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VOL. XXXII---NO. 30. ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1,649.

The Cecil Whig

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY E. E. EWING.

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ANNOUNCEMENT!

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Feb 1, 1873—23w

Some Ancient Physicians.

The Ptolemies founded at Brusium a museum of natural history and library; introduced public discussions; and the institution finally became celebrated as a school of medicine.

Herophilus made more discoveries in anatomy than any other individual of the Alexandrian school. He ascertained the functions of the nervous system, and first taught that the nerves were the instruments of sensation. He also made much progress in the minute anatomy of the brain, and the structure of the eye. He explained the rationale of the arterial pulsation.

Erasistratus, who lived at Alexandria (B. C. 300), was nearly as celebrated as Herophilus. His manner of diagnosticating in a difficult case is worth recalling, as it suggests a pratical rule, and evinces a shrewdness equal to the wisdom of Solomon in discovering the mother of the child. It is related by Dunglison, as copied from Plutarch:

"Antiochus, son of Seleucus, having become deeply enamored of his step-mother, Stratonice, concealed his passion, at last fell sick. The prince kept his bed, experienced no pain, but became considerably reduced, without its being possible to discover the cause. Erasistratus, having remarked the sunken state of his eyes, the feebleness of his voice, the paleness of his complexion, and the tears which he unconsciously shed, fancied that he saw in the congeries of symptoms proofs of a violent passion. In order to throw light on his suspicion and discover the object, he placed his hand on the heart of the patient, and had all the females in the palace brought into the chamber, when Antiochus experienced no agitation; but on the approach of Stratonice he immediately changed color, his heart beat forcible, he was covered with perspiration, and seized with a general trembling. Appian and Lucan render the subsequent part of the recital no less interesting by detailing the adroit manner in which Erasistratus announced the news to Seleucus, and the generous conduct of the king."

In practice Erasistratus opposed the complicated preparations then in vogue, and returned to the more simple methods of Hippocrates. Indeed, the "Samian" may be said to have simplified the practice of the "Coan" sage. He repudiated bleeding, objected to purging, and advised simple medicines in all cases. He reduced his patients, when he conceived it to be necessary, by abstinence and exercise, substituting ligatures around the limbs for venesection, and recommended moderate emetics and glysters instead of cathartics * * * Asclepiades, born about 90 B. C., introduced many chimerical notions in physiology, and a new patology, which, however crude and absurd, was really the germ of the more elaborate theory advocated by Boerhaave, fifteen hundred years afterwards. He taught that inflammatory affections were owing to obstruction, from the magnitude, form, number, or rapid motions of the molecular atoms; fainting and hectic-fever were caused by relaxation of the pores; dropsies were occasioned by the change of flesh into water; quotidian intermittents were owing to the obstruction of the larger atoms, tertains of the less, and quantans of the least. Pain, he regarded as due to obstuction from large atoms—a germ of the modern theory that pain is caused by compression. He adopted bleeding, but rejected emetics and purgatives. He laid much stress on bathing and friction, and was the first to introduce the shower-bath. He also employed cold affusion baths freely. * * * * *

Themison introduced leeches, and wrote a treatise on the virtues of the plantain, which he regarded as a panacea.

Among the many disciples of Themison, Antonius Musa was the most celebrated. He introduced injections of cold water for inflammation of the bowels, and is said to have cured the Emperor Augustus by cold bathing alone, after many other physicians had aggravated his malady with their remedies. For this achievement Augustus made him a knight, and decreed him a statute of brass in the temple of Æsculapius. Musa introduced into medicine the flesh of the viper, lettuce, chicory, and endive.

Cornelius Celsus was a prolific writer, and the most celebrated physician of the Methodic school after Themison. He was, however, more of a compiler and eclectic in medicine than an originator, although he introduced some improvements in surgery, and some useful precepts in obstetrics.—*From Science of Health.*

There is no limit to the capacity of Yankee enterprise. A lively son of Anak from the mountains of Maine heard of Professor Tyndall's "Prayer-guage," and what did he do? Why, only one thing, of course—wrote to the Professor, soliciting an agency for the sale of his patent.

