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PAIR. Vatch Chains MALARIA.

A few physicians in the United States now distinguish between malaria and typhoid fever in the early stages of each by what is esteemed an absolutely certain diagnosis. The blood from a pin prick upon the patient's body is smeered on a glass plate and placed under a microscope. If the characteristic bacillus of malaria is discovered the proof is taken as conclusive. This method of diagnosis will be employed more than ever this fall, as city folks are already returning from the country laden with disease germs, and the knowledge of the method is spreading among physicians.

GLASS-MAKING.

GLASS-MAKING.

The art of glass manufacture is probably nearly as old as the world itself. Specimens of glass work of a superior sort have been found in the ruins of the most ancient Egyptian cities, and representations of glassblowers abound in the oldest sculptures. In ancient Rome glassware was highly prized, and its manufacture was carefully studied and cultivated. In the middle ages the great glass center of the world for many years was Venice. The city long kept the glass-making art a secret, but finally it was discovered, and then Venice had to suffer brisk competition from England, France and Bohemia. The latter was for a long time Venice's strongest rival, and up to the time of English fint or lead glass, the Bohemian glass was the finest in the world, according to the American Importer. nerican Importer.

SOME QUAINT EPITAPHS. The following in Penrith Churchyard is afreshing in these days of deceit on account

'Here lies the man Richard and Mary his wife: wife: surname was Pritchard, and they lived without strife. eason was plain—they abounded in

They had no care nor pain, and the wife wore the breeches."

The owner of this inscription, now resting in Hebburn Churchyard, was probably a democrat and had some little opinion of

"This humble monument will show, Here lies an honest man; You kings, whose heads are now as low, Rise higher if you can."

Rise higher if you can."

John Dale was a courageous man. This is the epitaph over his remains in Bakewell Churchyard, Derbyshire:

"Know posterity that on the 8th of April, in the year of grace 173", the rambling remains of John Dale were, in the 86th year of his pligrimage laid upon his two wives.

This thing in life might raise some jealousy; Here all three lie together lovingly."

One epitaph in Hiracombe Churchyard ows faith:

"Ween not for me, my friends so does."

ows faith:

"Ween not for me, my friends so dear,
Iam not dead, but sleeping here;
My debt is paid, my grave is free,
And in due course you'll come to me."

Not far from this we have an example of
quiet self-glorification:

"Here lies a kind and loving wife,
A tender nursing mother—
A neighbor free from brawl and strife,
A pattern for all others."

Evidently marriage was not a failure in
this case.

What follows was formerly on a tomb-stone in St. Thomas' Churchyard, Salis-

bury:
"Here lies three babes dead as nits,
"Here lies three babes dead as nits,

"Here lies three babes dead as nits,
God took them off in agic fits;
They was too good to live wi'we,
So be took 'em off to live wi''ee."
Who dares utter the foul slander that it
requires a surgical operation to get a joke
into the head of a Scotchman? Let him or
her cast an oge over the following and then
sit silent forever. It is on a graveatone in
Stonebaven Churchyard:

Stonehaven Churchyard:

"The place whaur Betty Cooper lies
Is here or here about:
The place whaur Betty Cooper lies
There's neen can fin it out;
The place where Betty Cooper lies
There's neen on earth can tell,
Till at the resurrection day,
When Betty tells herse!.

-[London Funeral Directors' Journal,

ROMANCE IN THE DIAMOND FIELD. That truth is stranger than fiction is witnessed by the almost incredible diversities or fortune actually experienced in real life that would be regarded as too fanciful to be embodied in a romance. The career of Sir Cecil John Rhodes aftords an instance Sir Ceeil John Rhodes aflords an instance illustrating this axiom once more in a striking fashion, the more noticeable because of the high position he creditably fills in one of England's most progressive colonies. Twenty years ago Sir Cecil—then known, when known at all, simply as "Rhodes"—was associated with two other "pards" in the ownership of certain claims in the Kimberley diamond fields of South Africa. Of these three members of the partnership of two decades ago, one has since been hanged; another has sunk down to the condition of a common pauper, begging on the highway when not in the workhouse; and the third is Sir Cecil John Rhodes, ex-Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and the richest man in Africa.

and the richest man in Africa.
What are the causes and conditions that What are the causes and conditions that lie behind results so diverse? There must be some capalt element in the history of such a case, but just where it abides can hardly be discerned with absolute certainty. Here are torce young men, 'probably of the same race and breeding and near enough alike in natural gifts and acquired abilities to join in a common enterpise in a new country where neither would be necessarily hampered or helped by, existing surroundings more than the others, and yet one achieves the highest possible success while the others fall and fall into the extremity of disaster. What was there to favor theone and to crush the life out of the others? Why was it that the two with the same start in life should go down to destruction instead of gaining a strong foothold in the world as their companiend did? They could not be, as he is, severally the richest man in Africa or severally Prime Minister of Cape Town Colony, but they might have He behind results so diverse? There must

made respectable positions for themselves and have gained at least an honest living. What lacked they that they should go the wrong way persistently, the one to a dis-graceful death and the other to a hardly less diagraceful life of ignominy? The answer of wisdom and experience will be that they leaked character.

DID NOT SAY SO.

