

HEALTH.

THE BLOOM ON THE PEACH.

The complexion of young girls is very often a source of trouble to them, and continues to be so in spite of doctors and dermatologists and medicaments of all sorts. Perhaps when all things else have failed they will find the whole trouble done away with by a judicious diet and course of living. In many places there are no doctors especially skilled in relation to the skin, and mothers content themselves with thinking it will come right in time. But they need not wait for time if they will follow a wise routine in matters of bath and diet.

In the first place they should abolish the cold bath entirely, understanding that it is only the very rugged who can endure it, and that very few take it to advantage anyway; and they should use only the warm and hot baths, and use them frequently—the hot bath, a quick one taken at bedtime, with proper precautions about taking cold afterwards. With this there should be not only exercise about the house in the way of familiar duties, although it is always in the same over-breathed air, but there should be rapid walking and hurrying out-of-doors, without any other fixed purpose than that of enjoyment, now and then a short run, if it may be taken without discomfort, and sometimes, properly protected, a tussle with a rain-storm, but never exposure, when unveiled, to cold and sharp winds.

And for the rest, diet is to be called upon to work miracles. Pastry is to be abandoned; all sorts of rich cakes and desserts as well; sweetmeats, candies, oily nuts, the whole delicious bon-bon tribe, together with the homely old-colonial doughnut, the rarebit, and cheese in any form. Fruit, too, will be taken with hesitation, and more generally cooked than uncooked; fritters will be forsaken, potatoes will be replaced by bread, and the bread will be, as far as possible, of coarse grain rather than of fine flour.

Neither tea nor coffee will be drunk by our young aspirant for a good complexion, nor chocolate, be it said; she can have milk if it agrees with her, preferably skimmed milk and butter-milk. She will be surprised to find how soon she can dispense with much drinking at her meals, and how refreshing water alone will become. If she drank no water at all while eating, and as much as she wished a couple of hours or so later, it would be better yet; but if that is too much of a sacrifice, she would do well to try and limit herself to no more than a dozen table-spoonfuls of liquid with each meal. Of course it is unnecessary to say that she takes no wine nor anything of that sort.

With this she should allow herself plenty of good and well-cooked meat, and dish-gravy when it is free from fat; not always a great deal of beef, but rather mutton and poultry and game. Meat increases the muscular firmness and strength, and is supposed to add more to the nervous force than other diet; and often a low condition of the nerves has more to do with the skin trouble than anything else. Some of the most irritating, disfiguring, and painful of skin troubles arise from depression of the nervous system, either from worry or over-exertion, or from mal-nutrition.

It must be understood then, that the diet is to be plentiful and generous, but that it is to be thoroughly digestible, and never greasy nor too rich, and that all eating between meals and before going to bed is to be given up. Any girl who brings her habits down to these simple ways, and has regular and prolonged sleep, will soon have the peachy skin that belongs to her years, unless she has some more deep-seated and ineradicable trouble than is common.

For those who have no trouble with their skins, of course such strictness of regime is not requisite; but the bloom will be kept a great while longer which has not been interfered with by indigestible dainties and lazy habits.

AMATEUR NURSING.

Much of the comfort of an invalid depends upon the order of his surrounding—whether medicine bottles stand grimly out of place upon the mantel-shelf, or pictures hand straight upon the wall and even more he will notice any want of daintiness and neatness in his nurse. She should be a paragon in this respect, as well as in her quiet movements and tactful notice of her patient's needs without asking questions. She must see for herself that pillows require shaking, and know when the hot water bag should be applied to cold feet without troubling their tired owner about the matter, and she must be able, moreover, to administer medicines and nourishment at appointed times and comfortably to him. A wise nurse seldom asks her charge "how he is feeling to-day," and never discusses his symptoms and conditions in his presence, since her aim is to keep his thoughts as far as possible from himself. In serious illness, where every change must be watched, it is customary to keep a written record of temperature, amount of nourishment and sleep taken, etc., which report is quietly submitted to the physician in charge upon his recurring visits. There is nothing more annoying to many people, next to creaking shoes, than to have whispering carried on in their chamber during illness. It is very suggestive to mystery in one's case, of something serious of which one must not be told—a suspicion anything but beneficial. All conversation must be in natural tones, so that the patient may hear of his wishes, and as

to subject must of course exclude anything exciting.