THE Hartford *Times* tells of a gentleman in that city who, on getting a glass of soda, was retiring from the store without the usual ceremony which follows the operation. "Recollect," said the polite proprietor, "if you lose your pocket book, you didn't pull it out here."

"HAVE you children?" demanded a house renter. "Yes," replied the other solemnly, "six—all in the cemetery." "Better there than here," said the landlord, consolingly; and proceeded to execute the desired lease. In due time the children returned from the cemetery, whither they had been sent to have a nice play; but it was too late to annul the contract.

TWO GIRLS.

All alone in the grand old room,
'Mid silken curtains and splendid gloom,
A girl in her beauty sighs.
The softened light of the chandeliers,
Missing her diamond, seek the tears
That stand in her wistful eyes.

All alone by the castle walls
Where hardly a ray of starlight falls,
A girl is crouching in dread.
She dare not beg of the churlish wight,
Guarding the portals in livery bright,
Even a crust of bread.

A gay cavalier comes riding along,
Carelessly humming an amorous song—
Will he toss her a silver crown?
No. His thoughts are filled with his new love's face,
As he hurries past the familiar place,
And canters on to the town.

"Oh for a morsel of food!" one groans:
"If he but loved me!" the other moans—
She comes from a race of earls.
The beggar outside is not starving alone;
Father in Heaven, who lovest thine own,
Pity these hungry girls!

PEARL AND EMERALD.

CHAPTER I.

A TALE OF GOTHAM.

Some of the details of the following story may appear to many to be strange—perhaps, to a few, even verging upon the incredible; and of the incredible, people are not fond nowadays, except in the columns of their daily paper. I can only urge, in reply, that, not being fiction, it is necessarily strange. Those who wish to indulge their taste for that which this narrative is not, I refer at once to historians and journalists, whose trade it is to cater for them. For my own part, I make it a rule, and find the rule a safe one, to believe everything that is contrary to experience, and nothing that is in accordance with it. He was a wise man who said, "*Credo quia incredibile*"—"I believe it just *because* it is incredible." As to the truth of those parts of this story which, being probable in themselves, trespass, therefore, upon the realms of fiction, I offer no opinion. They being probable, are probably not true. But upon the truth of those parts which are manifestly incredible, I willingly stake fortune, reputation—all that I possess in this world of lies.—It is true that my reputation is not particularly worth the having, while my fortune has yet to be made. But this is my own affair. Were I Rothschild himself, I would still say to all cavillers, "There lies my glove!" And, if they should reply that my glove is not the only thing about me that lies—why, that is their affair, not mine.

Perhaps this, too, will be called incredible!

Once upon a time, a certain philosopher of Gotham wishing, one sunshiny morning, to know what o'clock it was, took his lantern, lighted it, and paid a visit to the sun-dial that stood in the market-place of that ancient and famous town. Now, the fact of his taking a lantern for such a purpose was not in itself remarkable, for his fellow-townsmen had been in the habit of doing so at night and in cloudy weather for generations—which was the reason why no two of them were ever known to agree about the time of day. But to use a lantern in full sunshine!—that was too much even for their philosophy. And so it was no matter for wonder that even the least wise in that city of wise men were impolite enough to call our philosopher a fool for his pains.

Gotham is, of course, no more. Its site has, of course, been swept away by that flood of modern progress which sweeps away all things, and reduces all mankind to one terrible dead level of perfect wisdom. But, even as when the Cornish had long become a dead language, there yet survived one old woman who spoke it still, so, when Gotham was no more, there were left at least three of its townsmen, who survived even to our own day. There names were Peter Grode, Nathan Levi, and Arthur Cranstoun.

CHAPTER II.—FELICIA.

