HEALTH.

Apples As Medicine.

We take the following from a late *Phrenological Journal*, and we are able to endorse all that is said in praise of the best of our northern fruits. The truth is, we are growing more and more in favor of a vegetable diet for all brain workers and persons of sedentary habits, and we are by no means sure that such a course of living is not the best for all classes.

We do not know why a common fruit like apples, or indeed any fruit, should be talked of as medicine, any more than bread and butter, unless it is the fact that people have not been in the habit of eating enough fruit to meet the of the digestive function for natural or organic acids. That apples contain elements that also enter into leading drugs is true.

Chemically, the apple is composed of vegetable fiber, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, lime, and much water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a large percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. This phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, lethicin, of the brain and spinal cord. It is perhaps, for the same reason, rudely understood, the old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body.

The acids of the apples are of use for men of sedentary habits, whose lives are sluggish in action; these acids serving to eliminate from the body, noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles. Some such an experience must have led to our custom of making apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose, and like dishes. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter generated by eating too much meat. It is also the fact that such fresh fruit as the apple, the pear, and the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish the acidity in the stomach rather than provoke it. Their vegetable salts and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity. A good ripe, raw apple is one of the easiest of vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of its digestion being completed in eighty-five minutes.

Gerard found that the "pulp of roasted apples mixed in a wine quart of faire water, and labored together until it comes to be as apple and ale—with we call lambswool—never faileth in certain diseases of the raines, which myself hath often proved, and gained thereby both crownes and credit." "The paring of an apple, cut somewhat thick, and the inside thereby is laid to hot, burning, or running eyes at night, when the party goes to bed; and is tied, or bound to the same, doth help the trouble very speedily, and contrary to expectation—an excellent secret." A poultice made of rotten apples is of very common use in Lincolnshire for the cure of weak or rheumatic eyes. Likewise, in the Hotel, des Invalides, at Paris, an apple poultice is commonly used for inflamed eyes, the apple being roasted and its pulp applied over the eyes without an intervening substance. A modern maxim teaches that—"To eat an apple going to bed, the doctor then will beg his bread."

Survival of Dangerous Germs.

It has been shown by M. Esmarch that disease microbes do not long survive in corpses, and that, as a general rule, the more rapidly decomposition takes place the more quickly will the organisms perish. Experiments were made with nine different kinds of microbes, contained in the bodies of animals under the vairous conditions of burial in the ground, keeping under water, and exposure to air. The bacillus of fowl cholera was seldom found after three weeks, though that of septicæmia survived 90 days, while that of consumption did not lose its virulence until from 204 to 252 days had passed. All trace of the organisms—including those of typhoid fever, Asiatic cholera, tetanus and anthrax—disippeared in from three days to a week.

Cisterns.

After a summer drought all water tanks and cisterns should be examined, and, if need be, repaired, but in every instance well and carefully cleansed before being allowed to fill up again with water. Mischief is done, and disease induced and propagated, by the use of bad water, because the sediment, if not washed out, becomes mingled with every fresh influx of water. A very general and most virulent and fatal epidemic of diphtheria and severe attacks of typhoid fever have been known to be produced by the neglect of this essential duty. The necessity for frequent cleansing of cisterns cannot be too strongly insisted on.

Candies Made of White Clay.

In the matter ef candies the conduct of parents is often extremely irrational. They would not themselves venture to use sweetmeats freely, and yet very many give them to their children with scarcely any restraint and the sicklier and weaker the child, the more likely is it to be senselessly indulged. This fault would be grievous enough were the confectionery pure—what estimate can be put upon it in the light of the fact that very much of it on the market is made of spurious ingredients. It appears that not long ago a lawsuit led to a special investigation into the composition of certain kinds of candy. We are told that it was then developed that lozenges are made in enormous quantities or little else but white clay. The clay is compressed in moulds, and bound together with a little gum or gelatine, and immersed for a few moments in a "syrup" bath containing the required flavor. This makes a very cheap form of confection, which is largely consumed by children. The adulteration or substitution is also carried on to some extent in the manufacture of caramels, but in the case of the cheap lozenges the proportions of clay used is the highest possible consistent with their maintenance of shape. The Portland Board of Trade Journal has stated that there is an annual importation of terra alba amounting to 6,000 tons, and that the only considerable use made of it is in the adulteration of the cheaper grades of candy.

She—"It will be a pleasure for me to share your troubles and anxieties." He—"But I haven't any." She—"Oh, you will have when we're married!"

THE EXILED GUARDS.

Scenes and Incidents of Their Departure from London.

