

HEALTH.

Sleep Habits of Children.

Many habits and customs, the deleterious effects of which are recognized, would become things of the past if a practical and simple remedy could be devised. I have never met with any plainly written advisory articles on the training of children in proper sleep habits except as to time. A recent experience has taught me to "study up" on the subject, in the most practical way, by asking questions of mothers and nurses—My little patient, whose habits and conditions led to this investigation is ten years old. A serious and chronic affection of the kidneys has resulted from excessive use of sweets and consequent lack of appetite for, and assimilation of nutritious food. She persistently sleeps prone on the back with the arms flexed above her head; watchfulness results in her turning on one side from right to ten times every night, but, of course, a farther result is diminished sleep, although it is not more restless than usual. Whether the habit can be permanently broken up is difficult to say. From her birth she exhibited a preference for that position, and had been indulged in it, with the inevitable results of catarrhal affections, dry throat, enervating, restless sleep; and aggravation of the kidney difficulty, as the spine was unduly heated by constant contact with the bed. From the hour of birth a babe should be laid down, to sleep, with great care, never should it be permitted to lie on the back while sleeping, after it begins to play, the restless limbs are very beneficially exercised while lying so, but so soon as sleep comes the little one should be gently lifted and placed on the side with the head raised only sufficiently to insure the spine from any curvature, seeing that there are no folds in the clothing to torture the tender flesh, especial care being taken to lay the ear smoothly back. Alternate the sides or there will be an unnecessary unevenness; of course when the child is grown; do not permit the knees to be so flexed as to crowd the viscera. Lying on the stomach occasionally is not injurious if the arms lie at the side and the face is free to the air. Frequently that proves to be a very restful position to a play-weary child. It is not a difficult matter to teach a child to sleep with the mouth closed and without snoring or "gritting the teeth." A lady of thirty-five who had habitually gritted her teeth from her first possession was cured of the habit in a fortnight by persistent waking at the first indication of the sound, the habit has not been resumed during the five years since passed. If mothers could realize how many people suffer from bad sleep habits contracted in childhood, they would pay a little attention to their children at night-time, beyond the "hustling off to bed, out of the way," and the "keeping covered" which is a sort of "dim religious duty" kept sight of out of fear of the doctor's bill, rather than of any other consideration.—*A Lady Physician.*

Some Fallacies in Regard to Diet.

1. That there is any nutriment in beef-tea made from extracts. There is none whatever.
2. That gelatine is nutritious. It will not keep a cat alive. Beef-tea and gelatine, however, possess a certain reparative power, we know not what.
3. That an egg is equal to a pound of meat, and that every sick person can eat them. Many, especially those of nervous or bilious temperament, cannot eat them, and to such eggs are injurious.
4. That because milk is an important article of food it must be forced upon a patient. Food that a person cannot endure will not cure.
5. That arrowroot is nutritious. It is simply starch and water, used as a restorative, quickly prepared.
6. That cheese is injurious in all cases. It is a rule, contra-indicated, being usually indigestible; but it is concentrated nutriment, a waste-repairer, and often craved. 7. That the cravings of a patient are whims and should be denied. The stomach often needs, craves for, and digests articles not laid down in any dietary. Such are, for example, fruit, pickles, jam, cake, ham or bacon, with fat; cheese butter and milk. That an inflexible diet may be marked out which will apply to every case. Choice of a given list of articles allowable in a given case must be decided by the opinion of the stomach. The stomach is right and theory wrong, and the judgment admits no appeal. A diet which would keep a healthy man healthy might kill a sick man; and a diet sufficient to sustain a sick man would not keep a well man alive. Increased quantity of food, especially of liquids, does not mean increased nutriment; rather decrease, since the digestion is overtaxed and weakened. Strive to give the food in as concentrated a form as possible.

The Biggest Cannon Ever Had.

The steamship *Elder* has arrived at Woolwich from Elswick with the first of the 110-ton guns ordered of Sir William Armstrong for the British Government. It is to be proved at the butts below the Royal Arsenal, and after some experiments have been made to test velocity and other qualities, it will probably be taken to Shoeburyness for the customary range trials. The gun cannot be landed for a few days, and cannot at present be seen, being buried in the ship's hold under 150 tons of projectiles, and even after it is on shore will not be immediately taken to the butts, as it will be necessary first to test the canal bridge and ascertain if it is strong enough to bear it. A great carriage or sledge of iron has been built in the Royal carriage Department to hold the weapon while being fired, and this, which weighs about 90 tons, will be weighted with 110 tons more, and passed over the bridge before the gun is ventured upon it. The gun carriage, which is enormous in comparison with anything of the kind, has been named "The Juggernaut."

