

ticular plants or weeds, so that a new phase is imparted to the discussions and difficulties of settlement.

It may be a relief to turn to the remarkable details to be seen through the microscope. Upon dissolving some boric acid in a drop of water on a glass slide, and magnifying it, various transparent shapes appear in it as in No. 1. They arise one after another, and spontaneously, and may enlarge within a few minutes, or coalesce into an indistinguishable mass. Sometimes symmetrical plates will divide up prettily into hexagons, triangles, and other figures, and separate as individual crystals. When the water content of the acid solution has evaporated there remains a crystalline residue of curves, hexagons, etc.

If the liquid solution be held over a lamp until a crusty ridge appears round it, the inner area will dry to a patterned substance of the kind delineated in No. 2.

Upon melting some boric acid, minus water, to the glassy condition and then dropping cold water upon it, it turns brown and opaque, and splits up into variously shaped cakes, one of which can be seen in No. 3. The previously wholly transparent substance soon becomes crowded, or granulated, with minute hexagons which break off and float away in the liquor. Meantime the transparency is resumed, beginning at the edges and driving the opacity inwards until it becomes gradually denser and finally disappears. Odd crystals continue to form here and there around.

Upon subliming boric acid—that is, heating it and catching the condensing vapor on another sheet of glass—we obtain the crystalline details of No. 4, for the whole of the vapor condenses in this peculiar manner, with numerous hexagons as well, some being mere specks.

Seeing that boric acid is so strangely changeable in these easy ways, it is quite possible that heat, cold, moisture, and stomach acids affect it so as to render it an undesirable acquisition to the body. At any rate, it is a doubtful preservative, and as such deserves to be tabooed.

*Accidental cure of hookworm:* An amusing story of the first hookworm cure in North Carolina finds place in the Bulletin of the State Board of Health, and if the story had been appreciated in season this cure might have saved an enormous spread of the disease, but at that time, 1867, there

was not any such disease known in the country. The patient was a sallow-faced, unpromising, undersized youth, who had not seen a well day since he could remember. For a prophylactic against a prospective night of hunting the youth sought the local doctor for a fortification of hive syrup. The physician was himself under the weather but in so simple a matter to save himself the effort of going to his medicine closet, he directed the youth to help himself to a dose from the second bottle on the first shelf. Of course, the stupid boy picked out the first bottle and drank half the supply of oil of thyme that was in that end of the country. Not long afterwards he was hauled back to the office half dead from vomiting and purging. From this moment there opened to the youth a new earth and a new heaven. From an ignorant, much ridiculed boy of sixteen he rapidly grew in favor, from and stature, till his original 80 or 90 pounds' weight was more than doubled. He got on well in the world and was surrounded by a well educated family of pretty girls and handy boys. The thyme had done the trick, but it was thirty years before the moral of the tale was appreciated. The incident is useful at least in determining that the hookworm is by no means a recent importation to this continent.

*Sanitation in the Farm Home:* "Living in the country" should, of right, be the panacea against all diseases arising from impure air, impure water and adulterated or unfit food. But, population considered, there would appear to be little difference in the extent to which such diseases prevail in country or city. As says a contemporary:

"Every case of tuberculosis, city or country, proves that with pure air 40 miles deep over our heads, we have chosen to breath impure air. Every case of typhoid fever—and we cannot deny that the farm home has them—proves that the drainage from stables or outbuildings has somehow gotten into the well, or that our worst enemy, the common housefly, has washed his dirty feet in our food. Every case of diphtheria proves that filth is not far off."

Lack of ventilation in sleeping rooms—a superstitious dread of outside air—is probably responsible for a large majority