

## Consulting the Doctor.

Holmes, in the March *Atlantic* says: A queer discoloration about my forehead? Query, a bump? Can not remember any. Might have got it against the bed-post or something while asleep. Very unpleasant to look so.

I must consult somebody, and it is nothing more than fair to give our young doctor a chance. Here goes for Doctor Benjamin Franklin.

There were ophthalmoscopes, and rhinoscopes, and otoscopes, and laryngoscopes, and etethoscopes and thermometers, and spirometers, and dynamometers, and spynometers, and pleximeters, and probes, and probangs, and all sorts of frightful, inquisitive, exploring contrivances, and scales to weigh you in, and tests and balances, and pumps, and electro-magnets, and magneto-magneto machines; in short, apparatus for doing everything but turn you inside out.

Dr. Benjamin set me down before his one window and began looking at me with such a superhuman air of sagacity that I felt like one of those open breasted clocks which makes no secret of their inside arrangements, and almost thought he could see through me as one sees through a shrimp or a jelly fish. First he looked at the place inculcated, which had a sort of greenish brown color, with his naked eye, with such corrugation of forehead and fearful concentration of attention; then through a pocket glass which he carried. Then he drew back a space for a perspective view. Then he made me put out my tongue and laid a slip of blue paper on it which turned red and scared me a little. Next he took my wrist, but instead of counting my pulse in the old fashioned way, he fastened a machine to it that marked all the beats on a sheet of paper, for all the world like a scale of the heights of mountains, say from Mount Tom up to Chimborazo, and then down again, and then up again, and so on. In the meantime he asked me all sorts of questions about myself, and all my relatives, whether we had been subject to this and that malady, until I felt as if we must some of us have had more or less of them, and could not feel quite sure whether elephantiasis and beriberi and progressive locomotor ataxy did not run in the family.

## ABOUT MARRYING.

Do not marry any one to get rid of him, or to oblige him, or to save him. The man who would go to destruction without you would quite likely go with you, and perhaps drag you along also. Do not marry for a home and a living, when by burning up your corsets, and rolling up your sleeves, and taking care of your health, you can be strong enough to earn your own living, and provide a home for yourself. Do not let aunts, or fathers, or mothers, sell you for money or position into bondage, tears, and life-long misery, which you alone must endure. Do not place yourself habitually in the company of any suitor till you have decided the question of marriage; human wills are weak, and people often become bewildered, and do not know their error till it is too late. Get away from their influence, settle your head, and make up your mind alone. A promise may be made in an hour of half delirious ecstasy, which must be redeemed through years of sorrow, toil and pain. Do not trust your happiness in the keeping of one who has no heart, no head, no health. Do not look too high, unless you wish a companion who will despise you. Beware of insane blood, unless you wish children that will fill your life with sorrow, and close their own with suicide. Do not marry hastily, contrary to the wishes of parents, guardians and friends; you may refuse to marry at their bidding, but you have no right to rush hastily into wedded life against their counsel. Wait—a few months may make you thank heaven for their restraint and care. *Love can wait*; that which cannot wait is something of a very different character. Do not imagine that because two persons are miserable when apart they will live happy together. The "happy" is in the heart. Those who are happy when separated will be happier when united. —*The Christian*.

## Culpable Ignorance.

It is not at all strange that the English press should seize upon the recent report of the New York Commissioners of Pharmacy, and make it the subject of many a slurring article on the

culpable ignorance of American druggists' clerks. The fact that hardly a day passes that we do not hear of some person being poisoned through the carelessness or ignorance of some pill and powder tyro, is a good reason why all intelligent citizens should protest against the employment by druggists of such men as have not passed an examination before a competent and impartial body of men appointed for the purpose. When this is done we shall not be in constant and painful apprehension of taking oxalic acid in the disguise of epsom salts, or sugar of lead for magnesia.

New York has awakened to the absolute necessity of an examining board, and in that city no man is considered eligible for a place behind the druggist's counter who has not received a certificate of fitness from that body. The first six months' work of examination showed the dangers through which the public had passed in the ignorance of pharmaceutical science manifested by applicants for certificates. The simplest school-boy Latin was intelligible to only three out of hundreds of applicants, and a test prescription which mentioned as an ingredient the tincture of gentian, and followed by a certain proportion of infusion "ejusdem" (of the same), was handed back by an ambitious candidate, who said that where he worked they did not have "infusion of ejusdem," and in fact he was not acquainted with the drug, and didn't believe it was in the pharmacopoeia.

The same prescription was taken to every drug-store in Broadway, between Grand street and the Everett House. At this point in a drug-store there was a man found who had been twenty years in the business, and who could not understand the mystic word "ejusdem." It is time for a thorough reform in this matter. When we consider that only a small proportion of the druggist's blunders are publicly known, and that the results of what we do know are so terrible, we may well demand to be served by men who have knowledge of their business and will not deal out death to us when we are seeking for a panacea. —*Boston Globe*.