While ventilation is important the temperature of a sick chamber must be kept even, and high enough to make weighty bed clothing unnecessary. A thermometer hung at the head of the bed, and out of the sight of the patient, should constantly register 68 degrees, or thereabouts in winter time.

The air with which an invalid is to fill his lungs hour after hour must be pure and sweet since it is to become a powerful ally in the battle with disease. It is not enough to ventilate the room thoroughly once a day, though that is important, but there should be a steady current of air passing through created perhaps by an open fireplace and window lowered slightly at top, or opened a little both above and below when there is no chimney.

DANGER FROM NEW CHEMICALS.

Gases and Compounds Lately in Commercial Use Placed Under Restriction.

Several more or less dangerous articles of chemical manufacture are becoming so largely employed for a variety of useful purposes now that some restrictions as to their sale, conveyance, and storage, are, in the interest of the public safety, imperative, says the London Lancet. Certain substances that were previously regarded as chemical curiosities, have ceased to be so, and are now important commercial commodities and made on a very large scale. Thousands of gallons of "liquid" carbonic acid gas in steel cylinders under high compression may now be seen every day being conveyed in carts from place to place, and similarly other gases are stored under pressure in "tubes," as, for example, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrous oxide, and so on, all of which may expose the public to danger. Solid bricks of metallic-sodium, again, kept under naphtha, of course, are every day carried from port to port as part of a ship's cargo, and very serious accidents have occasionally arisen from the intermixture of various chemicals on board ship by the damaging effect of a rough passage upon the packages. The trade in cylinders of compressed gases has already been placed under control. Still another chemical substance of comparatively recent discovery is now so extensively used as to have given rise to the necessity of a Home Office order, being issued. We refer to carbide of calcium, which on simply becoming moist gives off the exceedingly inflammable gas acetylene. Carbide of calcium is useful for a variety of purposes, but chiefly because on simply placing it in water it evolves pure acetylene, which possesses a remarkable high illuminating power. The employment of this method of generating a gaseous illuminant for optic lanterns, for photographic purposes, and for lighting private dwelling houses, has already been tried. It is quite obvious that some restriction should be placed upon the sale and storage of this substance, which is now being manufactured on a large scale, and which simply in a moist atmosphere gives off an inflammable gas, which with air forms an explosive mixture. Carbide of calcium is now to be brought under the 14th section of the Petroleum act, 1871, and, after April 1, 1897, it will be unlawful to keep carbide of calcium except in virtue of a license to be obtained from the local authority under the Petroleum act. Doubtless the recent accidents that have been reported from time to time by the employment of acetylene in this way have prompted the Home Office to issue this order, together with a memorandum showing the character of the risks to be guarded against, and giving suggestions as to the nature of the precautions likely to be most effectual for securing safety.

RED DRESSES AND THE GOBLER.

Edith and Amy Gregory, aged 3 and 5 years respectively, children of Seymour Gregory of Rowlandville, N.Y., were seriously wounded the other day by a turkey gobbler. The children were playing in the yard, each wearing a red dress when the turkey attacked the younger child, throwing her to the ground. The older girl then attempted to rescue her sister when the fowl attacked her also, throwing her down and inflicting several wounds upon the face and hands. Finally recovering her feet little Amy ran to a neighbor's house to alarm her mother. When Mrs. Gregory ran into the yard she found that the turkey had severely wounded Edith also, and she dispatched the assailant with a club.

BAD SEALING YEAR.

News from the east coast sealing fleet has been received at St. John's, N.F. Out of sixteen steamers fishing in the North Atlantic eleven have been heard from, whose combined catches are only 21,000 seals, less than a load for one steamer. This is the worst record for a hundred years. There is little likelihood of the fishery being retrieved later from total failure. Including three laden steamers fishing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, only 75,000 seals are now reported, and it is not probable that this number will be doubled before the close of the season, whereas last year's total catch was 220,000, which was regarded as much below the average.

WASP AND FLY.

