

FREE ENGLISH LIBRARIES.

Valuable Opinion About Reading by the Bishop of London.

The Bishop of London, in formally opening a new free library at Fulham, said he looked upon libraries everywhere as being of the highest importance and value for the cultivation of the great body of people at large. There would be, he was quite certain, a perpetually increasing number of those who would be glad to have the opportunity of reading books which it would be impossible for them to buy or hire. It was a very excellent arrangement that there should be, for common good, libraries of the kind, to which all might resort—libraries which were open to the highest and the lowest, the richest and the poorest. The most important feature of that which had been commonly called the "republic of letters," was that all found themselves equal at the commencement, and the difference between one man and another only consisted in the kind of books which were read, and the degree of diligence used in reading them. At that library every man who had brains would be able to gratify his love of learning to the very utmost extent. He thought that in a very short time there would be a demand springing up for books. Those who had been endowed with gifts and special faculties, and to whom it was the greatest blessing, not only to themselves, but to society, would be able to cultivate their particular faculties. He frequently came across men who were engaged in the ordinary occupations of life, and who had very little education, who had cultivated themselves by a diligent pursuit of the one study for which they were specially adapted. The thing which was wanted was to enable these men to enter upon such a career as was precisely provided by this library. He would be very glad if libraries were hereafter developed still further, and there were added to them by the Legislature museums for the purpose of instruction in such subjects as the books described. It was an excellent plan that men should see those things which they were studying, and also tended to make study complete. The intelligence of the body of the public at large was sure to be raised if those persons who were naturally the most intelligent were allowed to study, and it was always well worth while in any community to give opportunities to the few to cultivate their natural faculties, because all the things that educate the great body of the people there was nothing which educated them so much, so effectively and so permanently as the cultivation of the few who were daily among them, and whose ready explanation on difficult questions would permeate the whole mass.

A Romance and a Mystery.

The well-dressed body of a young woman found floating in New York bay off the Battery, twelve days ago, was identified as Laura Wilder, of South Easton, Pa., and the fact of such identification was published last week. Now it turns out that the person who so identified the dead was Laura Wilder herself, whose purpose was to win back a wandering lover. As the Evening World tells the story, Laura had been engaged to Fred Bowman, and in a fit of jealousy he had left her. Bowman was travelling in the West when he saw in the papers the statement that the dead had been identified as Laura Wilder. His heart was softened, he telegraphed money to have the girl buried; he came himself to attend the funeral; when he came and saw that the body was a stranger, he was puzzled; but the live Laura was watching for him, and they soon came to an understanding. Last Saturday they were married. Last Sunday they started for the West. Mr. Bowman's money was used to bury the dead girl in Evergreen Cemetery. Whose Laura was she?

What a Hindstone is Like.

We were shown, a few days ago, by Mr. William Howe, two madstones which were taken from deer killed by his wife's grandfather, Mr. Bryant, in Montgomery County. They have been in his possession 43 years and are supposed to be over 100 years old. They are about the size of a small pullet's egg, and light yellow in color and light in weight. They were found in the stomachs of deer. One of them is broken and discloses in the centre a small piece of lead from which we infer that these stones are produced by an effort of nature to cover up foreign substances and prevent them from harming the stomach. The formation seems to be gradual and something in the nature of an oyster shell. These stones have never been used in cases of hydrophobia, but Mr. Howe is willing to have them tested at any time.—American (Ga.) Recorder.

We Will Soon Wear Paper Clothing.

It is by no means improbable that paper clothing will yet supersede cotton and woollen cloth as the material of the people. One establishment in the West is already doing an extensive business in the manufacture of paper clothing, and the fabric is said to equal that of any other class of goods in style and durability. For blankets, piano coverings and similar purposes the paper fabrics are an established success. They are light and serviceable. Paper pads, dishes and cases are familiar to almost everybody. Paper boards for making houses, paper boats, paper water pipes, column pipes, tanks and a thousand other new uses are becoming popular. Every man from wood pulp is becoming a very important article in manufacturing, and its products are being exported from this country to every part of the globe.—Manufacture.