## The Avenger—The Way That Leads to Death.

About 12 o'clock on Sunday there entered this town from an easterly direction a male and female rider. They rode leisurely upon the public square, exciting no particular curiosity in the minds of those who saw them. After making some purchases at a confectionery in this place, and inquiring the nearest and best route to Horse Cave, the riders disappeared from town, taking the Glasgow road. Subsequently these persons proved to be Galen E. Taylor of Casey county, and the wife of George Lannum of the same county, all neighbors. They were fugitives from that in a matrimonial sense, Taylor having unlawfully possessed himself of Lannum's wife, and the two endeavoring to escape together. A short time after they had ridden from town, perhaps half an hour, a single horseman rode in their wake, passing hurriedly through the town, taking the direction of the before-mentioned parties. This was George Lannum, the husband of the woman, who, a couple of hours later, was brought into town a prisoner, he having overtaken and killed Taylor. The tragedy occurred at the residence of Mr. Joseph Dohoney, a worthy citizen of this county, residing two miles out on the Glasgow road. Taylor and the woman, when the husband appeared upon the scene, were seated at Mr. Dohoney's fireside, resting and awaiting bodily refreshments, which the family were preparing. The riders' horses had been stabled and the saddles left at the front of the house, and it was by these that Lannum knew that he had come up with the escaped. Dismounting, he advanced towards the house, and in passing up the yard was observed by Taylor through the window who had risen to his feet and was standing upright when Lannum entered. His entrance was the instant signal of hostilities, and without an interchange of words each drew a revolver, and the deadly firing began. Two of Lannum's shots took effect in Taylor's breast, in the region of the heart, producing death in less than thirty minutes. Lannum escaped with two bullets through the lappels of his coat and vest, and a slight wound on the back of his left hand. Lannum surrendered and was brought to jail, the wife accompanying. Taylor leaves a wife and seven children. —*Columbia (Ky.) Spectator*.

## A Sweet Subject.

The trouble with Indianapolis at present, and for some weeks past, is a matter of vile smells in various parts of the city—"Offenses rank which smell to heaven"—at which we have suddenly become incensed, as though after waiting for our noses a long time they had just come. Their stinks are divided into three classes—slaughter houses, starch factories, and skunk skin tanneries—the same being situated within the city limits. Of these three the slaughter house has been decided a nuisance *per se*, and ordered to abate. The skunk-skin tannery was decided a nuisance *per smell*, but not *per se*, and continues. The starch factory question is still in abeyance.

If I remember rightly, Cincinnati has experienced several eminent stinks in its time, and my own nose knows something of Si. Keck's Fertilizing Company's big smell, but I undertake to say you never had a skunk-skin tannery located in the bowels of your city. Although a jury of able-bodied citizens here has declared in favor of the odor *nephitis Americanus*, I still harbor a prejudice against skunks, and even at a suggestion of the tannery my gorge rises as though it were a Woodhull lecture. But paradoxical as it may appear, smell is more a matter of taste than any other of our six senses. Some noses riot in smells which would confound other noses. The subtle aroma of the onion is an offense to my olfactory, while the invisible spirit of assafetida is rather agreeable than otherwise. Witnesses in the starch factory nuisance case have sworn clear around the question of smell, some declaring in direct favor thereof, and others finding no terms in which to express their deep, illimitable, unchanging disgust. But the witness who swore the strongest in favor of the factory maintained that it did not smell at all—good, bad or indifferent—and the lawyers were for once nonplussed until one sharper than the rest asked the witness whether his nose was in good working order, and it then appeared that the man had not smelled anything for twenty-five years! —*Cincinnati Times*.

## YOUNG MEN SHRINKING FROM MARRIAGE.

Housekeeping cares and expenses are under discussion in the *New York Times*. The discrepancies in the estimates of different writers illustrate the artificial standards of taste and comfort. One correspondent complains that he can save nothing out of an income of \$5,000 a year. Another, who signs himself "A Sufferer," bitterly bewails the misery of his fate, that even with an annual income of \$10,000, with a house of his own to boot, and no children, and while living very inexpensively, too, he can save nothing. Another, more economical, is scandalized at such an estimate, and says: "I, sir, am glad to be able to spend upon a family of seven besides myself, suddenly thrown upon me for support, at the age of sixty-five, the sum of \$1,000 annually, without the background of a house of my own, even to live in, or any surety of any permanent income withal to cheer or sustain me. Why not call for a law to limit the percentage of rent to 10 per cent upon the tax valuation of rentable property in lieu of lamentations that are ludicrous?" "Germania," a fast young man upon a salary of \$1,500, says he "cannot afford the luxury of a wife," and an animated donkey, signing himself "Vaterland," indorses that sentiment, and refuses to "assume the risk of marriage," on the ground that our laws, giving women unusual and special privileges and rights, have made them so extravagant in spending money, and so useless for household work, that they have become spendmates instead of helpmates. Whereupon "A Married Yankee" puts an extinguisher upon them both, as follows:

