of lemon. Boil to thicken.

SALLY LUNN.—This is good for both breakfast and tea. A pint of sweet milk, two eggs, butter the size of an egg, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, a teaspoonful salt, and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Mix all well together and bake in a buttered pan in a quick oven. Use hot.

CINNAMON BUNS.—When making bread reserve a quart of the dough, and work well into it a teaspoonful sugar and half a teaspoonful butter. Roll out half an inch thick, and cut into long, narrow biscuits, spread them thickly with sugar and cinnamon, let them rise until light, and bake in a quick oven.

EGG BALLS FOR SOUP.—They are made by first boiling 4 eggs hard; when cold, rub the yolks fine and mix with them the yolk of a raw egg, and one teaspoonful flour. Add pepper and salt to the taste and a little finely-chopped parsley. Form into little balls, and boil two minutes in water. They are then ready to put at once into the tureen with the soup.

MIXED HAM AND EGGS.—A nice way to use remnants of cold boiled ham is to mince it, and to half a pound of ham melt a tablespoonful butter in a frying pan, add the ham and a little hot water, let it heat up quickly, then spread it on buttered toast, and on each piece lay a poached egg. Quite a dainty breakfast can thus be made from what at first thought might seem very unpromising.

SQUASH BISCUIT.—Dissolve half a cake of compressed yeast in half a cupful of cold water. Mix it together with a cupful of sugar, a half cupful of flour, four cups of milk, four tablespoonfuls of butter and half a teaspoonful of salt; then stir the whole into five cupfuls of flour, knead it well and let it rise over night. In the morning make into biscuits. Let them rise an hour and a half and bake half an hour.

SALAD DRESSING.—Take the yolks of 2 eggs, a teaspoonful of mustard, a salt spoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne, and a tablespoonful of sugar. Beat these well together with a small egg-beater, until they are perfectly smooth; then add, drop by drop, half a teaspoonful olive oil, stirring briskly all the time, or until a firm, compact mass results. Now add 3 tablespoonfuls vinegar, and when that is well incorporated with it a teaspoonful of lemon juice. This dressing is nice for potato salad, chicken and lobster salads, etc.

Origin of the Word Cigar.
The origin of the word cigar is of some interest, and is not to be found in the ordinary dictionaries. The word, of course, is Spanish, and Littré in his French dictionary, says that it is derived from cigars, the Spanish name for grasshopper, and is so called because of the resemblance of the article to the body of a grasshopper. This seems very far-fetched, and there is another derivation which seems more reasonable. When the Spaniards first introduced tobacco into Spain from the island of Cuba in the sixteenth century they cultivated the plant in their gardens, which, in Spain, are called cigarales. Each grew his tobacco in his cigaral, and rolled it up for smoking as he had learned it from the Indians in the West Indies. When one offered a smoke to a friend he could say: "Es de mi cigaral"—It is from my garden. Soon the expression came to be "Este cigarra es de mi cigaral"—This cigar is from my garden. And from this the word cigar spread over the world. The name cigaral for garden comes from cigarra, a grasshopper, that insect being very common in Spain, and cigaral meaning the place where the cigarra grows. In this way the word cigar comes from cigarra, the name of the insect, not because it resembles the body of the grasshopper, but because it was grown in the place it frequents. —*Chicago Tribune.*

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