HEALTH.

Health and Morals.

It is asserted that many a poor fellow has swung from the gallows simply because the judge happened to have a fit of indigestion. Whether this be true or not, any one who has visited a penitentiary must have been convinced that many a man has been sent to Sta'e-prison who ought to have been sent to the hospital. Old Dr. Abernethy used to say, "Every sick man is a rascal." We think the old doctor was rather hard on the sick man; nevertheless, an extended experience with sick people has convinced us that, on the whole, it is easier for a well man to be good, or decent, or pious, than for a sick man. Good health does not always go with good morals, but good morals are certainly more apt to be associated with good health than the contrary.

A vast amount of harm grows out of the notion, which has been extensively cultivated by a certain species of Sunday-school books, that a person must be sickly to be good. Some years ago the writer saw in a European picture gallery a painting of the Madonna by an old artist, in which the saint was represented with pale and sunken cheeks and hollow eyes, looking as though the artist had made a picture from life, of a woe-begone dyspeptic. Doubtless this was his ideal of the highest type of womanly piety. There is a great amount of this sickly saintliness to be found in the religious story books of the day. Almost all of the good little boys are cripples, or hunchbacks, or consumptive; and the good girls are homely, or cross-eyed, or have red hair, or are deformed in some way. The good men become pious on their death-beds, after having spent their lives in dissipation; and the pious mothers are represented after the style of the Madonna of the picture gallery.

All this is mockery, unreal, and depraving in its tendency. It inculcates in the boy's mind the idea that to be angelic is to be sort of pale and sickly, and to be good and pious is the next thing to being angelic. Boys ought to be taught that it is a good and pious thing to be healthy, to have stalwart forms and brawny muscles. There is no necessary relation between hard muscles and hard heartedness, and there is a very common association between flabby muscles, weak nerves, weak wills and wickedness. A man who has muscles strong enough to cope with any man of his size, is equipped with steady nerves and a stronger will, and hence, is better prepared to resist the devil in the guise of morbid appetites and sordid passions.

The total depravity which we often hear talked about is, half the time at least, nothing more nor less than total indigestion. So good a man as Calvin signed the paper which sent Servetus to the stake for heresy. We never could comprehend so inconsistent an action until we learned that just after this atrocious action the great theologian wrote in his diary that he had for several weeks been tormented by a dyspeptic stomach.

For parents who find their children still ungovernable, notwithstanding the frequent use of the rod, we recommend the advice of a wise writer, that "cow's milk is a much better means of curing a boy's waywardness than cow's hide." Many parents who give their children an abundance of wise counsel and religious training, send their boys to the saloon and the brothel by the influence of morbid and inflamed appetites, engendered by the irritating and passion-stimulating food with which they feed them at the dinner table. Somebody had well said, "There is religion in a loaf of bread" (providing, of course, that the loaf is a good one). It is equally true that there is infamy and peridition in mince pies, spiced pickles, ginger snaps, and pepper-sauce.

It is high time that those who are seeking to reform the world, should begin to preach the gospel of health. Instead of sending missionaries to the Kaffirs, Hottentots, Kalmucks, and Fiji Islanders, let us send a few messengers bearing the glad tidings of good health to the great "unwashed," badly-fed, the poorly-slept, the generally-neglected, and physically-depraved multitudes of our great cities. A clean skin and clean morals are not invariably concomitants, but we could never subscribe to the doctrine taught by one of the "fathers," that the "purest souls are to be found in the dirtiest bodies;" neither should we be found among the admirers of that other saint who was considered to be pre-eminent in piety because he allowed his hair to clot with dirt, and had three hundred patches on his pantaloons.

The best foundation for good morals is good health. The man who respects himself sufficiently to keep his exterior in a wholesome condition is likely to be, by that same self-respect, restrained from polluting his inner man. We never knew any young man to be thoroughly wicked, who took good care of his body. One of the best omens for the future generation is the fact that quite a majority of the States in the Union have, within the last three years, passed a law making the study of hygiene, including temperance, compulsory. Ignorance is the greatest foe to good health as well as to good morals. Let every friend of humanity join in the good work of spreading abroad the gospel of health; and the result will be a thinning out of the jails, prisons, poor-houses, asylums, and hospitals, such as would astonish the world.

