

HEALTH.

Recreation.

Recreation is an act by which a person exhausted by physical or mental work is re-created, made over "good as new." The ancients invented the word, and seem to have had a penetration that was in advance of the physiological knowledge of their day. But recreation, in popular usage, has dropped down from re-creation, almost as far as "holiday" has dropped down from "holy day." All sorts of sports and pleasure seeking are jumbled together, and called recreations. That, however, alone is a recreation which, interchanging with customary labor, aids in keeping the system in a state of high health, or helps to restore it after undue exhaustion.

What may be recreation to one man may not be recreation to his neighbor. A dance may thoroughly recreate some parties, but it is seldom a benefit to the class addicted to it, and never as generally indulged in through the midnight hours, and in vitiated air. The various employments of life generally use men and women up faster at some one point than at others. This is apt to establish a weak point at which they sooner or later break down. What is needed is that the overworked part be allowed to rest, by calling some other part into action.

The overworked brain should have its energy diverted to underworked muscles. Exhausted muscles are equally recreated by interchange with interesting brain-work.

The overtaxed housewife and mother is best renovated by a pleasant ride, by a congenial visit to pleasing scenes, and by really diverting amusements. Often an hour or two a day with some instructive or entertaining book may actually keep her from becoming unduly strained by her cares and work.

Brain-workers may find recreation even in varying their mental employments. Gladstone diverted himself with translating Homer, and ex-Gov. Long with translating Virgil. Rufus Choate, whose excitements were mainly in the court-room and in Congress, said that, were it not for books, his brain would craze.

He whose mind tends too strongly to any one mood needs to arouse an opposite mental stimulus. Poor Cowper wrote his John Gilpin as a help against gloom. The sick need to be diverted from their ailments by whatever is soothing or hopeful or cheering. To do it effectually often requires as much tact as tenderness on the part of friends.

Fresh Air and Ventilation.

The question naturally occurs, What rule can we have so as to know that we get enough fresh air and not too much? The general principle is simpler than its application. It is this:

The average amount of air breathed by every person is about 24 cubic inches at each breath, with about 20 respirations a minute. This would be a cubic foot in three and a half minutes, or 400 cubic feet in 24 hours, or the contents of a room seven feet square and eight feet high. But this is only a fiftieth part of what every healthy person needs, for breathing vitiates the air rapidly, because the air exhaled has 100 times as much carbonic acid gas as the atmosphere, while twice the amount contained in the atmosphere, or eight parts in 10,000, is as large a proportion as can be breathed without injury to the health. Crowded rooms in winter, schools, etc., are sometimes found to contain three or four times as much, and headaches and other ailments are the consequences of breathing the same air over and over again.

There should, therefore, be enough fresh air for every person daily to amount to 20,000 cubic feet, or enough to fill 18 rooms 10 feet square and 10 feet high. This would be amply supplied by an opening, tube, or orifice three inches square, with a moderate current. In the daytime there is usually enough air introduced into rooms through opening doors, cracks in window casings and in other ways. The chief danger is in sleeping-rooms, where pains should be taken to have a circulation. When the room is warm, the air outdoors is quite cold, constant, and often sufficient currents are caused. A hundred persons should have a ventilating orifice equal to two and a half feet square.

Contagion in Scarlet Fever.

Scarlet fever can be communicated by infected milk, and, as far as we know, the milk has only to stand in the room where the disease exists or has existed to absorb the germs, which are so subtle, so light and yet so tenacious as to float in the air and adhere to particles of dust.

We all know how much dust is constantly floating in the air. Let a beam of sunlight pass through an opening in the shutter, and we can readily see how the scales of skin from the body, pieces of lint, etc., can carry these microbes, which may be thrown off in the mucus from the nostrils and mouth or in the perspiration, and even in the urine.

