

CASTOR OIL.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he does not recollect the castor oiling which his poor machine used to undergo at stated periods of his life? To castor-oil a child of two to seven years of age requires three or four strong women, a spoon, a magnum bottle of the fluid, a lump of sugar, a towel, a jumping-jack and a seraphic temper. The first motion is to endeavor to ring in the medicine on the unsuspecting babe thinly disguised in milk. This manoeuvre failing, you parley with the enemy and attempt to corrupt its infantile integrity with bribes of pa's gold watch, imperial revenues of small change, and Hesperides of small oranges. After having tempted it thrice to put the spoon of Tantalus to its lips, it refuses point blank to touch the nasty thing. Thereupon your surcharged indignation finds vent in corporeal chastisement of the rebellious infant. It howls. Peace being restored, you bring up reinforcements, and, strategy and diplomacy having failed, determine to accept nothing but unconditional surrender, and prepare to march at once upon the enemy's works. A grand combined attack is made. The left wing firmly holds the child's hands. The right wing pinches its nose, so as to compel it to open its mouth, into which the centre pours a deadly fire from the spoon. Meanwhile the reserves holds up a lump of sugar, commiserately saying "poor 'titi tootsy-pootsy, was it nassy medley, eh?" and keeps the towel ready. The baby yells and chokes, the young mother, afraid of killing it, lets go of its nose, the infant, catching breath, discharges the whole dose upon her, and ruins all the front breadths of her black silk, and follows up its advantage by so heart-breaking a yell that the attacking party surrenders at discretion and calls it "poor, injured, mamie's o'n tootens, and it won't take any more nassy castor oil, if it don't want to." A treaty of peace is then ratified, whereby the infant is ceded immunity from castor oil, and ample indemnity of lollipop, and then the mother enters into a war with the infant's grandmother, who vigorously reprehends the weakness exhibited in dealing with children nowadays. People have tried all sorts of experiments. Taken it in milk; in soda water; from a hot spoon; every way. But no later Franklin has ever been able to overcome and annihilate the nastiness of taking castor oil. It has a sluggish, cold, aperiient look about it, like an ill-omened pool in a deadly swamp. It uncoils itself into the fatal spoon like a boiled rattle-snake. It tastes like molten graveyards, and one's gorge rises at it as if it were one of Mrs. Woodhull's lectures. But the feeling, when it has been achieved, is that one's inside is full of earth-worms and cork-screws.—*Ex.*

CLERICAL SCANDALS.

It is with extreme regret that the journalist, interested in the permanence and strictness of social institutions, feels obliged to comment on the gross immorality prevalent in society. The regret becomes all the deeper when that immorality crops out in quarters to which society naturally looks for the most shining examples of continence, temperance and all other cardinal virtues. Poor, imperfect human nature instinctively seeks with longing eyes to find a bright exemplar, the effulgence of which will shed light on its own dark and stumbling steps. But when the ambassadors of the Lord are found to hide under their sacred gowns passions no less rampant and ungovernable than those against which they threaten the terrors of hell in their weekly sermons, even the optimist may be pardoned for a tear of anguish, and the cynic for a sneer more steeped in vitriol than before. Were the Protestant clergy, like their Catholic brethren, debarred from a natural and legitimate channel for the relief of human instincts, their derelictions could be palliated; but when a lawful outlet in alliance with the sacred vows they have taken on themselves is only as the withes that bound Sampson, there must be indeed something rotten in the church.

For several months past the public journals have been full of this sort of bon-bons for the morbid taste of the lovers of sensation. Nearly every large city in the country has furnished at least one flagrant case of unbridled licentiousness among the brethren of the gown. These trumpeters in the army of the church militant have fol-

lowed the injunction of the Bible, to be as wise as serpents, but not to be as innocent as doves. They have looked on the lambs of the flocks over which they have been set not as things to be tenderly guarded and nurtured, but as legitimate spoil for their own private appetites.

The case of the reverend rascal Ribble, whose salacious pranks at Shabona in this State have just come to light, is a worthy supplement to the many others which have been going the rounds of the prints. The beastly details of this clerical wolf's exploits are not fit to be alluded to except in the most general terms, though, to give even the devil his due, they are not a whit worse than those developed in the Baltimore and St. Louis scandals, which were so quietly hushed up so far as the power of the church could prevent their discussion.

