

HEALTH.

For Night-Sweats.

An eminent German physician recommends for the relief of night-sweats of consumptives, an ice-bag placed over the stomach. Patients bear the treatment well, and it is recommended by Prof. Rosenbach to be superior to any medicinal agent for the purpose named.

For Hiccough.

Hiccough can generally be stopped by taking a teaspoonful of sugar dissolved in strong vinegar. In obstinate cases in which other remedies fail, chloroform may be used, ten or fifteen drops at a dose, taken in a little sweetened water and repeated at an interval of fifteen or twenty minutes until three or four doses have been taken, if relief is not obtained sooner.

One or Two in a Bed.

Persons often ask:—"Is it healthful for two persons to sleep in the same bed?" This same question is varied thus:—"Is it healthful for an aged and a very young person to sleep together? If not, which suffers most, the aged or the young person?" We have always answered these questions by saying, No to the first question. It is always unhealthful for two persons to sleep together in the same bed under the same covers. The air under the bed-covers immediately surrounding the body of the sleeper is exceedingly impure, becoming more and more impregnated with poisonous substances, escaping through the excretory glands of the skin, from the moment the person retires until he arises. The odor of the bed-clothing, after having been occupied for a night, is often positively offensive to the nostrils of a person with an unimpaired sense of smell,—especially one who has just come in from outdoors, where the fresh, pure air has been breathed.

The poisonous character of this under-the-bed-clothes air would be somewhat more likely to affect the susceptible constitution of a child than that of an adult. In elderly persons, the amount of impurities in the air surrounding the sleeper, must be greater than in young persons, consequently, while both persons would be more or less injured, the proportion of harm would doubtless be greater to the young person than to the person of more advanced years. Mr. Treves, of the great London hospital (London, England), has recently called attention to the fact that wounds, especially of the lower limbs, heal much sooner when kept exposed to the open air, instead of being covered up by bed-clothing. He remarks that the air under the bed-clothing is foul and almost hot, and hence likely to be very harmful to wounds in which it may come in contact. This seems to be a very ample demonstration of the correctness of the views above expressed, and to which we have before often given expression.

Skin Grafting.

The process of skin grafting, although for a score of years considered one of the most marvelous of recent advances in surgery, is now quite generally known even among the laity. It consists simply in covering any surface which has been denuded of skin with small bits of healthy skin furnished by the patient, or by some other person. Only the minutest particles of skin are required, and it is not necessary that the whole thickness of the skin should be included in the small fragments, termed "grafts," which are employed. Recent experiments have shown that the skin of a frog answers as well as human skin. Of course great pains should be taken that the skin of the animal used be thoroughly disinfected, although the germicidal solution should not be of sufficient strength to destroy the vitality of the skin. It is well to keep this fact in mind, as the healing of large surfaces which have been denuded by destruction of the skin through contact with fire or some caustic solution, is sometimes an exceedingly tedious process.

Overwork and Disease.

Overwork, whether of muscle or brain, is harmful and often fatal; but what is overwork for one man may be nothing but wholesome activity for another. Various causes may have lowered one's natural powers of endurance—lack of sleep, exhausting excitements, sedentary habits, an undue accumulation of fat, a weakened heart, or other organic disease. In all competitive sports it is dangerous for the contestants to ignore such physical differences. Spirit and excitement may help to win a temporary victory at too great a cost.

Most intelligent persons know that athletes are peculiarly liable to heart disease, and, as a class, are short-lived. It is well known, too, that exhausting marches, like the retreat of Napoleon's army from Russia are attended by a frightful loss of life; but even the medical profession has not understood the nature of the relation between overwork and its morbid effects.

Of late years, however, the subject has been carefully studied by medical experts, and the general conclusion reached is that the system poisons itself by overwork and exhausting fatigue. The effect, in short, is somewhat like what takes place when the eliminating organs of the body are debilitated or diseased, causing a retention of poisonous waste.

In the lower degrees of overwork, rest restores the system to its normal state by a speedy elimination of the injurious elements as poisons received form without are eliminated, and a fatal result avoided.