Dissemination of Poison by Water.

When a mass of organic matter charged with zymotic particles is mixed with water and washed out of a house, the water will carry the poison with it wherever it may chance to flow or trickle—to watercourse, or any other source of drinking-water—in fact, the dissemination is as perfectly and thoroughly done as if dissemination of poison was the main object in view. When dealing with organic matter impregnated with zymotic poisons, mere dilution with water increases rather than diminishes the danger. As long as the poisonous organic refuse is concentrated, its repellent qualities are such that there is little chance of its gaining access to the human body. The microbes contained in it are theoretically capable of infecting an almost infinite quantity of water, and this large quantity of water masks the repellent qualities of the stuff, and thus the danger of infection is greatly increased. The dissemination of poison by water is one of which the people of the old country have had very bitter experience. There is little room for doubt water has been the great carrier and disseminator of the poison of cholera.

THE LAST OF THE PIRATES.

He was of the Old School and he has Just Died in Honolulu—His Famous Red and Black Clouds.

A vessel which arrived from Honolulu a few days ago brought news of the death of a man who is described as having been "the deuce of a fellow, wicked and big, with a voice like thunder." Twenty-five years ago, we are told, he was a pirate; for some years before his death he had been a hermit.

In the days of his wickedness and power he commanded a vessel called the Red Cloud, staunch, unusually fast, and furnished with powerful guns. Periodically this carmine-red craft disappeared from the seas, and in her place would come another, all in sombre black, and called the Black Cloud. This piece of theatrical effect, which cost nothing more than a little paint, had it's expected influence upon the superstitious minds of the sailors who were sometimes sent in pursuit of the vessel. Most of them fully believed that there was something uncanny about the craft, and that the captain had supernatural help. In those days he was the terror of the South Pacific seas, and the British Government set a big price on his head. Hundreds of attempts were made to capture him by fair fight and by traps, and by every means that could be devised. But he eluded all the traps, came out victorious in all the fights, and in every case trailed away with the traditional scornful laugh of the pirate king. He had a Spanish name, which nobody remembers now, and he was supposed to belong to that nationality, although he spoke Spanish, English, French, and German all with equal fluency. At last a young English nobleman, loving adventure, and desirous of the reward, undertook to capture him. After cruising around in the Pacific for some time, he came late one afternoon directly upon the Red Cloud. The buccaneer spoke the Englishman, asking where she was bound and what she had on board. The reply was that they were looking for the pirate, that they knew they were talking to him, and that he had to give himself up at once. In an instant bright lights appeared all over the Red Cloud and her Captain answered in good English: "I will see you in——first!" Then a cannon ball whizzed through the air, but it was aimed too high, and passed above the vessel. "I will see your there," shouted back the Englishman, and a broadside from his guns aimed low, sent the Red Cloud to the bottom of the sea. But the buccaneer escaped, and not long afterward he and two of his crew appeared in a rowboat on the barren island of Molokini, which is near the East Mani islands of the Hawaiian group. It is a small, barren, rocky place uninhabited. There his two companions even left him, and there he lived alone for twenty-five years. Since his landing there he was called only Morrotinee, the native name for the island, A sailor, who has been going to and fro from the Sandwich Islands for ten or twelve years, learned all he could about Morrotinnee, and says that he was much liked and feared by the natives. They carried to him all the delicacies to be found in the kingdom, and enabled him to live a life of ease and luxury. They said he was a tall man, big and commanding, with a voice like thunder—so powerful that they firmly believed he could cause the wind or the waters to subside. They would not allow white men to go near the island if they could help it, probably because they had been so commanded by him, and when he died they buried him near the place where he had lived, with much mourning over his departure.

