

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

The Secret Which a Flemish Physician Has Discovered.

The secret of long life has been once again seen discovered, this time in Flanders; and if we read aright the meaning of the announcement now made, there is nothing to prevent any one from becoming a centenarian, provided he will do as he is told by the erudite Dr. Bargraeve, who professes physic in the University of Ghent. Not only does the Flemish doctor proclaim long life to be a thing attainable in certain circumstances, but he offers it at a rate so cheap that to any one ambitious of out living his welcome in the world, it would be the veriest folly not to accept the gift. The medicine is not protected by a patent, though the fortunate proprietor might, by selling what most men wish to buy, have grown rich beyond the dreams of avarice. It is no elixir of life, no Cagliostro's drops, no fountain of perpetual youth, such as that which Ponce de Leon sought in Florida, and Sir John Mandeville drank of on the shore of Malabar, albeit he died of arthritic gout, the miraculous draught notwithstanding; Dr. Bargraeve's medicine is nothing more recondite than common salt. Eat salt in sufficient quantity, and, so far as years are concerned, there is nothing to prevent any one from becoming a Sir Moses Montefiore or an Old Parr, or even from reaching the age of Thomas Dammer, who is said to have died at 154 or of Peter Torton, who declared though he did not produce a parish register, that he was close on 184 the year before he gave up his mind to go over to the majority. Is salt, the Ghentish doctor affirms, is the great panacea for every ill that flesh is heir to. Good health, it is his opinion, is not a matter of chance or constitution; the laws which regulate human life are very simple, all that we have to do is to take care that they shall develop themselves without obstruction. Salt will enable us to do this. If the blood is too rich salt will purify it. If the blood is too poor salt will thicken it. Culprits who have been punished by been compelled to eat unsalted bread have almost invariably died. The want of salt caused the outbreak of a terrible epidemic in Saxony, and Russian peasants, when threatened by the plague, have saved themselves by putting salt in their milk. Cholera will flee before salt. Consumption can be mastered by it. Old age is comparatively powerless in the face of two thirds of an ounce of sodium chloride a day. Therefore, he invites all to swallow this frugal physic and if not tired of the world at three score and ten go on living until centenarians are as common as fools, and insurances companies are threatened with insolvency by annuitants who continue on the funds to an age for which the actuaries of the past have made no provisions.

THE NEW LAND CAMPAIGN.

Dublin Dec. 2.—To frustrate the landlords' endeavors to seize rents by means of garnishee orders served on tenants, amended instructions have been issued on the plan of the rent campaign, advising the trustees to convey the money to persons of assured integrity, but possess of no property, whom a garnishee order will not affect. This proposition has already been taken in regard to twenty seven proprietors. Two hundred and thirty tenants in Lord de Freyne's Sligo estate to day paid their rents, less 20 per cent, to Mr. Redmond, Canon Donohue and Father Henry and Felan, as trustees, the agent of the estate refusing to grant the reduction. Fee payments were made in an orderly and business like manner. Total amount exceeds \$5,000. Mr. Redmond, in a speech, said the moment Lord de Freyne decided to accept the money it would be turned over to him. If he tried eviction the tenants would make it hot for him. The tenants on estates in Donegal and Tyrone are adopting the plan of campaign where reductions of rent are refused.

IMAGINATION AND SICKNESS.

Two young girls were at dinner at their home in Marseilles, when they were told that a special friend of theirs had died the previous night of cholera. At once they became very nervous, and left the table precipitately, ordered a cab and told the driver to take them as fast as possible to the town of Aix, some distance from Marseilles. When the cab got outside the city, the coachmen looked through the window to ask the address of the place to which he was to go. He saw one of the girls in convulsions and the other utterly unconscious. In his turn the driver got frightened, abandoned the cab, and ran about like a madman. When the police, who were sent for arrived and opened the

cab, they found one girl dead and the other dying. A little way up the road they found the coachman lying on his face dead.

WHERE THE APOSTLES REST.