The Rev. Charies H. Sparen was also allowed the second part of the secon

WITH THE POETS.

BE TRUE.

Listen, my boy, I've a word for you, And this is the word, "Be true! be true!" At work or at play, in darkness or light, Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

'List, little maid, I've a word for you,
Tis the very same, 'Be true, be true!'
For truth is the sun, and falsehood the night
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right.

Poor little home, I am come back again!
Poor little rooms the mother made so gay!
Ah! what wild! hopes were whirling in my

brain, How rich my day dreams when I went away! Poor little home, I am come back again! White is the cover of my baby-bed,

White is the cover of my baby-bed,
And flowering creepers wave a lullaby;
Some heavenly memory of the April's dead,
Whispering in their soft sprays continuall
White is the cover of my baby-bed. And in my heart a slender hope is born Responsive to those memories of yere;

A touch of higher faith and finer scorn

Curls the mute lips I thought would smile no

more, And in my heart a slender hope is born. So, mother, in the stillness, close by thee,
I drop my head, and feel the old caress;
And as I were a child upon thy knee,
My overmastering troubles I confess,
Here, mother, in the stillness, close by thee,

"And let us part no more at all," I cry. Sole comfort of my sorrowful twenty year
For while I cling to thee, thou knowest why
The ache subsides, the terror disappears. 'And let us part no more at all," I cry.

The air about us draws a sigh of peace,
Making the stars throb in the firmament;
And all the sick creation falls on ease,
The petals close, the noisy winds are spent.
The air about us draws a sigh of peace.
—Ada Negri.

WET WEATHER TALK.

It hain't no use to grumble and complain: It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice; When God sorts out the weather and sends w'y, rain's my choice.

W'y, rain's my choice.

Men gener'ly, to all intents—
Although they're apt to grumble some—
Puts most their trust in Providence
And takes things as they come—
That is, the commonality
Of men that's lived as long as me
Has watched the world enough to learn
They're not the boss of this concern.

With some, of course, it's different-I've saw the young men that knowed it all,
And didn't like the way things went

On this terrestrial ball;
But all the same, the rain, some way,
Rained jest as hard on picnic day;
Er, when they railly wanted it,
It mayby wouldn't rain a bit.

It mayby wouldn't rain a bit.

In this existence, dry and wet
Will overtake the bost of men—
Some little skift o'clouds'll shet
The sun off now and then.

And mayby, whiles you're wundern
who
You've fool-like lent your umbreil' to
And want it, out'll pop the sun,
And you'll be glad you hain't got none.

And you'll be giad you hain a go alose
It aggervates the farmers, too—
They's too much wet, or too much sun,
Er work, er waitin' round to do
Before the plowin's done.
And mayby, like as not, the wheat,
Jest as ic's lookin' hard to beat,
Will ketch the storm—and jest about
The time the corn's a-jintin' out.

The time the chromagness af colin round —
And back and crups!—and wind and rain!—
And yet the corn that's wailer'd down
May elbow up sgain!—
They hain't no sense, as I can see,
Fer mortals, such as us, to be
A faultin' Natchur's wise intents,
And lockin' horns with Providence.

It hain't no use to grumble and complane; It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice. When God sorts out the weather and sends

W'y, rain's my choice.
-James Whitcomb Riley.

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cocasions.

**CAPTURED BY, A COACHMAN.

The mania among some wealthy young women for eloping with coachmen bas spread to Russia. The only daughter of Prince Xernatofeff, of Moscow, has furnished the latest instance of the craze. She has fled from the parcital roof with the young man who drove the family coach, and in order to provide against poverty during the honeymoon she took 100,000 of Papa Xernatofeff's roubles with her. Not one can account for the infatuation, but it can be seen at a glance why she should be anxious to change her name.

**HOW SHE REDUCED HER WEIGHT

A young English girl sflicted with an undesirable amount of adipose tissue has succeeded in ridding herself of a large amount of it, without injuring her health, by following the regimen given below. She began by getting up at 6 o'clock every morning and taking a three-mile walk before breakfast, without considering the weather. At 9 o'clock she has a large cup of coilee, with very little sugar, and a slice of dry bread. Then she occupied herself as she liked until 2 o'clock, when more bread and some vegetables composed her meal. At 4:30 she was off for another long walk, followed by a cup of tos and a few dry biscuits. Ninety days of this regimen reduced her weight from 185 to 145 pounds.

**HONOR TO THE OLD WOMEN.

The old woman has advantages that are denied to the young. In one sense she shares the privileges of childhood, while she receives the honor and deference due to an qleir. If known to be discreet, she is the receipent of many confidences, and her advice is freely sought on the most important affairs of life. If a matron, she is the receives the honor and deference due to an qleir. If known to be discreet, she is the receives the honor and deference due to an qleir. If known to be discreet, she is the receives the honor and deference due to an qleir. If known to be discreet, she is the receives the honor and deference due to an qleir. If known to be discreet, she is the receives the honor and deference due to an qleir. If known to

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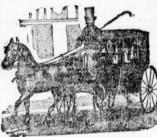
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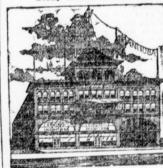
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