There stood, and still stands, a certain house in a broad and essentially respectable street leading out of Russell Square, in which all the houses were, and are, of so precisely the same comfortable and solid pattern that there is no external reason whatever why one of the half hundred should call for notice more than any other, except in so far that a little more or a little less attention to outside painting might give it a little more individual character than was possessed by its neighbors. That of the house in question was gained from the less care that had been bestowed upon the whitening of the sepulcher: in fact, the time at which its tenant was bound by the terms of his lease to give it at least two coats of paint must either have been on the very eve of arriving, or else must have just elasped without the covenant having been fulfilled. Otherwise, there was absolutely nothing remarkable about it one way or another, except that its number, painted in dirty white letters upon the dirtier green door, was 32, and that at a proper distance below the number was a dingy brass plate, bearing the name of Mr. Grode. In spite, however, of this symptom of surgery, the absence of colored lantern and night-bell saved Mr. Grode, whoever he might be, from being aroused by impatient patients at unreasonable hours.

But there is nothing gained by standing outside a door. Where, in that case, would be any story, from the days of the Bachelor of Salamanca to our own? Without, all looked dull and uncomfortable; but within, all was sufficiently comfortable, though still sufficiently dull. It is true that the remembrance of November fogs never quite vanished from the hall and staircase—both rather handsome in their way—even in the spring; but otherwise no one could deny that the neighborhood had been turned from open fields into streets in days when people built houses to be lived in—not merely to let. The most satisfactory room in the house, at all events in the morning, was the dining-room at the back, looking into a small gravel yard that was called a garden; not so much because it was furnished for absolute comfort, as because it showed most signs of being really used—because convenient, and not an exigent eye for symmetrical arrangement, had dictated the position of the chairs, and because the articles that lay upon the table were there for use, and not for show—because the work-box was open, and lying in a nest of nondescript needle-work that had but just been laid down. It is true that on a damp and raw December day there might with advantage have been a better fire in the stove; but then coals are not things to be wasted, and the day, though in December, was not exactly cold. On the whole, the room—in spite of its shabby green leather chairs, dingy carpets and its faded window-curtains—might pass, supposing its occupants to have sufficient animal spirits within them not to mind a little outside depressiveness about their surroundings.

But an habitual inhabitant of the front parlor must have required a natural insensibility to his surroundings quite abnormal. It had been furnished once upon a time, no doubt; but the once upon a time must have been a very long time ago indeed.—They say it takes a hundred years for dust to gather an inch deep. If so, one or two of the articles of furniture must have been invaluable to antiquarians who measure the value of a thing by its age. That cabinet, in spite of its modern build, must have been contemporary with Julius Cæsar; that solitary arm-chair of King Lear. In fact, dust was wherever dust may be, excepting—so far as the accumulation of darkness in a room into which the sun never shone enabled one to see—upon a portion of the leather-topped central table, upon one chair that stood before it, and upon a man who was stooping over the table and sitting in the chair.

It was difficult to account for the *raison-d-etre* of the room at all, except upon the celebrated principle of *lucus a non lucendo*. On that principle, however, it was easy.—It might, for instance, be a library, for it did not contain a single book; it might be the cabinet of a collector, for nothing was collected in it but dust and darkness; it might be a studio, for there were no signs of the pursuit of art in it, any more than of the pursuit of anything else, save in the shape of three pictures that leaned against the wall, with their faces inward, and of which, therefore, the tarnished gilt frames were alone visible.

