

BOND SERVICE OF THE HEART.

When by the fire we sit hand in hand, My slight seems to watch beside your face, Alert and eager at your least command...

DOCTORING ROYAL PATIENTS.

Court Etiquette That Hedges in a Queen from Her Physician's Touch. It was a matter of wonder to many persons in Paris that Dr. Fauvel, the great French specialist in throat diseases...

At the time of the last illness of the young Queen Mercedes there resided in Madrid a German doctor who was especially famed for his treatment of typhoid fever, the disease from which the queen was suffering.

Even that concession was refused. "Then, gentlemen," he declared, "I can do nothing. I will not attempt to prescribe for a patient that I have not even seen."

He withdrew from the palace, and a few days later the young queen was dead. But the sacred laws of Spanish royal etiquette had been preserved without infringement.

A similar affair, but with a different denouement, took place a good many years ago in Russia. The late czarina, the mother of the present emperor of Russia, was shortly after her marriage attacked with a serious affection of the stomach.

The emperor rose from his chair, took Dr. Botkin by the arm and marched with him into the sick-room of the empress and straight up to her bedside. "There, doctor," he said, "examine your patient, and if any one pretends to interfere with you remember that you are obeying my commands."

"Your majesty," quoth Botkin, frankly, "I can not pretend to treat a patient that I am not permitted to examine. The empress is, I learn, in a very critical situation. I think I can save her, but to do so I must be allowed to go to work in my own way."

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Pleasant Mode of Traveling. Steambathing seems to have lost its former charms for the traveler, owing, I suppose, altogether to its slowness as compared with railroads.

Proclous Pearls, but Not Any Bread. "Certainly pearls are prized by the Mexicans. It is common to see girls there with strings of pearls around their necks which would fetch a large price in London.

The Umbrella as a Nightshade. People with weak eyes in New York, who go out of an evening where there are electric lights, carry parasols and umbrellas to protect their eyesight.

THE MOST PERILOUS VOCATIONS.

Trades That Are Exceedingly Dangerous to Health—Those Least Hurtful.

Labor performed in factories where the air is laden with irritating particles of dust, whether of vegetable or mineral origin, or where poisonous matters, such as arsenic, lead or mercury are used for coloring or other purposes...

The most perilous occupations, by the inhalation of irritating dust, are needle-makers, pin-pointers, cutlers, grinders, etc., since they inhale a mixture of metallic and mineral dust.

Workers in lead suffer greatly, and, like mercury, the poison affects women more readily than men. Copper-smiths of their trade, but the makers of bronze powder, which is the filings of copper or brass, are greatly broken in health.

Printers and pressmen usually work in badly ventilated rooms and take little exercise. Dyspepsia and diarrhoea are common among compositors.

Cement-makers find it impossible to work many consecutive days together. They have a persistent cough. Nine years is the limit at the trade of a cutter of millstones.

The dust of flour and meal to which the miller is constantly exposed has no effect on the respiratory tract. The only ailment is an irritation of the skin.

Feather ornament makers, who are mostly women, suffer greatly. Three years at the trade is the limit with great impairment to health.

Farming would seem to be the most healthful of all pursuits. The life is free from anxiety, but the fact is a painful one that their lives are shortened and made uncomfortable by the poorness of food they consume.

A class that are actually benefited in health by their profession is the tanners and leather-dressers, fat-renderers, lard-refiners, bone-boilers, glue-makers, pork-packers, soap-makers, oil-pressers and makers of cheese.

The manufacture of tobacco would seem to have no dangers beyond that of the absorption of nicotine by the system, for workmen claim exemption from inflammatory and epidemic diseases.

Irrigation in the Nile Country. Irrigation in the Nile country in Egypt is carried on as follows: First, a hole is dug in the ground to a level with the Nile river.

Had Been Painting in the Country. "Why, Palette, old boy," said Robinson, heartily, "where have you been lately—out of town?"

Overheard on the Train. "Morning paper, sir!" Old gent, angrily: "I have no use for a newspaper."

Two Correspondents Answered.

MARTIN F. TUPPER, Texas.—The poem to which you allude was written by Julia A. Moore, better known as the Sweet Singer of Michigan. The last stanza is something like this: "My childhood days are past and gone, And it fills my heart with pain, To think that youth will never more Return to me again."

Miss Moore also wrote a volume of poems, which the farmers of Michigan are still using on their potato bugs. She wrote a large number of poems, all more or less saturated with grief and damaged syntax.

LEONORA VIVIAN GOBB, Oleson's Forks, Ariz.—Yes. You can turn the front breadths, let out the tucks in the side plaiting and baste on a new dragoon where you caught the oyster stew in your lap at the party.

It Looked Squally for a While. [The Louisville Post.] A young lawyer, who has been recently married to a beautiful belle, was made the victim of a malicious anonymous letter that might have resulted seriously to his domestic happiness.