The scenes connected at London with the exile of the second battalion of the Grenadiers to Bermuda were both interesting and at times touching. The men were paraded at daybreak, and were marched along the Victoria embankment to the Victoria station. Early as was the hour the streets were crowded, and at least 20,000 people accompanied them, the men cheering, the women and children crying and sobbing. The arrest of the six Grenadiers and their trial by court-martial had tended to cast a gloom over the whole battalion. When sentences were pronounced at the parade recently some painful scenes occurred. The oldest soldiers of the companies seem to have been selected for trial. By a strange misfortune a veteran named Perren was one of the unlucky prisoners. An older man named Riggs, belonging to the same company, had been transferred to the reserve the day before. Later in the day the prisoners exchanged their regimental for prison garb. The precise hour of their removal to the Brixton military prison was a well-guarded secret, while their transfer to the ambulance waggon was so quietly effected that only a few soldiers saw them. When the men emerged the spectators raised a loud shout. They were handcuffed in pairs and escorted by non-commissioned officers. They appeared dejected and haggard. One soldier in the regiment shouted, "Pat your heart, comrades." Several prisoners burst out crying after the departure of the men. The story of their farewell parting with their wives and children spread through the barracks. Wives, children, sweethearts and comrades crowded into the spacious yard. Painful meetings took place in the yard and in the canteen. Outside stood a great crowd of sightseers, who gazed curiously and sympathetically between the railings. The couples separated, the women hurrying away with their friends and children, taking a farewell kiss from their father While these pathetic scens were going on in the yard different ones were being enacted in the canteen. Young women who seemed to have plenty of money were there treating their lovers. The taps were continually running, and the flowing bowl apparently lightened the burden of the men for the time. They forgot their misfortune and indulged in jig dancing and singing. At the sound of the bugle women rushed outside. At 5 o'clock the men were drawn up in double line, and fifteen minutes later the colonel gave the order to march. The great gates at the Buckingham palace end of the yard were thrown open, and while the band played the spirit-stirring British Grenadiers the battalion marched out and were greeted by the shouts and cheers of an enormous throng. A number of policemen were formed in these lines to open the way for the soldiers. After the police came sappers and miners, and behind them a band and Col. Daton at the head of the regiment. As the battalion appeared in the road a mighty deafening cheer went up from the assembled thousands. The column was repeatedly broken, caused by women seeking their husbands with whom, when found, they marched some time. Several men kept pace with their sons. It is said that at the inspection yesterday by the Duke of Cambridge it was noticed that the men shouldered their arms in a slovenly manner, there appearing to be an inclination on their part not to obey orders. Subsequent inquiries have elicited the fact that an understanding existed that on the order to shoulder arms being given they should remain motionless. Fortunately the men altered their minds at the last moment on seeing that some of their comrades were obeying the orders. A reporter interviewed a soldier of the Grenadiers, who says that his companions are entirely in sympathy with the men of the second battalion, and that there will certainly be trouble unless certain reforms are made.

Nihilstic Plots.

The arrest of the Nihilists in Paris seems to have put another link in the Franco-Russian alliance, and the affair has brought out some curious details of the manner of life of the sworn enemies of the Czar. In the lodgings of Atschinazi the police discovered a metal lathe and a quantity of bombs. In trying to find out where the lathe came from they discovered abundant evidence of a powerful organization. In the beginning of last winter this lathe was brought to a female member of the society, Mlle. Karponine, who lives in small apartments in the Rue de la Sante. These apartments, the Paris papers say, had been successively occupied by these Russian revolutionists. The machine was used for cutting out the pieces used in the construction of grenades. The neighbors often heard the noise of the workers, and saw the smoke that issued at times from the apartments. They also remarked the quantity of iron plates that were carried in. About the end of March last the lathe was taken to the Rue de la Butte-aux-Cailles and placed in the apartments of Mlle. Lubowich. This lady's home consisted of three rooms, one of them being turned into a workshop or grenade factory, while the two others were occupied by Guiatowich and Atschinazi. The latter spoke French and was the interpreter for the others. He was studying medicine and had apartments in the Avenue de Montsouris, in which he seldom made his appearance, but where several Russian Nihilists had often been lodged. But it was in the Rue Butte-aux-Cailles that the making of grenades was carried on with most activity. They bought and fitted up a little steam engine for their lathe and worked away all day long with great industry. In the evening a number of young men and young girls came there to take tea and sing and dance, but their conduct seemed irreproachable. The neighbours found them extremely polite, but reserved in their manners. They evidently wished to keep by themselves without forming any French acquaintances. According to the *XIXe. Sievle*, the arrests are important, because they include most dangerous conspirators, whose principal object was the assassination of the Czar.