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"GOOD NIGHT MY SON."

Convict Clark's Interesting Adventure with a Trusting Parson.

For obvious reasons the keepers of jails and prisons make it a point to suppress all particulars of escapes so far as lies in their power, and as escaping prisoners seldom boast of their deeds, the public remain in ignorance of much that is deeply interesting regarding convicts and those employed to guard them.

The escape of Charles Clark, alias Charles Stetson, alias Red Charley, and alias several other titles, from the Ohio State prison some years ago, was a fair sample of the genius and desperation of a professional crook who had been "settled" for seven or eight years for robbery. From the moment Clark entered the prison he began making mental notes for future use. The number of doors, the location of the guards, the defences of various windows, the lay of the sewers, the thickness of the walls—every point was noted and stored up in his memory. He was assigned to a cell on the ground floor. In three days he had estimated the distance to the outside wall to a fraction of an inch. His idea was to remove one of the flagstones from the floor of his cell and tunnel out, and within sixty hours after being received in the prison he was at work. With an old chisel which he managed to procure and bring in from the shop, he scraped out the cement from around the stone.

ONE OF THE CORRIDOR SENTINELS

passed his deer every half hour during the night, and it was two weeks before Clark had the stone ready to lift out. He found a foot of concrete under the stone, and he went through that and hid the dirt in his bed. He calculated that the sewer for that wing ran within four feet of his cell, and he was right. He wanted to make use of it simply to carry off the dirt from his tunnel. For many weeks he dug away at night unsuspected by the sentinels, but as he had to carry the dirt out in his pockets each morning he made but slow progress. It was nine weeks before he struck the sewer, which was of brick. When he had made an opening, the sewer gas poured out in such quantities as to almost suffocate him. Indeed, it poured through the tunnel and filled the corridor until the prison officials were alarmed and began to search for the cause. Clark had to go down and step up the hole, and he was made ill for a week. At the end of that time he tried it again, but the gas was worse than before, and he found himself obliged to give up the undertaking. He could easily have run the tunnel, but there was no other way to dispose of the dirt. He replaced the flagstone, cemented it with dough, and his efforts were unsuspected.

Clark had been in prison about five months when he concocted another plan. From some local convicts he got the name of a minister of the Gospel in the county who somewhat resembled him in general appearance. He also ascertained that the man was very timid and kind hearted. Pretty soon Clark was seized with an "indisposition," and, while not sick enough to be sent to the hospital, he was excused from work in the shop and permitted to remain in his cell. The prison chaplain found him an eager listener to his exhortations, and matters were soon so shaped that he was led to believe that Clark had something on his mind. When pressed to admit that such was the case,

THE PRISONER HESITATED

just long enough to put the chaplain's curiosity on edge. Yes, he had something on his mind. It was something the Rev. Tobias Green ought to know. If he would call at the prison some day he should hear a confession which would clear up a great mystery and set certain things right.

For three or four days Clark beat about the bush, playing the chaplain for all he was worth, and the result was that the Rev. Tobias Green visited the prison with his mind made up to listen to some strange and wonderful confession. It was not Clark's day for confession. He realized that he was a bad—b-a-d man, and was quite willing to talk about his soul and his future, but he would tell his story some other day—the day after to-morrow. An appointment was made for that day with the Rev. Tobias Green, and he departed feeling that

he had greatly softened the heart of a desperate man. Clark's "indisposition" increased somewhat, just enough to keep him in his cell and to prevent him from being too closely watched. The chaplain came in and prayed with him, the doctor sent him a few doses of quinine, and whenever any one looked into his cell the man was lying on his bed.

At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the day designated the Rev. Tobias Green put in an appearance. It was midwinter, and the day was so cold that the preacher was well bundled up, having on a heavy overcoat and a fur cap and muffler. The day was so dark that some of the halls were lighted. One of the hall masters conducted the preacher to Clark's cell and left him, and the good man took the convict by the hand and anxiously inquired after the state of his health. Not more than two minutes had elapsed before the preacher was lying on his back on the bed,

WITH A GAG IN HIS MOUTH

and his thoughts terribly mixed up from a rap on the head. When he had got matters straightened out he was stripped of his shirt and drawers, and his hands and feet were securely tied. Clark had prepared himself for the job, and it was done in a prompt and thorough manner. Inside of ten minutes he was dressed in the preacher's clothing, while the latter was covered up with the blankets. Then the convict sat down with his back to the door and kept up a mumbling conversation for half an hour. During this time, as he himself related, he poured into the preacher's ear all the stories he had ever heard to the detriment of the "cloth." He finally ended by singing a hymn, and when he passed outside the cell door he turned and said, in a voice meant to be heard by the hall watchman:

"Good night, my son. I truly hope that this visit has been the means of doing you good. I will come again to-morrow, if possible."

