

HEALTH.

Indian Cures.

We might well learn a lesson from the Indian's health and strength. With him a constant succession of long days spent in active bodily exercise in the open air developed a race which was physically unexcelled, probably, even by the Greeks.

Exposure, fatigue, privation and physical injury were lightly borne. The seeming indifference to pain, which gained for him the title of "stoic," was probably due as much to an absence of severe pain as to an unflinching endurance of it.

The Indian is not without surgical and medical skill. Doctor Hingston, of Montreal, in a paper recently read in London, describes some interesting procedures which are part of the Indian's traditional skill.

For the Indian who breaks an arm or leg in the depths of the forest, splints admirably adapted for their purpose are immediately cut. "These are lined with down-like moss, or scrapings or shavings of wood, or with fine twigs interlarded with leaves; or, in winter, with curled-up leaves of the cedar or hemlock, and the whole is surrounded with the withes of willow or osier, or young birch."

Sometimes the soft bark of the poplar or the basswood is used, or, if the accident occurs near the marshy shore of a lake or river, resort may be had to wild hay, or to reeds of uniform length and thickness.

For carrying a wounded man, an ordinary "stretcher" of elastic boughs is made; but when the injured man has only a single companion, two young trees of birch, beech or hickory are cut, with the upper boughs left untouched; from these is constructed a stretcher. The jolting from the dragging is broken by the elastic boughs. It is stated that in the Indian's "plentitude of health," bony union of fractures takes place in a remarkably short time.

Indian tears, Indian balsams and other such "cure alls"—the virtue of which is sometimes takes columns of the daily journals to chronicle—are not theirs. To the white man is left this species of deception.

According to Dr. Hingston, the Indians employ counter-irritation by means of fire applied at a distance from the affected part. They incise abscesses with pointed flint. They perform amputations, in the course of which the bleeding is stanching by means of hot stones.

The Wastefulness of Late Hours.

It is good for one who lives in the country to go early to bed, why not for him and her who live in the city? If the man or woman upon whose nervous system the day makes very little demand lives the longer for long nights of rest, why will not health and youthful vigor linger with the denizen of the city who, in the vernacular of the town, is "on the jump" all day?

The "smart" set of the metropolis lacks reasonableness. The wise medium which the Greeks taught is not in the philosophy of the most fashionable people of this commercial city. We call it commercial for a purpose. The men who dance and dine, who wait upon the opera as a duty and sup afterwards for pleasure the "owls" of the clubs, the midnight spendthrifts of their physical and nervous resources—most of these in this country are business men. If they go to bed at 3 o'clock in the morning, they must nevertheless be down town at 8 or 9. They go about their business with agard steps and worn-out nerves. Is it any wonder that so many are unsuccessful, and are financial failures, until they marry the fortunes made by more prudent and better Americans of an earlier generation?

American women are very beautiful and charming. They know more and talk better than any other women in the world except their sisters of France. This class and that has been called the only American aristocracy, and there is truth underlying the claim of each. The tramp is an aristocrat because he is an idler. The college boy is an aristocrat because he has much leisure for sport. The army and navy officers are aristocrats because they are the permanent representatives of the Government. But, after all, the woman of fashion is the finest and most charming aristocrat in the country. If any one can sit up late and have plenty of leisure to sleep away the crowd of fatigue, it is she, and yet even she has no right to tempt the fates after the manner of the British maid and matron. She has more to do. The demands of our complex society upon the women of the country are greater and more exacting than those made upon the feminine members of a monarchical aristocracy. The American woman of fashion is usually pretty nearly tired enough when she begins to dress for dinner. Besides, with all due respect to our cousins on the other side of the water, we do not care to have her exactly like the English woman.

All this is apropos of a new club designed to furnish pleasure, entertainment and support to its members after the theaters are out. Unsatiated beings are to be provided with an excuse for "keeping it up" far into the morning. Occasional sittings up are bad enough, but when early morning bedtime becomes chronic in this city it will be bad for our youth of both sexes.

The people of this country who advance its civilization come out of the sober ranks of those whose recreations, like their vocations, are calm and healthful. We receive no good, but much harm, from the feverish social life of the towns. Everything that offers foreign dissipation is to be discontinued. For the men and women of this country a long night's sleep is best. No one should be permitted to live on his nerves whose life is worth a groat to his fellow-beings, and there ought to be few in this republic whose value is not greater than that.—[Harper's Weekly.]