In more prolonged fatigue there is a rise of temperature and an alteration of the liquids of the body—a manifest feverish condition. In still more prolonged and severe exertions, there are changes in the bodily tissues, as well as in the fluids, especially in the heart and blood vessels, the kidneys and spinal cord. This is the case in forced marches, night-watching followed by daily toil, in the persistent "cramping" of the schools, in the incessant drive of business, especially when these are associated with poor living and insufficient sleep. The Medical Journal says:

"In some cases death occurs too soon for the development of the above symptoms. Thus the soldier fell dead after announcing the victory of Marathon. In Algeria two noted runners fell dead the instant they reached the goal. This sudden death from over-exertion is due to self-poison by carbon dioxide, which is formed more rapidly than the lungs can exhale it."

AN INVASION OF BRIGANDS.

Serious Depredations by Mongolian Rebels.

Nearly every day for a month last fall, brief and disjointed cable despatches were received in Manchuria, announcing a serious uprising. Then came tidings of "an uprising in Mongolia," and of a rebel army advancing to the Chinese wall, which was driven back with great slaughter by the forces of Li Hung Chang. There were rumors that a revolt against the reigning dynasty was in progress, but no clear idea of the trouble could be evolved from the fragmentary despatches. It is impossible to tell the story, and this summary of its chief features will show that early views of the disturbance was inaccurate:

Mongols had nothing whatever to do with the troubles. The Manchus were not waging war upon Christian missions. No deep-laid plan to overturn the Government at Peking, inspired the disturbers of the peace. Questions of religion and politics entered into the disorders only so far as armed bands of outlaws chose to make them the pretext of wholesale robbery and rapine. Several thousands of Chinese bandits were the offenders. Chinese settlers in Manchuria including a few native Christians and foreign missionaries, were the victims. The progress of the army of robbers was stayed in one direction on Manchou soil by the Manchou army; in another direction, at the great wall, near the borders of China proper, by Chinese soldiers. This is the story of the uprising in a nutshell.

How is it possible for armed outlaws in any part of the world to league together in such force as to have the appearance of an army of invasion? It is a simple matter in Manchuria. That country has long been the Botany Bay of China. The penitentiaries were emptied to form the vanguard of the stream of colonization that has given several millions of Chinese immigrants to the land of the Manchus. Many thousands of criminals, many hundreds of political offenders, have been exiled to Manchuria. The mountain valleys of northern Manchuria have been to China what Siberia is to Russia—the dumping ground for the refuse of the people, political suspects, and offenders against the State. A few years ago three thousand Chinese exiles of the better class were living at Tsitsihar, a large town in northwestern Manchuria. In the mountains north and east are thousands of Chinese jailbirds, who prefer to live by pillage rather than by honest labor. They raid upon the hamlets that are scattered over the plateaus and along the river valleys south of them. "They sack towns, villages, isolated distilleries, and pawn-brokers' shops," wrote Mr. James five years ago, "and occasionally they carry away men whom they suspect to be possessed of wealth; a ransom is then demanded, failing which the brigands invariably keep their word and send the victim's head back to his friends. Occasionally they try what the cutting off of an ear or nose may do to extract money, when sending for it in the first instance."

The presence of these pests is a crushing calamity for the country. All travellers carry arms. The northern towns and villages and all important places of business are as strongly fortified as possible. The authorities often send escorts of soldiers with trading parties. It cannot be said that the governing class is indifferent to the evil, but its administration is lamentably imperfect: and yet the number of bandits, caught in crime, who pay the penalty with their heads, is very great. It is said that in 1885 over five hundred robbers were executed. The garrisons in the northern half of Manchuria are employed chiefly in service against the brigands. The mandarins usually reserve all action, however, until the robber bands actually come down from their mountains to raid. It is a wonder, where life and property are so insecure as in central and northern Manchuria, that colonization should have continued to extend further north.

It may be that the riots in central China, threatening as they did, to involve the empire in trouble with European powers, encouraged the idea among these robber bands that a looting expedition in strong force, to the south, would be successful. However that may be, the brigands felt emboldened by their large numbers and great resources to take the offensive against the Manchou soldiery. It was not until they had entered the southern province of Manchuria that their enterprise really came into public view. This province is filled with emigrants from the three neighboring provinces of China, and it was upon the farmers, shopkeepers, and craftsmen of their own country that the full force of the murderous invasion fell.

