

TROTTING MATCHES.

A Distinctly Dutch Sport—The Race Course at the Hague. There is one distinctly Dutch sport, the hard-driving, "hard driving" is Dutch for a trotting match. It was from Holland, through the old Dutch settlers of the colony, before New Amsterdam was taken by the fleets of Charles II and renamed New York, that our American cousins got their taste for trotting horses. All classes, from the nobleman to the farmer, grow excited over the survival of the fittest, the chariot race, and their level roads have naturally led to the breeding of horses exactly suited for gig driving at high speed. The breed is indigenous to Friesland, though many are bred in Guelderland. Most of the horses are shaped like a small edition of the English shire horse, short and compact, with very strong quarters and well sloped shoulders. They do not show the quality of the Norfolk or Orloff trotter, as the neck and head are coarser, and they have generally a good deal of hair at the heels, but for pace over a short course it is doubtful if either could equal them. The trotting matches are run in heats like coursing matches, except that in each a horse must win the best out of three courses. At the Hague these races are held in a fine avenue running from the great wood to the "Maalibaan," or parade ground. The course is on pounded cobbles and wide enough for two gigs to race abreast. A score of entries is not uncommon. The horses are owned by men of all degrees—count, baron or farmer—and the gigs picked out with gold and the animals decorated with ribbons make a fine show. The pairs go off with a flying start at the sound of a bugle, and if the two vehicles are not level when they pass the line the bugle sounds again, and they start afresh. The horses are steadiest, and as they once more pass the line the driver shakes the reins—for no whip is allowed—and the pair fly down the avenue at top speed, their hind legs tucked under them and their forefeet coming out like pistons. When the final heats are run, the excitement grows intense. Unlike our flat racing, the hard-driving victory often falls to some comparatively poor owner of a trotter. The count and the farmer shout encouragement as their gigs rush by, and the friends of each are equally demonstrative in their different ways. If the farmer wins, the success is celebrated that evening with an enthusiasm which could not be exceeded in Yorkshire. The Dutch are generally considered a phlegmatic race, but they keep an immense reserve of excitement strictly suppressed, and when this finds vent not even Italians can be wilder. That evening half a dozen well-to-do farmers and their wives may be met dancing arm in arm down the Spui straat, singing at the top of their voices, the owner of the winner beating time as he dances backward in front of them.—Contemporary Review.

Fishermen of St. Pierre and Miquelon. Near the west coast of Newfoundland are the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. They are the last relics of the once great possessions of France in North America. They have a French governor and a uniformed French police. Many French fishermen make their headquarters on these islands. These Frenchmen "sail their trawls." Their fishing vessels are much larger than ours and include even barks. Instead of dories they carry sailboats. The vessel comes to anchor, and near her each boat drops its first trawl keg overboard. Then one boat will set a zigzag trawl by tacking against the wind, another will run a straight-away course, so that the trawls, while all converging toward the vessel, do not interfere with one another. Then, too, the fishermen can in foggy weather get back to the vessel by simply under-running their trawls. Our fishermen set their trawls where they think they will hook the most fish, and the vessel, instead of coming to anchor, cruises about where she put the dories over.—Gustav Kobbe in St. Nicholas.

One on the Mayor. A good story is told about the late Prince Napoleon, familiarly known as Plon Plon. When he visited an important Irish city, the mayor, who fancied himself a linguist, addressed his distinguished guest in French. The prince replied in idiomatic English that he accepted with gratitude all the kind things which he assumed to have been said of him. But, among the many details of his education was a want of acquaintance with vernacular Irish.

Patience, Doctor. I don't think I shall be any more. Will you look me over again? Doctor: Only once more—I'll send you to bed tomorrow.—Hindu.

DYSPEPSIA ANTISEPTICS.