Dangerous Excitements.

Amusements of a proper sort are conducive to health. The sports of childhood not only toughen the muscles and invigorate the system, but prevent too much cerebral activity. At the same time they develop agility, alertness, daring and not a few of the qualities essential to success in life.

It is largely the same with the sports of youth, especially among students and all who are engaged in sedentary pursuits. For some persons all that is feasible is simple diversion—a change in the line of thought, feeling and care; not an enforced change, with "this for my health" behind it, but a natural and pleasant one, which for the time alters the currents of nervous force.

For others something more stirring and stimulating is desirable, but all such should remember that there is a limit beyond which excitement is not a benefit, but a harm.

Excitement may be injurious physically, mentally and morally. There are the morally ruinous excitements of the modern bull-fights and of the ancient gladiatorial shows. When women, made for tenderness, sympathy and love can find their highest enjoyment in such exhibitions, it is plain that the moral nature itself has become thoroughly atrophied.

To young men particularly the excitement of the theatre often becomes so controlling that it checks all their better intellectual tendencies, and leads to reckless expenditure and even to pilfering.

Competitive games, especially intercollegiate, which many elements combine to carry the excitement to the highest degree, are dangerous, not only in the final decisive struggle but in the long preliminary training. The tendency of such excessive exertions is to enlargement of the heart. Some men can endure almost anything, but many of the most ambitious and excitable run great risks.

The modern form of foot-ball involves excitements of a very dangerous kind; the players put into it the utter recklessness of soldiers on the battlefield. The Boston Medical Surgical Journal says:

"During the season in which the game of foot-ball is played in England, the record of accidents more or less serious is practically continuous. During the foot-ball season of 1891-92 there died through accidents received on the field no fewer than eleven players, while more than seventy others received injuries, mostly in the shape of fractures, which would entail on them weeks of suffering and incapacity for work."

While it is true that the game of foot-ball played in American colleges and schools is not nearly so harmful and dangerous as that which is played in England, yet the tendency to violent exercise is everywhere so great that it ought to be checked.

The Sleep of Children.

Infants, and children of all ages require more sleep than grown people, because their impressible nervous systems could not bear, during their waking hours, the prolonged strain to which they would be subjected. They require more sleep mainly because, while sleeping, all the vital powers are concentrated on building them up instead of being diverted to muscular movements and other influences which would interfere with this concentration.

If the children are wakeful and restless, it is an indication that something is wrong; and that something will generally be found to be improper or excessive feeding, clothing too tight, or too warm, or confined and impure air. When a child is restless and sleepless, these are the things to be looked after first; stupefying drugs and soothing syrups should never be resorted to, except by the advice of a physician.

These child-slaughtering preparations are to be found in many households; and mothers, too often, not only give them themselves, but even leave them in the hands of an ignorant and irresponsible nurse, who is but too ready to dose the helpless little one in order to secure her own repose. I have heard of mothers who are so thoughtless or so heartless as to give a dose of laudanum, or some other strong narcotic to their babes, that they might sleep while the mother attended some play or party.

If mothers knew the danger of opiates, surely they would not give them on every trivial occasion. I will briefly mention some of the effects of opiates on children, as a warning against their indiscriminate use:

First, the brains of children are very susceptible to such impressions, and are naturally prone to inflammation and congestion.

Second, opium, in all its forms, greatly increases the tendency to those grave disorders which cause the death of the majority of children.

Third, the smallest dose will sometimes cause fatal depression; and the frequent use of such drugs will result in a state of chronic engorgement of the blood vessels of the brain, which, from the slightest cause, will give rise to convulsions, dropsy of the brain, or some other no less fatal disease.

Fourth, the brain is the fountain and mainspring of life; and if it is disordered, the whole vital machinery is deranged and out of gear; and therefore it is just as impossible for the human machine to perform its functions as it is for a watch to run when the mainspring is out of order. Opiates derange the stomach, which is regulated by the brain and nerves, and thus the healthful supplies, absolutely necessary for the growth and health of the child, are cut off.

Through the same influence the action of the heart is interfered with, and thus are all healthful supplies of blood to the system interrupted. The breathing becomes slow and laborious, and the blood is not purified in the lungs.