He who sat busily at the table making memoranda with a gold pencil-case on a scrap of paper did not look altogether out of place in the room, for he somehow looked as though, if not gifted with an excess of animal spirits, he was of a temperament that was able to dispense with them.—There are some men, whom it is easy to recognize at first sight, who do not, like most, take their tone from the surrounding atmosphere, but who, whatever may be their surroundings, live and move in an atmosphere that, as it were, exhales from themselves. The dust and the gloom seemed somehow to be natural accessories of the man; and yet he was himself neither dusty nor gloomy, at least in appearance. Soap-and-water, the laundress, and the clothes-brush had done their work upon him well. For the rest, he was about fifty years old, rather less, perhaps, than more, was well preserved for his age, full broad-shouldered, muscular, and inclining to corpulence. His full face was fresh-complexioned and rosy; his hair dark and coarse, but growing grizzled and bald; his eyes dark and large; his teeth large and white; and the expression of his full and heavy mouth was made up of many things—of a little sensuality, a little obstinacy, a little selfishness, and a great deal of hard, self-reliant, unsympathetic energy, not an altogether agreeable expression, but certainly not that of a weak man or of a fool.—What was his habitual calling or occupation would be difficult to decide. At present, he was absorbed in his memoranda.—At last he laid the paper down upon the table, placed the pencil-case in his waistcoat pocket, and rang the bell sharply.

It was answered almost immediately by a rather pretty girl, about whose French birth there could be no mistake, any more than about a greater tendency on her part to ribbons and bright colors than would have been allowed to a maid-servant, in that terribly respectable neighborhood, under strict feminine rule.

"Elsie, tell Miss Felicia to come to me immediately," he said, in a loud and despotic voice, that at once harmonized the expression of his whole person to an unmistakable key of coarseness and vulgarity. Like many others, he was passable enough as long as he held his tongue.

He rose from his seat, and stood bolt upright on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire and his hands behind him, in the favorite attitude of an Englishman, with his full lips pressed tightly together, and with a frown, or rather an incipient scowl, on his forehead, until, after the expiration of a few minutes, a gentle tap was heard at the door, and the voice of a girl, clear though timid, asked: "May I come in?"

"Well," he said, as the door opened, "I can't say you've hurried yourself. Do you think everybody's time's as cheap as yours? It's just seven minutes since I sent Elise after you."

It is to be hoped that Miss Felicia liked being bullied; at all events his tone was that of one who liked to bully. She only said, quietly, "I was as quick as I could, papa;" and then, closing the door gently behind her, she stood and waited for what he had to say.

The best way to describe Miss Felicia is to take a description of her father given above, and to read it by contrairies. That is to say, she was, in the first place, a very long way short of fifty years old indeed—in fact, by some two and thirty years, rather more than less; and she did not look over strong for an age at which the growth of strength should by rights be most vigorous. Her features were small, and almost too delicate even to be in keeping with her small and delicate figure, and were shaded over by a cloud of hair that was very fair, very profuse, and very fine; neither golden, however, nor flaxen, but more of the hue that the French term *blond cendre*: and yet it had something of golden brightness about it too. Her complexion was beautifully clear, but almost too pale, with just so much coloring as a white rose may have without ceasing to be a white rose. In all this, though there was much that was attractive, there was nothing very distinguished or remarkable. But, as in her father's case, it was the voice that was the characteristic feature, so, in hers, her distinctive personality seemed to express itself in her eyes. They were rather large, and were of an undefined gray, almost opal-tinted in many lights, and almost pale blue in others—always, however, of a singular but bright and speaking color, that gave her face a peculiar kind of attraction. Unlike blue eyes in general—if, indeed, they were blue—they had a positive, not negative, expression; they seemed, like the opal itself, actually to emit a living many-hued light, instead of merely feebly reflecting the hue of the sky. The light, moreover, was not always there; it seemed to come in frequent bits and flashes, and never without an inner cause. This peculiarity about her—for it was a peculiarity, and a great one—rendered her by no means easy to read, except in so far as it was certain that there could be nothing behind such a veil that needed concealment. The light, when it came, was far too soft, the lips too willing to smile, to have much to hide that was anything but sweet and good and pure.

"So," he went on, "I want to ask you a question or two. And don't stand there all day before you answer, because I must go out. And what's more, you'd better tell me the truth at once, because I shall be sure to find you out unless you do."

The tint upon her cheeks deepened just a little at what was almost like an accusation of falsehood.