With that he started for the hall, and the watchman passed him to the wicket. This was unlocked without question, as also were all other obstructions to liberty, and he reached the street without the slightest hindrance. He had relatives in the suburbs of the city, although the fact was not known to the prison officials, and he walked straight to the house and was taken in. The Rev. Tobias Green remained passive until the hour came for the men to be looked up, when he was discovered. An alarm was at once sent out, but Clark was safe. He remained secreted in the house for about a month and was then shipped away, and his recapture was never effected. In relating his story he said that the five or six minutes necessary for him to pass out of the prison aged him more than any two years of his life.

CALLED BACK.

Rescue of a Supposed Corpse from Being Frozen to Death.

A Reading, Mich., dispatch says: Mrs. Lucinda Faete, of Woodbridge township, while on her way to the Fourth of July celebration, fell unconscious from her seat in the carriage, and was to all indications dead. Medical assistance was called, but all efforts to restore her proved futile and she was given up, although not having any appearance of being dead. The body was laid out and taken back home for burial. Arriving there, ice was procured in which to pack the remains, and they were so packed for more than 30 minutes, when an old physician, Dr. Neeloh, called on the bereaved family. He was so struck with the life-like look of the "corpse" that he expressed doubts of her death. The body was quickly taken from the ice, and the doctor went to work to establish the fact of her living. He opened a vein in Mrs. Faete's arm next morning and the blood flowed freely. In a short time the lungs began to work, and the funeral preparations were abandoned. The patient now lies apparently asleep. Her house is filled with curious neighbors, and the local physicians are much puzzled over the case. It is said by the neighbors that Mrs. Faete's mother once had a similar experience; that she lay in a trance for many days, and when she came to evinced a full knowledge of everything which had gone on around her.

END OF THE AROHER GANG.

Another Outlaw Meets Death at the Hangman's Hands.

Sam Aroher was hanged at Shoals, Ind., the other afternoon. He was convicted last January of complicity in the murder of Samuel A. Bunch on July 11, 1882. He escaped arrest until betrayed by John D. Lynch, one of the gang. In July, 1882, Sam Marley and Mart Aroher quarrelled, and Aroher determined to punish Marley, and they organized a gang of six men, including Tom, Mart John, and Sam Aroher, John D. Lynch, and Dave Crane. Mart was chosen Captain. The work of ferreting out the hiding place of Marley began.

Bunch's house was watched constantly, as it was believed he was aiding Marley to escape. The Aroher finally resolved to kill Bunch if he refused to reveal Marley's hiding place. They met on July 11, near the home of their victim, and sent Dave Crane to decoy him into the woods. Bunch accompanied Crane to the spot designated, where he was seized, bound, and subsequently taken to Saltpetre Cave in Orange county.

Before entering the cave they told the captain if he would reveal the hiding place of Marley he should go free. He answered, "I do not know where he is." They then descended into the cave with the prisoner. They seated him on a large rock with the lantern's light shining on his face. He was ordered to tell all he knew concerning Marley, and it was determined if his answers did not prove satisfactory he should die on the spot. He answered again that he did not know where Marley was.

Each man was ordered to fire at Bunch or suffer death himself. The word was given, and sixteen shots were fired into Bunch's body. The victim uttered a piteous cry and fell. Mart Aroher then placed his pistol near Bunch's head and fired the seventh shot.

The search that Bunch's friends made for him alarmed the gang, and on July 13 they visited the cave and put the body into a box which they placed on a brush heap some distance from the cave. The whole was thoroughly saturated with oil and the torch applied. The fire was kept up for several days and nights, each one in turn standing guard and adding sufficient fuel to keep the fire blazing. After this work was ended a tree was felled over the spot to further hide the crime.