"In the Regular Army, O!" [Harper's Weekly.] Would-be Recruit—Now, Mr. Sergeant, you've told me all about the pay and clothing, and all that. How is it about the grub?

A Variation of the Compass in Georgia. [Lawrenceville (Ga.) Herald.] In the early history of Gwinnett two neighbors disagreed as to their land lines, and agreed to have the dividing line settled by the county surveyor.

A Toman Home. [Storyette.] When Mr. Morton was American minister to France, he was entertaining a party at dinner, among whom were several English swells and that great American raconteur, Tom Ochiltree.

Overheard on the Train. [Mail and Express.] "Morning paper, sir!" Old gent, angrily: "I have no use for a newspaper."

Major—Who is that young lady on the opposite side of the room? Widow—That is my daughter. This is her first season. She is not quite 19 yet.

Major—Will you introduce me? Widow—Certainly. Rosa, my dear, this is Maj. Guns. Major, my daughter Rosa.

Major—Good evening. And so you were in the war? Major—Yes; I enlisted immediately after the battle of Bull Run and served till the close.

Rosa—My poor dear father was killed in that battle. The major is now buried in deep thought.

A NEW STUFFING FOR FOWL.

A Purchaser Finds Fault With the Plumbing in His Turkey. [New York Tribune.] Purchasers of food in some of the downtown markets are not always sure of what they obtain.

"Did you wish a large or a small bird, sir?" said the proprietor, persuasively waving his hand toward an extensive array of turkeys of all sizes.

"Well, you see," said the buyer, confidentially, "I thought I'd give 'em a good solid dinner at home, and the family's pretty large, so I need a good deal."

"That's right," said the dealer, genially. "We have a fine line of young holiday gobblers. Here is a beautiful bird," he added, taking down a large turkey.

"After some bargaining and proof of the weight, the head of the large family made the purchase and departed with a light heart and a heavy turkey."

The next morning as the dealer in fowls was counting his gains his customer appeared wearing a rather sour expression, and laying a two pound coil of lead pipe on the counter he said deliberately: "When I buy a turkey I most generally expect to do the stuffing myself; any way not have 'em plugged up beforehand. I want to know how you explain that pipe which my wife found in the turkey you sold me last night!"

"How do you explain that pipe?" "You say you found this in the turkey?" Inquired the dealer examining the lead with great apparent interest.

"Oh, you can't fool me like that," said the angry purchaser of lead pipe. "You stuffed that pipe in the turkey to make it heavy, and you're a fraud."

"See here, my friend," said the dealer, impressively, leaning over the counter, "what is the matter with that bird? Don't its pipes draw well? Isn't the plumbing in that turkey good? Aren't the sanitary regulations perfect? And yet when everything about that turkey is A No. 1, and the drainage fine, you come around here and tell me I am a fraud. The trouble is, you want too much, but if you think you can come in and get a whole gas main with a twenty pound turkey, you're mistaken. Now get right out of here, or I'll put a lead pipe into you."

And the victim of the heavy-weight turkey didn't wait to talk any more, but he hurried sadly away.

What's that about plaster of paris curing hydrophobia? said Mrs. Pugmire; "I don't believe a word on't. Plaster of paris has no suctionary qualities, and wouldn't illuminate the poison half as well as a bread poultice. Don't you recollect the time your pa was snake-bit in Vermont, how we dosed him with whisky and poulticed his leg, and he got over it in a few days?"

"It isn't plaster of paris, ma," said Matilda. "There's a celebrated Doctor Pasteur living in Paris, who claims that he can prevent hydrophobia by inoculation, and lately four children who had been bitten by a mad dog were sent there from Newark to be treated."

"La, suz, is that so? Well, that was kind in the neighbors. And the little ones got back all safe and sound, did they? I do hope the treatment of this Dr. Pasteur will prove efficacious, but do you know, I haven't much faith in immaculation, anyway, even in smallpox."

Just then the door bell rang, Matilda's beau was admitted, and further scientific discussion was postponed.

"I can't let this girl travel over this road on that half-fare ticket," said the new conductor to the Widow Flapjack.

"Why not? What is the matter with my little girl?" "She is no child. She is more than half grown."

"Well, if that don't beat everything then I'll give it up. Here poor little Mamie has been traveling over this road on a child's ticket for the last ten years, and now all at once you say she is no child. That's a new way to worry the traveling public."

She paid full fare, and then the diminutive girl in the corner pulled herself out, so to speak, like a marmite telescope.

"Send out an alarm. My husband has been missing all night and all day!" frantically cried a little woman dressed in a faded red dress and green shawl, as she bounced into the police station.

"What kind of a looking man was he?" asked the sergeant. "Little short man, bald headed, gray clothes; nose most as red as yours."

"You will find him at the morgue. A man of that description was found drowned this morning." "Drowned! drowned! And it's all my fault! I told him to go and soak his head, and this is the first time he ever took my advice."

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