Mrs. Unnizi: "John, I think there's a burglar down in the hall." Mr. Unnizi: "Let him stay there. There's nothing he can take except that umbrella I borrowed from Jones."

"Is this an intelligence office?" asked a stranger, as he looked in at the door. "No, sir: you couldn't have been further wrong," was the reply of a deliberate-spoken, big-voiced man. "This is detectives' headquarters."

At the garden gate: "Oh! George, papa is unchaining the dog." "It's all right. He used to be my dog. I gave him to the dealer to sell to your papa."

Stowing and Feeding a Cargo of Slaves.

During the embarkation I was engaged separating those negroes who did not appear robust, or who had received some trifling injury in getting on deck, and sending them to an improvised hospital made by bulkheading a space in the rear of the forecastle. The others, as they arrived, were stowed away by the Spanish mate; so that when all were aboard there was just room for each to lay upon one side. As no one knew what proportion the men were, all were herded together. The next morning the separation took place; the women and girls were all sent on deck and numbered about 400. Then a close bulkhead was built across the ship and other bunks constructed. The women were then sent below and enough men sent up to enable the carpenter to have room to construct additional bunks. A more docile and easily-managed lot of creatures cannot be imagined. No violence of any kind was neccessary; it was sometimes difficult to make them understand what was wanted; but as soon as they comprehended, immediate compliance followed.

The negroes were now sent on deck in groups of eight and squatted around a large wooden platter, heaping full of cooked rice, beans and pork cut into small cubes. The platters were made by cutting off the head of flour or other barrels, leaving about four inches of the staves. Each negro was given a wooden spoon, which all on board had amused themselves in making during our 40 day trip. Barrel staves were sawed into lengths of eight inches, split into other pieces one and a half inches wide and then shaped into a spoon with our pocket knives. It was surprising what good spoons could be made in that manner. A piece of rope yarn tied to a spoon and hung around the neck was the way in which every individual retained his property. There not being room on deck for the entire cargo to feed at one time, platters were sent between decks, so that all ate at one hour, three times daily. Casks of water were placed in convenient places and an abundant supply furnished day and night.—*Scribner*.

The Slaughter of the Buffaloes.

In 1868 the Union Pacific Railroad and its branch in Kansas was completed across the plains to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains—the western limit of the buffalo range—and that year witnessed the inauguration of the wholesale and wanton slaughter of the great ruminants, ending only with their practical extinction in 1835, by regular hunters for their hides, and by the crowds of tourists who crossed the continent for mere pleasure and sport, then made possible by the advent of the "iron trail": these latter heartlessly killed for the excitement of the novel experience, often never even touching a partical of the flesh, or possessing themselves of a single robe as they rode along at a slow rate of speed. The former, numbering thousands of old frontiersmen, all expert shots, and as many novices—the pioneer settlers on the "public domain" just opened under the various land laws—from beyond the Platte to far south of the Arkansas, within transporting distance of the two roads day after day for years made it a lucrative business to kill for robes only. a market for which had suddenly sprung up all over the country.

On either side of the line of the railroad, within close range for nearly their whole distance, the most conspicuous objects in those days were the desiccated carcasses of the noble beasts that had been ruthlessly slaughtered by the thoughtless and excited passengers *en route* across the continent. On the open prairie, too, miles away from the course of legitimate travel, one could walk in places all day on the dead bodies of the buffaloes, killed by the hide-hunters, without stepping on the ground! Then was the opportunity for Congress to interpose. Restricting the transportation of robes by the railroads and express companies could have saved the buffalo from extinction. I believe there was some absurd law enacted in relation to preventing the terrible slaughter, but it made it only a misdemeanor on the part of the hunter to kill—about as effective a provision, so far as the average plainsman was concerned, as to attempt to deflect a tornado with a palm-leaf fan. The price of robes ranged all the way from fifty cents—the amount paid primarily—to two dollars and a half as they became scarcer. I have bought many a finely tanned and ornamented "silk robe" from the Indians for half a loaf of bread or a cupful of sugar; but that was twenty-five years ago. To-day the same kind would easily bring one hundred and fifty dollars, if procurable at all anywhere, which I very much doubt.

Homes of the Lepers.

In the Sandwich Islands, Trinidad, Madagascar, Japan, China, and India, leper hospitals are served by men and women who belong to various Roman Catholic orders.

Father Denjoy, of the Jesuits, has written an interesting account of his charge in Madagascar. This asylum was moved to Ambahivoraka from Amboulatara, and was the first of the kind in the fertile African island. It is situated on a broad open plateau, with a view of hills in the distance, and is near a sacred wood that was once the shrine of a famous idol and the resort of many pilgrims.

