

TO CURE CHOLERA.

Dr. Leach, a Texas Physician, Has a Theory.

Dr. Benjamin Barker Leach, of Paris, Texas, believes he has a preventive remedy for cholera. He has the courage of his convictions as well. He is now on his way to Cairo, Egypt, to test in actual practice his theory regarding the cure and prevention of cholera by the use of arsenic. His efforts to induce the United States Government to aid in these tests having failed, he is now on the way to a place where he will make his experiments and study the results himself.

Ever since 1817, when cholera first attracted the attention of the civilized world, medical men have tried to discover a preventive or a cure. Neither search has been rewarded, and in India and surrounding countries the "black death" continues to reap its awful harvest yearly. A due regard to right living, cleanliness and hygiene will do much to prevent cholera, but it will not eradicate it, and to-day the medical profession is almost helpless when a cholera epidemic is fairly started.

The origin of cholera is far back in the past. For ages it has thrived in the delta of the Ganges in India, and at no time has that country been free from it. In 1817 it suddenly became more awful in its work in India, and soon spread all over that country. From there it continued to travel until it had visited almost every nation on the globe, and had killed more than a million people. It raged for years, and in 1832 reached New York, and before the disease was eradicated nearly 4,000 people were sacrificed. Now, New York has been visited twice since, and nearly 8,000 people in that city alone have fallen victims to the black vomit.

During all this time in the Orient human beings were dying by the thousands after an illness that in many instances was of but a few hours' duration. Russia suffered horribly. Whole families were wiped out in a day. Entire towns were stricken so that the well could not care for the sick or bury the dead. Like a grim ghost, cholera has stalked over the world, claiming its victims, stopping wars by destroying armies on both sides, and running its list of victims up into the millions—a countless host sacrificed to a disease bred in the jungles of India.

DR. LEACH'S THEORY.

Dr. Leach, the Texas physician who is on his way to Egypt to study cholera, and perchance to become a victim to the disease, enunciated his theory some years ago, and since then it has been copied to a considerable extent in India. Briefly, he proposes to render a person immune to the disease by vaccinating with arsenic, much as vaccination with vaccine virus renders a person immune from small-pox. The theory is not new except in the use of arsenic. Dr. Haffkine, a German medical man, tried inoculating with genuine germs secured from a person suffering with cholera. His experiments were not so successful as they might have been, and indeed, it is claimed that he killed many more than he cured. Dr. Leach suggests the use of arsenic and has designated the process one of arsenization, because the symptoms of cholera and arsenical poisoning are identical. Arsenic has been used as a remedy for the disease and has proved its value, and Dr. Leach asserts that it will be equally valuable as a preventive.

The principal objection to inoculation with cholera virus is the same as the objection to the use of small-pox virus. That is, it is possible to endanger the patient's life by subjecting him to blood diseases from which the person was suffering from whom the virus was taken. Dr. Leach says that arsenic is a drug whose qualities are known and whose action is absolute. The antidote is also well known, and in case arsenization should prove dangerous to a person abnormally sensitive, the physician could immediately administer an antidote and thus remove any element of danger.

The result of Dr. Leach's experience in Egypt will be watched with interest by physicians everywhere. He goes at his own expense, the only assistance he has received being from the Lancaster County Vaccine Farms, Marietta, Pa., the management of which will furnish him all the arsenical "points" he will require without charge.

Personal Appearance of Teomuch.

Teomuch was the greatest Indian, next to Thuyendagen (Joseph Brant) that America produced. It will be interesting to the readers of Popular Science to learn of his personal appearance. Col. Wm. Storer Hatch, in the year 1872, published a little book called "A Chinquapin of the War of 1812." Hatch was a volunteer in the Cincinnati Light Infantry, and acting assistant quartermaster, general of that army. His book is now rare.

He says: "His height was 6 feet, 9 inches. His face was oval, rather than angular; his nose handsome and straight; his mouth beautifully formed, like that of Napoleon I., as represented in his portrait; his eyes clear, transparent hazel, with a mild, pleasant expression when in repose or conversation, but when excited in orations or by the enthusiasm of battle, or when in anger they appeared like balls of fire; his complexion more of a light brown or tan than red; his whole tribe, as well as their kindred, the Ottoways, had light complexions; his arms and hands were finely formed, his limbs straight. He always stood very erect, and walked with a brisk, elastic vigorous step, invariably dressed in Indian tanned buckskin."