Only Manchou soldiers garrison the military stations in Manchuria. It was they who stopped the invasion of the first band of outlaws after the sacking of some towns and the commission of horrible atrocities. But another force of the brigands, about 3,000 strong, marching further east, advanced as far as the great wall, near which they were routed by Chinese troops who had been hurried to the scene. Many of the outlaws were killed in battle, and death was inflicted upon all the captives.

It would seem natural that this remarkable uprising of criminals should impel China to take such thorough measures as would render it impossible in future to repeat this reckless experiment. In its resources and climate Manchuria is one of the finest parts of the empire, and its northern valleys and hills can be turned to good account when they are no longer the lurking place of this formidable colony of outlaws.

Social Gravitation.

Retained Tourist—"What became of that fool, Saphad, who had more money than he knew what to do with?"

Business Man—"I don't remember him. Was he much of a fool?"

"Perfectly idiotic."

"I presume he has dropped into society."

Even Prayer Was Useless.

Bessie—"After Miss Fitz says her prayers every night she looks under the bed, but she has never found a man in all these years."

Jessie—"Wonderful! And she keeps on praying?"

In the Bazaar Office.

Office Boy—"There's a man outside who says he wants to see you; but I guess I'd better send him away—he seems to be perfectly crazy."

Editor—"Let him in! Perhaps he wants to subscribe."

AN ALGERIAN CRIME.

Strange Trial Before a Military Tribunal and a Stranger Acquittal.

From Algeria, land of strange happenings, comes the story of a military court sitting in judgment on a case, which in any other country of civilized occupation would be tried by procedure of civil-criminal jurisprudence. The prisoner at the bar, instead of being a swart Turco, or iron-framed soldier of the world-recruited regiments des etrangers was a young and beautiful Arab woman. The charge which she was there summoned to confront was murder; the motives therefor, revenge, and the gratification of jealous anger. The guilt of the accused woman was a fact apparently as plain to moral sense as was to physical vision the presence of the great orb of day, which overhead burned its westward course through the African firmament.

As for the crime, itself, it was, in dull mediocrity of conception and sordid brutality of execution, a thing simply repulsive and wearisome to contemplate. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the criminal was permitted to depart into freedom not only absolutely unpunished, but followed by the congratulatory murmurs and admiring glances of the always susceptible soldiers of France—a number of whom were there, her judges.

In a part of the great French possession of Algeria where neither an interpreter of the civil law as laid down in the Code Napoleon, nor an expounder of the law of God as set forth in the Koran, was obtainable, a council made up of the officers of a French garrison was recently convened, presumably to hear evidence, sift testimony, and, as wisely and justly as might be, decide the question of life or death for an Arab woman who had murdered her rival, Aicha, the first wife of a husband possessed by two women in common.

A COQUETTISH MURDERESS.

The murderess was a woman of quality, young, beautiful and a thorough-paced coquette who had neglected nothing, permissible through the fatuous indulgence of a complacent husband, or owner, in the adornment of her person. She, of course, wore the prescribed and omnipresent veil, but it was a material so light and transparent that it but served to soften the rich olive of the wearers complexion, pleasantly modify the inky blackness of her hair, and add the suggestion of depths unfathomable to the dark eyes which met their gaze.

Not a fold of her drapery, as she stood in the presence of martial judges, that had not deftly been so disposed as to display to the best possible advantage the somewhat picturesque attire of the Arab woman—and, incidentally, brought in perfect prose the charming lines of the female human form divine.

Her hands and arms, the fingers and wrists of which were covered with sparkling diamonds, were small, well-formed and delicately plump. So beautiful indeed were they, that they quite distracted the honorable court from anything approximating a calmly deliberative consideration of the awful crime which their owner had perpetrated.

It may be here said that it was with a bluegown tightly gripped in the sweet little hands, and viciously wielded by the plump arms, that the murderous, astersly creeping up behind her unsuspecting rival, had battered out the unfortunate creature's brain's and beaten her down to earth, a bloody, mangled corpse.

AN ARAB HUSBAND'S APPEAL.

