

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

Two Good Resolutions to Make and Stick To.

When you begin life, make two resolutions, and stick to them.

First, to mind your own business.

Second, to let the business of other people alone.

These people who are always meddling with the affairs of others are a nuisance, and ought to be legally "abated" like any other nuisance.

We would as lief live near a soap-fat establishment, or a petroleum refinery, as near one of them.

If you belong to that class of nuisances, we pity you, for your life is an uneasy and unsatisfactory one. You can never be happy, because it is utterly impossible that you can ever find out anything which is going on in your vicinity.

What is it to you if your neighbor does bring home a brown-paper package and a covered basket? You will live just as long if you should never know what they contain. It is none of your business.

Suppose Mrs. B — has a new bonnet? How does it concern you? Your life, liberty, and sacred honor are in no way imperiled by the fact.

Suppose she did pay ten dollars for it? The money does not come out of your purse, and consequently it is none of your business.

If the minister does call on Ann Eliza Smith twice a week, why exercise your brain over it? What if he is courting her? Let him court away. Suppose she has an awful temper, and powders her face, as you say she does? Her temper will not trouble you; and as for the powder — why, just you find as a woman who doesn't powder!

Don't be forever poking your nose into other people's business! If one young lady "cuts out" another young lady, it is nothing to you. That is for the young ladies themselves to settle.

If neighbor Small keeps two cats, and feeds them on beefsteak, don't let it harm your feelings. That is Small's affair, not yours. If Mrs. Small throws her dishwater out of the front door, let her do it, and enjoy it; it doesn't concern you.

Don't sit up nights to see how long there is a light in Miss Bell's parlor, when the young lawyer is there. If Miss Bell thinks him worth the oil burning, it is nothing to you. He isn't making love to you or any of your folks.

What if they do have three pairs of stockings apiece every week over Squire Hill's? Haven't they got to? As long as you don't go to a righting, it need not go to the wash-

And if Hill's trouble you at all, longer? — shirts are three inches man common, don't excite yourself about it. If you hadn't been watching the clothesline you never would have known anything about it, and "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

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THE MODERN BALLOON.

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MEDICAL EDUCATION.

Did Not Formerly Include a Great Deal of Clinical Work.

In the old days, which many of our still active practitioners well remember, the medical student was registered with a practicing physician, who more or less intelligently directed his reading, and sometimes took him on his rounds as a sort of private assistant, giving him fitful glimpses of patients.

He attended rarely three, sometimes two, often only one, course of lectures in a medical school, hearing the same lectures over again each year. The only thing which he ever learned actually to do with his fingers in the medical school was to dissect the dead subject, and here his experience was not usually large. He made careful notes of many "views" regarding disease and its nature, and usually stopped out upon the arena in which a general idea that disease was a "thing" which got into the bodies of certain unfortunate people, and which he was to drive out if he could with some one or more of his preceptor's prescriptions, which he had carefully copied in small compass ready for emergencies.

When he had discovered the proper name to attach to his patient's malady, the rest was largely a matter of an alphabetical index of remedies and a calm abiding of the consequences.

It should not be imagined that the practitioners of medicine in the old days were necessarily lacking in wide views, practical knowledge, and great skill. But when this was the case, it was usually owing to a training which they had secured after and not before they became doctors of medicine.

The medical college consisted of a group of medical men, who obtained a charter, hired a building, partitioned off among themselves the subjects which were deemed essential; anatomy, physiology, and possibly chemistry, materia medica, pathology, and the practice of medicine, obstetrics, and surgery. Each day the students sat upon hard benches, taking notes for dear life, while the subject matter of these themes was lost upon them in swift succession, for better or for worse, through five long hours.

Perhaps there was a clinic in the afternoon, perhaps not. There were no laboratories for practical work, either of chemistry or physiology or histology or independent subjects were unknown. A great many lectures, a little dissecting, a few clinics, possibly some quizzes, a final examination, and that the pigment of the black skin differs only in amount.

BREVITIES OF FUN.

Often enough. — "What a strong shrill voice Miss Mellow has." "Yes; I would advise her to devote herself to Easter carols." "Why?" "Because they're only sung once a year." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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CLEVER MOUSE ENGINEER.

Constructed a Spiral Gallery to Escape from a Post Hole.

Along the mountainous shore of Lake Lucerne, in Switzerland, carved in the face of the cliff, runs a famous road called the Axenstrasse. In several places where the hills jut out in precipitous bluffs over the water it becomes an actual tunnel, a sort of gallery cut through the solid rock, partly open, however, on the side toward the lake. It has long been considered a great feat of engineering skill, yet it was once closely paralleled, as it was once closely paralleled — one cannot say imitated — by an ignorant little field mouse. As usual with both mice and men, necessity was the mother of invention.

That this was a mouse of more than ordinary skill and experience the event sufficiently proved, but he was racing rather recklessly across the garden and it chanced that he fell into a post hole. As this hole was about three feet deep, with perpendicular walls and a narrow bottom, he found himself as helpless as young Joseph when his brothers left him in the pit. He tried in vain to scramble up the sides, he leaped with all his strength again and again; at last he gave it up and crouched panting and discouraged on the loamy floor.

The mind of a mouse works rather slowly, except when the claws of a cat are near the tip of his tail, and it was some time before our prisoner reasoned out his problem. At length, however, he saw the solution and set to work without further loss of time. He had a life to save, and only his own little brain and feeble paws to do it with.

Mot, the soulless and heartless, who prided himself on the company of a mouse, was a good example of a man who doesn't know what he is about. If you hadn't been watching the clothesline you never would have known anything about it, and "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

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