

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Lord Mayor of London has received an appeal from a "very Indian" of the Brahmin caste which gives an illustration of what is called baboo English and suggests at the same time a very simple and direct method of solving the terrible bread and butter problem.

So if I have at least £2,000 as a capital for my large, poor and pitiable family I can invest this amount in the safest bank, and I can maintain my large, poor and pitiable family by the interest on this capital.

The earnestness of the wish would have been evident without the repetition, but the baboo's brilliant scheme of adopting the right kind of a father at a trying crisis in his career of the question of the equitable distribution of wealth.

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THE MOUSE-TRAP.

The Lady of the House Had an Exciting Experience.

The mouse was a very little one, but the lady of the house was none the less disturbed by its unexpected presence in the library. It was the first mouse that had appeared on the premises for a long time.

She found the trap, a round red one, with five holes for mice to enter, baited it with cheese from the pantry, and carried it back to the library. There she placed it on the floor, and sitting down on the couch drew up her feet and awaited developments.

"My heart gave a little hop, too, but nothing happened. I could see his hind legs and his tail sticking

HEALTH

NERVOUSNESS IN CHILDREN.

A nervous child is greatly to be pitied, not so much because of its present condition, although that is distressing enough, as on account of what the future has in store for it.

There is always a cause for this nervous condition in children, and the cause can often be removed if it can be discovered. Heredity doubtless plays an important part in many cases, but not so often as is commonly believed.

These physical defects may be anywhere in the body, but are usually found in one or more of three locations—the eyes, the throat, and the bowels.

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What a pity to put glasses on a child! Yes, but what a greater pity to let a nervous child grow up into a nervous man.

A child who is a mouth-breather is almost sure to have enlarged tonsils or adenoids. This condition interferes with natural breathing, which prevents the proper aeration of the blood; and impure blood cannot properly nourish the nerve-cells.

Finally, constipation is a most potent influence in the causation of all sorts of nervous troubles. The treatment of this condition, not at all uncommon in children, in spite of their activity, does not consist in an occasional dose of castor-oil.

MORBIDNESS.

When people have real trouble to contend with they do not sit down and analyze their emotions and remember whether this person or that person looked to the right or to the left when they spoke to them, and exactly what the tones of their voice and the elevation of their eyebrows meant, as the morbid woman does.

out, and the way he shook I knew he was just gobbling cheese as if he hadn't had a square meal for a week. That made me feel meaner than ever, and every second I expected the trap to go off and catch him by his poor little neck.

"But—would you believe it?—the old thing didn't go off. When I had got so worked up waiting for it that I was all ready to shout and make him get out before anything happened, out he came.

"He sat up on his hind legs, like a squirrel in the park, and actually wiped his whiskers with his paws, for all the world as if he had a little napkin in them. And then he went back inside the trap and began gobbling as hard as ever. He'd have eaten every bit of cheese in it if just then George hadn't come in and frightened him.

"George looked at the trap and then at me, perched on the couch. "My dear," he said, "whatever are you doing?" "Oh," said I, "I've been having a perfectly lovely time, feeding the dearest little mouse you ever saw. I'm really glad the trap didn't go off."

WORM CLOSE TO THE NOSE

LODGED IN NASAL CAVITY IN WOMAN'S NOSE.

A Farmer's Wife of Metz, Germany, Had Peculiar and Frequent Headaches.

The London Lancet reports one of the strangest causes for persistent headache in woman ever heard of—namely, a worm nearly two inches long which had made its habitation in an upper nasal cavity close to the poor woman's brain.

A farmer's wife, twenty-eight years of age, residing in the neighborhood of Metz, Germany, had for a long time been affected with an unpleasant itching sensation in the nose, to which symptoms violent headaches succeeded, so that she was at length obliged to apply for medical aid.

The headache was irregularly intermittent, and generally began at the root of the nose and the middle of the forehead, or at the right frontal region, extending thence first to the right side, and then over the whole head. The attack was accompanied by a great discharge of tears, and sometimes even nausea and vomiting; the features were forcibly distorted, the jaws firmly closed, and the eyes and ears so very sensitive, that she could not bear the least light, or any noise.