The Rational Treatment of a Deranged Digestion. It was 40 years ago that Dr. (now Sir) Benjamin Ward Richardson made a thorough investigation of the antiseptic and healing properties of peroxide of hydrogen. This was, however, before the dawn of bacteriology, and, owing to this reason as well as probably to the inferior and impure nature of the earlier forms of the remedy, it achieved little reputation. It is only of late that peroxide of hydrogen in its recently developed form, the pure and powerful solution known as hydrozone, has come to the front as the remedy pointed out by science for the destruction of microbial infection in the human organism, especially in the membrane of the stomach and bowels. Inflammation of the stomach, or gastritis, is the result of microbial infection, a bacillus produced fermentation due to one or more of a variety of causes, such as overeating or overdrinking, imperfect mastication unwholesome food or drink, the use of alcohol or of corrosive and poisonous drugs, which produce a disturbance in the relative proportions of the main constituents of the gastric juice (muriatic acid and pepsin), and so lead, through indigestion, to dangerous disorders, such as constipation, diarrhea and catarrhal inflammation of the bowels. The importance of an early remedy cannot, therefore, be overestimated. The rational treatment is as follows: First.—Destroy the unhealthy mucus without injuring the tissues beneath. Second.—Heal the diseased membrane in order to restore the normal functions of the peptic glands. This is the method employed by Dr. John Audle of Philadelphia and is briefly described in the following condensed account: "In gastritis we have to deal with an unhealthy condition of the lining membrane of the stomach. The inflammation is attended with an increased output of mucus, which seriously interferes with the normal functions of the peptic glands. By the introduction of a small quantity of hydrozone in the strength of 1 part to 32 parts of boiled or sterilized water, this objectionable mucus is at once destroyed by the action of the nascent oxygen, which is released, and the contents of the stomach remaining are promptly discharged into the small intestine. A patient suffering from gastritis should take at least half an hour before meals from 2 to 4 ounces of diluted hydrozone (1 to 32) and lie on the right side, so as to facilitate the action of the stomach in discharging its contents. The antiseptic properties of hydrozone thus used are sufficient to destroy the micro organisms and leave the stomach in a healthy condition for the absorption of nutritive pabulum. All forms of fermentation are promptly subdued by the active oxidation resulting from liberation of nascent oxygen. The patient is then in a condition to take suitable food, which should be nutritious and easily digested, liquids being preferred, until the active symptoms have subsided. "After taking a meal a patient with gastritis should follow it with medicinal doses of glycozone, which contains, in addition to the nascent oxygen contained in hydrozone, a percentage of glycerin, which favors osmosis and assists in re-establishing the functional activity of both the peptic and mucous glands of the organ. "Although brief, it is believed this communication will prove serviceable to a large number of practitioners who have hitherto found serious difficulties in counteracting the mephitic influences of bacteria in this class of disorders, and the clinical virtues of the remedy being now so fully recognized no one will hesitate to adopt the methods suggested, which may be conveniently carried out in addition to the usual routine treatment. "When it is considered that there are about 600 prescriptions for dyspepsia and gastric disorders, ranging from the use of simple bicarbonate of soda to cocaine and strychnine, which cannot cure, but only afford temporary relief, while the weakening of the vitality of the animal cells of the membrane still continues toward the point where the peptic glands cease their functions, the importance of the use of a powerful yet harmless antiseptic becomes at once apparent.—New York Medical Journal.

Campbell and Leyden. When Sir Walter Scott repeated "Hohenlinden" to Leyden, the latter commented, "Dash it, man, tell the fellow that I hate him; but dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these 50 years." Sir Walter had fully carried out his errand and had for answer, "Tell Leyden that I detest him; but I know the value of his critical approbation."

FOOLISH FEAR OF LIGHTNING.