The clergyman, like the physician, has extraordinary facilities for the commission of a certain class of crimes, and those facilities are such as to heap double damnation on him if he is sufficiently diabolical to make use of them. One peculiar feature of such cases generally is, that the reverend sinner aims to rifle the sweetness of the very flower and budding life of the congregation. One worthy deacon, in commenting on the R. verend Ribble's exploits, is said to have bewailed with an almost laughable earnestness the fact that it was only the tender lambs which seemed to suit the fastidious appetite of the ministerial Lethario. If it were only the bell-wethers, the old maids, the scrawny and antiquated matrons, there would be no matter of special complaint. But that the parson who was commanded by spiritual injunction to think not what he should eat and drink, should be such a gourmet as to prefer lamb to mut on—that was the last hair that broke the camel's back. The worthy deacon did not reflect as to the practicability of the suggestion, and failed to recall the fact that the extraordinary and overweening confidence placed in clergymen, while it is an effectual barrier to the honorable man, leaves an open gateway for hidden lusts. Clergymen may be reasonably supposed to be as fastidious in their amorous tastes as the Gentile outside of the pale of the community.

Two pressing suggestions forced on the mind by this and similar cases are the extreme laxity which has commenced to govern certain denominations in accepting candidates for sacred orders, and the mildness with which lesser offences that infallibly lead to greater ones are excused. Caesar's wife should be above suspicion, and the first stain that sullies the clerical ermine is a blot that never can be expunged. Ecclesiastical commissions may attempt, on the ground of expediency, to pronounce the charges false or exaggerated, but if there is the slightest proof of such indiscretion it should ever debar the accused from continuing in his sacred office. The facts in the past life of the man Ribble show that similar exploits were whitewashed at former times by the official actions of denominational bodies, and that instead of being branded on his forehead he was turned loose to seek "green fields and pastures new." Until the action of denominational bodies becomes inspired by a rigid severity, by scrupulous care in warning their brethren abroad of the character of the wolves in sheep's clothing, Christians may expect to be scandalized week by week and month by month with these examples of clerical depravity.—*Chicago Times.*

RESUSCITATION OF DROWNED PERSONS.

At a late meeting of the Chicago Board of Health, among the most important of the many interesting topics discussed, was the best and most feasible method to be pursued for the resuscitation of drowned persons. The following is the plan proposed by Dr. Howard, of Chicago, which is known as the direct method. Statistics show that this mode of treatment has been uniformly successful, and that it has often fanned the faintest vital spark into the vigorous flame of life. The only thing necessary to save a drowned person taken from the water within a reasonable period of time, say ten or fifteen minutes, is to follow the directions here set forth, act with energy and decision, and above all keep cool:

"To Clear the Mouth and Throat to the Lungs: On the recovery from the water, instantly cut or rip all clothing free from about the waist, stretch the body on the ground on its face, its right wrist

beneath its forehead, and a large, hard roll of clothing beneath the pit of the stomach. Enwrap your right forefinger and thumb with your pocket handkerchief, with which to mop out the mouth, seize the tongue and hold it out while an assistant presses with all his weight for half a minute upon that part of the back over the roll of clothing. This position gives complete drainage from the stomach and chest to the mouth. The pressure forces out accumulations in the stomach and throat, and so clears the track for the air to reach the lungs. This, so far, is but one step preparatory to artificial breathing, and should not occupy over one minute.

"The Position of the Body for Artificial Breathing: Quickly turn the body upon its back, with the arms beside the head, and the hard roll of clothing placed beneath the ribs so as to throw the pit of the stomach as prominently forward as possible. The tongue must be kept held out, as before, during all the future steps of recovery.

"The position of the Operator: Kneel astride the body, facing its head. Place the palms of your hands upon the most prominent parts of the ribs, just below the pit of the stomach, so that your fingers fit into the grooves between the short ribs and the fore and lower part of the chest. At the same time keep your elbow firmly against your sides.

"The Motions of the Operator: Now using your knees as a pivot, throw your whole weight forward, and, at the same time, grasp the waist, squeezing its sides together and upwards, as if you wanted to force the contents of the chest out of the mouth. Let this motion occupy you while you count one, two, three; then suddenly let go count one more, which is four—that allows time enough for the ribs to spring back into place. Then begin again, repeating the motions as before, to the time of one, two, three, four, making each set of motions about ten or fifteen times a minute. This is the entire process of artificial breathing, and it must never be forgotten that this is the first and chief, if not the only reliance. In this way you make the body breathe until it is able to take breath for itself.

"Other means of Help: While the breathing is being done for the body, it should be stripped, and each limb thoroughly well rubbed with the hands of some bystanders. As soon as the patient begins to breathe naturally, which may occur in from five to sixty minutes, give a teaspoonful of brandy and water, or other stimulus, every five minutes, continuing the friction for about a quarter of an hour longer, after which it is better to put the patient to bed, wrapped in warm blankets, with plenty of fresh air to breathe."

The Open Polar Sea.