At other times she became delirious, pressed the head between her hands and ran about in a state of distraction. The pain was, according to her statement, like the strokes of a hammer, or as if something was perforating the skull, and the fits generally returned about twelve times in twenty-four hours; sometimes the headache continued uninterruptedly for several days. During the whole period there were discharges from the nose mixed with blood.

EXPULSED WORM FROM NOSE.

Some medicines were employed, but no regular plan of treatment was followed, and it was not before a twelve-months suffering that this singular affliction terminated, after the expulsion of a worm from the nose, which moved with rapidity, and when placed in water remained alive for several days; it was afterwards killed by being put in alcohol, and sent to M. Marechal, who reported the case to the Medical Society.

He found the worm to be more than two inches in length, and one line in breadth; it had two antennae, was of yellowish color, flat, and consisted of sixty-four rings, on each of which were two legs. M. Marechal subsequently transmitted the insect to MM. H. Landre and Roussel, who ascertained that it was a scolopendra electrica.

IMAGINARY ILLS.

Though this affliction was a real and terrible one, it is only an isolated case among hundreds of imaginary ills.

All newspaper readers are familiar with stories of persons who firmly believe that some internal disorder from which they suffer is caused by some living thing swallowed in drinking from a running stream—usually a lizard—which reptile continues to live and disport himself in his new and unnatural habitat.

Such a case was reported in France not long ago. The victim was a peasant woman. In spite of her doctor's assurance that no lizard could live in her stomach, and that nothing really was the matter with her, her health steadily declined. Presently she declared that a brood of little lizards had come to bless their parent in her living prison—and the woman had to go to a hospital.

There she doubtless would have died but for the wit of a distinguished professor of medicine from Paris. He pretended to extract from the stomach a whole family of lizards—which he had brought with him to the hospital—and the patient promptly recovered.

PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN.

No family medicine chest should be without peroxide of hydrogen. This is of the greatest value in disinfecting any abrasions of the skin which may have been suffered. It destroys all germs with which it comes in contact and should be immediately applied to pin pricks or any other of the so-called trifling hurts. As a matter of fact, a pin wound is often more dangerous than one a hundred times its size, for the point may contain some deadly poison which is injected before the prick is ever noticed.

A LEMON BATH.

Among West Indian ladies a lemon bath is almost a daily luxury. Several limes or lemons are sliced into water and allowed to lie for half an hour in order that the juice may be extracted. A remarkable sense of freshness and cleanliness is given to the skin.

WISDOM OF EXPERIENCE.

"What man has done man can do," remarked the party with the quotation habit. "Yes," rejoined the benedict, with an open-faced sigh, "but it's never half as much as his wife expects him to do."

YOUNG FOLKS

TICK-TOCK.

"You must not climb into the bottom of that clock, Bertie." Bertie crept out of the low, old-fashioned clock door with a wheedling smile.

"But, mamma, I squeezed in just lovely!" "And jar the clock, dear, so that it loses time. The other day it lost half an hour, and Uncle John missed his train."

"How can a little boy like me make a big clock like you lose half an hour?" he asked.

Several days later mamma came down-stairs and called Bertie, who sat waiting to accompany her to see a great ship sail away with Uncle John.

"Tick-tock—tickety—tick!" ticked the big clock, solemnly. "You are right this morning, I hope," said Bertie, softly. "I crept in so softly last night. One leg at a time." But a troubled look shone in his bright eyes.

"Tickety-tock—tickety!" answered the clock.

And then Robin drove them down to the station, where mamma looked at the station clock, and instantly her face grew very sad.

"Our clock has lost twenty minutes again," she said. "Uncle John must sail away alone, Bertie, listen to me. Go home, my boy, get into that clock and stay there until mamma comes."

Bertie trotted gloomily home. "Tickety-tock!" wheezed the clock as he climbed into it.

And it kept on saying that, until Bertie felt sure it was the slowest work in the world for those weary ticks to grow into hours. Every heart-broken thought he had about missing Uncle John and the beautiful ship the clock beat sharply in to his memory with its constant "Tickety-tock—tickety-tock! You never saw a ship or a dock."

At last mamma came and lifted him out, stiff and miserable. He clung to her neck, and never said a word.

The next day the moon looked down with a sideways smile at him. Bertie shook his head sorrowfully. "I sha'n't ever come to see you any more."

