

DISEASES SPREAD BY TAILORS.

We read in an English exchange that the other day a delegation from the Amalgamated Society of Tailors waited upon the British government in the person of Under-Secretary Cross. Their object was to lay before him some facts in connection with what was called the "sweating system." One of the delegation said he had seen instances in which garments were lying on a bed in which fever patients were suffering. There were a great many instances in which such things had taken place. They considered that if an employer got people to take work home, he should be bound to get the place to which it was taken registered, and hoped Mr. Cross could see his way clear to make it imperative that every house used as a tailor's workshop, should be so registered by the employer. A delegate from Manchester gave the results of visits to 1,000 homes where this work was carried on, and stated that the condition of things was something deplorable. In some cases four or five persons were in a room nine feet by 12 feet. Sometimes people were making these garments in the midst of their domestic arrangements. From the facts that had come under his knowledge, he had no hesitation in saying that the state of things required alteration, and that the people engaged were in a most unhealthy condition. They found somewhere near 1,300 people engaged in this way, and all the surroundings of the place were such as would foster and spread disease. Another delegate said in some instances in London a man and woman would be at work in a small room at the top of a house in which they lived and slept. The people occupied in this were so crowded together that the places could not fail to foster and spread disease. While people went to large shops with showy fronts, they did not know that the clothes they purchased were made in close and unhealthy rooms. He knew a case in which, while the body of a child, who had died from small-pox, lay dead on the table, and two other children lay sick with the disease, the man and wife were at work in the same room, which would be sent all over the town. Mr. Cross said he would introduce a bill after Easter to cover the case.

HARLAND'S DOOR-HANDLE.

THE chronic liability of door handles to unscrew themselves and become loose, is an old subject of complaint, and, considering the very evident reason why such should take place, it is remarkable that some efficient simple means to prevent the same should not have come into general use. In Harland's "Lock-nut" principle, however, the wearing strain is not left to the handle—which, by being constantly operated upon, eventually unscrews itself—but by the provisions of the invention is shared by the nut, this and the handle being jammed together and acting, as one lever, direct on the spindle. The plan of the handle is shown in the accompanying cut, and from this it may be seen that after the spindle is passed through the lock, the nut is first passed down the thread, close to the door, and the handle follows, the usual "rose" being screwed on the door round the nut for appearance sake. We understand the simplicity in the construction of this handle makes it applicable to any kind of furniture, and one speciality claimed for the patent is that, if by any means the nut is not in the first place screwed tight enough to the door, a grip on the spindle can always be obtained by screwing the handle up to the nut.

LAUGHTER NO PROOF OF A MERRY HEART.—That laughter is by no means an unequivocal symptom of a merry heart, there is a remarkable anecdote of Carlini, the drollest buffoon ever known on the Italian stage at Paris. A French physician being consulted by a person who was subject to the most gloomy fits of melancholy, advised his patient to mix in scenes of gaiety, and, particularly, to frequent the Italian theatre; "And," said he, "if Carlini does not dispel your gloomy complaint, your case must be desperate indeed!"—"Alas, sir," replied the patient, "I myself am Carlini, but while I divert all Paris with mirth, and make them almost die with laughter, I am myself actually dying with chagrin and melancholy!" Immoderate laughter, like the immoderate use of strong cordials, gives only a temporary appearance of cheerfulness which is soon terminated by an increased depression of spirits.

TURNIP SEED FOR INDIGESTION.—A reader of the *Press* writes as follows: I use turnip seed for medicine in case of dyspepsia or indigestion, and find them much better than the mustard seed, commonly used, besides they are much more palatable. They taste something like a nut kernel.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

Deacon Rogers, he came to me:
"Wife is agoin' to die," said he.
"Doctors great an' doctors small,
Haven't improved her any at all.
"Physic and blister, powders and pills,
And nothing sure but the doctors' bills!
"Twenty women, with remedies new,
Bother my wife the whole day through.
"Sweet as honey, or bitter as gall—
Poor old woman, she takes 'em all.
"Sour or sweet, whatever they choose:
Poor old woman, she daren't refuse.
"So she pleases whoe'er may call,
An' death is suited the best of all.
"Physic and blister, powder an' pill—
Bound to conquer, and sure to kill!"

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed,
Bandaged and blistered from foot to head.

Blistered and bandaged from head to toe,
Mrs. Rogers was very low.

Bottle and saucer, spoon and cup,
On the table stood bravely up;

Physics of high and low degree:
Calomel, catnip, boneset tea;

Everything a body could bear,
Excepting light and water and air.

I opened the blinds; the day was bright,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.

I opened the window; the day was fair,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.

Bottle and blisters, powders and pills,
Catnip, boneset, syrups and squills;

Drugs and medicines, high and low,
I threw them as far as I could throw.

"What are you doing?" my patient cried;
"Frightening death," I coolly replied.

"You are crazy!" a visitor said;
I flung a botte at his head.

Deacon Rogers, he came to me;
"Wife is a-gettin' her health," said he.

"I really think she will worry through:
She scolds me just as she used to do.

"All the people have poohed an' slurred—
All the neighbors have had their word;

"'Twere better to perish, some of 'em say,
Than to be cured in such an irregular way."

"Your wife," said I, "had God's good care,
And His remedies, light and water and air.

"All of the doctors, beyond a doubt,
Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers without."

The deacon smiled and bowed his head:
"Then your bill is nothing," he said.

"God's be the glory, as you say!
God bless you, doctor! good-day! good-day!"

If ever I doctor that woman again,
I'll give her medicine made by men.

—Will M. Carlton.