"The deaths of women from Bright's Disease during the child-bearing years of life (from 20 to 45) is as high as 30 women to 100 men. After the age of 45 the proportion of deaths from Bright's Disease sank to 59 women for every 100 men. There seems no other conclusion to be drawn from this, than that pregnancy is a frequent cause of Bright's Disease." So writes Wm. Roberts, M. D., F. R. C. P., London, Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Royal Infirmary, Professor of Medicine in the Owen's College, Manchester. All women during pregnancy and the "getting-up" period, should use Warner's Safe Cure, and prevent disease of the kidneys.

—It takes a man with a pretty strong constitution to rise with the lark after being out on one all night.

SHOOTING STARS.

Forty Million Meteorites Fall Each Night.

Observations of falling stars have been used to determine roughly the average number of meteorites which during each piece of the earth's atmosphere during each twenty-four hours. Dr. Schmidt, of Athens, from observations made during seventeen years, found that the mean hourly number of luminous meteors visible on a clear moonless night by one observer was fourteen, taking the time of observation from midnight to 1 a. m. It has been further experimentally shown that a large group of observers who might include the whole horizon in their observations would see about six times as many as are visible to one eye. Professor H. A. Newton and others have calculated that, making all proper corrections, the number which might be visible over the whole earth would be a little greater than 10,000 times as many as could be seen at one place. From this we gather that not less than 20,000,000 luminous meteors fall upon our planet daily, most of them in a dark clear night, and present us with the well-known phenomenon of a shooting star.

This number, however, by no means represents the total number of minute meteorites that enter our atmosphere, because many entirely invisible to the naked eye are often seen in telescopes. It has been calculated that the number of meteorites, if these were included, would be increased at least twenty-fold. This would give us 400,000,000 of meteorites falling in the earth's atmosphere daily.—Harper's Magazine.

Some Mighty Loose Notions About Marriage.

No subject has been more discussed of late than the marriage relation. Is it because we wish to render marriage more sacred and its vows more binding, or because we desire to make divorce easy? We get a good deal about the spiritual horrors of being mistreated and the fatuous bliss of finding oneself free. We paint in lurid colors the sulphurous hell on earth in which a couple "continually dwell" who once thought they loved each other and afterward find out that they do not.

The practical result of this superficial philosophy is that the husband and wife who swore to stand by each other "until death us do part" are on the still hunt throughout society—the man for another woman and the woman for another man. When the man has found the woman and the woman has found the man, then they seem to regard their marriage as a sacrilegious thing, and proceed at once to break the laws of God and man in order to insure domestic happiness. Now, why not carry this logic to its proper conclusion? For example, two young people go to the altar. They are bound sure that their love will be eternal. At the end of five years they grow cool, get a divorce and remarry. There is no reason to suppose that the second marriage will prove happier than the first. At the end of a second five years they find they have made a second mistake. Why not another divorce and another remarriage? Why not a quinquennial recurrence of this experience until the average number of marriages and divorces in an ordinary lifetime shall be, well, say ten or twelve? Take this Plunkett case as an example. The man and wife were Christian scientists. Heaven save the mark! They quietly declared themselves divorced by the laws of their sect, without form of law. They lived in the atmosphere of exceeding holiness, and were so awfully pure and saintly that they wanted to be regarded as specimens of the best results that can be produced from human nature. They opened a school and invited the public to come and be taught how to be as heavenly as they were themselves at the moderate rate of \$2 per lesson.