Not only are these secretions germ carriers—that is, contagious—and they have all been proved so by direct inoculation, but the passages from the bowels, as well as the urine, are so—in that way sewer-air may be a means of their conveyance; drinking-water also, as well as the vapor from soil on which these matters have been thrown. Bear in mind, then, that the scarlatina poison can be carried in this way hundreds of miles; that it does not need the personal contact of individuals; that it retains its vitality for months, and even years, unless it is subjected to certain influences that either entirely destroy it or deprive it of its malignancy. These are intense heat, especially boiling or steam, plenty of fresh air and certain chemical substances, as chlorine, sulphurous acid, and others. There is one other point which is important. It is now known that animals, such as horses and dogs, have a disease which is evidently scarlatina; they can be infected by the scarlatina of man, and probably their disease can be communicated to man.

The poison of scarlatina is, then, either inhaled by the individual or is swallowed. It is then taken up by the circulation, and, finding itself surrounded by material which develops it, vivifies it, becomes rapidly reproduced, and the symptoms of the disease show themselves. This period between the reception of the poison and the appearance of the symptoms is called the period of incubation; this is known to be either from one to six days, in some cases longer.

THE CHINOOK DANCE.

Yakima Indians Supplement the Good Spirit With Word Incantations.

The Indians are by nature superstitious, but the aggressions of civilization in some quarters have killed many of the old beliefs of the Yakima tribes in signs, "hoodoos" and the efficacy of pun-pun and Tumanimus dances, and the incantations of medicine men in driving away the evil spirit. There are some, however, who refuse to conform to the new customs and reveal insuperable superstitions handed down by their untutored progenitors. This faction recently held their annual Tumanimus dance and feast on the reservation just below Union Gap. A reporter was on hand with the expectation of capturing an interesting item, but the numerics which were weird and fascinating were at the same time entirely unpalatable. At the head of the Gap on a promontory a large white flag floated from a pole, and two miles further on blue, white and orange flags marked the long, low building or shack where the exercises were being conducted. The medicine house, for so it proved to be, was almost seventy feet in length and completely covered with the matting. From the inside come the monotonous chant of many voices and the steady beating of Indian drums, but although the Signal representative and a young lady who accompanied him walked completely around the structure, they could find no entrance, and were debating a plan of action when a fly of the matting suddenly flew up immediately in front of them, and the hideous painted face of a fantastically clad swash presented itself to view and nearly scared the young lady into convulsions. A friendly wave of the hand, however, disarmed her and ushered the pilgrims before a scene of barbaric splendor and grotesques which would tax the pen of a Dumas to describe.

On a platform covered with skins, at one end of the lodge, Indian children were crowded, and in front of the little ones was the orchestra of six huge bucks with instruments which appeared to be made of sheepskin stretched over empty cheese boxes. Along the length of the temple or lodge were ranged the bucks on one side and the kiootchen on the other. They were all clad in gorgeous costumes and the many colored blankets and prints gave a rainbow appearance to the worshippers. Their faces were painted with orange, blue, red and white paints, and when there was any considerable space of solid color there would appear fairly well executed figures of moons, stars, birds and beasts, in contrasting tints. All had fans of feathers and many wore head-dresses of fine furs, feathers, and even the horns of animals.

There are various pun-puns during the year for divers objects, the one just celebrated being the Tumanimus, or Chinook dance, held for the purpose of propitiating the Deity and bringing in the warm winds from the Orient to carry off the snows. When the winters are unusually hard the Indians do severe penance, and three years ago, when the cattle and cayuses were dying by the hundreds, and the Tumanimus lasted for ten days and the self-inflicted punishments were of a rigid nature. Sa-lukin, one of the head Indians, took a dull knife and hewed out great blocks of flesh from his arms, singing and dancing all of the time in religious frenzy. The next observance is the festival of the "re-burial of the dead," when the bones of Indians who have died or been killed will be exhumed, covered with new blankets and exposed to the view of relations. Then comes the salmon dance, at which the Great Spirit is entreated to send a free run of this succulent fish which forms so prominent a factor in the Indian food supply.

