

UNDERNEATH THE GREAT LAKES.

The Story of a Diver. It is a strange business this diving. The danger fascinates me, but the peril is never for a moment lost sight of.

I think the most dangerous place I ever got into was going down to examine the screw-steamer Comet, sunk off Toledo. In working about her bottom, I got my air-pipe clogged over a large splinter from the stove hole, and I could not reach it with my hands.

Sometimes a vessel sinks down so fairly that she stands up on the bottom as trim and neat as if she rode upon the surface. Then you can go down into the cabin, up the shrouds, walk all over her, just as easy as a sailor could if she were still dashing away before the breeze.

I have been down especially to rescue the bodies of those drowned. About four years ago the screw-steamer Buckeye, belonging to the Northern Transportation Company, went down in the River St. Lawrence, in seventy-eight feet of water; and it was known that a mother and child were asleep in their state-room at the time of her sinking.

Of course, a dead person couldn't harm you; but even in broad day, on shore, and with people around you, don't you know that the sight and presence of a dead person brings up solemn thoughts and nervous feelings? I know how they would look, how they were floating about in the room, and if the father hadn't been looking so wretched above, there was no money to tempt me in there.

It was a good while before I fastened the line to them and gave the signal to haul up, and I felt so uneasy that I was not long in following. This is one of the drawbacks to any feeling of curiosity a diver might otherwise have. I never go down the hatchway or the cable steps, without thinking of a dead man floating about there.

On land you seldom think of accident or death, but a hundred feet of water washing over your head would set you to thinking. A little stoppage of the air pump, a leak in your hose, a careless action on the part of your tender and a weight of a mountain would press the life out of you before you could make a move.

Presence of Mind. Mrs. F. (petulantly)—"You never kiss me now."

Mr. F.—"The idea of a woman of your age wanting to be kissed! One would think you were a girl of eighteen."

Mrs. F.—"What do you know about girls of eighteen?"

Mr. F.—"Why, my dear, weren't you eighteen once yourself?"—[Life.]

The Pink of Propriety. Mrs. Fastidious (mother of a model of modesty)—"Yes; my Merlar is without doubt the most modest girl I ever saw."

Mrs. Loud—"Well, is she too modest to appear in the street in undressed kids?"

Mrs. F.—"No; but actually she blushes when asked to change her mind, and will not do it when anybody is by."

THE SUN CURE.

Where It is Practised with Great Persistence and Success.

Hidden among the mountains of Carinthia lies the little wooden-roofed village of Velde, or Bled, in the irresponsible language of the Slavonic inhabitants. It stands on the shores of a small lake of deep blue water.

By the lake hotels and villas congregate. These are one and all brilliant and festive dwellings. To this romantic little shrine sun worshippers come during the summer to offer sacrifices, while a larger number of pleasure seekers flock in from Trieste, from all parts of Germany, Poland, and the north of Italy.

What I feel in the society of the amiable and the wealthy I never knew; for they lived down on the lake side in the "air hut colony," while I remained in the village high above the lake.

The "air huts" are little wooden dwellings for the sun cure patients, consisting of one large room, which has three walls instead of four. The flat roof of the bathhouse was enclosed by a tall fence, so that only the sky is visible from the enclosure. Here, with heads carefully shaded from the hot rays, each in a wooden compartment, the patients frizzle for an hour or an hour and a half.

Now and then a voice calls above the divans for a glass of water, now and then a sigh over the heat escapes a worshipper; otherwise the place is quiet and sleepy and reposeful. Reading or mental exertion of any kind is forbidden, and indeed severely punished by headache or exhaustion. Uninspired must be the drowsy observations that mingle now and then with the humming of the flies. Even the excretions wrung from the sufferers by the persistent attacks of these insects ought to be of the mildest character possible considering the provocation.

WHAT A REAL BATTLE IS.

Little Opportunity for Display of Heroics or Pacific Glory.

A battle does not consist, as many imagine, in a grand advance of victorious lines of attack, sweeping everything before them, or the helter-skelter flight of the unfortunate defeated. The historian must so present it in his descriptions, the artist in his paintings. Even the writer of an official account must limit himself to the presentation of such moments as demand special treatment, or to such episodes as involve important and instructive tactical movements.