Mrs. Plunkett joined herself to another husband. That is to say, she told her friends she was married to him. She thinks all this is in religion—that is, she either putting on the cloak of religion to serve the devil in or else that the Lord has endowed her with an unusual amount of imbecility. Is this an isolated case, the case of a pitiful crank, or does it indicate a tendency of modern thought? Well, Dr. Stillman is the unsuited hero of another episode of the same nature. He is a man of culture and social standing and supposes himself to be honorable. Already married to one wife, he searches for another. He had an irrepressible yearning for sympathy, or something of that sort, and couldn't find it at home. But omit the details; you are familiar with them. The upshot of the matter is that his early vows are whistled down the wind on some romantic pretext or other. Under the excuse of protecting the young girl he is living, according to his own confession, in open shame. That a man of honor should be willing to bring everlasting disgrace on the woman he loves is one of the psychological curiosities of the age. To ruin a woman's future may not excite surprise, but to do it because you love her with a manly and protecting affection presents a problem which is past finding out.

All of which leads us to ask, What are we coming to? Is this the road to an earthly paradise, strewn as it is with broken vows and broken hearts, or have we misread the sign at the crossing and taken the road to the devil under a mistake? Perhaps it is a higher philosophy that is being taught; but if so we have a strong prejudice in favor of something not quite so ethereal. The old-fashioned fidelity to home, the old-time loyalty to the marriage relation, even when it is somewhat irksome, is better than this new fangled notion about affinity, soul partners and the rest of the poppycock with which the air is filled. It is dreadfully esthetic, we know, but we have a faint suspicion that a great many people mistake the amorous for the holy.—New York Herald.

A Boy's Chance Spoiled.

Farmer's Boy—Father, why cannot I rise in the world like some other men? For instance, why cannot I some day become Secretary of Agriculture? Old Farmer—Too late, too late, my son, you know too much about farming.—New York Weekly.

Hubbards—Half the time I don't know whether I am crazy or not. Wife—I know all the time.

PECULIAR SYSTEM OF POLYANDRY

Something About the People of Tibet.

The most curious of the many remarkable customs of the country with which our latest war has brought us in contact is polyandry. One of the most recent writers on the subject is the late Mr. Andrew Wilson, who devotes a chapter of his work, "The Abode of Snow," to Tibetan polyandry. Polyandry is that species of polygamy in which the wife has more husbands than one, and it prevails wherever the Tibetan language is spoken. Tibetan polyandry has the peculiarity that the husbands are all brothers, or, at least, very nearly related, so that the woman becomes the wife of a whole family. It does not appear to be in any way connected with the Tibetan religion, but to owe its existence to the poverty of the country and the desire to limit the population. It is practiced by all classes of the population, rich and poor, and is only superseded by polygamy, or multiplicity of wives, where the people have been much in contact with Hindus or Mohammedans. Mr. Wilson met a case in which one woman was married to six husbands, not because five or six were objectionable, but because families with more than two brothers are not common. He attributes the fact that the system works peacefully to the calm, unpassionate temperament of the people, who subordinate all other interests to those of the family. The children are regarded as sons of the house rather than of any individual member of it; all the husbands are treated as the fathers of the children, and there is no noticeable difference in the relations of a child to the different fathers. The surplus in the Lama system, where they learn to read and copy the Tibetan scriptures, and to engage in religious services. The choice of a wife for the family is the right of the elder brother, and the contract he makes involves marriage contracts with all the other brothers. The system is said to have existed in Tibet since prehistoric times, so that its origin is lost in antiquity. The notable end to that serves is that it restricts population in regions where emigration is difficult, and where the means of subsistence cannot be easily increased. Captain Turner says that "the influence of this custom on the manners of the people has not been unbeneficial." To the privileges of unbounded liberty the wife here adds the character of mistress of the family and companion of her husbands. On the other hand, it struck Mr. Wilson that so many husbands meant for the women only so many more masters, and so much more toil and trouble.—Exchange.

Reopens the Queen Looks up.

