EXERCISE.

Its Value and How It Was Appreciated by the Ancients—Marvellous Feats, the Result of Careful and Continued Muscular Training.

The old Romans, who conquered eighty-six foreign nations, had recognized the secret of success when they called their armies *exercitus*, bodies of drilled or exercised men. Exercise overcomes all difficulties, and if the power of its influence has limits, they have never been ascertained. It insures every victory: practice, *i. e.*, exercise and experience, would enable a hundred veterans to beat a thousand recruits, even if the recruits were better armed. A brigade of ordinary riflemen would have no chance against a regiment of picked archers, such as were employed in war in middle ages.

In the London Tower, and in the armories of Strasburg, Nuremburg, and Vienna, there are several coats of mail that have been pierced through and through and evidently by the same shot. That is, the arrow has broken the breast-plate, passed through the body of the cuirassier, and then through the back-plate. A common rifle-ball rarely penetrates the body of a full-grown man, when mail-coats are gone out of fashion.

During the middle ages it was the custom of princes, and even of wealthy burghers, to keep runners, who followed their carriages afoot while the horses were going at full gallop. Fast runners were in great demand, and if parents wanted to qualify their children for a position of that sort, they began to train them from the earliest childhood, and made them undergo a singular operation, namely, the removal of the spleen, which was supposed to have an influence on the vigor of the lungs.

From the city of Puebla, in Mexico, a sandy country road leads across the hills to the valley of Amozoc. Early in the morning that road is crowded with Italian hucksters, who carry heavy baskets on their backs. They often come from a distance of ten or twelve miles, but make the trip at a sharp trot, and without a single stop. Their children trot at their sides, carrying small bundles or bags, and thus learn their trades so gradually that they hardly feel the hardships of it.

It is certainly queer that now-a-days a small, short-legged dog can easily outrun the tallest man. It has not been always so. An ostrich proves that two legs can go as fast as four. Want of exercise probably accounts for the whole difference. Next to football, the favorite game of the English school boys is the game called "hare and hounds." In watching their races I noticed that for one boy who is too short-legged to win, at least twelve are too *short-winded*. Their lungs give out a long while before their legs do. But that sort of short-windedness can be readily cured by various kinds of exercise, especially by mountain excursions.

Lifting weights is another excellent lung exercise. There is a story of a Grecian Samson, the athlete Milo of Crotona, who day after day carried a calf around the arena, and gained in strength as calf gained in weight, till he could finally carry a steer. We may doubt if the steer was quite full grown; but there is no doubt that Dr. Winship, of Boston, Mass., practiced with dumb-bells and bagfuls of pig iron till he was able to lift, though only for a moment, the weight of the heaviest steer on the Texas prairie. It is equally certain that before he began to exercise he was the puniest student of the medical college. And if a weakly man of modern times could uplift such a weight, why should not a champion of the Grecian arena have been able to carry it for a distance of half a mile? For it cannot be denied that people have become more puny since they began to trust to gunpowder and steam instead of to exercise.

In countries where they still rely on the strength of their limbs, as in Turkey, Hungary and Afghanistan, there are plenty of men earning their bread by common labor who could astonish the so-called athletes of a French circus. A Turkish porter will shoulder a box which the driver of a New York express waggon would hesitate to unload without assistance.

During the Afghan war the native warriors carried cannon to a battery on the top of a hill from where the English soldiers were unable to carry them down again.

The foot soldiers of the Turkish Janizaries had to drill in full armor, run, wrestle and even swim, without removing their iron equipments. Such a value did their drill-master set upon the influence of early training that they would never accept a recruit of more than 12 years of age. These cadets were exercised for years, like the sons of the old Spartans, before they were assigned to actual duty, and the result was that the Janizaries repeatedly beat the armies of all Western Europe combined.

The ancient Greeks managed to train not only their troops but the whole nation by offering liberal prizes for proficiency in all kinds of bodily exercise, such as running, leaping, spear-throwing, and wrestling. At a distance of 60 yards their spearmen could hit a target with unfailing certainty. Their runners competed with horses and greyhounds. It is on record that the champion leaper of the Spartan Helotes once cleared 52 feet, and a native of Crotona, in Southern Italy, even 55 feet.

But the most wonderful results of life-long training are seen in the achievements of the Oriental acrobats, who come from countries where over-population obliged such people to work miracles in order to excel their numerous competitors.

During the last Vienna exhibition a troop of Japanese jugglers attracted far more attention than the display of their native art works and manufactures. They had amazingly clever rope dancers and tumblers, mere boys some of them. But their best performers where all grey-headed old men. It had taken them a life-time of practice to master the difficulties of their special tricks. One of them began his performance by putting the palm of his left hand upon a box, and after stretching out his legs horizontally in one direction and his right arm in the other, he raised himself in a way that his whole weight was supported on the edge of his left hand. Without ever touching the ground with any other part of his body, he then began to turn on his wrist, slowly at first, then more and more quickly, till his outstretched feet whirled around like the spokes of a horizontal fly wheel. The rapidity of his motions was wonderful enough, but how he contrived to keep his balance would have puzzled the best acrobats of our gymnastic associations.

