

Miscellaneous.

SIBERIA.

Its Secrets Revealed—George Kennan's Wonderful Journey.

Continued from First Page. fetch it my sister desired the children to remain there till her return, she leaving the door open. Coming back as quickly as possible she met the boy pale and trembling on his way to her, and asked why he had left the room. 'Oh,' he said, 'who is that woman?' 'Where?' she asked. 'That old woman who went up stairs,' he answered. She tried to convince him that there was no one else in the house, but he was so agitated and eager to prove it that she took his trembling hand in hers and brought him up stairs and went from one room to another, he searched behind curtains and under beds, still maintaining that a woman did go up the stairs. My sister rightly thought that the mere fact of a woman going up stairs in a house where she was a stranger would not account for the child's terror.

"A neighbor of ours started when we first told him what we had seen, and then asked if we had never heard that a woman had been murdered in that house many years previous to our purchase of it. He said it had the reputation of being haunted. This was the first intimation of the ghost of the murdered woman, however, for two years.

"On the night of July 7, 1886, I was awakened from a sound sleep by some one speaking close to me. I turned round, saying: 'Emily, what is it?' thinking that my sister, who slept in the room next to mine, had come in. I saw plainly the figure of a woman who deliberately and silently moved away towards the door, which remained shut, as I had left it.

"Two days after this occurrence I was awakened about six o'clock in the morning by a presentiment of approaching evil. I opened my eyes and distinctly saw the form of a darkly-clad, elderly female bending over me with folded arms, and glaring at me with the most intense malignity. I tried to scream and struggled to withdraw myself from her, when she slowly and silently receded backward and seemed to vanish through the bedroom door."

This is the remarkable story of a Worcester County manufacturer whose digestion is good, whose head is exceptionally clear, and who has never been suspected of possessing great imaginative powers. He believes now that there are a few more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his cash-down, hard-pan, copper-bottomed philosophy.—Philadelphia Press.

Celery as Food and Medicine.

Numerous cures of rheumatism by the use of celery have recently been announced in English papers; but the following more in detail, is given on the authority of the New York Times.

"New discoveries—or what claim to be discoveries—of the healing virtues of plants are continually being made. One of the latest is that celery is a sure cure for rheumatism; indeed it is asserted that the disease is impossible if the vegetable be cooked and freely eaten. The fact that it is always put on the table raw, prevents its therapeutic powers from being known. The celery should be cut into bits, boiled in water until soft, and the water drank by the patient. Put new milk, with a little flour and nutmeg, into a saucpan with the boiled celery, serve it warm with pieces of toast, eat it with potatoes and the painful ailment will soon yield. Such is the declaration of a physician who has again and again tried the experiment, and with uniform success. He adds that cold or clampy never produces but simply develops the disease, of which acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause, and that while the blood is alkaline there can be neither rheumatism or gout. English statistics show that in one year (1876) 2,640 persons died of rheumatism, and in every case, it is claimed, might have been cured or prevented by the adoption of the remedy mentioned. At least two-thirds of the cases named heart disease are ascribable to rheumatism and its agonizing ally, gout. Small-pox, so much dreaded, is not half so destructive as rheumatism, which, it is maintained by many physicians, can be prevented by obeying nature's laws in diet. But if you have incurred it, boiled celery is pronounced unhesitatingly to be a specific."

The proper way to eat celery is to have it cooked as a vegetable after the manner above described. The writer makes constant use of it in this way. Try it once and you would sooner do without any vegetable, with the single exception of the potato, rather than celery. Cooked celery is a delicious dish for the table, and the most conducive to health of any vegetable which can be mentioned.

Humorous.

You can't insult the clerks in the evenings by telling them to 'shut up.'

MAMA—Edith, can you tell me what 'faith' is?

Edith (aetad six)—Oh, yes; it's believing what you know isn't true. (Fact.)—Harvard Lampoon.

"Is there any difference in the meaning of the words 'nautical' and 'marine'?" asked Mrs. McCorkle of Mrs. Faugle. "No," was the reply, "one is a cinnamon of the other."

BARBER, who has just finished the shave—All right, sir; there you are, sir; How do you feel now, sir? Customer—First rate. There isn't nothing like getting out of a bad scrape.

"Do you know the gentleman?" asked a San Francisco lady of her little girl, in reference to the minister who was making a pastoral call. "Of course I do," said the little girl. "He does the hollering at our church."—San Francisco Alta.

A CONDUCTOR poked his head in the door of a car and called out the station "Sawyer," whereupon a young man upon his wedding tour, who was about to kiss his bride, yelled back: "I don't care if you did, sir; she's my wife."

Mrs. SOUTHWORTH (seating herself in dentist's chair)—How do you like your new office, Mr. Snuggler?

Mr. Snuggler—My friends are beginning to find me out, and business is pulling up; but (inserting the forceps) I'm getting down in the mouth.

"I hear they are going to have a donkey party at D.'s," said a Parsenville man to his neighbor. "So I understand," was the reply. "Are you going to it?" "Of course I am," said the Parsenville man. "They couldn't have the party without me!" And he couldn't quite make out what the other fellow was laughing at.

Mr. T. (to a woman)—You're a widow (to new minister). It does seem so hard to think of poor John lying out there under the snow.

New Minister (intending to comfort her)—But, my dear sister, you must remember that he is now where there is no snow—where all is snow.

Dr. ASA GRAY had a considerable fund of humor. One summer not long ago he was with his pupils looking at the Babylonian willows in the Botanical Gardens.

The willows were very small, and Dr. Gray, regarding them critically for a moment, remarked: "Well, all I have to say is, that if the children of Israel hung their harps on the willows of Babylon when they sat down to weep, as the Scriptures tell us, then they must have been Jews' harps."

The Folly of Woman. "I think that the modern woman has a mighty little sense. She will sacrifice health and comfort and everything else in order to be considered fashionable."

"There is some truth in that." "Now I fairly adore my wife, but I am not blind to her weaknesses. Some of her freaks in dress are fairly barbarous."

"It's the same with all women. By the way, that's a thundering old title you have on. I why are you wearing such a thing?"

"Oh, I know it's a terror, but it is all the style in New York, now. I just came from there, you know."—Lincoln Journal.

Mrs. WEST was writing and at the same time attempting to reply to the questions of her five-year-old daughter, on a task which in itself might have demanded all the energies of at least one person.

"Mamma," responded the small damsel at length, "where is God?"

"He is everywhere," her mother replied hastily, writing haste to be sure that her letters were ready by mail time.

"Everywhere!" replied the child. "Is He inside of me?"

"Yes," answered the mother.

"And of Jack?"

"Yes, He is everywhere."

The minute damsel gazed at her baby brother Jack, a tiny morsel of humanity of very little age, and reflected a moment in silence.

"Well," she observed at length, "I don't believe there's much God in Sack." He couldn't hold a great deal.

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