Fewer Fatalities From It Than From Other Causes of Accidental Deaths. A news item gives the results of an investigation carried out by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, on the things that most excite fear in people. Of the 288 classes of objects of fear to which 1,707 persons confessed, thunder and lightning lead all the rest, although in certain localities, as, for instance, those subject to cyclones, etc., the fear of the latter predominates. It may be accepted as probably true that thunderstorms constitute the most pronounced source of fear with the majority of people, due no doubt to the always impressive and not infrequently overpowering nature of the phenomenon. But is there any justification in fact for this fear, so far as fatal results are concerned? We believe there is not; but, on the contrary, that many other causes, which barely have a place in Dr. Hall's list, are infinitely more entitled to the distinction as fear producers than is lightning. As proof of this we may cite statistics of the United States weather bureau. These show that for the four years 1890-3, the deaths from lightning numbered 784, or an average of 196 a year. Again, Mr. H. F. Kretzer of St. Louis found from the record of nearly 200 newspapers that for the five years 1883-8 there were 1,030 deaths caused by lightning, or an average of 205 a year. We doubt whether of the number of deaths classed as "accidental" in the whole United States any one group can show so small a number. In New York city alone over 200 people are drowned every year, while nearly 160 are burned or scalded to death, and close to 500 persons meet their end by falls of one kind or another. Comparing the record of 200 lightning fatalities for the whole country with the above records for New York city, with its total of nearly 1,500 accidental deaths every year, it will be seen how groundless is the popular fear of lightning. It is a survival, an inherited superstition. But there is another point in connection with this matter which ought to be particularly comforting to city dwellers, albeit country dwellers may not be affected in a like manner, and that is that statistics show that the risk of lightning is five times greater in the country than in the city. The cause of this immunity for city dwellers is not far to seek. It is doubtless due to the predominance of metal roofs, the well grounded water pipes in houses, and probably as much as anything to the protective network of overhead electric wires of all kinds. The popular belief that a stroke of lightning is invariably fatal is also not borne out by facts. Indeed, one record especially devoted to this feature shows that of 212 persons struck only 74 were killed. Taking it all in all, there seems to be no more groundless popular fear than that of lightning. Indeed, if one can go by statistics, the risk of meeting death by a horse kick in New York is over 50 per cent greater than that of death by lightning. Yet with all the weight of statistics against its deadliness lightning will probably continue to scare people as heretofore. Perhaps, after all, there may be a more direct cause than the mere psychological one usually ascribed to it, and that is the fact that many people of nervous temperament are affected hours before the approach of a thunderstorm and thus rendered particularly powerless to stand the strain which more or less affects even the most phlegmatic natures during a disturbance in the heavens.—New York Times.

Took a Dollar For a Chicken. An old dorky was arrested for stealing a silver dollar. The dollar was found on his person and produced in court. "You stole this money?" asked the judge. "Dat's what dey says, sub." "Well, what have you to say for yourself?" "Well, sub, nuttin much, 'ceptin dat I wuz driv ter it." "Driven to it?" "Yes, sub. You see, jedge, dat dollar had a bird on it, en it look so much like a game chicken dat I thought I wuz in a henroos' en des natchally bagged it."—Atlanta Constitution.

Bet's Innocence. Bet Flint, a humble friend of Dr. Johnson, was taken up on a charge of stealing a counterpane. She was tried at the Old Bailey, and Chief Justice Willes, who had a kindness for her sex, summed up favorably, and she was acquitted. "After which Bet said, with a gay and satisfied air, 'Now that the counterpane is my own, I shall make a petticoat of it.'"

Classed. A Kentucky editor had the following announcement standing in his columns: "A first class paper, entered as second class matter in a third class postoffice."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

POSTMASTER WAS IGNORANT.

Ought to Have Known That Blackbird and Oiseau Noir Were the Same. In the mixing camps in upper Michigan people of every nationality under the sun are employed, and the mail that arrives at the nearest point of delivery is as incongruous as a crazy patchwork. That is what an amateur postmaster thought as he looked it over in the candle box in the rear of the board shanty which served as a grocery store and postoffice combined. He was looking for a letter for a half breed, who sat on a soap box and waited. "There never was such a name in the world," said the postmaster in a grumpy voice. "Who ever heard of Blackbird for a name?" "Dat eez so—dat my name-me," said the man who wanted the letter. He spoke with a strong French accent. "Peter Blackbird, my fader he make it too." "And I tell you Blackbird ain't no kind of a name—heathen or otherwise. Say, Frenchy, what you done to pick up a name like that? Howsomer, if the letter was here, it would be plain readin. Maybe it'll come next week. Who'd you expect it from, ennyhow?" "Me fader, an it zee money got—dat I len' him-me." "Well, get out now with your jargon. If it comes, I'll save it for you. Come agen when you can't stay so long." And the letters were packed away for the next comer. In a week the half breed was back as before, looking for a letter for "Peter Blackbird," and, as before, no letter awaited him. "Can you read writin?" asked the postmaster angrily, as he flipped the letters on the rough counter. "Whaffor I hev letter come eef I no read?" asked the half breed in return. "Then you look here and see that there isn't anything for 'Peter Blackbird.'" The woodsman took each letter in his grimy hands and with infinite pains and difficulty spelled out the hard names to which the one he had given seemed an easy one. At last he seized one with a yell of delight and began tearing it open, when the postmaster insisted on seeing it. "Hello!" he said. "This ain't your letter!" "Yum, yum, yum, dat my letter—I tell you dat name in English, for you not speak a de French—dat my fader hanwrite—dat my name." He held it up, and the puzzled postmaster looked at the inscription and read this legend: "Pierre L'Oiseau Noir, Camp Alger, Mich." "Well, what the — has that got to do with you?" asked the postmaster. "Dat Peter Blackbird in French all right. What for you zat ignorant," was the half breed's answer as, seizing his precious letter, he faded away.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Hobbies Supplied to Order. A certain gentleman whose offices are near the Strand has built up a huge business connection by professionally advising people as to what hobby to adopt. His advice is always based as far as possible on a pretty accurate knowledge of his customer's temperament and occupation. And a queer fact is that several doctors have discovered his worth and are sending their brain fagged patients to him for hobby treatment just as they might dispatch them to a dentist for toothache.