The recent Tumanimus was under the direction of Co-ti-ah-kin, the head medicine man, who directed the observances by means of a bell. For hours and hours the Indians would dance and chant their songs, which are not devoid of harmony, until tired nature could bear no longer, and then they would fall on their knees and offer up their "amens" to the exhortations of the medicine man. The singing and prayers were all in the native language, and even the lookers-on who were familiar with the jargon were unable to catch the drift of the importunings. The close room contributed much to increase the superstitious feeling, and the weird scene was one not soon to be forgotten by those who were present.

VERY SAD.

A Tragedy in Real Life Stranger than Fiction.

A romantic though melancholy history is that of Miss Frances Hranwell, of San Francisco. In 1879 she met, loved, and was loved by a dashing young seaman named Herman Schady, who sailed away soon after their troth was plighted, promising that when the voyage was ended he would return and claim her for his bride. Miss Hranwell's relatives opposed the match, and she being convinced that they were trying by treachery to keep her from her sailor lad. When she was informed some months later that her lover's vessel had gone down at sea, and that he was drowned, she refused to believe it, insisted that his letters to her were intercepted, and, in a violent paroxysm of rage, vowed that she would never again open her lips in speech. Since that time for seven long years, she has kept her vow, and all the efforts of her friends to induce her to break her voluntary silence have failed. The publication of this story a few days ago in a San Francisco paper attracted the attention of a guest at the Grand Hotel in that city, who called at once at the young lady's residence, and told her that he had shipwrecked in 1869, off Gibraltar, in company with a young man named Schady, who informed him subsequently that he was engaged to be married to Miss Hranwell, who lived in San Francisco, and that he had been separated from her through treachery. The stranger added that he had seen Mr. Schady a short time since in St. Petersburg, and had been requested by him to try and find his sweetheart, in order to tell her that he still loved her and was waiting for her. During the recital the stranger's story Miss Hranwell sat apparently listening, but what he said seemed to make no impression upon her. Her mind was evidently a blank, and if her sailor lover comes back to claim his bride, he will find, instead of the sprightly and beautiful young girl he left behind him seven years ago, a hopeless imbecile.

SPRING SPARKLES.

A note-rious affair—A concert.
Striking back boys are not pugilists.
Faul's profits—The wages of sin.
Unsuspecting the head that wears a swill.
A school for liars—A school of fish.
The junkdealer is a buy metalist.
A foot rule—Don't wear tight shoes.
A shocking affair—The electric battery.
The hands of a toy watch are pushed for time.

Desirable Quarters—Twenty-five cent pieces.
The finest toilet soaps are sold by the agents' worth.

What interjection is of the feminine gender? Alas!
When the car drivers strike, they do not brake anything.

A carpenter may have many virtues, still he can't get along without vices.
There is one thing which cannot be "slow and sure," and that is a watch.

Swelled heads are more than coronets and "gullit" edge stock than Norman gold.
"This the widow of my discontent," groaned an old miser who married an extravagant relict.

Among the "society offenders who might well be under ground" we may mention the telegraph wires.

There is nothing new under the sun. Neah made the "arc-light" when he drove out the animals on Ararat.

"We will take what we need," is the motto of socialists. That assures a bath, at all events.

"Hello, Judson, how are you?" "Pretty well, thank you." "How are you at home?" "Wife says I'm rather grumpy."

The fashion papers say several new varieties of ladies' hose are shown. We presume it is all on account of the muddy crossings.

There is said to be a kind of sympathy between extremes. To illustrate, many a homely man's head has been turned by a pretty girl's foot.

The young woman who can broil a steak in five minutes is more useful than the young woman who can successfully speak five languages.

An exchange says a sure cure for cold is to stuff the nostrils with beeswax and starve the cold out. Wonder if a few whacks on the nose itself wouldn't be quite as effectual?

"The cockroaches in this house are remarkably venal," said an actor at a hotel table, picking up a biscuit. "I notice that they appear in different rolls every morning."

The spring style in lynchings seems to be entirely different from the one heretofore in vogue. Single copies, life-size, were a la mode last year. This season the popular fancy runs to groups.

A writer says that corporal punishment is no longer practiced by parents possessing common sense. This may be true in regard to boys, but we notice that girls are still brought up with a "switch."