"Do you remember what I said to you only this day three weeks in this very room, and what you said to me?"

The color became almost damask now.

"Can't you answer me, instead of standing there and looking like a red cabbage?" he said, following her example in his own way. "Do you remember, I say?"

But as she only looked down upon the ground, and occupied herself with drawing lines upon the carpet with her foot, he had to answer himself.

"What did I tell you? That you were never to see or speak to that fellow again—that ruined spendthrift, who has thrown away his own millions, and now comes to you to get hold of your thousands—yes, your thousands—to throw them away, too? And didn't you promise me that without my consent you never would? And didn't I tell you flat that my consent you never should have, no, not if you were to grow as old as Mathusilum? Did I, or didn't I?"

"Yes," she answered, without interrupting her occupation.

"And have you, or haven't you?"

"You are not quite right, papa," she said, looking up, and with more firmness in her tone than might have been expected. "He is not a spendthrift. How could he help his misfortunes? And I only promised that I would not see or write to Arthur—to Mr. Cranstoun—till I was twenty-one unless you allowed me."

"And are you twenty-one, pray?"

"Not yet," and she heaved a deep sigh. "I wish——"

"You wish you was, do you? Well, wishing's not having—and for that matter, promises is sometimes like pie-crust."

"Papa!"

"Then what do you call this, pray?"—And he held up an envelope so that she might just see the direction to "Miss Felicia Grope."

With an eager exclamation she reached out her hand; but he quietly put the letter into his breast-pocket and buttoned his coat.

"Not if I know it, miss," he said. "So that's how you keep your promises!"

"But it is for me," she said, with a little of the stubbornness of his dark eyes reflected in her opal ones. "I have not written to him, and will not; and I'm sure he would not have written to me without a reason. Please, only this once!"

"Not if I know it." And while she stood blushing, flushing, and indignant before him, he took the letter again from his pocket, tore it open, and read it himself. His dark eyes grew black as thunder. "Pretty goings on!" he said, with a glare at her; and then crumpling up the letter, envelope and all, tossed it behind him into the fire.

He then rebuttoned his coat, resumed his position, and continued to scowl. At last his eye, as it was about to leave hers, was suddenly arrested at the point of her dress at which, just above her bosom, she wore a brooch, consisting of a green stone not particularly well cut, and set clumsily and ineffectively in an old-fashioned rim of gold.

"What is that trash you are wearing?" he asked suddenly.

"It is a brooch, papa. And——"

"Any fool can see it's a brooch. Who gave it to you?"

"Arthur."

"Gives brooches, does he? He had better keep his money to buy bread and cheese. I've a great mind to tell you to send it back to him, only——." He paused; after all, he was not the sort of man to counsel the restoration of a pin, if he or his had got hold of it for nothing. So he went on—"only never you let me see you wear it again. And such an ugly thing, too—only fit for your grandmother! He must have bought it cheap in Wardour street. And I tell you what," he went on, his mind suddenly returning to the unfortunate letter, now long reduced to ashes, "if this ever happens again, I'll just turn you neck and crop out of doors, and Elsie after you. A pretty thing, if I'm to be bullied by my own daughter in my own house!"

And he would, doubtless, have gone on being thus bullied by her had she not, in a passion of tears, left the room.

CHAPTER III.—A BATTLE ROYAL.

It was not long, however, before he fully recovered his serenity. Then, looking at his heavy gold watch, the hands of which stood at half-past eleven, he took up his hat and gold-headed cane, left the house and turned his step westward.

He walked along, rapid and self-absorbed, until he reached a cab-stand, where he gave the order, "Grosvenor Square!"

While the front of his house had been barely distinguishable from the fronts of its neighbors, that of the house within a few yards of which he stopped his cab and descended was distinguishable only too well. It was in itself a large and handsome house, even among large and handsome houses; but over it, in place of a hatchment, seemed legibly to be written "Ichabod"—its glory had departed. It was in the travail of a sale.