The open Polar sea must be discovered soon, if at all. At least so argues a writer in *Nature*, an English periodical, who believes the sea will soon cease to exist. Land is said to be rising everywhere between the Pole and the fifty-seventh parallel, and the greatest movement is at the Pole itself. Some interesting facts are quoted in support of this theory. Pliny said that Scandinavia was an archipelago, and spoke of bold seamen who had circumnavigated the group of Islands. Ptolemy confirmed the statement. Celecius said, in the seventeenth century, that Norway was rising at the rate of forty inches a year. Sir Charles Lyell indorses the theory. The water level in the Gulf of Bothnia falls one foot every fifteen years. Near Gefle there are low pastures where old men remember seeing boats afloat. Near Stockholm, seventy feet above the level of the sea, the remains of shell fish identical with the present coast species are found. At Soduleige, ninety feet above high water, there is a bed of sand which contains some wrecked boats and an old anchor. In the interior of Spitzbergen, skeletons of whales have been unearthed above sea level. The fishermen say that the land has risen so much that the shallowness of the water has driven away the right whale, which, once abundant, is now rarely seen. On the Pacific, the shores around Behring Straits are low and flat, but, a mile or two back there are ranges of bluffs, parallel with the coast, and containing innumerable shells of the littoral species. If the theory is true, it offers us a curious case of compensation.—While the ocean is washing away Great Britain, France, Holland, and New England, away to the north the continents are encroaching on the sea. The only thing to regret is, that the process cannot be reversed, and Neptune enriched

at the expense of the frozen north, and to the gain of the more habitable south.—*Ex.*

THE RUSH THROUGH LIFE.

We are forcibly reminded of the fast age in which we live, and still faster spirit that propels the people of the Pacific Coast, and of California in particular, as we study the restless crowd which travel on the ferry between Oakland and San Francisco. Instead of sitting down quietly and contentedly, making the trips easy and pleasant, there is a continual moving to and fro, a restless commotion, an anxious uneasiness which manifests itself in look and action; and when far from the landing, at the sound of the engineer's bell to stop the machinery, a rush is made for the end of the boat nearest the wharf, where the crowd is only kept back by drawing a line across the boat. When the boat is at last made fast and the barrier removed, a tremendous rush is made, as if a prize awaited the first to land, or a contagious disease was behind them. We have watched and wondered; and asked "Why this hurly-burly-rush through life? Why this anxious, feverish, restless and mad way of living? Why not take life easy, quietly and coolly? Is it the atmosphere we breathe on this Pacific Slope that keeps us charged full of electricity, forcing us along at the terrible velocity we are all going? Sometime the vital force will give out and the physical machinery will suddenly drop to pieces. We had far better go slow now, than to be suddenly stopped entirely in our career. Nature's laws cannot be violated with impunity. What we sow, that shall we reap.

How much better for health, long life, present happiness and enjoyment is the slow and sure plodding way of our English cousins. Their slow way is more certain of future competence. Why should we be in such a hurry to get rich? What are riches but care and trouble? Is it all of life to accumulate wealth? What a sad mistake we are all making; literally throwing life away. If this fleeting existence is all there is of life, then ought we to fill up our days with all the happiness we can, for life is but a span, very short at the longest, far too short to go rushing through it, chasing a Will-o-the-Wisp in the rush for great wealth.

If this existence is not all there is of life, then, indeed, should we devote a portion of our days to soul culture, for the life that is eternal. If this is but the preparatory existence, then do we perpetrate a crime upon ourselves by neglecting the higher life cultivation. In any event we outrage our moral and physical nature and being, by denying to ourselves the pleasures of life.—*Oakland Transcript.*

"Old maid" signifies a woman who has been made a long time.

Said the guest at a hotel to the waiter, "If that was coffee, bring me tea; but if that was tea, bring me coffee."

A second Spurgeon has been discovered in the person of Rev. Alexander McLaren, of Manchester, England.

Ice was positively found on a pond in Cheshire, England, during the second week of the last month, so bleak and cold has the weather been in England.

I have nothing to do with death's coming. My business is to live as long as I can and as well as I can, until the Lord shall think proper to call me home.—*Rev. Wm. Tennent, Sr.*

Chemist—"Well, here's the two draughts. This one's for your good man, and the other's for the cow. If you haven't money enough to pay for both you had better take one."

Wife—"Well, well, as you say; so I think I'd perhaps better take the bottle for the cow."

Sometime ago a gentleman seeing an extraordinary mass of deformity wiggling about in the streets of London accosted it, and asked how it managed to get a living.

"Why, sir, I gets run over by the carriages of the nobility and gentry, and they gives me compensation, and I does pretty well."

One of the down-trodden in Indiana lately applied for a divorce, and the judge intimated his intention to decide against her. The lady, alarmed, began to shed tears, and her dignified counsel, edging his chair close to hers, whispered: "That's right, cry, cry like the d—and you'll get your decree." In less than ten minutes she was made a female sole.