As a consequence of all this, the child wastes in flesh, pales, becomes bloated and dropsical, shrinks to skin and bones, and sinks into the grave, the victim of ignorant drugging.

The mother often attributes her loss to a "mysterious dispensation of Providence," to cold or to anything besides the true cause—death from over-drugging with narcotics.

Fathers of Great Men.

The father of Samuel Pepys was a tailor. The father of James Mill was a cobbler. The father of Verne was a day laborer. Oliver Cromwell's father was a brewer. Epictetus was the son of a day laborer. Socrates was the son of a day laborer. Glotto, the artist, was a peasant's son. Talma, the actor, was a dentist's son. The father of Pius V. was a shepherd. Schumann's father was a bookseller. The father of Pius IV. was a peasant. The father of Cowley was a grocer. Charles Lamb was a servant's son. Mozart's father was a book binder. Milton was the son of a copyist. Pope's father was a merchant. Neander's father was a carter. Lucian was a sculptor's son. Homer was a farmer's son.

A smile may be bright while the heart is sad.

One-fourth of the land surface of the globe is occupied by English-speaking people.

A famous handwriting expert asserts that "no man does or can write his signature twice exactly alike." He therefore advances the startling proposition that "when two signatures purporting to have been written by the same person are precisely alike, it is safe to conclude that one of them is a forgery."

YOUNG FOLKS.

Kathy's Conscience.

"I haven't any conscience," said Kathy Ward, standing at the window and addressing Georgia Green, her new room-mate, who was still bending over her book in the dim afternoon light.

"Julius Caesar, Aulus Plantius and Suetonius, Roman generals invading Britain," murmured her more studious room-mate.

"Why, Kathy Ward, of course you have! Everybody has a conscience."

Kathy shook her head. "Not I," she answered sadly, "and sometimes when it is half dark, and I remember how far away from home I am, it scares me to think about my conscience."

"Julius Caesar, Aulus Plantius and Suetonius," just now you said you hadn't any conscience. "Roman generals invading Britain," said Georgia, with her eyes on the ceiling.

Kathy turned toward the window with a sigh. Conscience or no conscience, she was truly sorry for her past negligence, and those lively unlawful whisperings which had been punished by her separation from her chosen friend and usual room-mate, Jennie Randall.

Kathy was a shy girl. To few people could she unreservedly open her heart; but Jennie had charmed her. Now, sorely missing her confidante, she had tried to speak her thoughts to this newer friend, whose companionship had been thrust upon her for her improvement.

"I suppose it is not having a mother that makes me different," Kathy went on. "Mothers can make you understand things, but aunts can't. Aunt Octavia talks to me about a still, small voice, but I have never heard it, have you? Have you, Georgia?"

"Why, yes of course I have," answered Georgia, impatiently, "and so have you, and so has everybody. It's wicked to say you haven't! Gaul was conquered by the Romans fifty years before Christ, and divided into four provinces; three centuries later it was overrun by savage tribes, among whom the Franks had the ascendancy and gave their name to the country! You had better study your review for Friday, Kathy; it is awfully hard."

Dr. Egerton's school had for years been of high repute in the part of the country where Kathy Ward lived. Young ladies were sent from among the best families within a radius of three hundred miles to acquire their education there.

Of the two hundred pupils of her time, Kathy Ward was perhaps the most sensitive and the most impulsive by nature. She was a sweet, honest-faced girl of fifteen, with much ability, and a degree of self-respect which should have bettered her conduct reports; but she had faults, and they were of a kind to interfere greatly with her success in school life.

Kathy's tallest stumbling block was that she was easily led, and had failed to select a wise leader. Kathy had become a close friend and admirer of Jennie Randall, the prettiest, brightest, and most unscrupulous girl in her class.

On the morning after Kathy had reproached herself to her new room-mate, she was led once more into mischief by the blond Jennie. The earlier recitations were over, and the class had been for the past hour under the instruction of the singing teacher in the chapel.

It was a large room with a raised platform, before which stood rows of settees. Against the walls stood a cabinet of curiosities, of various sorts, given by former scholars.