When a wasp catches a fly it immediately bites off both wings, sometimes a leg or two, and occasionally the head. Mr. Barrington saw some of the wasps when laden with one fly catch another, without letting go the first, and then fly away with both. There was a constant stream of wasps carrying away flies, probably to feed the larvae in their nests, and returning again to the cove to catch more. In about 30 minutes Mr. Barrington estimated that between 300 and 400 flies were caught on two cove lying close to where he stood. Perhaps this narrative of good deeds accomplished will lead people to think more leniently of the vices of the wasp.

YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW MANY BONES?

How many bones in the human face? Fourteen when they are all in place.

How many bones in the human ear? Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human eye? Three in each, and help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine? Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest? Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.

How many bones in the shoulder bind? Two in each—one before and behind.

How many bones in the human arm? In each one, two in each forearm.

How many bones in the human wrist? Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand? Five in each with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten? Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip? One in each, like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh? One in each, and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees? One in each, the knee pan, please.

How many bones in the ankle strong? Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot? Five in each as the palms were put.

How many bones in the toes half a score? Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And altogether, these many bones fix, And then count in the body two hundred and six.

And then we have the human mouth, Of upper and under thirty-two teeth.

And now and then have a bone, I should think, That was in a joint, or to fill up a chink.

A sesamoid one, or a wormian, we call, And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

JACK'S LESSON.

"So," said Dr. Dove, bringing his hand down on Jack Burnet's shoulder, "so you've been frightening your mother ill! Don't you feel ashamed of yourself?"

"I'm very sorry, Doctor," said Jack. "But mothers are so scary. I wasn't hurt. If she'd stopped a minute and not fainted, she'd have seen me pick myself up. You see the brewer's wagon turned the corner just as the expressman whacked at us fellows that were up behind. We jumped off, and—"

"And if the brewer had not had strong arms, and the brewer's horses more sense than most boys, you'd have been a case for the coroner," said the Doctor.

"I wasn't hurt," Jack said, laughing. "But mother happened to see it from the window, and fainted."

There was a pause; then Dr. Dove said: "Jack, would you like to ride out with me to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, Doctor," cried Jack. "Be ready when I call, then, at two," said Dr. Dove.

You may be sure Jack was ready for a ride behind that pretty brown horse, and it was delightful to him to go flying along the street, and down the avenue. They never stopped until they came to a large brick house.

The doctor took Jack by the hand, and they went softly along the hall and up stairs to a long room, all full of little white beds. There was a child in each bed, and three nurses, with white caps and aprons, were walking about. At some beds the Doctor paused, gave directions to the nurse, and passed on.

At last he said to Jack: "You may speak to this little fellow. Tom, I have brought a young friend to see you."

Two great hollow eyes turned Jack's way. "How do you do?" asked a weak little voice.

"I'm well, thank you," said Jack. "I'm sorry you are sick."

"I've been sick a great while," said Tom. "I'm going to get well now, Doctor says; but I've had lots of pain, and I guess I nearly died. It's my own fault, though, I've made up my mind to tell all the boys I see. If I'd minded ma, I'd never been here at all. She told me never to hang on the ice wagon, but I did, and the trolley car ran into it. It's months ago, and I've had time to think about it."

"You won't do it again, will you, Tom?" asked the Doctor.

"No sir," said Tom. The Doctor laid an orange on the quilt. Tom said, "Thank you," and Jack said, "I hope you'll be well soon."

Then they walked on until they came to a bed where a boy was asleep. A big workman, in his Sunday clothes, was just rising to go from a chair near the cot. The Doctor shook hands with him.

"It makes a baby of me, Doctor," said the man. "Little Pat is our darling, and barrin' he wouldn't obey orders, the best boy ever you saw. But the wife couldn't kape him from the edge of the roof. It's seven stories high, and over he went one day. There's a bit of hope, isn't there?"

"While there is life there is hope," said the doctor. The man nodded sadly and went home.

"Is little Pat going to die?" Jack whispered. "He may live for years, Jack," said the doctor, "but he will never be able to stand or even sit up, or even to feed himself. He will never be anything but a burden to his poor parents. But he

knew better than his mother, you see, and was quite sure it was safe to play on the roof."

Jack looked solemn. Slowly they walked through the ward. Some of the children were playing with toys or crying at pictures; but others were looking or moaning in pain. In a corner, a nurse was supporting a woman who had fainted.

"It came on me sudden," she told the doctor—"the news that my boy had his leg off."