Before the door stood carts and vans, in the midst of a litter of straw and of humanity, all inextricably mixed together in one inharmonious whole. The aspect of any dwelling which has been given over to the auctioneers is one of the most melancholy things, as every one knows always. But in this case there were circumstances which rendered it even exceptionally melancholy.

The great firm of Cranstoun and Cranstoun had been well known for some hundred years as being one of the first, not only in London, but in the whole world: so much so that its members belonged to the real aristocracy, not so much of trade as of finance—that they had indeed become almost royal in their way, and something much more than royal in their influence upon politics, both abroad and at home. There was a certain magnificence, too, about the character of the late Mr. Cranstoun that seemed to be in keeping with and to support his position. He had contented himself with exercising only the most general supervision over the affairs of the firm, leaving its details to be carried on by subordinates, and being seldom, in person, accessible to any but ambassadors and ministers of State; while, in his private life, he avoided the society of the merely social aristocracy, and devoted himself to the patronage of art and literature, and to the furtherance of great philanthropic schemes. He was but little seen "at homes," or at great country-houses; but his name was as well known among the studious and among those who read the reports of charitable societies as upon the Stock Exchange, while his house in Grosvenor Square was a central point of union for all who had any claim to distinction other than that of mere rank—a regular menagerie of lions. If he was seldom met with in the character of a guest, he was a host of the first water; and at least half the good grain that redeems the ordinary chaff of London conversation was to be found at his table.

He had but one child, a son, whose education and training had been something like that of a prince royal. He had not been sent to any public school, but had been surrounded from his cradle with tutors of the highest class that money could procure. Instead of going to a university he had been sent to travel all over Europe and beyond it; and everything had been done for him that could be considered to qualify him for a station of life even above that to which he had been called. Fortunately—for such elaborate processes of education are dangerous—the disposition of the sole heir to so much wealth was good by nature—and still more fortunately—for training is even more important than nature—the atmosphere in which he had been brought up was such as of necessity to give him an interest in the greater and higher movements of men. But the very men with whom he was brought most in contact—the authors, the artists, the philanthropists, the enthusiasts of the day—were not such as were, under the circumstances, most fitted by the influence of their society to render him a model son. It was not that he ever gave his father the least uneasiness on the score of his morals; but he readily imbibed a tendency, only too easy of indulgence, to take every opportunity of flying in the face of the world and of doing *outre* things simply because they were *outre*. He soon began to be a great deal talked about and very little understood. His instincts were generous and true in the main, and it was simply out of the question that he should ever swell the ranks of the *jeunesse orageuse*—a body that would have even voted him a milksop if it had not redeemed him by calling him a madman. But he wanted to live a life of his own and to carry out his own ideas; and his own life was so large and his own ideas so many, that it was very hard for him to turn his energies into any special direction.

He shared in every passing mania of the day, so long as it was unpopular and what he considered anti-Philistine. At one time he was on the point of turning Catholic, and of joining either the Society of Loyola or the Brotherhood of La Trappe—he had not quite made up his mind to which he should present his golden apple—so nearly that had not so many conversions taken place about the same time as to such a step seem popular and Philistine, he would inevitably have done so. So, instead of that, he affiliated himself to somb foreign secret society, for the political and social regeneration of the universe, and, for some time, played at conspiracy.—Then, finding that this, too, was vanity, he turned solitary, and spent the whole of a summer and autumn in an out-of-the-way corner in the country, in the study of magic and in the search for the Alcahest. In short, there were few sublime absurdities of which he had not been guilty—always excepting the follies and absurdities of the every day world. He was a very promising Don Quixote indeed. But, at last—it was at the period at which he was engaged in inventing a bran-new religion, with an esoteric and exoteric form, built upon the basis of Neo-Platonism and the Positive Philosophy—he suddenly came to a standstill, which puzzled his acquaintances more than ever. His new caprice seemed to consist in being without a caprice at all.—There was nothing now in which he could be got to show an active and lively interest; and yet, at the same time, he showed no signs of becoming bored or *blase*. And he became graver also, and more reserved; for hitherto he had always thrown himself into his ideas combatively. It was either that he was on the eve of developing into a real man, who makes up his mind to see things as they are, and not as he would have them be, or else it was that that had happened to him which sooner or later, at first or at last, comes to all and interferes terribly with the pursuit of philosophy.

