

in winter and summer? But very plain and really pleasant treatises are wanted for this purpose, and should be written by the best practical writers of the day, paid to put a great deal of information in a few pages. Such treatises are the proper subjects for tract societies, because they will not pay ordinary publishers."—*London Gas Light Journal*.

East Indian Patent Laws.

The *Homeward Mail* reports a singular affair which has just occurred in Calcutta. Under the Indian Patent Act, every exclusive privilege must cease if the Governor-General of India in council shall declare that the same is generally prejudicial to the public. This has accordingly been done in the case of a petition filed by W. G'Ivor, who wishes a patent for an alleged new invention, for producing and preparing the different species and varieties of cinchona bark, for the manufacture of quinine, quinidine, cinchonidine, and other alkaloids.—*Mechanics' Magazine*.

Hydro-propulsion.

We observe a recent change of tone among English engineers in regard to the possibilities of this form of motor. The official result of the trial of the *Waterwitch* with the *Vixen* seems to show that with a very crude and wasteful arrangement of her water jets—wasting power both in lifting and short turns of the water ejected—she did quite as well as the steamer, making 9 knots with 750 indicated horse-power. At a subsequent trial with deeper draft she did better, and "the results, bad as they are," says *Engineering*, "have led to sanguine predictions as to the final success of the jet system."—*Scientific American*.

Bad Books.

Beware of bad books. They are traitors in the household. They are "the enemy" who snatches away the wheat, and sow tares in its stead. They are poisoned sweets, destroying the healthy appetite. They have the semblance of knowledge, but not the reality. They are blind guides that lead to the ditch. Are we known by the company we keep? Our books are our company. In reading the works of an author, our minds come in direct contact with his mind. For good or for evil, we are under his most direct influence. It has been well said, that we reflect the color of the rock on which we lean; and it is so. When Moses came down from the mount after talking with God, how his face shone. Be jealous, then, of the books you read. Weigh them in the balances of the sanctuary, and if found wanting, discard them from a place in your libraries, homes, and hearts. A clergyman of New York once visited a State prison, where a young man who had thrown away many advantages was confined for the crime of murder, and was there awaiting his trial. His shelves were lined with books. What kind of books were they! Bibles, tracts, histories, works of science and true taste! No; corrupt novels, licentious poetry, revealed the rock which had imparted its colour to the criminal's life and character. Let the young avoid bad books as they would bad men and bad women.

Surgical Poisonings.

M. Maisonneuve, in a paper read in December before the French Academy of Sciences, maintained the startling position that at least 85 per cent of persons who die in consequence of surgical operations, die of poison. The poisoning is communicated by the lymph and other living liquids which become exposed in the wound, and after putrefying penetrate the cellular tissue and the orifices of the lymphatic vessels, producing the inflammation which is so prominent a cause of death in surgery, or else enter the circulation, vitiate the blood, and remain in the capillary vessels, giving rise to secondary symptoms of dangerous character, such as erysipelas, anthrax, etc. These consequences are prevented by the various improved means of arresting the putrefying process, destroying its products, or shutting them out of the system, and the mortality in hospitals where these methods have been introduced, has already been greatly diminished.

Keeping his Word.

The head clerk of a large firm in Charlestown promised an old customer, one day, half a bale of Russian duck to be on hand precisely at one o'clock, when the man was to leave town with his goods. The firm were out of duck, and the clerk went over to Boston to buy some. Not finding a truckman, he hired a man to take it over in his wheel-barrow. Finishing other business, on his return to Charlestown, the clerk found the man not half way over the bridge, sitting on his barrow half dead with the heat.

What was to be done? It was then half-past twelve, and the goods were promised at one. There was not a moment to lose. In spite of the heat, the dust, and his light summer clothes, the young man seized the wheelbarrow and pushed on.

Pretty soon a rich merchant whom the young man knew very well, riding on horseback, overtook him.

"What," said he, "Mr. Wilder turned truckman!"

"Yes," answered the clerk, "the goods are promised at one o'clock, and my man has given out; but you see I am determined to be as good as my word."

"Good, good!" said the gentleman, and trotted on.

Calling at the store where the young man was employed, he told his employer what he had seen.

"And I want you to tell him," said the gentleman, "that when he goes into business for himself, my name is at his service for thirty thousand dollars."

Reaching the store, which he did in time, you may be sure the high price set on his conduct made amends for all the heat, anxiety and fatigue of the job.

Keeping his word. You see how it is regarded. It is one of the best kinds of capital a man can have. To be worth much to anybody, a boy must form a character of reliability. He must be depended upon. And you will like to know, perhaps, that this young man became one of the most eminent men of his day, known far and wide, both in Europe and in this country. His name was S. V. S. Wilder, and he was first President of the American Tract Society.