Church authorities state that the remains of the Apostles of Christ are now in the following places: Seven are in Rome—SS. Peter, Philip, James the Lesser, Jude, Bartholomew, Matthias, and Simon, Three are in the Kingdom of Naples—St. Matthew at Salerno, St. Andrew at Amalfi, and St. Thomas at Ortano. One is in Spain—St. James the Greater, whose remains are at St. Jago de Compostella. Of the body of St. John the Evangelist, the remaining one of the twelve, there is no knowledge. The Evangelists SS Mark and Luke are also in Italy; the former at Venice, and the latter at Padua. St. Peter's remains are of course, in the great church which is called after him, as are also those of SS. Paul, Simon, and Jude. Those of St. James the Lesser and St. Philip are in the Church of the Holy Apostles. St. Bartholomew's are in the church on the island in the Tiber called after him; St. Matthias' are in the Santa Maria Maggiore, under the great altar of the renowned basilica.

THE CASPIAN SEA ON FIRE.

An American Traveller Describes a Sail Through its Billows of Flames.

The shores of the Caspian abound in naphtha springs extending for miles under the sea, the imprisoned gases of this volatile substance often escaping from fissures in its bed and bubbling up in large volumes to the surface. This circumstance has given rise to the practice of 'setting the sea on fire,' which is thus described by an American traveller: 'firing a steam barge we put out to sea, and after a lengthy search found at last a suitable spot. Our boat having moved round to windward, a sailor threw a bundle of burning wax into the sea, when floods of light dispelled the surrounding darkness. No fireworks, no illuminations are to be compared to the sight that presented itself to our gaze. It was as though the sea trembled convulsively amidst thousands of shooting dancing tongues of flame of prodigious size. Now they emerged from the water now they disappeared, at one time they soared aloft and melted away, at another gusts of wind divided them into bright streaks of flame, the foaming bubbling billows making music to the scene. In compliance with the wishes of some of the spectators, our barge was steered towards the flames and passed right through the midst of them, a somewhat dangerous experiment, as the barge was employed for the transport of naphtha, and was pretty well saturated with the fluid. However, we escaped without accident and gazed for an hour longer at the unwonted spectacle of a sea on fire.

THE HORNET'S WAY.

Bill Nye's Tender Recollections of a Meeting with the Playful Insect

'Last fall,' said Bill Nye, 'I desired to add to my collection a large hornet's nest. I had an embalmed tarantula and her porcelain-lined nest; and I desired to add to these the gay and airy home of the hornet. I procured one of the large size after cold weather, and hung it in my cabinet by a string. When warm weather came something reminded me of it. I think it was a hornet. He jugged my memory in some way that called my attention to it. Memory is not located where I thought it was. It seemed as though whenever he touched me he awakened a memory—a warm memory with a red place all round it. Then some more came and began to rake up old personalities. I remember that one of them lit on my upper lip. He thought it was a rosebud. When he went away it looked like a gladiolus bulb. I wrapped a wet sheet around it to take out the warmth and reduce the swelling, so that I could go through the folding doors and tell my wife about it. Hornets lit all over me and walked around on my person. I did not dare to scrape them off because they are so sensitive. You have to be very guarded in your conduct toward a hornet, I remember once while I was watching the busy little hornet gathering honey and June bugs from the bosom of a rose, years ago, I stirred him up with a club, more as a practical joke than anything else, and he came and lit in my sunny hair—that was when I wore my own hair—and he walked around through my gleaming tresses quite a while, making tracks as large as a watermelon all over my head. If he hadn't run out of tracks my head would look like a load of summer squashes. I remember I had to thump my head against the smokehouse in order to smash him, and I had to comb him out with a fine

comb and wear a waste paper basket two weeks for a hat. Much has been said of the hornet, but he has an odd, quaint way after all, that is forever new.'—Buffalo News.

Lady Randolph Churchill is quoted by 'The Pilot' as writing recently to a friend at Girtou that 'In spite of the scientific influences now brought to bear on women, we still like admiration, for which I thank unchanging Mother Nature. For what would life be without admiration, flirtation and love. Why should poor human nature, especially its tenderer portion, be worried and worn by this everlasting race after culture, display and effect. After all, we are nothing but poor mortals, and if we become dissatisfied with nature and human nature, as thousands of us are, we shall indeed have to acknowledge our wretchedness. There is, I am sorry to say, a terrible straining after the emotional, while nature's simplicity is forgotten. We are not satisfied with ourselves; lots of us want to be other people, and other people want to be other things. The Tree of Knowledge is in full bearing, but the fruit is not satisfying.'

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