Now a bell rings from a graceful Roman tower transported from afar to the plateau of Imerina to call these afflicted children to the shrine of the Christians' God. They take great pleasure in singing to a flute-harmonica that also has found its way there. On the right of the church a long row of low buildings, consisting of a number of cells, are the homes of the lepers who seem to enjoy sitting on their own door-sills in the sun. Those who are able to work, cultivate fields of manioc, the produce of which is, of course, devoted to their own subsistence. It is estimated that thirty francs apiece will suffice, but as the refuge can only do justice to one hundred pensioners, and fifty more have thrown themselves upon its charity, additional funds are greatly needed. To refuse hospitality is to condemn them to starvation, for the morbid horror of the islanders is scarcely exceeded by that of the natives of Sierra Leone, who will not even mention the leprosy.

To Ward off Mosquitoes.

Take a small quantity of a 2 per cent carbolic acid solution and sprinkle sheets, coverlets, pillows, and bolsters on both sides, the edges of bed-curtains and the wall next to the bed. The face and neck may also be slightly wetted with the solution. Not a single gnat or mosquito, it is said, will come near.

Rather Ambiguous.

"I see by your sign that you are a dispensing druggist."

"Yes, sir."

"What do you dispense with?"

"With accuracy, sir."

"I was afraid you did."

Predestination.

Naughty Willie—I won't! I shan't! I don't wanter be a nangel.

Firm Mother.—You must.

Arguing by Analogy.

Teacher—Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale? Johnny?

Scholar—Whalebone.

Teacher—Right! Now, what little boy or girl knows what we get from the seal? Tommy?

Scholar—Sealing wax.

A Distinction.

Fond Mother—"Mercy me! Look at your face. Were you fighting?"

Small Son—"No'm; but the other boy was."

The Rivals.

Lover (dolefully pointing to a piece torn from his trousers)—"Look at that. Your dog bit me."

Sweet Creature—"Did he? Poor little Fido. I suppose he is jealous."

In Doubt.

Bicycle Dealer—"Here, sir, is one of the finest machines we have. What do you think of that?"

Young Man (who wants a bicycle but has yet to mount one)—"Don't you think the—the wheel is a—a leetle narrow?"

A Difference.

Visitor—"Your sister is studying music, I understand?"

Little Girl—"Oh, no, ma'am, she doesn't study music."

"She doesn't?"

"No'm. She only practices scales an' things."

Gone for Good.

Willis—Yes, that man I hired the other day played a mean trick on me. I told him I'd pay him $5 a week in advance and find him.

Wallace—Well, did you pay him $5 in advance?

"Yes, I did, confound it! but I haven't been able to find him yet."

They Will Marry.

Father—Did that game of checkers you played with Mr. Slowtopop last night amount to anything."

Daughter—(blushing)—Yes, dear father; it resulted in a tie.

Missed Companions.

Harry—Can you take dogs into Heaven, ma?

"Why, no!"

Harry—Then the dudes must feel lonely up there.

His Great Failing.

"Yes, every time Blowhard gets in a fight he exerts himself too much."

"How's that?"

"Running."

A Child's Simile.

Calloboy (who is growing a beard)—Little girl, why do you look at me so steadily? Never see me before?

Flossie—I was only wondering if you were one of the gentlemen papa says can play chin music.

Calloboy—Not I. But why do you think so?

Flossie—'Cause your chin looks so like the cylinder of our music box.

Cutting.

Uncle Jeremiah—Wal, I s'pose you think your old uncle from the country don't cut much of a figure when in town.

Affectionate Nephew—Quite the contrary, dear uncle; if you keep on juggling that knife I think you will.

A Bare-Faced Record.

Mrs. Seebree—What are you so interested in?

Mrs. Houler—An autograph album.

Mrs. Seebree—They're awfully stupid, usually. Don't you think so?

Mrs. Houler—This one isn't. It's Tom's check book that he carried on that yachting trip.

A Measure of Surety.

Mrs. Hardupan—Well, I declare?

Mr. Hardupan—Uncle John has offered to loan me $500, Maria. I've written ten copies of my letter of acceptance, and now I'm sewing the postage-stamps on.

His Mother—What are you doing out there in the rain?

The Terror—Gittin' wet.

A Candidate For Glory.

Van Riper—You write for the papers, don't you?

Spacer—Yes.

Van Riper—Ever have anything published?

Spacer—Yes; I write the obituaries—how long a one do you want?

Like a Lazy Artist.

"That title of your play is suicidal."

"What. 'The Defective Flue?'"

"Yes."

"Why so?"

"It won't draw."

