

POETRY.

ACROSS THE WAY.

"Have you no friends across the way?"
My little city darling said;

"And when there comes a rainy day,
Can't you look out, and nod your head
To some one else, as I can nod to you?"

"But I have friends—near friends," I cried,
With quick, remorseful thought of home.

"A hand of brothers, side by side,
To greet me if I go or come—
How dear they are, I cannot say;
Nor how it cheers me day by day
To see across the valley far
How strong and beautiful they are!"

"And you should see the robes they wear—
Their mantles thick and soft and green,
Then rain-bow-hued, yet more fair,
Or crimson wraps that shimmer keen.

"But yet I think I love them best
When, all in sombre shades of dress,
Their broken ranks in silence lie
Beneath the solemn midnight sky.

"Sometimes a misty curtain drawn
Between us hides these friends from me;
But when at sunset, if the light is seen,
Dear child, how faint the sight I see!

"For where the nearer ranks divide,
The gates of glory open wide;
And 'tis in that moment of light
The farther hills transfigure quite;
While yet another and another
Peeps o'er the shoulder of his brother,
And smiles through mist and rain,
As if he were a friend again."

—SUSAN H. LUDLAM, in Harper's Bazaar.

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finimore Cooper
AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS,"
"THE PATRIOT," "HOMERUD
BOYD," ETC.

CONTINUED.
As before, the jury did not leave their
box; but after a consultation of some little
time, their foreman arose, and pronounced
the prisoner:

"Guilty."
There was but little surprise manifested
in the court room at this verdict, as the
testimony, the greater part of which we
have omitted, was too clear and direct to
be passed over. The judges seemed to
have anticipated this sentiment, for a consulta-
tion was passing among them and, during
the deliberation of the jury, and the
preparatory movements of the "bench"
announced the coming sentence.

"Nathaniel Bumpo," commanded the
judge, making the customary pause.
The old hunter, who had been muttering
again, with his head on the bar, raised
himself, and cried, with a prompt, mischiev-
ous tone:

"Here."
The judge waved his hand for silence,
and proceeded:

"In forming your sentence, the court
have been governed as much by the consid-
eration of your ignorance of the laws as
by a strict sense of importance of punish-
ing such outrages as this of which you
have been guilty. It is ordered that you
be confined to the State of one hundred
days; and that you pay a fine to the
State of one hundred dollars; and that you
be imprisoned in the jail of this county
for one calendar month, and, furthermore,
that you be confined to the side of the prison-
er, said, in his hoarse tone, as if seeking
for some cause to create a quarrel:

"Where away, master constable, is the
use of clapping a man in these here bil-
boes? It neither stope his grog nor hurts
his back; what for is it that you do the
thing?"

"'Tis the sentence of the court, Mr.
Penguinium, and there's law for it, I
s'pose."

"Ay, ay, I know that there's law for the
thing; but where away do you find the
law, I say? It does no harm, and it only
keeps a man by the heels for the small
matter of two glasses."

"Is it no harm, Benny Pump," said
Natty, raising his eyes with a piteous look
in the face of the steward—"is it no harm
to shove a man in the seventy-first year
like a tame bear, for the settlers, to look
on? 'Tis no harm to put an old soldier,
that has served through the war of 'fifty-
six, and seen the innies in the 'seventy-
six, and seen the innies in a place like this,
where the boys can point at him and say,
'I have known the time when he was a
speculator for the county? It is no harm to
bring down the pride of an honest man to
the equal of the beasts of the forest?"

Benjamin started about him fiercely,
and he had found a single face that
expressed contempt, he would have been
prompt to quarrel with his owner; but
meeting everywhere with looks of sobriety
and occasionally of commiseration, he
very deliberately seated himself by the
side of the hunter, and placing his legs
in the two vacant holes of the stocks, he
said:

"Now lower away, master constable,
lower away, I tell ye! I so-be there's such
a thing hereabouts, as a man that wants
to see a bear, let him look and be d—d,
and he shall find two of them, and may-
hap one of the same that can bite as well
as growl."

"But I have no orders to put you in
the stocks, Mr. Pump," cried the constable;
"you must get up and let me do my duty."

"You've my orders, and what do you
need better to meddle with my own feet?
so lower away, will ye, and let me see the
man that chooses to open his mouth with
a grin on it."