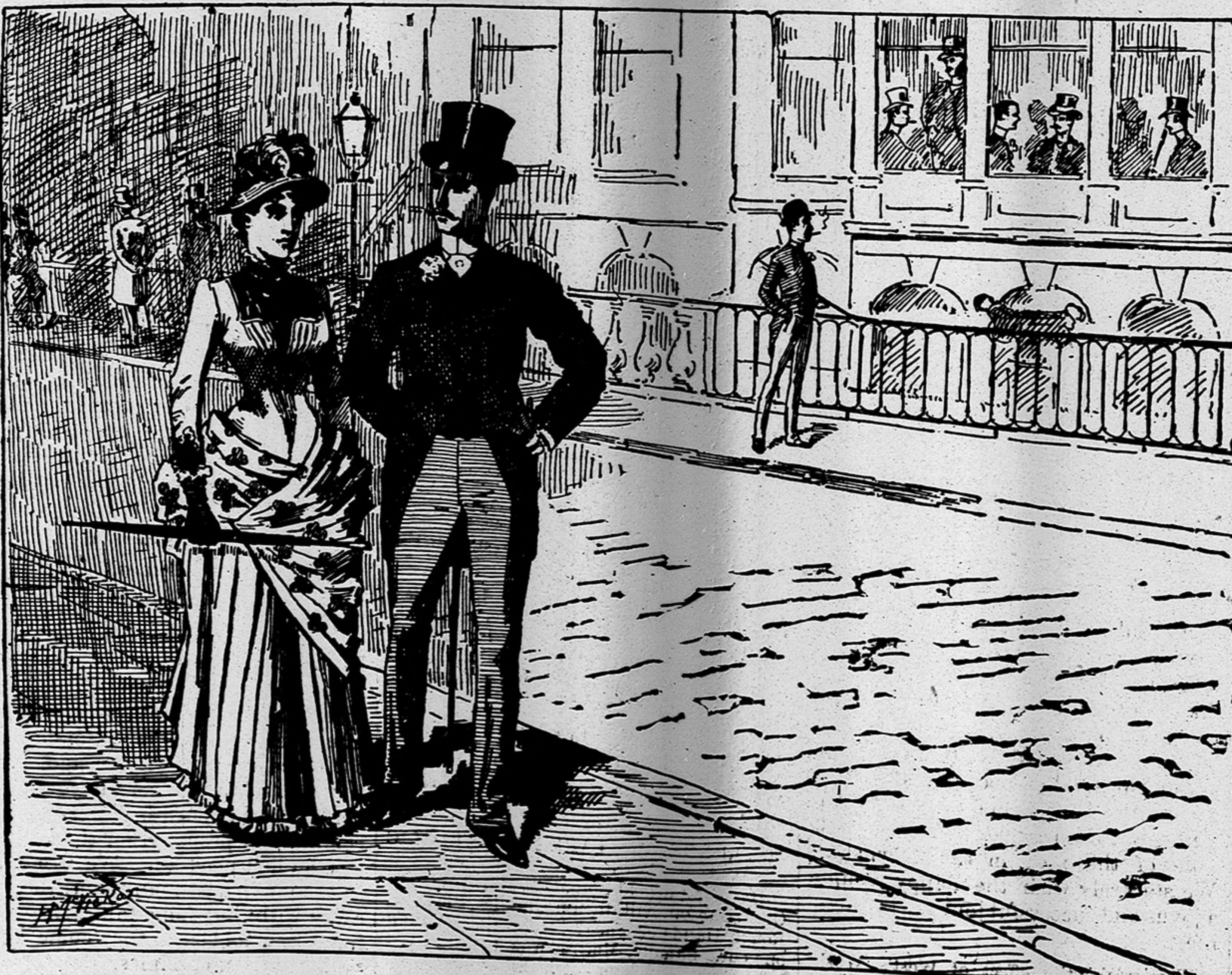
Little information concerning the fate of the missing man could be learned until the deserted wife of John Aroher, who had taken refuge in the county poor asylum, gave sufficient evidence concerning the deed to cause the arrest of the elder Aroher for murder. A mob threatened them, and they were taken to Davies county for safety. The prisoners soon expressed a desire to return to Shoals, and their request was granted.

A party of lynchers made a successful attack on the jail on March 9, 1886. They marched quietly to the jail, battered down the doors, marched the three prisoners into the courtyard, and left them swinging from the limbs of maple trees. Thus ended the career of Mart, Thomas, and John Aroher, father, son, and brother.

A week later the last of the gang, Sam Aroher, was arrested in Fountain county and kept in the State prison until the January term of the court, when he was brought to Shoals under military escort of forty, who guarded him until the sentence of death was passed upon him.

A Scotch clergyman remarked to one of his flock that he heard he was about to be married for the third time. The reverend gentleman added: "They say, John, you're getting money with her. You did so on the last two occasions. You'll get quite rich by the wives." "Dead, sir," responded John. "What'll bring 'em in and puttin' them out there's nae muckle made o' them, sir."

At a dinner party last Winter the cool weather had done considerable duty in supplying conversation, when a plump happy-looking married lady made a remark about cold feet? "Yes, indeed, I am very much troubled—but, then, they are not my own." Her husband blushed scarlet.



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