And the queer old clock said, approvingly, "Tick-tock—tickety-tock!" Bertie is going to mind—

When Uncle John came back Bertie went to meet him, for the clock was just right.

THE REASON WHY.

How a Bumptious Young Lawyer Turned the Laugh on Himself.

The counsel prosecuting in a breach of promise case was youthful and fresh, and delighted in showing himself off, but he didn't know what a guy he was until it fell on him with a dull and sickening thud. The defendant had entered the witness-box.

"You say," said the counsel, after several pertinent questions, "that you never asked the plaintiff to be your wife?"

"Never," responded the witness, with emphasis.

"But you made love to her?" "Not to my knowledge."

"Never called her pet names, either, I suppose?" "No, sir."

"Now, as a matter of fact, didn't you call her Lizzie after you'd been to see her only three or four times, and always after that, when you knew you should have called her Miss Smith if you had not been seeking to win her young and trusting heart?"

"No, sir."

The plaintiff pulled at the counsel's sleeve, but he paid no attention to her.

"Ah, indeed?" very sarcastically. "I presume you never called her Lizzie in your life, eh?"

"Never."

Again the plaintiff caught at the counsel, but he ignored her.

"Now, once more, sir, I ask you directly to state to the Court whether you did or did not call this young lady by the endearing name of Lizzie. Remember, sir, you are on your oath." And the counsel pined out his chest, while the plaintiff made another ineffectual attempt to clutch him.

The defendant smiled slightly.

"I never did," he said, firmly.

The counsel brought his fist down and simply glared at the defendant.

"I'd like to know why you never did, sir," he asked, with the air of a man who knew he had the facts.

The witness was as cool as a palm-leaf fan could make him in June as he replied, with an exasperating smile:—"Because that wasn't her name."

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

London's oldest claimant for the old age pension is 104 years of age. Bullion for the Bank of England worth \$6,250,000 has arrived at Southampton from the Cape on the Union Castle liner Briton.

Brasenose College, Oxford, will celebrate its quarter centenary next July, when the foundation stone of new buildings will be laid. With the object of improving their physique, the members of the Batley police force are taking lessons in physical culture and jiu-jitsu.

Two men from Western Australia, arrested at Willesden on Saturday, are said to have seen snow for the first time in their lives in that town.

That surrounding inhabitants may not be disturbed, the clock bells of Epping new church tower are to be stopped from midnight to 6 a.m.

Alderman Fidler, "Father" of Newbury Corporation, who is 93, says that his mother remembered John Wesley preaching in Newbury parish church.

Two new pennies were given the other day by Mr. Watson Marshall, a Spalding urban district councillor, to every child of the town making application.

Mr. Thomas Kershaw, Grange-over-Sands, and formerly of Rochdale, has presented \$5,000 for the endowment of a bed in Rochdale Infirmary in memory of his late wife.

A number of instruments of torture from old Welsh prisons have been handed over to Lord Mostyn on behalf of the Welsh nation by Mr. G. A. Taverner, the chairman of Rhyl Council.

A Croydon man, who has lived in the town over 70 years, has been refused an old-age pension because he once received a day's medical treatment in the local poor law infirmary.

There died at Brighton Sarah Greenwood, who would have been 100 years of age had she lived to June 16th, and Thomas Foster, 97, Jeremiah Simmons, a centenarian, is in good health.

A return issued by the Metropolitan Asylums Board shows that 4,850 cases remain under treatment in the fever hospital, including 3,460 of scarlet fever, 1,226 of diphtheria, 163 of enteric, and 1 of spotted fever.

The Court of Common Council of the City of London has granted \$250, the Goldsmiths' Company \$500, the Grocers' Company \$250, the Salters' Company \$50, and Sir S. Marjory-Wilson \$25 to "Lord Roberts' Boys."

Pension cheque books were distributed to the old age pensioners at Spalding recently. There were obvious cases in which persons would have had to apply to the parish but for the granting of pensions.

Brought up in Dunmow Workhouse, and apprenticed to the steam trawling fleet at Grimsby, William Brewster, aged twenty, has gained the gold medal of the School of Navigation and been promoted to the rank of chief mate.

The Mayor of Bermondsey appeals for help to meet the wants of some of the poor in that borough of 128,000 inhabitants. There is great destitution, and over 2,000 men who have passed the rigid tests of the Distress Committee are out of work.