The singing-hour was over, and the process of marching and halting necessary to the orderly withdrawal of the class had begun. Miss Hance was dusting and rearranging the little collection of curiosities. Several stuffed birds and well-filled trays of coins had been removed from the cabinets and placed on the back settees, which had not been in use during the lesson.

While she marched slowly along in her place, Kathy saw Jennie Randall reach quickly toward an open case containing a little heap of dingy-looking coins of different sizes. Jennie missed her mark, glanced backward at Kathy, shrugged her shoulders, showed her empty fingers and laughed.

In a few moments Kathy was opposite the box in her turn. With the idea of trying to accomplish the thing which Jennie had failed in, she stretched out her hand toward the uncovered case. Under the very eyes of the singing teacher, she seized, undetected, the thick black coin which her fingers first touched, and carried it to her side with a sense of triumph.

At the door she had an instant's opportunity to speak to Jennie.

"I did it, I did it!" Kathy whispered, showing the coin. "Here—take it."

But Jennie shook her head. "I don't want it," she said laughing.

"I am sure I don't. What shall I do with it?"

"Oh, anything; put it back at recess."

Kathy consigning the coin to her pocket and went to her recitation.

"Come with me to the chapel," she said to Jennie, when the noon bell had struck and they were free. "I am so afraid I shall forget this. I want to put it where I found it."

The two friends walked away together, talking confidentially and laughing much. But Kathy's laughter soon ended.

Miss Hance had finished her work, the collection was back in its place, and the cabinet doors locked fast.

"What shall I do?" asked Kathy, looking at her unwelcome possession and turning pale. "I can't give it back to Miss Hance; there wouldn't be anything to say."

"Of course there wouldn't; don't think of it. Wait until the things are out again and put it with them then. It won't be so very long, perhaps."

"Oh, I can't, I can't! It may be months and I couldn't keep it all that time. Why, it isn't mine! It is stealing," she said, nearly in tears.

"Why, no, it isn't stealing!" cried Jennie. "You didn't take it to keep. Wait until to-morrow morning and I will think of a way to get it back. I'll find the key, maybe, and after breakfast I'll tell you what to do."

In spite of this assurance Kathy was un-comforted. She went about all day long with the coin a lump of remorse at the bottom of her pocket. Still Jennie's cheering promise helped her to bear up. She had unbounded faith in her friend's ability. Her own idea would have been to return the coin and confess. But Jennie thought this a stupid course of action, to be employed only by a girl with no brilliant gift at getting out of a corner.

Next morning that promise which had been Kathy's hope was not fulfilled. As the girls left the breakfast-room Jennie slipped a small paper into her hand.

"I can't do it," the paper said: "I think Miss H— carries the key with her. If I were you I would let it roll under the cabinet, and then they will find it. Nellie Wiles told me an elegant riddle; 'What is the difference between Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth?' One is a *Wonder* and the other a *Tudor*. It's like counting—one, two, Good-by."

Kathy saw little of Jennie that day. Through apparent inattention in one of her classes the girls were forbidden to speak to each other. Thus Kathy was thrown upon her own resources.

"I can't let it roll away," she thought, walking forlornly up and down the hall. "They might never find it; it might be swept up or something, and then it would be stealing for me. I ought to go straight to Doctor Egerton and tell him about it. That would be the very hardest, and that is what I deserve to do."

As she turned again she paused. Doctor Egerton himself was approaching her. Kathy cast herself upon her impulse.

"Doctor Egerton, may I speak to you for a minute?" she asked with a thumping heart which almost smothered her words. She sought the coin in her pocket. In another minute she would have told him the whole.

"Are you not out of order in being here at this hour, Miss Ward?" he asked, severely.

"Yes, sir," was all that she could say. "Then select a different time to ask a favor of me. Go now to your class-room."

Kathy hurried away in mortification too deep even for tears. She entered the class-room with lagging steps, and received an unheeded reprimand for her tardiness. As she seated herself she caught sight of Jennie Randall's face, as pretty and rosy as ever, smiling pointedly in her direction. The ghost of a nod accompanied the smile—perhaps something encouraging had happened!

It was even so. At the first opportunity Jennie handed Kathy a second note:

"I have thought of a way, after all. Take the coin to Miss Hance and present it to the school. She need never know where you got it, and she can put it in the cabinet herself."