All these events which are less striking, which pass more quietly, but which, nevertheless, contribute to the final result, cannot be reproduced without too much expansion. These incidents which no account of the battle, official or unofficial, takes any note of—the thousand and one events observed only by the participants, the innumerable cases in which the direction and control of affairs glide out of the hands of the officers—these are the little drops of water that make the mighty ocean of battle and determine victory or defeat.

The opening of the day of a great battle is generally very prosaic. After an uncomfortable night passed in a wet or cold bivouac, where the men, wrapped in their overcoats, have been gathered shivering about the camp fire, trying in vain to get warm; after the simplest of breakfasts, of which the draught of peat cold water was the only palatable constituent, the soldier goes forth to battle. Where he may never see the enemy; indeed, unusually long halts, uncomfortable standing still under shrapnel fire, or apparently useless camping in mud and under small-arm fire await him. The feeling of being exposed to the invisible missiles of the enemy, mingled with the uncertainty as to what is going on to the right and left, often produces in the best of troops great depression and a consequent falling off in offensive strength, even when the battle in general is making splendid progress. In such moments tactics are exhausted, and it is only a question of grit and sense of duty.

Sheridan tells us: "Indeed, the battle of Chokamanga was something like that of Stone River, victory resting with the side that had the grit to defer longest its relinquishment of the field." Still more pressing is the appeal to the morale of the troops when an unfortunate termination of the battle forces an army which has done its duty to retire. Exhausted to its last gasp, its resistance, pushed to the highest pitch, gives way, and with frightful reaction the restless masses plunges to the rear. This is to-day no longer an organized retreat from position to position, as our predecessors taught and practiced, but an uncontrolled current, like the mountain torrent, which, fraught at with havoc and disaster, overflows its banks. Wee to the land that can oppose no other dams to this stream than strategy, tactics, and the instruction of the troops. These will be washed away like sand heaps by the roaring waters.

He Felt Relieved.

An elderly man, a stranger to the town, who was taken to the Central Station the other day for creating a disturbance, said to the Sergeant as his record was called: "I have perhaps made a grave mistake. If so I want to be corrected."

"Well, what is it?"

"Should I have offered the officer a dollar to release me?"

"If you had he might have broken your head."

"Ah! That relieves me. I wasn't sure, you know, as every city has its peculiar customs. Then I did right in not saying anything."

"You did."

"All right—fifty-three years old, five feet eight inches tall and born in Chicago. Much obliged."—[Detroit Free Press.]

Scotch Names the Quereast.

In England there is a variety of personal nomenclature, and though we have plenty of Smiths, Browns, and Robinsons, we have nothing approaching to the poverty, in this respect, which characterizes many localities in North Britain. In certain parts of Scotland not only have the surnames been few, but there has been a strong disposition to ring the changes on a very few Christian names, with the result that the community, in its desire to distinguish between persons of precisely the same name, has been obliged to provide each with a special label, or "to-name," by which he can be known. A contributor to the Scotsman says that in the official list of voters in a Scotch fishing town occur such "to-names" as "Deadly," "Fam," "Dan," "Cock," "Post," "Bo," "Sandyke," "Helen's James," and so on. Such appellations as these are not necessarily nicknames, as we understand them. Sometimes they are patronymic, sometimes they are local in allusion, sometimes they refer to individual occupations, sometimes they are personally descriptive, sometimes they are mere identifications, "signifying nothing." Occasionally they are simple variations upon a single Christian name. Thus it may be one John Bruce, popularly called "Jock," has a son named William, who becomes "Jock's Will." His son, again, who is called William, becomes "Jock's Will's Williamie," while the last named's son, if also called William becomes "Jock's Will's Williamie's Willie." A further form is "Willie's Will," but that, probably, is rarely used. The system still obtains in Scotland, and if it were introduced into this country it might prevent some of the confusion which exists among our John Smiths, Thomas Browns, and William Robinsons.—[London Globe.]

War, Pestilence and Famine.