There was no defense offered by the murderess. Why should there be before such a tribunal? But her husband, the semi-wealthy, and Arab Shiek of some influence stalked into the presence of the officers, and made a novel, if not thrilling, appeal in behalf of the prisoner, his remaining wife. After promising that he considered the removal of the unhappy Aicha by the accused as palliated by the fact that the latter found it absolutely necessary, for her own piece of mind, to rid herself of the interferences, jealousies and presence "of a first wife whose existence had become embarrassing," the noble Arab condescended to add that he regretted the loss of the murdered woman's services. He must, nevertheless, plead with the court to spare him his second wife, the lovely wildcat then and there in the presence of their assembled wisdom. She had the man of the desert affirmed, cost him both in flocks and herds, and in brief, she was unto him the apple of his eye.

The argument was not an exceptionally strong or convincing one, it will be observed, but it served its turn, for presently the doors of the Council Chamber were thrown open, and sheik the murderess walked forth, free as the air about them, and noisily bright as are the sun-bathed sands of old Sahara.

Still, from time to time, rough and ill-mannered attacks are made on the rigor of French military rule in Algeria.

JEALOUSY OF MUSLIM WOMEN.

That your downright, jealous Algerian Mussulman woman cares but little for either French military authority or the admonitions of the prophet, when the green fever forces its tortuous course through her veins, is further illustrated in what follows:—

A lieutenant of the Spahis (native cavalry) who, with the exception of his quartermaster, is the only Frenchman in his region, has for a long time been stationed with his command at an oasis on the Algerian frontier of Tunis. The lieutenant is, in a manner, Governor of the district; has, by circumstances, been compelled to discharge the various and widely different duties of soldier, judge, and physician. He has, quite naturally, by virtue of his peculiar location and diversified occupations, enjoyed exceptional opportunities and advantages with respect to acquiring a knowledge of the social customs and domestic relations of the Arab.

It is refreshing to know that he affirms, as a result of familiar and close observation, that where families of four, three, or even two wives to one husband, white-winged peace does not always brood. Quite the reverse is, he says, the fact. Violet quarrels frequently convulse the domestic economy, and it is far from being unsatisfactory to learn that the man in the case does not always come unscathed through the storm.

BURIED ALIVE IN A PANIER.

On one occasion, says our useful officer, a date-laden caravan of the tribe of Ouled-Dia, en route for a distant market, halted for the night at the oasis. There was nothing unusual in the circumstance. So, the wayfaring men of Ouled-Dia quietly relieved

their animals of their burdens, devoutly inclined their own heads toward Mecca, and then quietly disposed their bodies for slumber. Nothing occurred during the night to break the monotony of the soft and constant footfall of the sentinels, and the glinting of their rifle barrels as they at regular intervals came athwart the moon's disk.

In the early morning, however, while the wearied Arab drivers were still contentedly snoring, a frightened Spahi dashed into the presence of his commander and breathlessly informed him that one of the caskets, or paniers, which had been unladen from the animals of the tribe of Ouled-Dia on the previous evening, was at that moment hopping about the camp without any visible means of locomotion. Seeing that the Spahi would not be laughed down the officer followed him out of his quarters to investigate the phenomenon.

Sure enough! one of the paniers, which the caravan men had placed in a huddled mass upon the ground, was with a grotesque motion, swaying from side to side much as a drunken man reels to and fro. It was but the work of a moment to out with a knife and at the binding cords of the disorderly basket. This done there presently stood revealed a woman, gagged, partially bound, almost smothered, and desperately struggling for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

When released from her strange bondage, and somewhat revived by the fresh morning air, the woman explained that she had been placed in the panier by one Fitz, the first, or principal wife, of the victim's husband, an Arab of feeble will and weak impulses, named Aberdaman. Fitz, it seems, after gagging, and as she hopefully believed, strangling the second wife, conceived and promptly carried out the ingenious idea of disposing of the supposed corpse by substituting it for the contents of one of the paniers of the sojourning caravan. Her would-be victim was, however, not quite dead, and reappeared in life as herein set forth.

DEFILING THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET.

When the wicked Fitz, much prettier than the rescued one, and scarcely taller than the officer's sabre, was confronted by that functionary and her rival, was she overcome by terror and remorse? No! by Allah! No! the dusky little wizen unhesitatingly avowed her responsibility for the plot and loudly, shrilly and vigorously bewailed its failure. Metaphorically speaking, she reviled the Koran and spat upon the beard of the prophet, when the adjurations of both were suggested to her by the soldier-lawgiver.