As is well known, the Queen is in the habit of keeping rooms which have been occupied by deceased relatives long after their deaths. The apartments at Clarence, in which the Princess Charlotte died more than 70 years ago, are rigorously closed, and nobody is allowed to use them. Prince Albert's apartments at Windsor, Osborne and Balmoral are all kept precisely as they were when he was alive, and on the wall of the room in which he expired there is a tablet with an inscription recording the fact that "this apartment was the scene of his demise." The Duchess of Kent's rooms at Frogmore are also shut up as an arrangement which renders them absolutely useless, inasmuch as they are the best in the house. Frogmore, by the way, is officially a part of Windsor Castle, and any repairs that are done there go into the castle account. The Queen has also kept John Brown's rooms at Windsor entirely closed since the death of that domestic, and a large brass has been erected in the apartment in which he expired with an inscription commemorating his virtues and deploring his loss.—London Truth.

Out of His Nose.

A good story is reported from India. There is a famous border freebooter known as Tantis Eheel, who is the cause of much trouble to the authorities. He has long been wanted, but, like Scottish Rob Roy, Tantis does not seem to stand much in awe of the powers that be. A body of native police recently set out in pursuit of the robber, and halted at a spot near one of his favorite haunts. During the halt a "barber" joined the police, and his services were requisitioned by the officer in command. The "barber" was, after the manner of barbers, loquacious, and talked freely of the doings and his doings. "Ah," he said at last, "there is only one way of catching Tantis." "And how is that?" eagerly asked the officer. "In this way," said the barber, cutting off the tip of the "jemadar's" nose, "I am Tantis." Tantis slipped off into the jungle, leaving the unfortunate jemadar steaming with blood and frantically calling his men to follow the runaway. Pursuit was in vain. The "barber" made good his escape.

A Problem for the Honest Farmer.

The difference between a comfortable prosperity and a slowly grinding impoverishment for the farmer may be made by the simple fact that he necessarily sells his products in competition with all the world and at the lowest prices that competition can produce, while the cost of nearly everything that he must buy is enhanced by a system of indirect taxation, the greater part of which is intended to strangle competition and increase the profits of favored interests. When the farmer has worked out this simple problem he will find that the relief he most needs is in his own hands and that the taxation from which he suffers most is that which he has been blindly helping to fasten upon himself.—New York Times.

Took Enough to Kill.

A man by the name of George Grab, living in Jordan village, committed suicide Friday by taking Paris green. Before death he remarked that had he known it was going to give him so much pain he would not have taken it, and that he expected he would fall over just like a potato bug. About a year ago Grab was endeavoring to kill himself by getting on to the house top and rolling from the roof. That time he only succeeded in slightly hurting himself.

—The man who invented the locomotive cow-catcher never got a cent for it. And yet it has given many a man a lift.

VOICE AND STIMULANTS.

Tobacco, Alcohol and Fiery Condiments are Best Avoided.

Tobacco, alcohol and fiery condiments of all kinds are best avoided by those who have to speak much, or at least they should be used in strict moderation. I feel bound to warn speakers addicted to the herb nicotine against cigarettes. Like tipping the effect of cigarette smoking is omnivorous, and the slight but constant absorption of tobacco juice and smoke makes the practice far more noxious in the long run than any other form of smoking. Our forefathers, who used regularly to end their evenings under the table, seem to have suffered little of the well known effects of alcohol on the nerves, while the modern tippler, who is never intoxicated, is a being whose nervous system may be said to be in a state of chronic inflammation. In like manner cigarette smokers, those at least who inhale the smoke, do not merely puff it "from the lips outward," as Carlyle would say, are often in a state of chronic narcotic poisoning. The old jest about the slowness of the poison may seem applicable here, but though the poison may be slow there can be little doubt that it is sure. Even if it does not kill the body, it too often kills or greatly impairs the victim's working efficiency and usefulness in life. The local effects of cigarettes in the mouth must also be taken into account by those whose work lies in the direction of public speech. The white spots on the tongue and on the inside of the cheeks, known as smoker's patches, are believed by some doctors with special experience to be more common in devotees of the cigarette than in other smokers; this unhealthy condition of the mouth may not only make speaking troublesome, or even painful, but it is now proved to be a predisposing cause of cancer. All fiery or pungent foods, condiments or drinks tend to cause congestion of the throat, and if this condition becomes chronic it may lead to impairment, if not to complete loss of voice. The supposed miraculous virtues of the mysterious persin and draughts on which some orators pin their faith exist mainly in the imagination of those who use them, as best they do nothing more than lubricate the joints of the vocal machine so as to work it more smoothly.—Sir Morell Mackenzie in the Contemporary Review.