From Maria Mitchell's "Reminiscences of the Herschels," in the October "Century," the following is taken: "One of Sir John Herschel's numerical problems was this: If, at the time of Cheops, or three thousand years ago, one pair of human beings had lived, and war, pestilence and famine had not existed, and only natural death came to man, and this pair had doubled once in 36 years, and their children had doubled and so on, how large would the population of the world be at this time—could they stand upon the earth as a plane? We were sitting at the breakfast table when he asked the question. We thought they could not. "But if they stood closely, and others stood on their shoulders, man, woman, and child, how many layers would there be? I said, 'Perhaps three.' 'How many feet of men,' he asked. 'Possibly thirty,' I said. 'Oh, more!' 'Well, we'll say a hundred.' 'Oh, more!' Miss Herschel said, 'Enough to reach the moon.' 'To the sun.' 'More, more,' cried Sir John, exulting in our astonishment; 'bid higher.' 'To Neptune,' said one. 'Now you burn,' he replied. 'Take one hundred times the distance of Neptune, and it is very near. That is my way,' he said, 'of whitewashing war, pestilence, and famine.'"

Our Glorious Heritage.

Even among the best informed people there is no adequate conception of the vastness of the resources of this Dominion. Our region of wonderful beauty, fertility and great extent has been brought to notice recently by Government explorations and surveys. All travellers who have visited the Peace River country since its discovery by Sir Alexander Mackenzie in 1793, agree in describing it as a region of unsurpassed richness and natural grandeur. The Peace River, rising in the same region of lakes that give sources to the Fraser and other streams emptying into the Pacific, traverses a country that was once the wintering ground of vast herds of buffalo. The Rocky mountains do not there present the barriers that they do farther south, while the warm Chinook winds render the climate more equable and less severe than in any other part of our North-West. This region has so many and so great attractions that it must be before long, or as soon as it is thrown open for settlement, induce an influx of population, enterprise and capital. Distance and lack of means of communication are the great drawbacks at present, but they are in the way of being overcome. The Fraser, Peace and Mackenzie rivers constitute a continuous waterway from the Pacific near the international boundary to the Arctic east of Alaska. The whole of this enormous stretch of country, for thousands of miles, is the rich mineral region in the known world, while the agricultural value of the prairie plateaus of the Peace is known to be as great as the most favored wheat-growing territories either in the United States or Canada. Reflection on great facts like these should admonish Canadians to hasten slowly in considering any propositions for a change in their status. They can afford to wait, for with regard to this Dominion the present generation are: "Ancestors of the earth, And in the morning of the times."

How Could He?

Passengers on a street car, a short time ago, saw two men vigorously exemplifying the mannerly art of self-defense. As the car neared the spot the larger of the two knocked his opponent down, and sitting on him was settling the difference between them by sundry punches in the face. Just then the young wife of the smaller man appeared upon the scene. Dangling about the struggling men she flung her arms wildly in the air and screamed: "You, George, quit your fighting and come into the house right off; d'ye hear?" "How in the devil do ye suppose I can come into the house right off?" replied the under fellow in the fight.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

She New What Good Victuals Was.

A schoolman tells the following rich incident. She was teaching a small school in an adjoining town and "boarding around." On visiting a "new place" one Monday noon she seated herself with the family around a small pine table and made a meal of brown bread, fat fried pork and roasted potatoes. Just before passing back from the table a youngster of ten years exclaimed: "I know what good victuals is. Yes, ma'am—I knows what 'tis." "Do you, indeed?" exclaimed the embarrassed schoolman, "what would you say and ashamed to say nothing." "Yes, ma'am, I knows what good victuals is. I've been away from home several times, and when I'm on 'em."

The Domestic Doctor.

For consumption, one part of powdered willow charcoal in two parts of glycerine has been used.

Beware of any person who has a sore throat. Do not kiss or take the breath of such a person. Do not drink from the same cup, or use any article handled by such person until it is disinfected.

Dr. Donald C. Hood has collected many facts relative to the use of salicylic acid for rheumatism. Of 723 patients treated with salicylates 523 were relieved of their pains within seven days, whereas of 612 patients treated by other methods only 140 were relieved within the same time.