"It seems to be a common mistake with young men to regard wives as luxuries, which they hope to purchase when in a position to do so. In that case they naturally regard them as expensive. No doubt there are women who look upon marriage as merely a means of being well provided for, but such are in the minority. The greater portion of American girls are willing to be helpmates to the men they love. If 'Germania' will get a wife of the right kind he will find this to be the case." The editor of the *Times* sums up the controversy by asserting that a family embracing, say, four children and two servants, keeping as good a table as American families are accustomed to keep, and giving their children a good education, showing the hospitality which all "middle class" Americans do, and without the luxury of horses or a carriage, can literally save nothing out of an income of \$5,000 per annum. All of which reminds us of a "little story," as Abraham Lincoln would say. Some twenty years ago a sister of the writer was talking over the vexed question of "family expenses" with the wife of

Schuyler, the great railroad magnate of the day. With tears in her eyes Mrs. Schuyler deplored the inevitable cost of living. "Here am I," she exclaimed, "economizing in every way, and yet my expenses for the past year have exceeded \$40,000." The fact is that the necessities of life are very few and very cheap; its luxuries infinitely numerous and expensive. But brave and earnest young men and women can always afford to marry after two or three years of preparation. Indeed, they cannot afford not to marry. "Two heads are better than one." We have a good deal of sympathy for poor Paddy, who refused to be dissuaded from matrimony by a disciple of Malthus, exclaiming, "Sure, I can almost support myself, and it's hard if the woman can't do a little!" We commend the story to "Germania." Truth lies between the two extremes. —*Woman's Journal*.

## THE GENERAL IRRIGATION BILL.

There have been during the last two or three years, several bills before Congress, asking grants of public lands to aid in the construction of canals and the sinking of artesian wells, whereby lands now arid and unproductive in various parts of the mountain Territories and the Pacific States, might be reclaimed and rendered fit for cultivation.

Among others there was a bill to incorporate and grant lands to a company proposing to take a canal from the Jefferson River into Helena and the Prickly Pear Valley.

It has been thought best by the Western Members to incorporate all these different requests into one; or rather to frame a general law which would meet all such cases, and grant to all companies who would undertake such works, a certain percentage of the lands reclaimed. We have not seen this bill, which we believe was gotten up by the Senators and Members from California and Nevada, and the Territorial Delegates, but we see by the dispatches that Mr. Kendall, the Democratic Member for Nevada, has opened the debate upon it and made a speech in favor of the bill and its general principles.

It seems to us that Congress must take a favorable view of this proposition. The Members from the States named and all the Territorial Delegates have a general understanding in regard to it and will heartily and unanimously support its general principles. The other Members of Congress must see that without irrigation, such lands are valueless, and that only large companies can take water on them; and that unless water is taken on them, they never would be settled by individual enterprise.

In Utah, where large numbers of men were controlled and directed by a single head, and their united labor made available for a common purpose, the Mormon authorities were enabled to plan and construct these canals in a manner that never could have been done by voluntary combinations of free individuals, such as are expected to settle up the lands of other Territories, similarly situated and with similar necessities for irrigation.

If properly framed and guarded, so that neither the lands nor the water can be monopolized by the companies formed under it, a vast amount of productive land could be brought into cultivation under the provisions of such an act as we may suppose this to be. While we cannot commit ourselves blindly to the endorsement of a bill, the provisions of which we have not seen, we do not hesitate to express our hearty endorsement of the principles on which it is framed, and our hearty wish that they may be embodied in a proper law. —*Helena Gazette*.

EDUCATION OF THE TOES.—Japanese, Chinese artisans, and Bedouin Arabs are almost quadrumanal, as from continued practice they use their toes nearly as readily as their fingers. Short and cramped as they are in our stiff leather shoes, we have scarcely any will-power over them. But Chinese and Japanese workmen actually pick up tools with their toes, and work with them thus handled, while other operations are conducted with other instruments in their hands.

We have often seen chisels held by a long handle with the left hand, while the toes guided the cutting edge in turning beautiful forms in a lathe, in Constantinople. Workmen there are always seated on the ground, even in planing a board. Arabs braid ropes with their toes and fingers, laboring in concert. It is therefore positively certain that the toes may be educated to act with rapid movements. By practice they become obedient to volition, and yet wise physiological authors hardly admit the possibility of teaching muscles to act just as millions of mechanics in those distant countries have been exercising their toes through hundreds of Asiatic generations. So much for theoretical science. —*N. Y. Evening Mail*.

A queer trot took place at Smith's Falls, Ontario, lately. A crippled boy drove a Newfoundland dog harnessed to a seventy-pound sleigh against a local trotter, standing start, and Bruno allowed two rods at the outcome. The dog won three straight heats. The distance was forty rods.