THE SUICIDAL MANIA.

An Extraordinary Daily Increase in Civilized Communities.

Whether man, who has no voice in entering this world, has the moral right to determine when he shall quit it is a question that anthropologists have disputed over for ages. The Chinese regard self-destruction as honorable and in a sense a rebuke to an enemy, and they occasionally approach the grotesque in carrying out their designs. The early inhabitants of old America compelled their old men and women to destroy themselves so that they would no longer be a burden to the community, and the cannibals of the Fiji Islands, after having eaten the most unwholesome of the prisoners of war, caused those who were too tough to roast and too old to be of any use to cast themselves into the sea. Suicide in civilized countries has increased disproportionately with the increase in population, and the area of self-sought deaths has changed from one country to another without any apparent reason. Statistics show that Germany led the list for years, until the beginning of the present decade, and that France followed. Germany, it was said, killed themselves because the Lager beer they drank clogged the liver and produced despondency. Frenchmen, on the other hand, made away with themselves from over-excitation—a precisely opposite cause. Spaniards and Englishmen, or the majority of them, prefer natural deaths, while Americans, from the very nature of their polyglot character, are gradually beginning to lead all other civilized countries in the number of suicides. The State of New York has attempted to stem this rising tide by enacting a law making it a crime to attempt self-destruction, and the unfortunate who is too slow or too unskillful to get out of the world without making a halt goes behind prison bars to wonder why a community should insist on saving something that did not belong to them. No other State in the Union and no State in Continental Europe prohibits attempts at suicide. That the mania is increasing is shown by the daily record in the newspapers. No one section in the world, by the cool mountains of Maine and in the tropical byways of Louisiana men and women seek the grave of their own volition in almost equal proportions.—New York World.

Co-Operation in England.

Whatever one may think of co-operation, it is making headway. In fourteen years the co-operators in the south of England have increased fourfold; they do five times the number of sales they did in 1875, make six times the profits, and employ eight times the capital. Commercially speaking, this is good enough, but it would be worth more if, as yesterday's discussion shows, "profit sharing" was not still an open question with many co-operators. However, the principle of profit sharing is making its way, and if it is only systematically carried out by the productive societies co-operation may do more for the world than it has yet. We should like to see the industrial co-operative societies turning their attention more actively to co-operative land owning.—London Star.

Milk not a Beverage.

It is a mistake to look upon milk as a beverage. It is a liquid food, and though it quenches thirst at the moment, it makes it more intense after it has been some time in the stomach, and its digestion has commenced. Healthy infants who receive a sufficiency of milk often cry for long periods, to the bewilderment and distress of mothers and nurses, simply because they are thirsty, and in many cases where indigestion is caused by weakness or insufficiency of the gastric juice, the child would be greatly benefited by a drink of water.—Hospital.

—"It really isn't fair," remarked Mr. St. Louis, indignantly, "for Chicago to annex all the Cronin murderers just before the census is taken. Why, really, unless we count in the files our honest city will have no show at all."

SELECTING MEATS.

How to Choose a Good Piece for Broiling or Roasting.