Take Care, Girls.

There are some things that a well-bred young lady never does:—

She never accepts a valuable present from a gentleman acquaintance unless engaged to him.

She never turns around to look after any one when walking on the street.

She never takes supper or refreshments at a restaurant with a gentleman after attending the theatre unless accompanied by a lady much older than herself.

She does not permit gentlemen to join her on the street unless they are very intimate acquaintances.

She does not wear her monogram about her person or stick it ove her letters and envelopes.

She never accepts a seat from a gentleman in a street car without thanking him.

She never forgets her ball-room engagements or refuses to dance with one gentleman and immediately dances with another.

She never snubs other young ladies, even if they happen to be less popular or well favored than herself.

She never laughs or talks loudly in public places.

She never raises her lorgnette and tries to stare people she doesn't know out of countenance on the street.

She never wears clothing so singular or striking as to attract particular attention in public.

She never speaks slightingly of her mother and says she "don't care" whether her behavior meets with maternal approbation or not.

Order.

The habit of order is much more far-reaching than is generally supposed. It governs all arrangements, those of time as well as of place; it influences thought as well as action, character as well as conduct. It is the constant preventer of waste in every direction. No disorderly person can ever be truly economical. He may work hard and spend little, but economy demands the best results that can be obtained from any given source, and these can come only through orderly and systematic arrangements. The man who has acquired orderly habits will so manage his time that it shall be fruitful. He will neither idly procrastinate nor hurriedly scramble through his work. He will neither put off to-day's duty until to-morrow nor force to-morrow's into to-day. He will provide for leisure as well as for action, for recreation as well as for labor. He will respect the time of others as well as his own, neither breaking engagements nor forcing people to spend time with him against their will.

The other evening just at dusk a Brookfield, Conn., farmer as he walked from the barn to the house heard a pot-kitten that was following him give a squeal of distress. He whirled around just in time to see a big fox making off with the kitten in its mouth, and in spite of the efforts of the farmer it got away with its victim.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

When the meeting had been called to order Brother Gardner requested Whalebone Howker to come forward to the desk, and when he had him there he continued:

"Brudder Howker, I ar' gwine to send you to Toronto on a mission consarnin' de welfar' of dis club. Befo' you go I want to speak a few furder words to you."

"Yes, sah."

"In gwine among strangers doan' be so dignified dat people will emagine you own half of Detroit, an' yit on de odder hand doan' be so free and easy dat anyone will dare poke you in the ribs. Seek fur de happy medium.

"Doan' be too fond of talk. De less you say de mo' you will be credited wid knowin'.

"Many a man has broken his leg on de sidewalk bekase he was ashamed to take a safe path in de middle of de road.

"Treat ebery man like a gentleman. De cost is a mere trifle, an' tickles deir wanity.

"Keep cl'ar of argyment. If a stranger wants to bet on his game turn from him in silent contempt. If de kayrs run off de track trus' in de Lawd.

"Be keerful of yer manners at table. Our likin' fur a man kin be killed as dead as a dooh-nail by de way he eats.

"De use of cuss-words ar' to be deplored. A man wid a clean mouf will be respected, eben among rascals. If you fall ober a wheel-barrer or saw your neck on a clothes-line, devote five minits to expressin' your feelins. Den stop short off.

"Doan' be ashamed to carry yer money in yer shoe. Many a member of Congress has come to grief by prancin' around wid his wallet in his pocket.

"If you meet a man who says he doan' believe in de fucher state doan' waste yer breaf to argify de matter. He may be a pusson whom de Lowd created widout a soul, jist as an experiment."

A FALSE ALARM.

Judge Chewso then arose to a question of privilege, and tendered his resignation, to take immediate effect. Upon being asked for an explanation, he replied that he had been told he was suspected of having come to the meeting with a quart bottle in his pocket, meaning to fill the same with kerosene from the club can.

"Who told you dat?" asked the President.

"White pusson on de market, sah."

"Humph! Brudder Chewso, I hoped dat de soft spot in de top of yer head had hardened up!"