All the weight which had rested on Kathy's heart through the morning seemed to roll away as she read. Without an instant's hesitation she asked and obtained permission to speak to Miss Hance. In a short time the hated coin lay upon that lady's desk under her near-sighted eyes.

"Why, thank you, Kathy," she said, warmly. "I am always delighted to receive contributions for the museum. There is especially a great deal to be learned from coins, and we have only a few. Are you interested in them? Do you know about this one? No? Well, I will find out all about it for you, and it shall lie by itself in the cabinet with its description on a card. I am going very soon to arrange all our coins so, but as yet I have not had time. We will begin with yours, and your name will go upon the roll of honor with those of the contributors."

Here was an unforeseen horror! "Oh, please, Miss Hance," Kathy said, with quickly changing color, "I think that I should rather not be thanked, nor be upon the roll of honor. I—I don't deserve it."

"Why, of course you do, dear," answered Miss Hance, kindly. "It is the only acknowledgement which we can make for a valuable gift. Here is Doctor Egerton. He will be able to tell us about it. Doctor Egerton, Katherine Ward has presented us with a coin for the cabinet—a Roman one, I should think, although I cannot tell more without the glass."

She handed it to the doctor, who examined it carefully. A thrill of terror ran through Kathy's nerves. If he should recognize it! Although he did not, his next question reduced her to a condition nearly desperate.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"From—a from a collection," she managed to stammer.

"Is the collection for sale?" he asked intending to put her more at her ease. The timid "No, sir," with which she answered him was barely audible. So he only closed the interview with an opinion that the coin was of the time of Antiochus the Syrian and thanked her in his turn for the gift.

These undeserved thanks had a sharper sting for the sensitive girl than even the fear of discovery. It seemed to her that she had never tasted misery until now.

As the days passed, Kathy's relief at being freed from the coin changed to a settled unhappiness over her manner of disposing of it. Finally, upon the day when she was informed that her name was upon the roll of honor, she found her situation unbearable. There was no use in appealing to Jennie for sympathy, for Jennie treated the whole thing as an excellent joke.

Therefore Kathy acted once more upon her own impulse. Doctor Egerton, at work in his study that afternoon, was surprised by the sight of her little figure following a determined knock which he had imagined was that of the most brisk of his teachers.

With flushed cheeks, with tearful eyes, but without an instant's pause, she told to the end her story of her own performance, though she spared Jennie entirely.

Doctor Egerton sat silently for a few long minutes, still looking straight before him as while she had been speaking. Then he arose and offered her his hand with these astounding words:

"I am proud to know you, my child; you have a good conscience!"

As Kathy closed the door in leaving, she caught a flashing glimpse of Doctor Egerton seated again at his desk. To her surprise he seemed to be laughing. But this was one of those occasions when it is not possible to believe one's eyes. Kathy was sure that hers were mistaken.

"If he says it was my conscience, I suppose it must have been," she decided, thinking over the interview; "but conscience isn't a still, small voice. I shall tell Aunt Octavia. Conscience is when you know you must!"

The oldest building in England is the Tower of London.

In the Austrian army suicides average 10,000 a year. This does not include foiled attempts, and it represents 20 per cent of the general mortality among the Austrian soldiers.

There are few uncracked walls in Baden, Germany. The testing of the big guns manufactured by Krupp has shaken the foundations of most of the houses, and keeps glaziers busy.

MOOSE HUNTING IN CANADA.

The Monarch of the Canadian Forest in His Native Wilds.

The moose, or elk (*Alces americanus*), is the largest member of the deer family; indeed, it is the largest mammal of Europe and America, the elk of Northern Europe and Asia being the same as the American moose. Like other wild animals of the vast American continent moose exist only in vastly diminished numbers, legislation by the Canadian and United States governments having no doubt been the means of saving these fine animals from absolute extermination. Not so long ago hundreds of moose were slaughtered in the province of New Brunswick for their skins alone, the carcasses being left to rot where they fell. Owing to the character of those districts, which contain a vast number of lakes, swampy, low-lying woods, and morass, the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia remain to the present day the favorite haunt of the moose, and there, under certain restrictions, he may be hunted.

In his well-known book, "The Wild North Land," says Black and White, Capt. Butler gives his experiences of moose hunting. "No man," he says, "save the Indian or the half Indian can hunt the moose with chance of success. * * * Hunting the moose in summer and winter is one thing—killing him in a 'snow yard' or running him down in deep snow is another." To hunt the moose undoubtedly requires years of study of the habits and ways of these animals. The ordinary method of pursuing them is simply by "still hunting," as it is called, or stalking. The hunter searches for the trail of the animal, which he tracks in the most absolute silence and exercising his utmost knowledge of wood craft. Arrived in the immediate neighborhood of where the moose is feeding or resting he makes his final and stealthy approach. Every lush, every thicket is minutely and silently examined, and when the actual spot of concealment is discovered the hunter gently breaks a small twig, a huge, dark, old-world looking animal rises up, and should the shot so carefully led up to prove successful, falls to rise no more.

"Moose calling" is probably the most exciting of all the methods adopted in hunting the moose and the one requiring the greatest amount of skill. It is only practicable during the rutting season in September and October, and can only be employed successfully between sunset and sunrise, for the bull moose will rarely answer the call in the day-time. The art of bringing the moose within range this way is one possessed by few white men, requiring as it does an amount of practice and skill seldom possessed except by Indian hunters.

A Night with Lions.

The lighting of large fires when encamped in game countries has generally been regarded as a sure means of preventing the attacks of wild animals; but this is not always the case. A correspondent of the *Field* in Mashonaland gives an account of a night with lions in July last. Before going to sleep the fires had been carefully made up. At 1.45 (says the writer) I woke, and as the fires were all a bit low I made them up afresh, especially the centre one, walked round the horses, and then got into my blanket again. Just as I lay down I heard a grunt, and said to D, who was alongside of me, "Listen; was that a lion, or was it one of the horses?" We sat up, and just as we did so a lioness landed alongside, and took a native who was sleeping at a fire just by us, dragging him off into the grass. D and I were up in a second, and roused everyone. I only had a shotgun with me, loaded with buckshot, and I fired both barrels into the beast's face. One old native was wonderfully calm, and kept telling us everything the lion was doing. After we got some torches alight we went up to the lioness, and three bullets through her made her let the native go, and she made off. The native was fearfully mauled, and died next morning. The lioness did not go away but hung round the fire, keeping under cover, and there appeared to have been two well-grown cubs with her. I got the natives up a tree, so as to get them out of the way (they are awful cowards), made more fires, and we all stood prepared. Suddenly another lion came charging on to the horses, right through the fires, and jumped on to the back of a horse—which promptly bolted right through the picket rope, breaking it—and seven out of the fourteen stampeded into the veldt. It was impossible to go after them. Shortly after this the old lioness came back and took a saddle, which was near one of the fires, and tore it to shreds. The beasts kept round and round us, but did not molest us any further. As soon as it was light enough to get a sight of one's rifle, six of us went out. I saw my terrier go off on a line and followed. Marked down a small patch of grass, where out popped the lioness, going strong. I gave her both barrels, buckshot, at twenty yards, and off she went, we following in full cry. A little further on she crouched in some grass, out of which we roused her. She charged at us, but a bullet through her shoulders sent her about. We were off again in full cry, when she stopped short and came at us again; but a bullet through her head dropped her. It was one of the finest pieces of sport I ever took part in, though my share was poor, as I only had the shotgun which I had taken out for bird shooting. In the course of the day we recovered all the horses, to find one very badly clawed and three others slightly. The second night we built a very strong kraal, and the lion returned and scratched on the outside, but could not get in.

We are only human in so far as we are sensitive.

Emperor Alexander has freed the Kalmycks of Astrakhan from serfdom. These roving people are Buddhists, and their number 150,000 souls. When the other Russian serfs were freed in 1861 the Kalmycks were not permitted to enjoy the results of that reformation, for it was thought that so wild a people would abuse their privileges.

Among the constables in the Royal Constabulary stationed at the depot in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, is Constable Sir Thomas Echlin, Bart. According to Debra's Baronetage, the Echlin family is one of ancient Scotch origin, and formerly possessed estates in Scotland, and also large domains in the counties of Kildare, Carlow, Dublin, and Mayo. The third baronet dissipated a large portion of the family estates, and the fourth, fifth and sixth baronets managed to get through with the remainder. Then the present baronet found himself landless, and entered the Royal Irish Constabulary.