The next performer had an attendant who held a tin box by a leather strap, and swung it slowly to and fro like the pendulum of a large clock. In the centre of the box was a large hole about an inch and a half, but certainly not more than two inches, in diameter. The juggler stepped back to a distance of about twenty yards and began to throw little copper balls at the tin box. The first ball was caught by the attendant, who thereupon raised the box a couple of inches, but continued to swing it to and fro. The second, third and all following balls went straight through the narrow aperture without ever touching the rim of the hole. He threw about forty of them, and then retired amidst the prolonged applause of the whole audience, for this time everybody could appreciate the miraculous cleverness of the trick.

But the champion of the band came last His whole outfit consisted of a straight wooden pole, about ten feet long, and hardly three inches in diameter. It was cut off square at each end, and did not seem to be very heavy. This pole the juggler placed upright on the level surface of a wooden board, tried the board with his feet to see that it did not shake, then proceeded to climb the pole. He clambered up and down some ten or twelve times in quick succession. He then ascended to the very top, seized it with his hands, let go his feet, and went spinning around in a circle, till it made one giddy to look at him. By a sudden contraction of his body, he then joined his feet at the top of the pole. let go his hands and slowly raised himself till he stood bolt upright like a statue on a pillar. All this while the pillar had no other support but a flat wooden board, and was balanced entirely by the management of the statue.

One of the spectators, an expert American gymnast, got permission to go on the stage and examine the pole. He looked at the lower end, took up the board, looked at the floor below, and then examined the board itself. It was nothing but a piece of pine wood.

"Well, how do you explain it?" I asked him when he came back. "I can't believe in witchcraft," he uttered, "so I don't know at all what to say about it."

"After the performance was over the jugglers distributed little cards, showing the portraits of their champions, and their principal exploits. Like all Japanese pictures, the drawings were made by hand, but resembled each other as closely as prints from the same steel plate. They were worth keeping, for both the subject and the workmanship illustrated the wonderful influence of exercise.

A Hard Working Queen.

It is a mistake, says the London *World*, to suppose that the Queen enjoys a holiday during her spring visit to Balmoral. Exactly the same amount of business is transacted as when her Majesty is at Windsor. A messenger with a huge sack of boxes and bags is despatched from Buckingham Palace three days a week, and from Whitehall on the alternate days. He leaves King's Cross at 10.30 in the morning, and arrives at Aberdeen at 3 the next morning, going on at once to Ballater by the special "messenger" train, which is run on the Deeside line when the court is in Scotland, and which also conveys the supplies of cream, butter, fruit and vegetables which are sent to the Queen every day from Frogmore. The messenger reaches Balmoral about 7, and remains there till early in the afternoon of the following day, when he starts with another load to catch the train leaving Aberdeen at 4 40, which brings him to Euston Square at 8 the next morning. As a rule, the Queen and Sir Henry Ponsonby are kept hard at work from 9.30 to 1. Her Majesty usually breakfasts at 8.30 in Scotland, in order to have time for a turn in the gardens before going to business.

A People Who Cannot Make Fire.

The Papuans of the Malay coast of New Guinea are represented by the Russian explorer, Dr. Miklucho Maclay, as being in the most primitive stage. They are wholly unacquainted with metals, and make their weapons of stone, bones, and wood. They do not know how to start a fire, though fire is in use among them. When the traveller asked them how they made a fire, they could not understand his question, but they regarded it as very amusing, and answered them when a person's fire went out he got some of a neighbor, and, if all the fires in the village should go out, they would get it from the next village. Some of the natives represented that their fathers and grandfathers had told them that they remembered a time, or had heard from their ancestors that there was a time, when fire was not known, and everything was eaten raw. The natives of the Southern coast of New Guinea, having no iron, shave themselves now with a piece of glass. Formerly they shaved with flint, which they could sharpen quite well, and used with considerable dexterity.—*From Popular Science Monthly for August.*

The Monk Still a Man.

The monk does not always cease to be a man. The members of an ornithological congress that was lately held at Vienna visited, with their wives, the wealthy Benedictine Monastery at Melk, on the Donau. The spacious cloisters, rich dining-hall, well-filled library, scientific collections, gardens, park, the lovely view and a generous collation raised their admiration to the utmost. As they left an enthusiastic lady said to one of the younger monks: "You are in heaven here." He was equal to the occasion. "We should be," he replied, "but that we lack the angels."—*From a Vienna Letter.*

Settled.

"Do you call this a fresh egg, madam?" he asked, as he turned from his plate to the landlady.