As almost every one knows, there is a marked fashion just now for hobbies of all sorts, and to the wealthy person who is too busy or too lazy to start one for himself this hobby merchant has become a perfect boon. Suppose you wish to take up orchid collecting. You simply call at his modest looking little office one morning and leave your order. The whole thing is conducted with the strictest confidence, and within the same month your conservatories are stocked with an orchid collection which is the envy of the countryside.—London Answers.

Thoughtful. "Didn't she seem at all affected when you told her how her refusal had wrecked your hopes?" "No." "Not even when you told her that you had become desperate and were going on an expedition to the north pole?" "Not a bit." "Didn't she offer you any little parting token—any little memento of the past?" "Yes, she did that. She said that if I wanted her to she'd work my monogram on a pair of ear muffs."—Washington Star.

Royal Wedding Cakes. In England royal wedding cakes are never sent out until they have matured at least six months. The actual baking process lasts from five to seven hours. So great is the demand for cake on the occasion of a royal wedding that the makers have always a stock of more than 1,200 pounds in the seasoning room.

WHEN FORTUNE FROWNS.

When fortune frowns, lift high your head And walk with manly, steadfast tread, For heed what man may do or say, But ever onward keep your way. With firm intent, with purpose clear, Untouched by doubt, unknown of fear. When fortune frowns, do not despair, For life holds things both sweet and fair. The future may melt out to thee In fallow joy ungrudgingly, Success your efforts may repay For all the shame of failure's day. When fortune frowns, she oft doth send In recompense a faithful friend, And with her chastening doth bestow A peace that now we may not know, Refreshing all our inner life, Ennobling us for future strife. —Emma Hodges in Boston Globe.

A Pair of Welcome Office Seekers.

Ex-Governor Thatcher of Colorado tells this: "I had been in charge of my office but a few days when I received one day a large bear that had been recently killed, accompanied by a note telling me that it was 'mighty fine bar meat.' This note did not give the name of the giver. A few days later a dozen wild turkeys arrived at the executive mansion. The next gift was a large box of fine mountain trout, along with some fresh berries. By this time I was a little curious, but had no way of learning who they came from. One day I received an extra large box. There were a large cake, some pies, bread, jams and jelly, and with small pieces of different meats finely cooked. This time the note informed me the unknown would call on me in a few days. I was anxious to see the person and when one Saturday a long haired man from the mountains came in I was somewhat surprised. 'Well, governor, what do you think of my ability as a hunter and of my wife as cook?' asked the stranger. Without any more talk he said he wanted the job of furnishing my household with fresh meats and his wife wanted the position of cook. As they had shown their abilities I gave them the positions at once. He never failed to keep a good supply of meats on hand, and his wife furnished good home cooking. If all the office seekers were like that man, a government official's life would be a happy one."—Omaha Bee.

Novelties in Armoring.

One of the novelties in armoring which makes considerable progress is the isolation of single guns in small armored citadels. The idea is, of course, to minimize the effects of shell bursting in the ship, but as there is no rose without a thorn, I doubt about the moral effect of such isolation unless the number of officers is very much increased. But at least one fallacy seems to be disappearing. It used to be held that it would be better to have no armor at all than armor which was penetrable. The inflexible, again, was the embodiment of the proposition, showing an immense side with only a small patch of very thick armor in the middle of it. The truth, of course, is that it is no use firing 12 pounders at a ship clothed with four inches of wrought iron, whereas if there were no armor every 12 pound shell would be effective. The armor limits the effective fire, and that is its sole function.—Admiral P. H. Colomb, R. N., in North American Review.