A Fault in Modern Wood-Carving.

The wood-carvings and wrought metal work of the middle ages attract the lover of the picturesque by certain irregularities of curve and plane, which do no injury to the whole, yet, it is a character not found in the work of the rounded, and papered school of to-day. The tools of these masters were often eroded, and many of these accidental accents were doubtless due to this fact. Yet these men expressed grand ideas, and their work as it stands to-day has an individuality which is largely due to this very picturesque quality. There are comparatively few workers in wood to-day, who appreciate this quality, and only recently has really artistic wood-carving been done by American carvers. One of our most eminent architects, in speaking of the desire of his wood-carvers to destroy all character by the sandpapering process, says that it is necessary to stand over these men and to take their work in hand when they still consider it un finished. "Burnt Wood in Decoration," by J. William Fox, in the August Century.

SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING TALES OF ADVENTURE ON SEA AND LAND.

A Voyage to the West Coast of Africa Forty Years Ago—Attacked by Cannibals and Saved by the Vision of a Vessel in the Sky—The Mutiny Ended.

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"I was only 19 years old when I shipped the first time," said my friend, the old sailor. "The craft was a brig called the Swallow, and she was bound for the west coast of Africa, having a cargo of cotton cloth, boots and shoes, rum, in sacks, needles, brass kettles, cutlasses, old muskets and other stuff that could be readily traded for gold dust, nuggets and ivory with the natives. In those days, more than 40 years ago, fortunes were made in this trade, but times have changed since then."

"We had another object besides trading, for we were instructed to look after the schooner Ella Noble, which had sailed for the very locality to which we were bound and had never returned. What had become of her was a mystery, for although she was spoken, when within a day's sail of the African coast no further tidings had come from her, and it was feared she had met with some fatal disaster."



"CANOES PUTTIN OFF FROM SHORE!"

"The crew was mostly made up of the roughest men found in shipping offices and along the water front, for the voyage was not a desirable one, as there was sure to be no little risk of life, and the food could not be the best procurable by any means. I was not at all favorably impressed by my messmates, but my head was full of foolish notions about the romance in a cruise to Africa, and I was more than eager to go. Some of the romance faded when I was put on salt rations and compelled to do the duty of a common fore-and-aft sailor."

"The captain was a brutal fellow, as he needed to be in order to command such a crew and keep them in subjection. He had a voice like a foghorn and a scowl that was black as a thundercloud. The first mate was a Spaniard, named Corello. He had a fiery temper and a heavy hand, but I fancied him more than the skipper."

"For some reason Corello seemed to take a liking to me, and afterward had cause to thank my good fortune. This man trusted me, and I did not like him, and so I told the mate about it. He looked at me, quietly, saying guardedly:

"Have care, Zee men no like a tatter. If zey hear you tell tings, some time you get." He finished by drawing his finger across his throat in a significant manner.

"From that time I felt sure there was trouble brewing, but I remembered the warning and was careful to keep my mouth shut. My dislike for the captain increased, and I actually grew drowsy. One night I saw him knock down with a marlin spike a sick man whom he had ordered aloft, but who was unable to mount the ratlines."

"During the first part of the voyage, the captain and Corello got along well enough, and we had sighted the African coast when they had their first quarrel. The skipper attempted to bully the Spaniard, as was his custom with the regular men, and Corello flared up in an instant. Hot words followed. All at once the master grabbed up a light, running block and flung it at the mate's head."

"The aim was true enough, but Corello dodged. Then the skipper caught up a bo-laying pin and started for the Spaniard. I saw a flash of steel, and Corello fell back against the main hatchway, a knife in his hand. With a Spanish oath, he swore he would cut the captain's heart out if an attempt was made to strike him with the bo-laying pin."