"Sir!" she said, in a voice meant to paralyze him clear through, "I am no hen, and I do not know. I am simply a poor, overworked landlady who ran $14 behind expenses last month."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Court of Alabama Claims at Washington is on the point of completing a series of judgments, numbering between 2,000 and 3,000 in the aggregate. The awards, including interest, will amount to about $2,700,000. They will be submitted to the Secretary of State for certification within a week.

DREADFUL RAILWAY CRASH.

25 Persons Killed and 40 Wounded Through an Accident to an English Express.

A CRASH INTO A DEEP RIVER.

A London cablegram says: A terrible accident occurred this morning to the express train on the Manchester & Sheffield Railway. The train started all right with a large number of passengers and was going at high speed when the axle of the engine broke near Penniston. This is a small market town on the river Don, in the West riding of York, and is approached by a bridge over the river. When the axle broke, the engine jumped the track and dragged several carriages after it to the river below. The scene was one of terrible confusion, and the cries for help of the passengers who were wedged in the broken carriages were heart-rending. Assistance was at once obtained from the town, and those who survived the crash, together with the wounded, were got out. Twenty-five persons were killed and forty were injured, many of them very seriously. A gang of workmen was at once set to work and the interruption to traffic was slight.

THE EXPLORERS.

Touching Incidents in Their Experiences and Relief.

A St. Johns (Nfld.) despatch says: Sergeant Long, of the Greely party, says he and Brainerd were the first to hear the whistles of the rescuing steamers. They helped each other to crawl out of the tent. When Long got clear of the entanglement of the tent, which had been swept to the ground, he rose with great difficulty and succeeded in clambering up to a rock. Long recognized the approach of the rescuers. He came down, went towards the camp, raised a flag pole and flag which had been blown down during the gale and held it for about two minutes, until his strength gave out, and it was blown once more to the ground. He then advanced, tottering in the direction of the little steamer, and in a few minutes the hand of Captain Ash had grasped his. Maurice Connell, who is still exceedingly weak, stated that for some days after his rescue he had no recollection of anything that occurred. He did not hear the awakening scream of the whistle. When his comrades shook him up from his prostrate position in the camp and told him succor was at hand, he exclaimed, "For God's sake let me die in peace." A teaspoonful of brandy called back the fleeting life spark, for Connell could not have survived more than a few hours.

The story told by Connell from his recollection of their starving experience is simply heartrending. How they burned hair off their sealskin coats and cut them into strips, boiled them into stew, and ate voraciously of them till their stomachs rebelled and nausea and weakness ensued.

The difficulty of keeping heat in the body was very great. The rule of the camp was to permit no one to sleep longer than two hours. He was then awakened roughly and called upon to shake himself, beat his hands and pound his feet until he restored circulation. This was found absolutely necessary to prevent torpor or possible death.

The survivors are all doing well, but still weak from nervous prostration.

Sergt. Frederick relates mournfully the tragic story of the sad death on the ice-covered ground of George Rice, the artist of the expedition. Rice and Frederick volunteered to leave the camp and proceed 25 miles for meat cached near Cape Isabella. They had a sled, rifle and hatchet, with provisions for five days. They travelled three days, but failed to find the cache. On the way towards their camp Rice became weak and finally gave up. Frederick camped that night under a fragment of a boat, and next day revisited his companion to pay his last tribute to his remains. Frederick retained sufficient strength to drag back the sled to camp, where he encountered more woe in form of the death of Lieut. Lockwood and another of the party.

BLACK SKIN AND GOLDEN CURLS.

The Remarkable Case of an Only Child.

A Cleveland, Ohio, despatch says: The strange sight of a girl with golden curls reaching nearly to her waist, and yet with skin as black as ebony, was presented in this city yesterday, on the arrival of a party of three, who stopped over on their way east. This freak of nature is the only child of a family named Morgan, residents of Philadelphia. Until within a short time she was noted for her beauty, and moved in the best circles of society. It was finally discovered that for some time she had been an habitual arsenic eater. Steps were taken to overcome the unnatural habit, shortly after which she became seriously ill, and for a long time her life was despaired of. Upon her recovery a remarkable change in her complexion was noticed. Dark, yellow spots began to show themselves on her face. These rapidly extended and grew darker, until she was as black as an Ethiopian. The skin on the body, not exposed to the air, however, remains yellow. The case baffled the physicians, and a trip to the Hot Springs was advised. She was taken thither by her distracted parents, but to no purpose. They are now on the way home. The young lady is otherwise in good health, but is, however, morbidly sensitive, and has isolated herself from the world, refusing to see even her most intimate friends. She was closely veiled and attracted no attention until an accidental glance discovered the phenomenon.

Cured at a Shrine.