"But dat's what he said, sah!"

"S'posin' he did? S'posin' he'd said dat you were 'spected of stealin' all ob our money?"

"But I nebber brought no bottle heah."

"Nobody 'cept dat white man says you did. Sot down, sah! You has dun gone an' lost yer sense. You hev' not only nebber brought any bottle heah to steal our kerosene, but let me say to you dat had you dun so you would hev got left. We hev bin on the look-out fur sich a racket, an' de can is allus kept under lock an' key."

JUST THE SAME.

A communication from the Attorney-General of Indiana, or at least from his office, inquired if the rights of the colored citizens of Detroit in respect to riding on the street cars was respected. The writer had heard that they were not.

"De Seckretary will answer him to de effeck dat we hev de same right as white men," answered the President. "Dat is, we ar' obleeged to pay far' an' ride on de hind platform.

"Wheneber de cull'd folks of de State of Michigan find deirselves deprived of any legal right dey won't wait to hear from Injianny befo' kickin'."

A COLORED TENNYSON.

A letter from Fort Wayne, Ind., signed Isaac Scott, stated that the writer was familiarly known as the Colored Tennyson of Indiana. He had had twenty-eight years' experience in the poetry business, and would like to have the advertisement of being adopted as the poet of the Lime-Kiln Club. In return for the honor he would dash off many little gems in the course of the year without charge. Presuming that Detroit had a spring season, the same as Indiana, he forwarded the following which he composed in exactly seven minutes:

ODE TO SPRING.

TO BE SUNG WITH DEEP PATHOS

Oh, de sezun has arrove when de robin am a' sing ing.
An' de farmer gits his plow out to furrow up de ground;
De notes of de robin frew de forests am a-ringing,
An' de mule sticks his ears up at ebery leetle sound.

De grass am lookin' green 'long de aiges of de medder,
An' de turtle dove ar' cooin' in de maple on de hill;
An' de gander an' his mate ar' a-walkin' in love's shadder,
An' de pickaninny darky goes a-wadin' by de mill

The Secretary said there were three more verses, but they had been so nibbled by the rats that he could not make them out.

Pickels Smith moved that the club honor the poet as suggested. He had read and listened to the reading of billions of poems in his day, but never remembered of being so deeply affected before.

Trustee Pullback would support the motion. He had heard poetry read more or less all his life, but this was the first time the reading of a poem had made him forgive a man for clubbing his dog.

Judge Cabiff had always scoffed at poetry, and on two occasions had assisted to lynch poets, but the reading of those verses had worked a mighty change in his heart.

Elder Toots had wiped his eyes on an old blue mitten, and was about to ask that the club read this poem at his funeral, when the President motioned him to sit down and said

"De Secretary will write to Misser Scott dat we wish him well an' hope he will make a bar'l o' money, but we can't grant his request. If we once open de doah to dis sort of thing it can't be shet until we not only hev de poet to de Lime Kiln Club, but de brickmaker, de shoemaker, de carpenter an' all odder trades. It ar' now time to percolate de meetin' an' go home."

A.—"I hope you are not going to any balls during Lent." B.—"No, indeed; the only balls I intend to patronize during Lent are fish balls."

The Genoa, Nev., *Courier* tells of a tough young squaw who walked through the village barefoot the other day when the thermometer was 27 degrees above zero. She carried a papoose on a board strapped to her back, and appeared as happy as a lark. The squaw, it appears, had committed some crime, and her husband had cut off her nose as a punishment for the act. Her husband is a Bannock, and according to the laws of his people he could do what he pleased with his squaw.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

An English Blizzard—Anxiety for Kaiser Frederick—The Panama Bonds Subscription a Failure.