Beards.

Russia had an old law by which one who pulled but a single hair from another's beard might be fined four times as much as if he had cut off one of his enemy's fingers. The Turks have always believed that a beardless man would never be admitted to paradise, and the Russians, although they profess to despise everything Turkish, declare that "no beardless son of Adam can ever enter heaven."

Some Husbands.

"But I thought your husband was such an active man!" "Active! If it weren't for me, I don't believe he'd get up in time to go to bed." "Ah, well, that's better than some husbands, you know, who scarcely go to bed in time to get up."—Harper's Bazar.

The Margaret Louise home, in New York city, was founded as a "temporary" home for Protestant self supporting women. The liberal endowments of Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard and the Vanderbilts have made it possible for the managers to furnish accommodations to business women at an almost nominal price.

The products of the California mines from 1853 to 1858, are put down at \$443,091,000; those of Australia since their discovery at \$396,813,000.

James Hogg, the Scotch poet, was called "the Ettrick Shepherd." He was in early life a shepherd and was born in Ettrick.

It is only during the past year that bicycle riding has excited the public interest in Spain to any great extent.

The only woman's face that has ever adorned United States paper money is that of Martha Washington.

HER FIRST LESSON.

She Learned From It a Truth as Unchangeable as the Heavens. The small, anxious woman who was keeping the boarding house suspected that he was a crank the moment she saw him. What first excited her suspicion was the fact that, although he was very thin, he habitually wore a frock coat. There is something about a thin man in a Prince Albert coat that invariably excites the distrust of his fellow men. She was not surprised when this boarder came to her with the announcement that he was going to leave. "I'm very sorry," she answered. "I have done my best to make it comfortable." "You have indeed. I have been profoundly impressed by your solicitude for my well being, and I assure you that as I journey onward through life, perhaps never to encounter this boarding house again, it will be sweetly refreshing to recall that some time and somewhere I have known a landlady who gave a thought to her boarders other than to keep tab on when the rent came due." The landlady beamed a little smile and blushed. "If you feel that way about it," she said, "I don't see why you are going to leave us." "I can't stand suspense," was the answer. "Present discomfort is better than complete ease combined with a future that bristles with the terrors of uncertainty. I am becoming attached to this place. I would rather move now and break the ties while they are still slender than linger till the frost comes again and be obliged to have my traps carted around town while I seek other lodgings in cold weather." "But I don't see why you will have to move at all." "You are not experienced in running a boarding house." "It's true that I have been engaged in this business only a short time, but I don't see how you found it out. I thought I was providing exceedingly good accommodations." "Yes. The excellence of the establishment in all its branches was what first excited my suspicion. Then I resolved to put you to the test. I knew that I could determine with absolute accuracy whether you were a novice and all this care and attention to detail merely the result of early enthusiasm. You will remember that this morning I said something at breakfast about the coffee being rather slow to settle." "Yes. It seemed a little heartless of you to call attention to it before folks, and I gave the cook a good talking to about it. I am sure it will not occur again." "The thin boarder looked down upon her and smiled indulgently. "It is too bad," he commented, "that this solicitude, which does you so much credit, should have been the means of my detecting your secret. Had you been old in the business when you heard me say that to be the coffee a long time to settle you would have cast an eye look around the table and said that it reminded you of some people. That is a form of repartee that was invented shortly after Adam and Eve left the garden of Eden to look for other accommodations, and no one but a beginner would have let the opening pass. I am sorry, but I prefer the peace of mind that comes from a settled policy to basking in the sunshine of luxury only to see it day by day obscured by the shadow of a meteoric economy. This evening I will pay you the \$5.00 that I owe you, and then we will part." "A long, hard time that had never been there before came into the face of the little landlady. She had taken her first lesson in the eternal truth that the more one tries to please people the less one is likely to succeed.—Detroit Free Press.

To Take Off a Tight Ring. When a finger grows so thick that a ring cannot be taken off, an easy way to reduce the swelling is as follows: A narrow rubber band is taken and placed several times around the finger near the nail, and while the hand is held up the band is slowly rubbed down until it reaches the ring. This is repeated several times, and after a few minutes it will be found that the finger is thin enough to slip off the ring without the slightest difficulty.