"For a little time the two men looked straight into each other's eyes, and then the captain's hand fell. I expected he would say that Corello be seized and put in irons, but he did nothing of the kind. Instead he retired to his cabin, and I saw a singular smile playing about the mate's mouth, while I fancied there was a burning power in his black eyes."

"That night Corello came to me as I stood my watch. He touched me lightly on the arm, whispering:

"I saw you. Don't you be scare when time come. Then he was gone. I felt that a mutiny was threatened, and I was in doubt about what to do. I did not mean to join the mutineers, and I had about determined to report my suspicions to the captain when I was relieved from the watch. As I was going forward I saw two forms and heard the voice of Corello saying:

"Not this night. Tomorrow." "This relieved my feelings somewhat, and I dared not attempt to arouse the skipper then, as I knew he would make a terrible racket about it, so I went to my bunk. I didn't sleep much, but the night passed without further incident. At dawn, the morning found us becalmed at the mouth of a large river. The sun came up red and scorching, making the water shimmer like burnished silver. Not a breath of air rippled the surface of the sea or fluttered the canvas we spread. By 9 o'clock a sort of bluish gray haze crept over the sky, but the heat was none the less oppressive."

CONSOLATION FOR ESAU.

A Barber's Reply to Thomas Hale, by a Countryman.

"With my beard didn't grow so fast," a man remarked to his barber. "I lose half an hour a week in your shop."

"The barber assured him that a strong beard was a blessing in disguise."

"How do you make that out. Remove, pray, the disguise."

"Well, when the beard grows fast it's a sign of vitality. Athletes, ever since Samson, have had plenty of hair—not always on the chin, perhaps. It doesn't matter where it grows. Thin, active people are pretty sure to have more than fat people."

"I never heard it was a sign of vitality," replied the other. "I have heard it was a sign of sensitiveness, and my observation bears this out. The extent and fineness of a man's pilosity is a criterion of his delicacy and nervous strength. Besides, you know, a man's hair, except as it supplements his nervous organization, is quite independent of him, a kind of parasite, in fact. They say it keeps on growing after death, and when skeletons are exhumed they are all overgrown like an axe left in the grass. That's the reason the hayseed Populists wear such long beards; if death won't stop it, why should they? To sacrifice a hair's length is an affront to the power's above, and those farmers are just lazy enough to rest in such an excuse."

"Oh, but my friend, you are all wrong!" expostulated the barber. "The hair only seems to grow after death. Men who are shaved, as is proper immediately after death, do in a few days appear to need shaving again; but this is not because the hair has grown, but because the skin has shrunk, thereby exposing the hair nearer its roots, which are a quarter of an inch from the surface. This strange phenomenon gives rise to the common fallacy about the unquenchable fertility of hair."

"As to your sensitive theory," he continued, "I can't agree with you. A theory that doesn't hold with most women and many men is no good. Whether a person's hair grows generously or not depends somewhat on his physical inheritance (sons of bald men are often bald, I notice), and very largely on his own stock of vitality. This much can be said, however: The man with a full head of hair seldom has a vigorous beard, and the man with a sturdy, ambitious beard, like yours, often is bald on top. Nature sees to it that no man shall be a monopolist on his own glory. That a disproportionate amount of strength goes to the hair is shown by the fact that, aside from looks, men feel better if their hair is cut occasionally. The long-bearded Populist is properly represented as a lank, cadaverous, bloodless creature. And I once saw a fat woman in a museum who, after having found a man who could chat him at reeling off long words, he gladly sped out at this point."—New York Sun.

A Schoolboy's Dream.

At a school in Omaha they have an exercise every day known as a fire drill and every pupil from the wee little tots to the seniors march out to the top of the drum. They were all well trained and the principal often boasted that the big building could be emptied in two minutes without confusion. Offie Downs, fourteen years of age, was the drummer boy, and it was his duty to stand at the foot of the stairs and march the boys and girls out to the rat-tat-tat of his drum. This is what happened the other day.