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, "I am unable to get any sleep. I have tossed about ever since I came to bed. I wish you would get up and prepare me a little laudanum." "It's hardly worth while, now," she replied, consulting her watch. "It's almost time to build the kitchen fire." Then he sank into a quiet, restful slumber.

Cruelty to Brazilian Slaves.

The poor slave girl, Joanna, who had been so cruelly beaten by her mistress, D. Francisco da Silva Castro, a resident of the aristocratic suburb of Botafogo, was mercifully relieved from her sufferings by death on the 14th inst., (February.) That was a generous action of the editor of the *Gazeta da Tarde* and the *Confederação Abolicionista* in caring for her and another unfortunate slave girl, Eduarda, who was discovered in the same house. Both of these girls, one 17 and the other 15 years of age, presented a horrible appearance—their bodies covered with old and fresh sores, bruises and sores, their wrists out and swollen from cords, and their heads and faces bruised and swollen from the blows received. Fortunately, both of them were immediately photographed, so that there can be no question hereafter of exaggeration. The older girl, Joanna, was so seriously injured that she died on the 14th, and the death scene was one that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. In her delirium she called on her companion, "Eduarda! take off the cords, so I can rest better!" And in a brief time merciful death released both body and soul forever from the bonds of an inhuman institution which must answer hereafter for crimes like this. The mistress has been called upon to answer for the cruelties inflicted upon these two slave girls, but as in all the cases heretofore recorded nothing will be done. Brazilian justice has no punishment for the crimes and cruelties of the slaveholder, nor has it even sympathy for the sufferings of such helpless, downtrodden creatures as these two poor slave girls.

Whiskey or Whiskey.

I am inclined to think that the trade spelling of this word varies somewhat with the nationality of the particular member. I have observed that the Scotch firms seem to adopt the form *whisky*, Irish firms the form *whiskey*. In a London periodical devoted to subjects connected with the liquor trade generally, entitled *Drinks*, of which the February number is now before me, I find the spelling *whiskey* used, moreover, quite incidentally throughout a short article in such a way as to indicate that it is the ordinary orthography of that journal. On the whole, therefore, I think that the evidence points to *whiskey* as being both the modern Scottish orthography and that generally in use except in Ireland.

An exchange asks: What can the Hindoo? Well, almost anything is better than idling away his time.

It is asserted that Henry Irving takes snuff. This is prima facie evidence that he is a good enough actor at a pinch.

DEATH DEALING ARTILLERY.

A Sketch of the Royal Gun Factories at Woolwich.

The operations at historic Woolwich in connection with the manufacture of British ordnance are Titanic in their proportions. In what is called the East Forge were cast the monster guns to which have been given the name of "Woolwich Infants." Down the length of this forge are furnaces in which are heated almost to a white heat the bars of the coils from which these guns are built up. At the mouth of the furnace is a machine which, when the bar is of the proper temperature, seizes it and winds it round and round in a glowing spiral. There are several steam-hammers at work in this forge, varying from 3,000 to 6,000 pounds in weight, used for welding together short bars of iron to form one long bar for coiling. In the West Forge are two steam-hammers of immense power. The largest, a twelve-ton hammer, is used for producing the large forgings for the trunnion hoops. The force of its heaviest blows is computed at 400 tons, while it is under such perfect control that a blow can be struck by it which will crack a nut without wounding the kernel.

THE FORTY-TON HAMMER.

It is in a shed close by and was first used in May, 1874, on the occasion of the visit of the Czar of Russia. Its falling portion, or "hammer-head," weighs exactly forty tons, and the "striking fall" is fifteen feet, but by the injection of steam into the cylinder above, it is driven down with much immensely increased force, that the blow is equal to what it would be if the hammer fell of itself from a height of eighty feet. The framework required to sustain aloft this weight is formed of two immense iron piers, which at about ten feet from the ground bend over so as to form an imperfect arch, open in the center for the rise and fall of the hammer, and bearing the upper portion of the apparatus. The entire height is forty-five feet; the base covers an area of 120 feet square, and the entire structure weighs 550 tons. It rests upon a foundation of blocks of iron weighing 650 tons, under which to a depth of thirty feet is concrete and timber. As nearly as percussion can be represented by weight a blow from this hammer counts for 1,000 tons.