This latter thought troubled his father terribly, who had set his heart by continuing the great house by means of a magnificent alliance; and he knew it to be only too probable that his son would—just because it would be *outre* and un-Philistine—play the part of King Cophetua, on principle. So he watched him as closely as he could; but it was without success. He could only discover that his son was in the habit of taking a walk at a certain hour nearly every day, and that his walk was generally a long one, reckoning by time. He would have a given a great many thousands of pounds that his son might turn out to be even wild and extravagant, so that he might be a little more like other young men.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Back numbers of the above story can be furnished to new subscribers if desired.

Conversation Minus the Weather

As the subject of the weather has been almost wholly monopolized by "Old Probabilities," Hearth and Home suggests a substitute to be used in conversation.—Why should not arithmetical observations be used in place of those of a meteorological nature, so as to render unnecessary such time-worn and utterly useless remarks as these—

"It is very hot this evening, miss."

"Yes, sir. I think it is hotter than it was this morning."

"I really believe it is; but it's not as hot as it was last night."

"If it is as hot to-morrow, I don't know what I shall do."

"But I don't think it is possible for it to be hotter than it was yesterday."

We have here something both novel and instructive to the mind. For instance, people of ordinary culture might thus converse:

"Good morning, miss. Nine and eight make seventeen."

"Yes, sir, they do; and three from seventeen leaves fourteen."

"And one more will make fifteen."

"Yes, sir, but seven into fifty-three is very difficult."

Or if the parties have attained a higher grade of mathematical knowledge, we might have something like this:

"How do you do madam? Six and seven-eighths added to four and a quarter make eleven and one-eighth."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Jones; and three and a ninth will not go evenly into fifteen."

"Certainly not; and eleven-twelfths of six will come within two and a half of being eight."

Now would not such conversations be improvements in every way upon the successions of weather platitudes which have been so long in vogue? And shall we not be thankful to the Weather Bureau if it brings about the change?

WOLF HUNTING IN RUSSIA.

A correspondent of the London *Morning Post* gives a lively account of wolf hunting, which is one of the favorite sports in those parts of Russia, where the animals have not disappeared before advancing civilization. At some abnormal hour, between night and morning, you are aroused by a vigorous shake and a hoarse admonition to "tumble up and look sharp about it, for there's no time to lose." You make a hasty toilet, and sallying forth see in front of your hut, in the dim light of the coming dawn a huge, dark, shapeless mass, which, as your eyes get used to the darkness, assumes the form of a broad, heavy, three-horse sledge with very high sides, not unlike an enormous washing tub, around which flit three or four spectral figures with lanterns—the fitful glare making their grim bearded faces look grimmer and less human than ever. Guns, ammunition, haversacks, etc. stowed away in the bottom of the conveyance; and last, but not least, a young pig, protesting against his abduction with a loudness and fluency that would do honor to a Hyde-Park meeting. All being now ready, the hunters squeeze themselves into their places, the driver shakes his reins with a wild whoop, and away we go into the darkness. Mile after mile as frozen waste goes by like a dream, till at length the spectral shadows of the forest begin to gather round us, and the squeals of our unlucky pig, (whose ears one of our party is now pinching vigorously) begin to be answered by another sound, which no one who has once heard it will easily forget—not the long melancholy howl wherewith a supperless wolf may be heard bemoaning himself on the outskirts of our village any night in the week, but the quick, snarling cry of one who sees his food coming and wishes to hasten it. And there they come at last, the gaunt, wiry, slouching fellows, with their bushy tails and flat narrow heads, and yellow, thievish, murderous eyes. Crack! the foremost of the pack rolls over on his side, kicking conclusively; but the rest gallop on unheeding. Crack! crack! and two more fall dead, blotting the snow with a smear of dull crimson. Some of the boldest pursuers swarm up to the sledge, and attempt to leap over its projecting sides, while we pound their heads with the butt ends of our pieces, and chop their paws with hatchets, and slash them across the eyes with hunting knives, the two hindmost of our party, meanwhile blazing away over our shoulders as fast as they can load. And so, for a time, the running fight goes fiercely on, making altogether a very striking tableau. But "the pace is too stiff to last," as our leader remarks with a knowing grin. A run at full speed through deep snow tries even a full grown wolf too severely to be continued beyond a certain time; and in face of a stout resistance the beast's inherent cowardice is sure to come to the surface sooner or later. Already three or four gaunt, shaggy veterans, who have probably had a good supper over night, begin to hang back as if doubting the wisdom of risking their lives for a hypothetical breakfast. The speed of the rest slackens by degrees: and at length the whole pack drop off as if by tacit agreement, leaving us to pursue our way unmolested. As we emerge again upon the open plain, across which the first beams of the rising sun are just beginning to fall, we see the last of our grim followers slinking like a belated spectre into the gloomy shadows of the forest which we have quitted.