"To save his life," said the doctor, gently. "I'm afraid life won't be much use to him now," said the poor woman weeping. "Oh, the times I told him never to go into the old house they're tearin' down; and he took no heed of my words; and when the wall fell, he was under it! If he had only obeyed me!"

There was a cot near the door, from which a cry of pain came. The doctor looked grave when he came from it. "That little boy's father told him never to touch his pistol," he said to Jack; "but he did, and shot himself. He is going to die."

Jack turned red. He remembered another boy who had been told not to touch his father's pistol, and who had disobeyed. He was glad when the doctor turned away. Over the door through which they passed was written, "Children's Accident Ward," Jack read it aloud. "That is what we call it, Jack," said the doctor, "but I believe it ought to be, 'Ward for boys who know better than their mothers.'" Jack blushed again. He was very thoughtful as they drove home; and his mother has since told Dr. Dove that he obeys her now.

A STORY OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Mr. A. T. Story vouches for the truth of the following incident of the Queen's childhood, which he narrates in the London Quiver. She was at the time but seven or eight years of age, and her heart was set on a certain doll which she had seen in a shop window. She had to wait, however, until she could save the price of six shillings, out of her pocket money. At last the day came and the coveted doll was paid for and received. The story proceeds as follows:

"And now, with the precious treasure upon her arms, the little lady bade the shopkeeper good afternoon, and was about to step from the door, when a poor, miserable-looking object of a man met her eye. He was standing but a couple of feet away, and seemed as though he were going to speak to her, attracted doubtless by the innocent kindness of her expression, and the tenderness of her blue eyes. But, though his lips moved, no sound came from them."

"He stood aside to let her pass—a mute, agonized appeal in his sunken cheeks and quivering chin."

"Did you wish to speak to me?" asked the little lady, staying her steps.

"Encouraged by her winning voice, the poor tramp—for such he was—said in trembling accents: 'I am very hungry, I would not ask for help if I were not ready to sink with hunger, and the brewer's horses are so sorry; I have no money, or, else—'

"His lips trembled forth a humble 'Thank you, lady,' then he shuffled on his way, hunger impersonate."

"Stay!" murmured the little owner of the new doll. There was a quiver in her childish voice and a moisture in her eyes as she spoke. "Wait a minute, please."

"She stepped back into the shop, approached the lady behind the counter, and said: 'Oh, please, do you mind taking the doll back and keeping it for me for a few days longer?'"

"Certainly, I will," replied the shopkeeper; "and you wish me to return you the money?"

"Yes, if you please."

"This was done, and the little lady, hurrying out of the shop, placed the whole of the money in the hands of the starving man."

"He was like one thunderstruck. Never had bounty rained upon him in such profusion before."

"The object of her bounty murmured in a low tone, though loud enough to reach her ear: 'If the Almighty made you a queen, it would not be more than your goodness deserves.'"

"Then he hobbled away to satisfy his hunger."

ADA LEIGH'S GOOD WORK.

There are now in Paris three homes for English-speaking girls—the Mother Home, at 77 Avenue Wagram; Washington Home, the home of the art students, and the Children's Home at Neuilly—as the outcome of the work begun in that city years ago by Miss Ada Leigh, now Mrs. Travers Lewis, wife of the Archbishop of Ontario. Miss Leigh, who had conducted a Bible class of over four hundred in Manchester, England, while she was a girl of seventeen, organized one of a similar character among the English-speaking girls in Paris, when she was herself studying there. From this developed the idea of a home for girl art students, which has grown to the three homes mentioned above. None of the ladies in charge of the homes receives a salary, but there is never any lack of keepers, who seek out English-speaking women in distress, and assist them. Over nine thousand girls of all classes, including students, governesses, and domestic servants, have received help at the Avenue Wagram home alone. The homes are not self-supporting, but are aided by subscriptions from those interested in the work.

CONNUBIAL MYSTERIES.

A man who is just married tells his wife everything. Yes? And after he gets better acquainted with her he doesn't tell her anything.

AN IMPATIENT GIRL.

He—Do you think your father would offer me personal violence if I were to ask him for you? She—No, but I think he will, if you don't pretty soon.

STRANDING OF 600 WHALES.

Vast School of the Creatures Ashore in the Straits of Magellan.