THE MUSEUM OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

It is at the east end of the long front of the arsenal; it is supported by the subscriptions of the officers and, though occasionally assisted by the government, is a private institution. It includes a large collection of guns and arms of all sizes, dates and countries. There is also a most extensive and varied collection of stuffed birds and beasts, sent home by officers from abroad, brought down by their guns in several parts of the world, and sent home to be kept at their former quarters. There are skulls of the elephant, walrus and mammoth, mummies, heathen gods, groups of geological specimens, models of saddles, etc.; in fact, objects of all kinds which are likely to instruct or interest those for whose benefit the museum was instituted.

THE EAST LABORATORY.

It is isolated from the rest of the arsenal and is closed to visitors unless by special authority. Here the small arm cartridges are made; as are the rockets, cannon cartridges and other articles, the manufacture of which are dangerous. In these portions of the arsenal a few men and hundreds of boys are employed, and so perfect is the system upon which the work is conducted that accidents are of very rare occurrence. Machinery has been devised by which risky operations are performed in a tube, through which the force of an accidental explosion is carried away, and other precautions are taken by which the chances of the loss of life through accident are reduced to the narrowest limits. Everybody employed in these works changes his clothes on entering so as to avoid the possibility of taking in any dangerous article, and they all put on boots in which there are no nails but copper ones. Large signs in which persons entering the enclosure on business encase their feet are also provided. Within the limits of the arsenal is a 500 yard range for testing small arms and ammunition, and outside is a longer range for testing larger guns. The very large guns, however, are taken to Shoeburyness, off the Nore, for testing.

OTHER PLACES OF INTEREST.

Are either directly or indirectly connected with the arsenal, but the limits of this article will permit only a passing reference; to two of them.

The Barracks for the Royal Horse and Foot Artillery are the best in the Kingdom and the principal front is one of the finest buildings of the kind in England. In connection with the barracks is a theatre and a handsome church, while everything possible to devise for the comfort and pleasure of both officers and men is provided.

The Royal Military Academy was originally established in 1719, but was not fully organized until 1741, when George II., by royal warrants directed the founding of an academy "for instructing persons belonging to the military part of the ordnance in the several branches of mathematics, fortifications, etc., proper to qualify them for the service of artillery and the office of engineers. Prince Arthur and the Prince Imperial of France were educated here.

An Incident.

BY CHARLES K. BOLTON.

I. Three men talked gayly on a west-bound train. And laughing, now and then became profane.

II. A little girl near by could hear them swear. And blushed until her face was doubly fair.

III. Then, rising from her seat, she softly went To him who seemed the most irreverent.

IV. And placed her pocket Bible in his hand; The strong man colored at her reprimand.

V. He ceased to talk, and scanned each field and scar. Until they halted, when he left the car.

VI. But soon he came with roses white and red, And giving, kissed her, as he bowed and said

VII. "Good-bye, my child; I'll keep the book you gave. And read its pages long as I may live."

NORTHWEST VETERAN.

Some of the Wounded Soldiers who were on the Sick List.

Gunner Assolin, of "A" battery, was wounded in the shoulder at Fish Creek. He receives a pension of 55c per day. He resides in Joliet, Quebec.
Provost-sergeant Gaffney, of "B" battery, is to be discharged. He will receive 90 cents per diem. During the war he was at Out Knife Hill, and received a bullet wound in the arm, and a piece of shrapnel penetrated the wound, his arm will be amputated.

Gunner M. Wilson, late of "A" battery, was wounded at Fish Creek. He will receive a pension of 55 cents per day. He has been appointed an under clerk in the legislature. The bullet that struck him happened to hit one of the buttons of his coat and entered the left arm. After the reputation of the arm, the button, which was not before noticed, was taken out.
Gunner McNamee, of "B" battery, was wounded at Fish Creek. He will receive a pension of 55 cents per diem, but lately purchased a discharge.