The material physique has some subtle, indefinable influence over young children, a health-giving power not at present well understood. The new baby is still in a certain sense a part of its mother, although a separate unit. Its well-being requires close contact with her during the greater part of the twenty-four hours. A bed by itself is an injustice to helpless infancy. It is paterfamilias who should seek another resting place, not the new life yet so frail and insecure. Only those who have tried this natural method can thoroughly appreciate its advantages and realize how admirably it insures the happiness of three persons. The child can be cared for during the night without exposure or any sudden chill. Always warmed and protected by a loving presence, the little one sleeps long and well. After the weaning period, the baby has his own bed as a matter of course. Until then, an undisturbed half of the maternal couch is a necessity to the embryonic citizen, if he is to grow into that relative perfection of health and strength which nature has intended for him. The human mother is the only animal that puts away its young at night, probably because the place of half eradicated instinct. The hen gathers her brood under her wings; the mother-bear forms herself into a sort of animate woolly nest about her cubs, just as the cat's body embraces her kittens. Our cousins of the lower orders may not be such bad examples to follow, after all. At any rate, why not give those "wonderful weans" the benefit of the doubt?—[New York Medical Journal.]

The First Greeting.

When he stepped off the train he took in the surroundings with one long, comprehensive glance. "Ah, the old town has changed somewhat in five years," was his first remark, but still it looks like home. Ah! Home, sweet home! There's no place like it after all. I wonder who of all my old friends will be the first to greet the wanderer on his return to his native health, where all his affections are centered—"Excuse me, but ain't you John Todger?" "I am." "I heard you were coming back to day, and I thought I would be the first one to meet you as you came in." "Yes?" "Yes, I've got a little note here of yours for \$30, with five years' interest, and if it's more convenient for you to settle than to be sued, why all right." There's no place like home.—[Terre Haute Express.]

Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

Der feller dot lift wirtuous und goot will find himself out der der symdols of habbniss und mee ntm at ebery kynde and fork of der roat. When you done something wicket und hafe a heart dot got no sin it is dond vas so bad as it looks. Dignity vas a stomach ache dot agoot many fellars hafe died about it. It vasse poory certain dot shlander would shartf himself und go died if it vass'n for der feller dot dooks him in und gif him der key to der pandry.—[National Weekly]

The Way it Goes.

"I was ever so kind of you to bring me this box of candy," said the young lady to George. "I think you are exceedingly nice." "That's the way it goes," said George as he dropped another bomb into her mouth. "Put a caramel into the slot and get some taffy."

It Might Have Been.

Jones, a chronic bore, telling about an accident in which a man was drowned, said: "It happened in less time than I take to tell it." "I guess so; otherwise the man might have been rescued," replied a disgusted listener.

It is So.

Miss Flighty—"Ah, Captain Blunt, how can you manage to keep your feet on deck when the waves roll high? I can hardly stand on shore in a storm."

A Puzzling Fact.

Bennie—"Mamma, do people really buy babies?" "Mamma—!" Of course child, of course. Run out now and play." Bennie (in a brown study)—"Then why is it, mamma, that poor people buy more of 'em than anybody else?"

His Definition.

Small boy—"Pa, what is hypocrisy?" Father (speaking from experience)—"Hypocrisy, my son, is shaking hands cordially with your neighbor and then, when his back is turned, kicking his dog savagely."

There are thirty-three educational institutes in the Dominion excelling in the power to grant degrees in divinity. If all these colleges were to do their best in the degree granting line, they would soon be in want of the raw material out of which to create D.D.'s. But it can be safely said for the Canadian dispensers of the interesting initials that they are extremely careful—perhaps a little too careful—in the distribution of their honors. There is not a Canadian doctor of divinity who is undeserving of the title, and there are a good many oligarchs without the title who would do it credit.

An old maid said she wished she was an accident, for then it would be perfectly proper to say, "Make me an offer."—[Texas Siftings.]

A NEW AND TERRIBLE POISON.

Some Alarming Results of the Use of Cocaine—The Mildest Form of Cocaine Poisoning—The Danger of Too Large a Dose.

Cocaine, as is now well known, is a very valuable but an exceedingly dangerous drug and M. Durfournier has lately published the Archives de Medecine the remarkable results of his investigations into its use. Cases where accidents have occurred are very numerous, and there is hardly a surgeon using cocaine who has not had occasion to witness them. As early as in 1887 Dr. Mathison published the account of forty such instances, and the roll of victims who have lost their life from a dose of cocaine has now reached as high as nine. In a large number of cases it has given rise to a species of poisoning, from which the patient usually recovers. Among the phenomena characterizing this form of poisoning one observed in a patient of Dr. E. Brady is worthy of special mention. This patient was taken with FACIAL PARALYSIS,

from which he did not recover for six months. Other symptoms are hallucinations, great excitement, and cerebral agitation; and finally, Dr. Leslie Colloghan in one case saw the entire body covered by a scarlatiniform rash.

Dr. Szunman, wishing to remove a large wart situated at the base of the thumb of a young girl of 20, injected under the skin, close to the wart, one cubic centimetre of a one-in-ten solution of cocaine. The patient felt no pain, but as the little wound was being sewed together she suddenly lost her color and fainted; her pulse became weak and slow, and her hands and feet stiffened. Water was dashed in her face, and she recovered consciousness but she did not regain at once her sense of feeling as she kept asking where her hands were. By this time the stifling had extended to the whole of her person; but these alarming symptoms quieted down little by little and by a half an hour's time they all came to a happy end. The case represented the mildest form of cocaine poisoning. Between this form and the case in which death ensued come in a series of severer forms, in which the alarming symptoms lasted from three hours to five or six days.

Dr. Baratoux mentions the case of a druggist, who, under the impression that he was attacked by diphtheria, sprayed his throat with a solution of cocaine; for seven or eight hours he passed from one syncope to another, until he finally succumbed. Dr. Abade reports another case—a woman of 71. She received a hypodermic injection of four centigrammes of cocaine in her lower eyelid before undergoing a trivial operation in that region. At the close of the operation she fainted, and

HER FACE BECAME PURPLE

as in asphyxia. In spite of the fact that artificial respiration was performed and that hypodermic injections of ether and caffeine were made, and though the latter seemed for a moment to revive her, this unfortunate woman died five hours afterward.

If we endeavor to ascertain to what cause to ascribe these different symptoms and these cases of death, we note that the most frequent is the use of too large a dose of cocaine. The highest dose that can be used without risk is, according to some, three centigrammes; according to others, twenty centigrammes. Between these two quantities, that are so wide apart, there is a moderate dose that we can set as being from five to seven centigrammes; with this dose it may possibly happen that in some cases total anesthesia will not be reached, but in the very large number of cases no alarming symptoms will be observed. Still, it is prudent to refuse to give cocaine to aged persons, to highly nervous people, or to such as are run down from any cause.

If So, What?

An esteemed United States contemporary means: "One third the number of steamers heretofore running between San Francisco and China ports have been withdrawn. The subsidized ships of the Canadian Pacific railroad have been taking their freight away. How long will it be before one-half of the remainder will have to be taken off? And does congress propose to do anything about it, and if so, what?" It is indeed a case of "if so, what," and the question appears to afford our bullying and bragging neighbors a most excellent chance to reflect that if their country is of vast proportions, after all it has neither the extent of territory nor the vast resources of the grand old British empire. And this puts us in mind that the contract has already been given out for three steamers of nearly 4000 tons burden to run from the C. P. R. terminus in British Columbia to China, making a monthly service, reducing the time now taken to go from San Francisco to China from fifteen or sixteen days to eleven or twelve by Vancouver, and making it possible to travel from Liverpool to the Celestial Kingdom in a trifle over three weeks. Then it will be seen that, as these ships are to be ready by spring, the time does not appear to be so very far distant when, as our contemporary gratefully says, "half of the remainder" will have to be taken off.

He Was Misunderstood.

A Manhattanville lady was feeding a hungry tramp, the other day, when she discovered that he was pocketing her silverware. Seizing a revolver, she exclaimed: "Drop those spoons, you scoundrel, and leave the house; leave it instantly!" "But, madam—"

"Leave the house, I say; leave the house," screamed the infuriated woman.

"I go, madam," said the tramp, "never to return, but before I do, I would like to say that I did not intend to take your tea."

The efforts of the wheat growers of the Mississippi valley to control the price of their grain can hardly obtain the complete success of which they seem sanguine. As long as they have a large surplus to export they can do nothing to affect the price in the foreign market in which they have to sell, and where they have to meet the competition of the world. Any organization to affect the Liverpool market, for instance, must include all four continents and Australia into the bargain. Incidentally the price to the grower may be increased by cheapening the carriage. They would also be greatly benefited if the iniquitous gambling in wheat, the gigantic corners of Chicago and other great grain markets could be suppressed, for by this means prices are injuriously disturbed, sometimes with lasting bad results.