Toward the end of September an enormous school of a species of whale called the Caating whale ran ashore in Teal inlet. Teal inlet is a small creek, one and one-half miles long, opening into Port Salvador, which in turn opens into the South Atlantic by a very narrow opening. It was my good fortune, writes George Hewlett, surgeon, of the royal navy, to see some hundreds of these whales on the beach at the time of my visit. One morning a whirlwind appeared to be approaching over the water in the bay of San Salvador, and soon this was made out to be an enormous school of whales, so thick that they seemed to be jostling each other, nothing but fins and tails, and the water in foam all around. This was on a flowing tide, and they came in the inlet itself, describing sort of cycloidal curves, until the inshore part of the squadron took on a keel reef, and then a sudden panic seemed to seize them all and the unfortunate animals came up the inlet, full speed, with the sea boiling in front of them and a great wave coming after them, and they piled up in hundreds on the beach.

Then, as there was a rising tide, they got off again but only to charge the opposite beach, and so on till the falling tide and loss of strength, left them high and dry all around the dreary bay.

Very few, old or young, lived more than a quarter of an hour after their stranding. By evening, after that tide had ebbed there were only five whales afloat out of more than 500 that had been afloat that morning, and by the next morning only three were to be seen, and they swam around and around for awhile, and then, as if disdaining to live when all their companions were dead, they made straight for the beach, and in a few moments they also had passed forever out of existence.

Circumstances made it impossible to use the blubber. Some of the bodies have been burned; they burn like a great oil shed. The spring tides fortunately floated others up and down and dispersed them. One cannot help regretting that a shipload of the savages from Terra de Fuegia, over the way, could not have been left loose at them. They, of course, would have lived beside the bodies and eaten their way steadily on till the banquet was finished.

JAPANESE BATTLESHIPS.

Two of the Most Formidable Vessels in the World to Be Built in England.

Two of the most powerful war vessels in the world is soon to be under construction in Great Britain for the Japanese Government. No vessels now afloat or contemplated will have such displacements or formidable batteries. These two ships will cost nearly \$4,000,000 each, and will be delivered to Japan in about two and a half years. The biggest battleships of the British navy have 14,900 tons displacement, with a coal-carrying capacity of 900 tons. The new Japanese vessels will have a displacement of 14,850 tons and a coal-carrying capacity of 700 tons.

These vessels are to have wire-wound guns as their main battery instead of the jacketed guns. (They will be of 12-inch calibre, which the British claim are equal to American 13-inch built-up guns.) Four of the wire guns will be in the two turrets, fore and aft, heavily protected by eighteen inches of nickel-steel armor. In the broadside batteries will be the ten 6-inch quick-firing guns of 40 calibres, twenty 47 millimetre, two half-pound Hotchkiss quick-firing guns, and five torpedo dischargers, four being below water and one above, the latter through the stem. The muzzles of the four heavier guns will be at least 25 feet above water, which will enable the pieces to be in the two military masts to each vessel, with fighting tops, and a second top to the masthead for search light and distant signaling purposes.

These ships are the first of a number the Japanese Government will have built abroad. Two are now being constructed in the United States.

WOULDN'T FORSWEAR FOREVER.

This Englishman Wanted to Limit His Withdrawal of Allegiance to Victoria.

An Englishman who had made up his mind to become an American citizen applied to Clerk Charles Lyon in the County Clerk's office in Jersey City the other day for his first papers. Lyon handed him a blank form of the declaration of intention with a request to sign it.

"May I read it first?" asked the applicant.

"Certainly, sir," replied Lyon. When he reached the part where the applicant is required to forswear allegiance to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland forever the Englishman said: "I can't sign that unless the word forever is struck out. If you strike it out I will sign it."

"You don't have to sign it unless you want to," said Mr. Lyon; "but if you don't sign it just as it is you cannot become an American citizen."

"Then I don't want to be an American citizen," retorted the Englishman, walking out of the office and closing the door with a bang.

THE SELFISH PASSENGER.

Conductor (crowded car)—Plenty of room inside. Passenger (one of forty hanging to straps)—Plenty of room, eh? Where is it? Conductor (wrathfully)—Alongside of you, you selfish hunk o' humanity. Want ter keep that strap all ter yourself, don't yer?