The woman, she shrieked, had surreptitiously acquired a monopoly in those affections of a joint-stock husband which should have been possessed in common; if, indeed, she (Fitz) might not alone enjoy them. Prophet, or no prophet, it was a condition of things which she could not endure!

While the argument was at its height the miserable Aberdaman casually peered into the tent, and, seeing how the land lay, cautiously sneaked away.

THE UNDOING OF ABERDAMAN.

The question of punishment proved an embarrassing one for the Frenchman but he appears to have successfully solved it by causing Aberdaman, the well beloved, to be soundly thrashed—not for having two wives, bless you! or for having attempted to condone the murder of one of them, but simply because he failed to maintain peace between the rivals.

The congeners of the flaccid Aberdaman (elderly Solomons) cunningly praised the wisdom of the judge, and speedily provided themselves with stout switches, so that each and every man of them might, at a pinch, be in a position to avail himself of the excuse furnished by the gallic cadi, should the necessity arise for the disciplining of their better-halves, seconds, thirds or fourths, as the case might be.

A NATION OF STAIR-OLIMBERS.

The Berlinese Have a Fondness for Living in Top-story Apartments.

A Berlin letter states: I called upon America friends. It was just in that hour when solid midnight sets in here (6 o'clock), and when, in response to a ring, the heavy iron door opened with a soft click, there were revealed a few steps, and beyond there was darkness. I did not know on what story my friends dwelt, having only the number of the house. After striking several matches it appeared that those sought did not dwell on the first or second floors. More matches were struck, and at last the name appeared. There was nothing to say about so strange an adventure. It is the way of the town. One has to get the hang of the dark stairways or stay in first-class hotels.

A friend related a similar experience. He was making a call in a fashionable quarter, and after lighting his way to the fourth story of a large house, and he counted the steps—there were 103 of them—he entered an apartment that was brilliantly lighted and found a charming circle of ladies in lovely evening costumes. He expected some explanation of his passage up the stairway, 103 dark steps, but it was not regarded as remarkable in any respect. The people upon whom he was calling were Americans with a superfluity of money, and abroad for personal repose and educational facilities. The people are used to the climbing of stairs, and regard it as a form of necessary exercise.

A residence is not a house, but a series of apartments, connected and separate from others. There is a common stairway, and it is guarded by a porter, who watches the one front door, behind which, at various elevations, are half a dozen well-established families. There are probably four floors, with room for a family, perhaps two of them, on each floor. You come to an iron and glass door, say fifteen feet high, and ring a bell. You are at once under inspection from the lodge of the invisible porter, and if he regards you as eligible he pulls a lever or turns a crank and the spring latch is withdrawn. Then you ascend to the floor where your friends are at home and ring another bell, and you can enter a private hall, though often on this hall there are several parties who merely know each other as neighbors. This is the way to concentrate population and encourage architecture. I know a young man who has not been in Berlin long, and has a fancy for counting the steps he climbs to see his friends. The number of steps ranges from fifty-three to 111. The average height of eligible apartments is about seventy steps. There are fine accommodations in abundance at the height of 125 steps.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS' FLEET.

Recent Investigations Concerning the Ships Used by the Discoverer.

Europe and America vie with each other at the present time in presenting to the world interesting facts, gleaned from researches in connection with Christopher Columbus and the discovery of this country, the commemoration of which is soon to be celebrated. The Austrian Maritime Review has recently published a very interesting illustrated article, the result of investigations that have been made, particularly in Spain, in order to ascertain beyond doubt the exact type and maritime value of the three ships that brought the great explorer to the boundaries of a new continent. These ships, as we already know, were called "caravelles," but only the latest researches have gained for us the knowledge that this name did not apply to any particular class of vessel.

The Spaniards used the word "Carabela," which they borrowed from the Franconian tongue, and which has its root in the Greek word "Karati," to designate ships that bore not the slightest resemblance to each other, either in construction or capacity. The investigators gathered all possible proofs that could be furnished either by the admiral's diary, particularly the log-book, and the sketches which Columbus published through Juan de la Cosa, his pilot, besides many ancient documents pertaining to this subject. This thoroughness on the part of the investigators has enabled them to furnish to the marine painter Rafael Manleon the means for executing an aquarell, representing the fleet of Columbus.