We hear much said about our tough beef and the poor meat in general that comes to us from the market. It seems just possible that the meat would be much more palatable if the cooks understood thoroughly the best ways to cook the different pieces, so that they would come to the table in their tenderest, most appetizing shape. There is something to be learned, too, by the one who does the marketing. Meat for a certain purpose should be cut from a certain part. If a roast is wanted, it is better that it come from the loin. If an inferior roast be bought, cook it as a pot roast, and see how much more tender it is. When steak is bought many people will broil or even fry anything the butcher gives them. A lady who knows a little about meat once asked in a shop for a beefsteak, and upon seeing the piece from which the butcher began to cut she said: "Why, that isn't steak, is it?" Whereupon he answered: "No; but I can make steak of it." Too many people know no difference if the meat be cut in slices. If they would realize that what makes a very poor piece of meat better would often be delicious if broiled or simply baked in a closely-covered dish; or cut up and cooked, then made into a meat pie; or if, failing to taste the piece of meat wanted, they would take the one they could get and cook it the way it is best—so spoiling a good stew to make a poor roast—they would find more digestible as well as palatable meats. It should be remembered, too, after the outside of the meat is seared over to prevent the escape of juices, that a slow fire does better work than a very hot one. Intense heat hardens fibers, while slow heat softens it. All housekeepers should learn to know the parts of the meat by the names given them by the butchers, be able to ask for what they want in the market, and to know that they are given what they order.

There are only a few choice cuts of beef, and everybody cannot have the best. It is the part of wisdom to be able to make "best" from "second best" by cooking in such a way as to make each piece of meat appear to the very best advantage. In this way, if housekeepers look out for their own tables, they will find that in spite of poor meats, tough beef and sawney chickens, savory dishes may be prepared, and the family enjoy good living.—Mrs. Kedia, in Industrialist.

\$40,000 Lost.

I lost forty thousand dollars by a periodical attack of nervous sick headache," said a Chicago capitalist to a correspondent, pointing across the street to a handsome corner lot. "That lot was sold for ten thousand dollars at a public auction five years ago, and I intended to buy it, but was too sick with headache to attend the sale, and it is now worth fifty thousand dollars." If he had known of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets they would have removed the cause of his headache—biliousness—and he would have made the money. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets cure sick headache, bilious headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion and bilious attacks. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

A Woman's Success.

"You'll never die of consumption, John," said a wife to her husband when he came home at a late hour a little the worse for wear. "I won't die of consumption. What makes you think so?" "Because your lungs are sound." "How do you know?" "How do I know? Because your health is so strong."—Boston Courier.

\$500 Reward.

The former proprietor of Dr. Sarg's Catarrh Remedy for years made a standing offer in all American newspapers of \$500 reward for a case of catarrh that he could not cure. The present proprietors have renewed this offer. All the druggists call this Remedy, together with the "Doncha," and all other appliances advised to be used in connection with it. No catarrh patient is longer able to say "I cannot be cured." You get \$500 in case of failure.

A Man of Push.

Wife—Mr. Blower, you've always to be a man of push, haven't you? Husband—That's what I claim to do, and I'm always ready to stand that assertion. Wife—Then what's the matter with pushing this baby carriage a little, precious?—Time.

Terrible Slaughter.

Thousands of lives were needlessly sacrificed last year in this country, and other lives are being as wantonly sacrificed to-day. Disease is Grinding Many Down into the dust of the earth who might be well. Mark those initials, for thereby hangs a tale: "G. M. D." They stand for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which is unequalled for imparting vigor and tone to the liver and kidneys, in purifying the blood, and through it cleansing and renewing the whole system. For scrofulous humors and consumption (or lung scrofula) in its early stages, it is a positive specific. It is sold under a positive guarantee of benefitting or curing in every case, on being given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be refunded.

A Fly Youth.

Fond parent (sternly)—More money? I tell you, sir, I did not dare ask my father for money when I was your age. Fly youth—I know the reason of that. F. P.—You do? And what was the reason, pray? F. Y.—Your father was not so kind and generous-hearted as mine is. F. P.—Well, I suppose I must let you have a little, Jack; but go easy, my boy, go easy.—Boston Courier.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND