

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)
 Mr. F. H. Hair, M. P., of Woodstock was here for a few days lately.
 Dr. J. B. Mott has returned from a week's stay in New York.
 Mr. and Mrs. George Dolan of Newcastle are spending a few days in the city.
 Mr. E. G. Longley of Bridgewater, N. S., was in the city for a few days lately.
 Friends of Mr. Harry Mott will be pleased to learn that she is rapidly recovering from her recent severe illness.
 Mrs. George Montague and Miss Montague of New York are visiting St. John.
 A very pleasant and successful parlor concert was held on Thursday evening at the residence of Dr. Bonnell, Duke street. The concert was in connection with the talent fund of the Workingmen of German street church; over one hundred persons were present and the funds of the society were materially increased. During the evening cream and cake were served, and an interesting programme was rendered in an excellent manner by the following persons: Misses Estey and Francis, Mrs. W. E. Jones, Mrs. R. J. Ewing, Prof. Titus, Miss Titus, Miss Everitt, Messrs. Smith, Bonnell and Bowman, Miss Ethel Brown, Miss Creighton, Mr. G. C. Jordan gave readings.

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MICROSCOPIC VISION.

Every Person With Normal Eyesight, Says the Professor, has This Power.

A most astonishing discovery in regard to the visual powers of the human eye has been made by Prof. F. L. O. Roehrig of Pasadena. The scientific world will be deeply interested in the premises, for it is quite probable that the learned gentleman has simply taken the initial step in the whole continuous series of connected subsequent facts, leading, perhaps, to many as yet wholly unexpected important scientific truths and variously valuable new discoveries. Prof. Roehrig formerly occupied the chair of Sanskrit and modern Oriental languages in Cornell University, New York State, but was compelled on account of his health to flee the rigors of the Eastern winters and take up his abode in the genial climate of California. He is a man of wide learning and great culture. He holds the degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Leipzig, and is also a graduate in medicine. During the late war he became prominent in the Surgeon-General's department of the United States army, acting as a specialist on the eye and ear. He is the author of a large number of works on languages, and they are quoted as an authority in both Europe and America. At the age of 77 years Prof. Roehrig still retains his full intellectual powers. To a representative of the Call, who visited him in his laboratory at Pasadena, Dr. Roehrig spoke of the discovery, as follows:

"Some time ago, while attending to my morning toilet, I happened, by a mere accident, to look in an almost perpendicular direction, and at a distance of, more or less, an inch or two down into my beard, on my mustache as well, and especially the whiskers surrounding my chin. How great was my astonishment at the strange and unexpected appearance of what I then saw—every hair magnified, just as seen through some microscope. Each hair stood out in a plain and distinct manner often variously bent, knotted, irregularly twisted, and forming a tube which, according to all appearance, was transparent, rather colorless, hollow, and empty, bordered, as it were, on both sides by a generally well-marked bright white line or border, sometimes also more or less striated inside, and ending abruptly in an open, either circular or, more frequently, pentagonal orifice; sometimes, but rarely, in a closed point. The size of the magnified hair tubes varied from that of an ordinary darning needle to the volume of a small lead pencil; it increases gradually in proportion as I move those tubes slowly upward from the chin; and it seems to reach its maximum when seen nearly high enough to be somewhat on a level with the eye or opposite to it.

"I likewise examined the very thin and short hair on my hand and fingers, and the result was just the same. Then I took one of those hairs of the whisker, plucked it out, and isolating it completely, held it between the fingers in order to subject it to the same examination—which gave on each trial invariably the same result.

"The experiment succeeded as well in broad daylight as when the room was in the evening artificially illuminated. Monocular

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or binocular vision seemed to make no essential difference in this respect. Dark as well as light hair, red and gray or white hair, served equally well.

"I could, moreover, render this magnified appearance perceptible to other persons with the clearness with which I saw it myself.

"Finally took a thick hairlock from some child's head and held it up to my sight, when a very large mass of strongly magnified intertwined tubes, like a network of strings or cords, was at once seen. It increased in size rapidly in proportion as I moved it slowly upward; it reached its maximum when it had come high enough to be in front of my eyes and held there at a distance of, more or less, an inch or two. At last I tried the experiment in a darkened closet, where, through a longitudinal slit I let in the stream of a very bright, dazzling and glaring sunlight. Every one of my whiskers appeared considerably more engaged than ever before, and the inside of nearly all those magnified hair tubes seemed in their whole length, as it were, lined with numerous fine longitudinal parallel strokes somewhat similar to the shading of a pencil drawing, or as we often see it also in certain flowers, leaves, and plants. One or two of those tubes appeared in beautiful rainbow-like colors.

"I also tried these experiments with the additional aid of a reflector, when I obtained the same magnified appearance of the hair-tubes; some of them, perhaps, a little more bright and distinct, and showing many of the orifices less round or pentagonal, but rather somewhat uneven and irregular, lacerated, with a break of continuity in their rim, such as the fragments of a glass tube when roughly smashed would generally appear.

"Then I extended my observations to various small objects, such as horsehair, blades of grass, needles insects, &c. The result was invariably the same. The best view, however, presented longitudinal objects, in linear form, such as needles, rings, and the like—which seemed to lengthen out, or stretch often quite considerably, besides increasing in bulk and growing apparently thicker. At last I resorted to magnifying glasses in order to find out whether and in what manner or degree the appearance of the objects examined would differ from that observed by the microscopical power of the naked natural eye. This has, then, served as an independent and perfect test to conform minutely and with the utmost accuracy the entire result in all its particulars as had been obtained by the preceding experiments.

"My eyes and the eyes of all those whom I made to see just what I saw and that exactly as I saw it are perfectly normal in every respect. Persons whose sight is not defective can, without any effort or sense of strain, at once perceive those magnified appearances. Almost every one will find at first some slight difficulty in so doing, but with a little patience will readily become accustomed to the strange sight. Those, however, whose visual powers are even in the least degree vitiated by anything anomalous or abnormal, such as myopia, presbyopia, hypermetropia, astigmatism, staphylocoma pomicum, &c., in short, by anything that in the domain of ophthalmology would come under the head of morbid states or pathological conditions of the eye, cannot reasonably be expected to possess or acquire the necessary aptitude for these microscopical perceptions.

"We must also distinguish between this constant, continuous, and permanent microscopic power and those merely accidental and transitory states of morbid exaltation of the sight that are known as xystopia and megalepsy in certain diseased conditions of the eye. Moreover, imagination as it may probably be urged, fancy or self-deception are altogether out of the question in this case, since the phenomena under consideration can be reproduced at will and may be at any time verified by any one ever so little interested in the matter. Here only the fact in itself may be stated, with-

out our indulging for the present in any sort of hypothesis and explanation.
 "When applied to objects not tangible, to things lying in a surface, than something equally surprising will be observed, viz: two refracted rays; and the natural naked human eye will exhibit the double refraction of light, very much the same as that of the Iceland spar. In a printed or a written page all letters will appear double, one set in their original blackness and the other considerably, less dark; the latter appearing, as the case may be, either behind or somewhat lower, now and then even as encircling the former."

SHE BOSSSES THE FANCH.

A California Woman who Raises Walnuts and Fine Pampas Grass.

Mrs. Harriet W. R. Strong is a ranch woman of California, where the species flourishes. She is not, however, a bony-handed daughter of toil. On the contrary, she is described as dainty, fragile, shrewd, daring, cordial, gentle-faced. Her step is quick; her voice low and musical. She is an accomplished linguist, a musician, a painter, the president of a fashionable club and her pampas plumes are the finest in the country.

Nobody would think of calling Mrs. Strong a narrow or one-sided person. Versatility and walnuts are her strongest points. The walnuts haven't done quite so well as they might have if Mrs. Strong hadn't set out the pampas grass among the trees, but she means to make that all right very soon. The pampas plants will have to move, but they will be merely transplanted. It is a fact, without any low attempt at punning, that Mrs. Strong plumes herself on her success in this branch of her ranching.

Mrs. Strong's husband died in 1888, and his widow very quickly found that her agents were improving their exceptional opportunities for running the business into the ground. This is a very easy thing to do with a ranch. She decided, therefore, to run it herself, and, as is generally the case when a woman takes hold of a business, she got herself well laughed at for her notions. When she spent \$700 on pampas plants the men of the neighborhood were so amused that they sat in the sun for hours together and had a beautiful time telling each other what a fool a woman was when it came to business.

They don't do that now. Mrs. Strong harvests 300,000 plumes from her twenty-eight acres and sells them for from \$15 to \$20 a thousand. This is in addition to the walnuts, which are in the same land, but have been somewhat stunted by the pampas. The plumes are gathered in September, and the work has to be done promptly. Sixty-five laborers harvest the twenty-eight acres. The plume grows up in a long sheath, as an ear of corn does, and it must be cut before this sheath opens, lest the sun spoil the fronds. The plumes are first stripped and taken to the drying place. If they are put out in the evening they are white and ready to be taken up by morning. Then they go to the curing house, where they are kept six weeks.

In addition to the pampas grass, which is an excellent food for cattle, Mrs. Strong raises walnuts, oranges, olives and figs. She is President of the American Walnut Growers' Association. She is interested in irrigation and mining schemes, and has recently patented a reservoir system for impounding the debris of hydraulic mining. She thinks it will settle matters satisfactorily both to miners and farmers. She has patented a process for damming up and storing water for irrigation, by using the reversed arch. Furthermore, she has a hobby. She dreams of founding an institution where women may learn the principles of the science of business. She is now the President of a business league, which she hopes to see grow until it fills her hope. Altogether, Mrs. Strong appears to be as marvellous a product of the Pacific slope as it has turned out for a long time.

"77" NIPS COLDS IN THE BUD.

Influenza or Grippy Colds are quite epidemic and need to be "nipped in the bud." Treating a cold in time saves a lot of trouble, as three-quarters of all our sickness comes from taking cold—don't take cold, take Seventy-Seven, a few doses will prevent and its continued use will "break up" a cold that "hangs on." That means escape from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, all Lung, Chest and Head troubles. A good deal you say for a quarter, but it is true of "77"; the best goods are done up in small parcels, a vial of "77" just fits your vest pocket; handy to carry, always ready for use. Every one has a kind word for Seventy-Seven. Dr. Humphreys' precious cure for Colds, Grippa, Influenza, Catarrh, Coughs, Sore Throat.

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WHEN PAWPAWS ARE RIPE.

The Golden Fruit as Found in an Indiana Thicket.

An alluvial soil, coated with a deep leaf mould and somewhat silicious, is what the tree chooses to grow in; and it likes to be overshadowed. I find the best fruit maturing in thick woods of plane, tulip, and maple on the flatlands close to brook sides. There is a damp, rich, musty smell by which, in the twilight of such a forest, you may distinguish the atmosphere dear to the pawpaw. Here the woodthrush, the muse of crepuscular groves, flutes a mellow strain at intervals, and all around the chatter ground squirrels and nuthatches. On the hillside near by the cypridium, in its season, flaunts its rose-purple reticule. There, too, the black hawk (Viburnum-plantago) ripens its flat, shining berries of licorice candy.

Get out your bicycle for a six-mile spin into the Sugar Creek hills. We will take the Balhinch road and pedal diligently toward the Llewellen neighborhood, just this side of which is a wood I wot of where clumps of Asimina triloba dance down a gentle slope bordering the brook called Indian Creek, a few miles from its mouth in Sugar. And what a breeze to whirl through, and what a road of packed gravel to fly upon! Over the black fields on either hand the autumn wheat is making a thin wash of green, and the Indian corn stands in conical shocks primly ranged. Many colored cattle wade knee deep in the third growth of clover, while flocks of sheep snip the blue grass.

Yonder is the wood. A high barbed wire fence guards it in, with not an outside gate to let us through. Well, harg up the wheels in this waxy copte and I'll show you how to beat the barbs. Take off your coat, so; hang it across the top wire beside the post and scramble over where the coat covers the points. It is a trite trick, but fairly good. Behold the sign against which we set our sinful natures: "No trespassing on this farm." It is lettered on a board conspicuously nailed to a tree. Stolen fruit may be sweet, but I suggest that we go to you man at work beside a straw rick and negotiate with him.