EARLY MARRYING.

Morally, mentally, physically, premature marriage is a mistake among women; and, yet, every day we see this mistake sanctioned by the offices of religion, blessed by the consent of friends, and entered into with all the *eclat* which should be reserved for a triumph rather than a trial.

"Morally," it is a mistake, because few women are fit, at an age when they should be "under authority," to rule a household prudently; since no atmosphere is so dangerous for an undeveloped soul as that of the almost absolute power which is generally delegated to the young wife. She may now do whatever is pleasing in her own eyes. She has been freed from parental restraint, and any other has a circumference so undefined that it is narrowed and enlarged according to the will and moral sense of her who draws it. Angels might fear to walk in such a broad freedom as is given by love and sufferance to the majority of our young married women—women by courtesy—children in the regard of both law and wisdom.

"Mentally," it is a mistake; because, with marriage, all mental grwoth is suspended in the large majority of women. Education being regarded as simply a means toward an end, is abandoned as soon as the end is obtained. It may be argued that all education from such a motive is a mistake to begin with. True, but then it is the end which keeps the culprit in the society of wisdom, and it is just possible the mind, under such influence, might arrive at a juster conception of its worth and value.

"Physically," it is a mistake; because, at the early age at which many marriages are made, the human form has not arrived at perfect strength; and duties and responsibilities are laid upon it for which nature has made no adequate provision. Vitality is destroyed quicker than it is generated, and early and rapid decay of both mind and body are the results. Then the woman is said to die "by the visitation of God," though, in nine cases out of ten, it is only the simple and inevitable result of laws of nature pitilessly and persistently broken.

THE CRUSTS OF THE EARTH.—If we bury a thermometer fifty feet below the surface of the earth the mercury will remain the same the year round, in winter and summer, showing that the sun does not reach below that depth. If we carry the thermometer fifty feet lower the mercury will rise one degree, and will rise in the same ratio every fifty feet we go down. It can be easily calculated at what depth all known substances will melt. This would not exceed fifty miles. It will thus be seen that the crust—or solid part—of the earth is exceedingly thin in proportion to the diameter, not so thick as an egg-shell in proportion to the size of the egg with a crust so thick, constantly cooling and producing a pressure upon the internal masses, it is not strange that the bed of the ocean should be elevated in a single day, and that whole cities have been sunk in the same space of time. The side of a volcanic mountain once broke away and the living masses flowed out, forming a river twelve miles wide, which, in its course, melted down six hills 600 feet high, filling up valleys 600 feet deep and spreading over a surface of 1,100 square miles.