LONDON, March 22.—What is already known as the American blizzard has prevailed for two days past in the North of England and Scotland. Telegrams from those regions are almost as full of facts about snow plows, blockaded trains, deaths from exposure, etc., as if they were dated New York, Phildelphia or Boston. All the roads and railways about Sunderland are blockaded, seventeen trains are snowed up between Berwick and New Castle. Seven feet of snow lies in the Durham roads. The Flying Scotchman is snowed up at Morpeth, and for a time railway communication in the North is entirely suspended. Sheep have been frozen by hundreds, and many people have been injured or killed by the storm, which, in many sections, in Cumberland in particular, is the worst ever known.

Some English etymologists working at the derivation of the werd "blizzard," have concluded that it comes from the German blitz—lightning. The journal, *Notes and Queries*, claims its English nationality, as the word has been known in the midland counties for thirty years in its present form, or as "bizzer" or; "blissom," and as an oath, "May I be blizzered," which is common.

The intense anxiety over the condition of Emperor Frederick continues. In the highest official circles the question asked is not what the Emperor's policy may be, but how long he will live to disclose any policy. Wanton gossip attributes to him intentions to change the personnel of the Government in opposition to Prince Bismarck.

The Cologne *Gazette*, commenting upon the Emperor's ardor for work under a consciousness of approaching death, calls him a martyr in the highest sense of the word, and says: "A hero, unflinching on the field of battle, he is a still greater hero in doing his utmost duty while facing the inevitable result of his dreadful malady."

The definite result of the subscription to the 350,000 new Panama bonds in Paris will be known in a few days. It is already certain, however, that the matter is a failure. It is believed that not over 100,000 bonds will be taken as a maximum. It is a deplorable piece of business anyhow. The final issue will be the ruin of the enterprise, a loss of prestige to the creator, and what is worse, it will cause total poverty and misery to a multitude of narrow and contracted incomes. The short purses and limited capitals have stuck to their first belief and enthusiasm. If they have not bought more bonds they have unfortunately been faithful to their original investment, while the large bondholders have gradually and quietly withdrawn their money, if they do still make a show of official persuasion and confidence.

Wonted Fires.

Dr. Keate of Eton was a stalwart flogger. His crowning achievement was that of whipping one hundred boys on a single summer night. His pupil, Rev. C. A. Wilkinson, in his *Reminiscences of Eton*, pleads loyally that Keate had a "better side," and that he merely suppressed his natural kindliness of heart. Long use however must have made this task of suppression easy, for even in his old age, when he had retired from the great theatre of flagellation to the peacefulness of a Hampshire living, the wonted fires occasionally glowed even in his ashes, as is humorously proved by the following story. "'Don't answer me, sir? I'll flog you directly!'" relates Mr. Wilkinson, "was, it may be said, a stereotyped phrase in the head-master's book for twenty-seven years of his life; and even after this it sometimes cropped up. I remember some years afterwards, when I was his curate, I was blowing up one of my Hampshire bumpkins after church for irregularity of misbehaviour. The boy stood with his mouth open and hat on his head, and was just beginning to make some excuse, when my old rector strutted up, sturdy still in his gait and full of apparent ire, which he always put on in his old communication with the boys at Eton; and, probably fancying himself there, with the never failing umbrella in his hand, he poked off the village boy's hat, as he said, 'What's this, sir? Don't answer me, sir! Take off your hat, sir! I'll flog you directly!'"

Preferred the Cash.

The late John B. Gough used to love to tell this story. He had an engagement to lecture at a suburban town in Illinois, and asked a darkey cabman, who drove him from Chicago in his hack to the place where he was to lecture, what his charges were. "Well sah," said he, "if you'd jes' gib me a ticket to de lectur,' sah, I would be very glad." Flattered by such a request from such a source, Mr. Gough not only gave the cabman a ticket, but added another for his lady friend. He did not see his colored friend among his audience, however, that evening. Getting into the same cab the next evening he said to the driver: "How was it I did not see you at the lecture last evening?" "Well, sah," he answered, "I were not dar; you see sah, I jes' sold dem tickets for one dollar, sah, 'cause I didn't know much 'bout lectures nowhow, and tought I'd rather hab de cash, sah."

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