The three vessels were the Santa Maria, the Nina, and the Pinta. The dimensions of the Santa Maria were as follows: Length of keel, 53 feet; between perpendiculars, 70 feet; displacement of tonnage, from 120 to 130. The crew numbered no more than ninety men at any time, and the ship was able to carry sufficient water and provisions for them. The admiral's diary speaks of the size of his life-boat, but treats the armament only superficially. It mentions, for example, that Dec. 26 the admiral caused to be fired "una Lombardy una Espingarda." The latter of these arms is very well known, while the former is a cannon of small caliber used in Lombardy. The tackle of the Santa Maria was that of a small three-masted vessel with five single sails. The mainmast had a scuttle, which the sketches show to have been round like a basket. The general form of the hull was that which was common to the round vessels of that age. In the stern the ship carried a large cabin-house, with a small one in the bow.

The seaworthiness of the Santa Maria was excellent. The admiral's diary speaks thus of it: "The vessel behaved splendidly in bad weather; it traveled with the swiftness of a good flyer." It was the same with the other ships, and the log records often fifteen Italian miles an hour, which is equal to eleven nautical miles, a speed that was very good for the vessels of that age.

The dimensions of the other two vessels are not recorded, but the sketches and the designs describe them as of smaller size. The Nina resembled the Santa Maria; the Pinta carried triangular sails, which were replaced with square ones after the first stop at the Canaries. Each vessel carried the Castilian flag on its mainmast, and the flag of the admiral on its mizzenmast. The Aragonian arms were excluded by order of the queen, because Aragonia refused to participate in defraying the expenses of the expedition. The admiral's flag was a white standard with a green cross between two crowned letters, F. and L., the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella. A cross was also painted on every sail of the ships, a custom adopted by the Spaniards and Portuguese to distinguish their fleets from those of the infidels. A canvas, found in the museum of Madrid, representing the landing of the admiral's fleet at San Salvador, and executed by the painter Brugada, corresponds fully with the descriptions set forth by the Austrian Maritime Review.

Brain in Winter.

Brain does not retire from the open till he is compelled to do so by frost and snow. He lives through the summer on berries, buds, insects of every kind, grass, mice, or any other small animal that he can get. I may say, for the benefit of the gentleman that publish so many terrifying bear stories in the daily newspapers, that brain is as harmless as a cow during the summer, and will take to his heels in fright on sight of a human being. It is only when he leaves his lair too early in the spring and he is not able to find anything to eat that he will attack man; but he prefers a calf or sheep, and the farmer's tale is often short at sundown.

But, as I have said, when the winter overtakes him, he sets about to find a winter home. He has very likely, during the summer, when poking his nose into hollow trees looking for the honey of wild bees, seen some place that will suit him, and to this he goes straightway. The tree must be a large one, and he will not select it unless there is a space with plenty of room where the snow or rain can not reach him. This secured, he bundles himself together, his head on his paws, closes his eyes, and remains in this posture till "those blind motions of the spring" tell that "the year has turned." Then he drags himself out and begins his struggle for an existence.

Sometimes, however, when lying in this stupor, loud sounds startle him, and his tree castle shakes; this is when the lumber men have found him and are assailing the tree with their axes. He seldom escapes, and if he does he will surely die in the snowy forest unless he can find another home.

Bright Child—"I know what they call em, mamma, when there's three twins." Mamma—"What, Katy?" Bright Child—"Giblets."

Lord Tennyson is said to be an inveterate novel-reader, and when he becomes absorbed in an especially interesting story at night it is often difficult to persuade him to leave it to go to bed. He does not rise early, and breakfasts in his bedroom, taking a couple of hours' stroll afterwards before his lunch. He continues to be devoted to his pipe.

H. Rider Haggard divides his time and attention between his literary work and the duties of his farm. He usually gives the morning to the latter, and rarely begins his writing before four o'clock in the afternoon. He writes until dinner-time, and gives an hour or two of the evening to the same work, and even with this he usually produces three or four thousand words a day. He declares that he can complete an important work in six months.