A Montreal telegram says: Several of the notable cures at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre are reported among the 1,300 pilgrims who returned yesterday. Miss Pinnard, of Russell county, Ont., who had suffered for years past from an apparently incurable nervous disorder, was carried on a chair to the shrine on Tuesday, and is now in full possession of locomotive powers.

The remainder of the Turkish battalion at Assiout has mutinied and been disarmed. The ring-leaders have been sent to Cairo. It is believed the influential Turks residing here fomented the revolt, and the failure of the Mudir to prevent the outbreak is considered suspicious.

KICKING HORSE LAKE.

Construction of the C. P. R.—Mining Prospects—Dissatisfied Navvies.

(Correspondence to the Macleod Gazette.)

Progress in railroad building up in the mountains is very slow, much different from the prairie work of last summer.

The names of the different towns between here and Calgary are Morley, Kanaskin, Silver City, Holt City (Laggan), Summit or Steven City, Tunnel City and some few more, all of them cities.

There are some few prospectors, but the reports are nothing extra. Silver City is almost deserted now, the Queen of the Hills being the only mine which is doing anything, or being worked.

The track will reach the tunnel within the next month, and then it will be at a stand-still for some time.

Crowds upon crowds of men are coming and going all the time, especially navvies. Among the latter there appears to be great dissatisfaction. Everything is misrepresented to them by agents in both Minnesota and Manitoba. They come up, take in the situation, and want to return, but can't, on account of being broke. Every one lives in hopes of a great find in both quartz and placer before fall, but I fail to see any very favorable indications.

FATAL CAT BITE.

A Pet Feline Kills Her Mistress by Biting Her Thumb.

A despatch from New London, Conn., says: The wife of Capt. Cleve Geer, of Groton, one of the best known mariners in this port, died last week from a cat bite. The woman was carrying the cat aboard her husband's vessel when the feline buried its teeth in her thumb. The arm became affected and swelled to twice its natural size. Mrs. Geer suffered great pain until the time of her death. Charles Potter, of this city, is now afflicted with trouble similar to that which Mrs. Geer died of. He was bitten by a cat on Sunday, and for three or four days suffered terrible pain. His arm was badly swollen, but after Thursday he seemed to obtain relief and to be recovering from his affliction. It is said to-day that the swelling has appeared again and Mr. Potter is in the same condition that he was when first bitten.

A SWINDLING DOCTOR.

He Attempts by an Artifice to Cheat Insurance Companies.

A Redding, Ia., report says: There is great excitement here over the finding of the dead body of a man in the office of Dr. Eli Quigley. A fire was discovered in the doctor's office this morning and the partially burned body of a dead man was found on a cot, which was ablaze. At first it was thought to be Quigley, but on examination it proved to be the headless trunk of the partly decomposed body of a man named Lynch, who died and was buried in June. Investigation revealed the fact that Quigley had disappeared and that he had an insurance policy on his life for $1,000 in the Northern Mutual, of Milwaukee, and $6,000 in Barker's Association both taken out within a year. The conclusion is, Lynch's grave was robbed, his body placed in the office, and the premises fired in furtherance of Quigley's scheme to swindle the insurance companies.

Exportation of Frogs.

A gentleman in Barrie has had ten boys employed several months this season in catching frogs in the marsh at Holland Landing. The frogs are prepared and shipped to Detroit, Chicago, and other large American cities, where there is a great demand for them. The frogs are sent from the Holland marsh to Barrie by the thousands, where the legs are cut off, skinned, and sent across the line, bringing as high as 40 cents per pound. They are served in hotels and restaurants, and are regarded there as a great delicacy, having, when properly cooked, a flavor somewhat similar to spring chickens, though they are more tender and delicious. The boys who catch the frogs use a piece of red flannel and a common fish hook, and some of them make as much as from $3 to $4 a week, being paid so much per hundred frogs.

Dame Experience

Does not conduct a select school, yet her charges for tuition are seldom small. The training imparted has current value everywhere, and for this reason she can demand arbitrary compliance with her wishes. One of her appreciated maxims is to get the best value for your money you can. Shun the inferior or dangerous, even if cheap. Therefore don't buy substitutes for that invaluable article — Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the always sure, safe and painless corn remedy. Putnam's never fails, is painless, prompt and certain. Beware of substitutes. Sold everywhere by drugists and county dealers.

Take, rather than give, the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will show them, more or less, upon every subject; and if you have not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people's than your own choosing.—*Chesterfield.*

Nerve Pain Cure.

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"See here," he said to his clerk, "I don't mind letting you off a day now and then to attend your grandfather's funeral, but I think you ought to have the courtesy to send a few of the fish round to my house."

—The question whether young women shall pursue the same line of studies as their brothers, seems to find its chief objection in their different physical constitution. Arguments on this subject are finely handled on both sides; but the perfect adaptation of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to the cure of ailments attending the feminine organism needs no argument; its works are its proof.

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