A teacher came dashing into his room, crying that the building was on fire. The principal ran to the gong, and there was a rush of excited children and cries of alarm from the teachers. A panic and a stampede was imminent, and in all the school only the drummer boy kept his head. He saw smoke coming through the register, and he did not think it necessary to ask permission to leave the room. Rapidly passing along the aisle, down to flights of stairs by way of the banisters, and into the principal's room, he pulled the drum from his hook on the wall, slung the strap over his shoulder and plunged into the hall. The smoke was now so dense he could hardly see his way, and on the floor above he could hear the teachers shouting to the children to remain in order. A fire engine rattled outside, but like a true soldier the boy stood at his post and beat the long roll on his drum. The first part acted like magic. The principal called to the children, "Listen to the drum!" and they remembered the lesson. To the music of the drum, rank after rank they calmly marched down the stairs, as they had done a hundred times before. In one minute and thirty seconds from the first tap of the drum there was not a child in the building. But Offie stood still, cool and defiant, at his post, with the smoke blinding him, until every pupil was safe.

Killing Two Birds.

"Ala" murmured Farmer Furrow, smacking his lips with great gusto: "whiskey is a splendid medicine for the influenza and such like!"

"But you haven't got influenza," said his good wife.

"P'raps not my dear, but I've got whiskey, and by George, I'm goin' to get rid of it!"

Beginning of Trouble.

Young Man—Why does Mr. Jinks have such a hang-dog, no-account look? Is it because he is in financial trouble?

Old Man—Oh, no. It is because he is the father of children of school age, and they have begun to ask him to help them with their arithmetic.

Tough Luck.

Angry Wife (after a quarrel)—Seems to me, we've been married about a hundred years. I can't even remember when or where we first met.

Husband (emphatically)—I can. It was at a dinner party, and there were thirteen at table.

HOW VICTORIA WAS NAMED.

She Might Have Reigned as Elizabeth H.

By reason of the peculiar dearth of offspring that characterized the careers of her royal uncles, the birth of the little princess, who afterwards became Queen Victoria, in the old brick palace in Kensington, was a significant event.

There was considerable trouble about naming the baby. The father wished to call her Elizabeth, thinking that it would prove a name to please the people, should she occupy the throne but the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., who was godfather together with the Emperor of Russia, gave only the name of Alexandrina to the clergy.

The father pleaded that another name be added, and proposed the feminine form of the Regent's own name, Georgiana. But the Regent said that his name could not come in the second place, and as the Emperor must take precedence, he suggested that, if the baby must have another name, her mother's name be added.

So the child was named Alexandrina Victoria, and in infancy was known as the Princess Drina, a name she dropped after her accession.

Belief and Unbelief.

It is a mistake to believe an unbeliever has no belief. Examine the unbeliever's tenets, and it will be found that the creed is somewhat as follows: I believe there is but one God; I believe there are many gods; I believe there is no God; I believe not in creation; I believe in evolution, the world was not created; it was created by chance; it was created by a concourse of atoms; it always existed; it created itself. I believe man has no soul; man is a beast; a beast has a soul; the soul dies with the body; everything dies; death is a blessing; death is an evil. I believe not in religion; all religion is unnatural. I believe not in revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in mythology; I believe in spirit-rappings. I believe not in Moses, Isaiah or Christ; I believe in Osiris, Menu, Krishna, Ormuzd, Buddha, Zeus, Jupiter, also in Zoroaster, Sancho Panza, Confucius, Pythagoras, Manomet, Swedenborg, Johna Southcote, and Joseph Smith. I believe not in the Bible; I believe in the Shaster, the Vedas, Ramud, Zend, Avesta, Koran, Age of Reason, Davis's Revelations, and the Book of Mormon. I am orthodox in every kind of orthodoxy and a firm believer in all unbelief.—E. P. Day, in Great Thoughts.

Edison Taking a Rest.

Thomas A. Edison has just started on a vacation, the first that he has taken for many years, and he is doing it by advice of his physician. Mr. Edison has been so deeply interested in his "X" ray experiments in the production of electricity from coal, in his new light, and in a dozen less important experiments, that he was in danger of bringing on a condition of nervous exhaustion. His physician looked him over and told him to run away and play for a few weeks, and that is what Mr. Edison expects to do, although it will be a novel experience. He was as eager about it when he had once made up his mind to go as a schoolboy starting home for the holidays.

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