Corporal Williams and several others of "B" battery, after returning from the front, were sent to England, where they now are.
Corporal Morton, of "B" battery, was wounded in the groin at Out Knife Hill, and received his discharge.

Gunner A. Malvey, of "A" battery, was returned from the Northwest last October. He is in the hospital at the Tete de Paroquets, and is not expected to recover. He is a native of France, and is on the sick list with a pension of 60 cents per diem. His case is very severe and on active service, he has been in the hospital since January.

Gunner Pierre Langlois, of "B" battery, served five years in "B" battery, six in "A," and is still a member of the corps. He returned from the Northwest in November, suffering from rheumatism and is unable to do any hard work. He has been recommended by the medical commission for a pension.

Gunner King, of "A" battery, was wounded at Fish Creek. He will receive a pension of 55 cents per diem.

Gunner Fairbank, of "A" battery, was wounded in the leg at Batavia, and will receive a pension of 55 cents per day. He is still on the sick list.

Gunner J. Stent, of "A" battery, was another man yet on the sick list. He was run over by a gun carriage at Batavia. His spine was injured, and three ribs were broken. For seventeen weeks he lay in bed, and life and death, but is now recovering. His pension will be 60c per diem.

Staff-sergeant Mashinsky, who was returned from the Northwest, will receive a pension of 90 cents per diem. His experience is a very valuable one. In the engagement at Fish Creek he was shot three times within a space of five minutes—the first bullet went through his right thumb; the second struck his age cap, knocking it off and the tip of the third bullet, when he had his right arm in a position for a shot, penetrated the wound in his right arm.

Staff-sergeant Walling, of "A" battery, will receive a pension of 90 cents per diem. He is suffering from eczema and other ailments, brought on by excessive marching in the Northwest.

PERSONAL.

Archer and Wood, the two noted fish jockeys, according to the latest assessment, made last year respectively \$100 and \$45,000.

One of the wives of King Theobald, presented by some British officers a bottle of gin, which she used to perfume her clothing, refusing to drink it.

It is said that Tom Keene, the tragedian, has a lot of ground on Staten Island which the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will pay him \$300,000 at any time.

The Pandita Ramabai, now visiting India, is a daughter of the Pandit of Poona who devoted his wealth and life to the cause of emancipation of the women of India.

The late M. Gleuel and General G. were the only Europeans authorized by the Chinese Government to wear feathers in their caps and tunics of yellow.

The Prince of Wales intended to stop on his recent trip from London to Cannes, but could not resist the temptation to spend thirty-six hours in Paris, see "Sapho."

Miss Braddon's next novel will be titled "The One Thing Needed," and will first appear as a serial in journals and abroad. It is the twelfth novel of the author thus published.

Mr. Henry Labouchere, the Liberal Democrat, is in his 55th year. He is one of the most aristocratic of the English, is rich, able, witty, a fine talker, a bold thinker, and without being a D. W. Bushyhead, principal of the Cherokee Nation, is a fine-looking of half-breed parentage. He is a preacher, quite rich and well educated. He was entered at Princeton, but graduated.

Princess Isabella, heir to the throne of Brazil, is extremely religious, and at times the astonished subjects of her father have beheld her swooping down on the church clad in a coarse gown and milky of spirit.

F. Marion Crawford, the American novelist, lives in his beautiful villa on the coast, near Naples, situated on a cliff overlooking the sea. Near by it stands a tower than two hundred years ago, and a picture of Mr. Crawford is a beautiful picture of health and beauty, and is 32 years old.

"Poor Carlotta," the one novel of Empress of Mexico, is reported to be the close of her tragic career at the title of Bouchot, near Brussels. Her tragedy which darkened her eyes, and her life and darkened her eyes, and her remembrance of the horrors through which she had passed, and she has lived in an imaginary world of royal pomp and an empress in bedlam.