Now we are lighted hearted. We may take all we want and welcome. Like two schoolboys, away we scamper, and what a downfall of odorous fruit we find. Long, banana-like, brown and yellow, the heavy custard apples almost cover the ground in some places, while a few crowded clusters still hangs on the boughs. First we eat our fill; then we cram our haversacks full of the choicest specimens. All the way back home we are fragrant and happy. We have realized our autumn dream.

I may be crude of taste and somewhat savage—think what you will—yet the smack of a pawpaw goes through me with a multifarious thrill. It is sweet with all the sweets of past days and years and lingerings and trancients. Yesterday a strong woodcock took wing near my toes in a wild custard grove, and I had neither bow nor gun; but, munching my savage fruit, I recalled in one second each cozy crumple that I ever shot over from Canada to Florida. The twang of the bow cord, the boom of the gun, the campfires, and the savory broilings; they rushed into my brain and went tingling from heart centre to outmost extremities—all on account of a pawpaw and a flushed woodcock!

There is a mingling of a hundred fine sweets and savory tangs in the juice of this rank apple, and it goes well with spitted, dark-fleshed game. What a manifold sauce it is for a luncheon on a mossy log beside a spring ahead! Three sipped of the latest summer hatching and an overripe pawpaw—there is a feast for the Pan of the West!

But year by year this golden ambrosial fruit is disappearing. The farmer's axe whacks down all the sturdy clumps and no man plants seeds for future orchards. From Indiana to Georgia how few of the once flourishing paw paw thickets are left for the poet and the virile man of the woods to lounge in while feasting in the savage rolls of custard!
 N. Y. San.

A Disputed Case.

The most curious case ever heard of in connection with life insurance is now before the courts. A young man became engaged to a young woman with a large dowry. Before marriage he was obliged to settle his debts and he had his life insured for a large amount and raised the money necessary on the insurance. Soon after this his hopes were blasted by the breaking off of the engagement and he blew out his ostentatious brass. Now the insurance companies refuse to settle on the ground that he intended suicide when he took out the policies. To the lay mind the position of the companies would not seem to be tenable. The young man, at the time he insured his life, desired to pay his debts in order that he might marry. He therefore had no idea that he would not marry, for, if he were not to do so, why should he have desired to pay his debts?—Boston Traveler.

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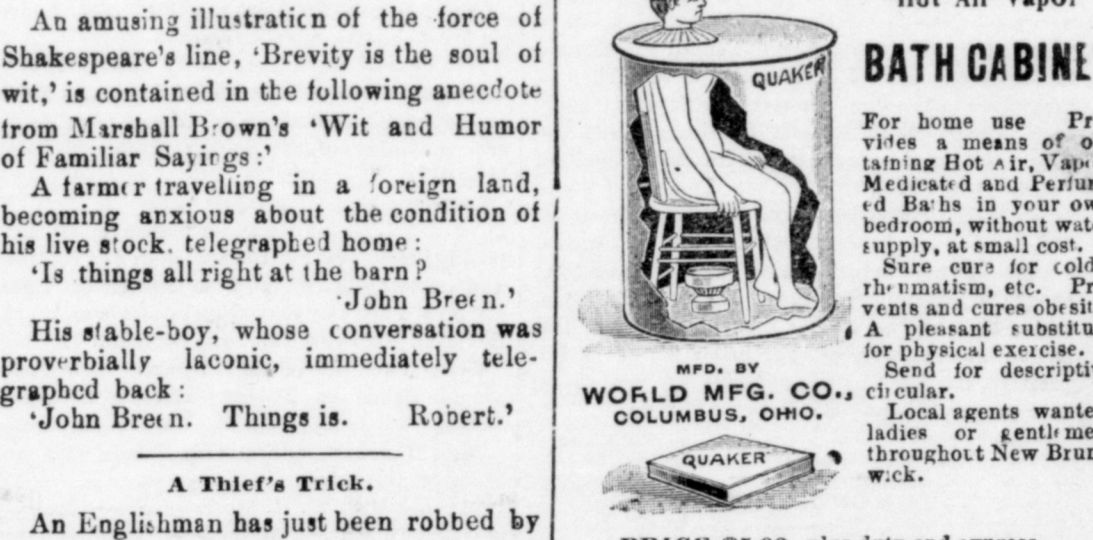
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