During twenty-four hours recently the London fire brigade were turned out thirty-seven times, twenty times to fires, twelve times to chimneys on fire and five times to false alarms. The calls involved the turning out of thirty-one engines, thirty-four escapes, and 200 firemen.

MUTUAL.

Husband (arriving with his wife at the station just as the train steams out)—"There! If you hadn't taken such a fearful time dressing we shouldn't have lost the train."

Wife—"And if you hadn't hurried me so all the way here, we shouldn't have had such a long time to wait for the next one."

Occasionally a good singer lets a note go to protest.

With the return of prosperity, watch for the book agent's return.

A lawyer and a doctor were arguing over the merits of their respective professions. "I don't say that all lawyers are not straight," said the doctor, "but you will admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men." "No," retorted the lawyer, "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

A lad was leading a horse along the street, when someone shouted out to him:—"Halloa, George, that's a picture of a horse you have there!" "Don't know much about the picture," said the lad, "but it's a very good frame."

Fashion Hints.

FADS AND FANCIES.

The rug muff is the rage. All shades of gray are in high favor.

White suede is a favorite evening glove.

More fullness is in evidence in new skirts.

Wide insets of lace are seen in lingerie gowns.

Jewel fashions of the hour are highly extravagant.

Cotton velvets will be much used for tailor mades.

Lambs' wool is largely used for interlining coats.

Cuffs for spring turn back and are slightly pointed.

Good gray shades are mole, elephant, and London smoke.

Buttons still hold a high place in the trimming world.

Long, transparent sleeves are worn with low necked gowns.

Tanics are more seen in daytime robes than in evening ones.

There is a growing tendency among brides to eliminate the face veil.

Black braid trimming with side fringe is much used this season.

Soutache braiding is highly effective on neckpieces and muffs of fur.

Sleeves, whether long or short, are close, and most of them are long.

The empire style is still practically imperative for the wedding gown.

There is a revival of embroidered cloaks and heavy crow toes on stockings.

With hats, as with gowns and wraps, black is the most popular eye of the season.

Fur toques and wider hats with fur crowns reign supreme in fashionable millinery.

Jeweled girdles play a highly important part in ornamenting the fine gowns of the hour.

Gray shawls, soft, with deep, hand embroidered hems, are fashionable for matrons.

Boleros are again seen in smartest costumes, but the new ones have long tabs at the back.

Some of the latest turbans are in shapes copied from paintings of old Arabian chieftains.

Nearly all muffs now have wide pockets of satin to hold purse, card case, and handkerchief.

Old fashioned green is looked upon as the color that will be most fashionable in the spring.

Loose backed coats are still fashionable, but new lines are being introduced to modify this style.

Hats are so big that they not only come to the eyebrows, but sit well down upon the back of the neck.

The patch pocket, with embroidered monogram on the flap, is a favorite touch upon the plain shirt waist.

Catawba, dregs of wine, wistaria, and amethyst are fashionable shades, and hunters' green also is in demand.

Some pretty combs are being shown with the tops arranged so that a ribbon can be threaded through.

The upstanding jaunty quill or feather is the only trimming really permissible upon the smaller fur toques.

There is a rage for huggles as well as for sequins, and they may be had in every color suited to evening gowns.

Feathery effects wrought in soutache are accorded a foremost place in the work of some of the great French costumers.

RANCH WINTER.

The icy saddle nubs each limb, The dull horse hates the loping 'round.

Gaunt sun-dogs stare in silence grim, Weak mothers nuzzle at the ground.

Our coulee springs are frozen dry, And hills are covered shoulder deep;

For fresh green grass the yearlings cry, For cloud-blown days when rivers leap.

How long, how long shall winter last! Its weariness, its smart, its curse!

Each morning seems but like the past, And every day a little worse.

Still, in the evening fireside glow, Some magic weaves us softer themes;

And eyes that knew us years ago, Come back again in tender dreams.

—S. A. White, in The Canadian Magazine for February.

An irate mother had her little son by the ear and held a menacing cane. "I'll learn ye to tie a kettle to the cat's tail!" she exclaimed wrathfully.

"It wasn't our cat!" cried the frightened boy.

"No, it wasn't our cat," rejoined the enraged mother, "but it was our kettle!"