A Draw.

Conn O'Taff—Did yez hear who won th' beer drinking match?

Sylvester Flint—Oi did. It wur a dhraw. Th' beer guv out.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The Eastern Question Looms up Ominously—Kaiser Wilhelm Still on his Voyage—Condition of the Crops.

Numerous little signs have been coming to the surface during the last few days calculated to produce an impression that Russia is at last on the point of abandoning her passive attitude on the Eastern question. Nothing grave is thus far definitely threatened, but I know that hints from a high quarter have been quietly circulated among Tory members of the Commons that it will be well for England, on the grounds of her foreign interests, to have Parliament in session in November. There is no alarm over the situation, but a merely general idea that Russia intends to make a decisive move during the next few months. Two special grounds exist for this suspicion.

This conviction has given new zest to all sorts of phases of the Continental relations and has started up acute interest in the personal bearing of the big fish who dominate the troubled pond of international politics. Naturally this revived attention is largely focused upon the young Kaiser, who, for some time past, has been lost to sight in Norway, and thus almost forgotten. There was a story a day or two ago that he had decided, in view of the altered state of things, not to attend the Russian manœuvres next month at all. This is now contradicted, and it is said that he will take Gen. Caprivi with him, from which nervous Vienna infers that politics are going to be talked, and presumably to the detriment of the triple alliance. We are evidently in for a season of these rumors and speculations.

One of the most interesting of this new crop of stories has the advantage of being widely credited in the countries concerned. It is to the effect that during the recent interview between Kaiser Wilhelm and King Oscar a project was outlined of restoring Scandinavia to her former magnitude and importance among the European powers by taking Finland away from Russia and giving it to Sweden, and by entering into a federal scheme with Denmark, the result of which would unite 10,000,000 Scandinavians under a common head. The advantage to Germany of such an arrangement would be obvious, for it would, both commercially and navally, hamstring Russia in the Baltic.

The weather last week was less uniformly miserable than it was the week previous, but the alterations of heat and heavy rains have scarcely been improvements from the point of view of the crops. All the country market towns report gloomy despondency among the farmers and general advances in the price of breadstuffs. In some places the rise was temporarily forced by the fact that English wheat was exhausted and that Continental dealers had intercepted foreign cargoes intended for England.

Most dismal reports continue to come from France, where the damage seems even more general than here. The loss of the grain crop on the single plain of La Beauce is estimated at $100,000. The price of bread has already been raised in the provinces, and the Paris bakers are only restrained from following suit by the representations of the Ministers. Apparently this is going to be the worst food Winter Europe has seen in a long time.

Not even Ireland escapes the menace, for the potato blight is working havoc throughout Cork and along the whole west coast, and the parish priests all write that a famine must ensue. I am told that the blight is attributed to the fact that the Champion potato, the introduction of which, in 1880, was so beneficial to all Ireland, has run itself out, and some new variety must be brought from America.

Kaiser Wilhelm is still among the Norwegian fjords. He has arranged to visit Belgium before proceeding to England, and is due at St. Petersburg on Aug. 16.

Burnand, of Punch.

The most important and popular citizen of Ramsgate, England, is Mr. Francis C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*. He has a fine roomy old house, with a splendid lawn in front, on the great cliff to the west of the town. From his windows he can see the white breakers on the Goodwin Sands. Mr. Burnand spends part of nearly every week of the year in his seaside house. He leads a regular, quiet country life, riding for one hour in the morning. As is known, Mr. Burnand has a large family; both his daughters and sons are pictures of robust health. Close to Mr. Burnand's house are the monastery and the chapel of the Benedictines. The chapel is one of the elder Pugin's masterpieces. Mr. Burnand and his family are among the regular worshippers. The eager friendship the celebrated editor of *Punch* always shows for Ramsgate has made the townspeople look up to him as a benefactor, and he and his family are much esteemed accordingly.

A True Christian.

Ferguson: "People accuse me of drinking too much, but I defy them to say that I ever had any words with my wife's mother." McCusick: "Guess she doesn't live in the same house with you." Ferguson: "Yes, she does, but she's dumb."

It Was.

Benevolent Party—My man, don't you think fishing is cruel sport?

Fisherman—Cruel? Well, I should say so. I have sat here six hours and have not had a bite, been nearly eat up by mosquitos, and the sun has parboiled the back of my neck.

Did You Ever Get Left?

Stranger (negotiating for a room for the summer)—Any mosquitos?

Native—I've been hyar nigh onter thirty year, an' in all that time I han't never seed a muskeeter ur anything in these hyar parts.

Stranger—Well, I shall have to go further; I'm a naturalist.