"There can't be any harm in looking
up a creature that will enter the end,"
said the constable, laughing, and closing
the stocks on them both.

It was fortunate that this act was
executed with decision, for the whole of the
spectators, when they saw Benjamin as-
sume the position he took, felt an inclina-
tion for merriment, which few thought it
worth while to suppress. The steward
struggled violently for his liberty again,
with an evident intention of making battle
on those who stood nearest to him; but
the key was already turned, and all his
efforts were vain.

"Hark ye, master constable," he cried,
"just clear away your bilboes for the small
matter of a log-glass, will ye, and let me
show some of them there Chaps who it is
they are so merry about."

"No, no, you would go in, and you can't
leave things of you, Marmaduke Temple,"
said the constable, laughing, and closing
the stocks on them both.

Benjamin, finding that his threats and
his struggles were useless, had good sense
enough to learn patience from the resign-
ed manner of his companion, and soon
settled himself down by the side of Natty,
with a contentedness expressed in his
hard features, that showed he had sub-
stituted disgust for rage. When the
violence of the steward's feelings had in
some measure subsided, he turned to his
fellow-sufferer, and, with a nervous fist
might have vindicated a worse offence,
he attempted the charitable office of con-
solation.

Benjamin had succeeded in edging his
way through the people, and was now
seen balancing his short body, with one
foot on a single and the other on a rail-
ing of the jury-box. To the amusement
of the whole court, the steward was
evidently preparing to speak. After a good
deal of difficulty, he succeeded in drawing
from his pocket a small bag, and then
found utterance.

"I so-be," he said, "that your honor is
agreeable to trust the poor fellow out on
another cruise among the beasts, here's a
small matter that will help to bring down
the risk, seeing that there's just thirty-five
of your Spaniards in it; and I wish from
the bottom of my heart, that they were
real British guineas, for the sake of the
old boy. But 'tis as it is; and if Squire
Dickens will just be so good as to over-
haul this small bit of an account, and take
enough from the bag to settle the same,
I'll be welcome to hold on upon the
rill, till such time as I can get my
account straight with them said beaver, or
for that matter, forever, and no thanks
asked."

As Benjamin concluded, he thrust out
the wooden register of his arrears to the
"Bold Dragon" with one hand, while he
offered his bag of dollars with the other.
Astonishment at this singular inter-
ruption produced a profound stillness in the
room, which was only interrupted by the
sheriff, who struck his sword on the table
and cried:

"Silence!"
"There must be an end to this," said
the judge, struggling to overcome his feel-
ings. "Constable lead the prisoner to the
stocks. Mr. Clerk, what is next on the
calendar?"

Natty seemed to yield to his destiny,
for he sank his head on his chest, and
followed the officer from the court-room
in silence. The crowd moved back for
the passage of the prisoner, and when his
tail form was seen descending from the
outdoor, a rush of the people to the scene
of his disgrace followed.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Ha! ha! look! he wears cruel garters!"
—LEAD.

The punishments of the common law
were still known, at the time of our tale,
to the people of New York; and the
whipping-post, and its companion, the
stocks, were not yet supplanted by the
more merciful expedients of the public
prison. Immediately in front of the jail
these relics of the older times were situ-
ated as a lesson of precautionary justice
to the evil-doers of the settlement.

Natty followed the constables to this
spot, bowing his head in submission to a
power that he was unable to oppose, and
surrounded by the crowd that formed a
circle about his person, exhibiting in their
countenances strong curiosity. A constable
raised the upper part of the stocks, and
pointed with his finger to the holes where
the old man was to place his feet. With-
out making the least objection to the
punishment, the Leather-Stocking quietly
seated himself on the ground, and suffered
his limbs to be laid in the openings, with-
out even a murmur; though he cast one
glance about him, in quest of that sym-
paty that human nature always seems
to require under suffering. If he met no
direct manifestations of pity, neither did
he see any unfeeling exultation, or hear a
single reproachful epithet. The character
of the mob, if it could be called by that
name, was that of attentive subordination.

The constable was in the act of lower-
ing the upper plank, when Benjamin, who
had crept close to the side of the prison-
er, said, in his hoarse tone, as if seeking
for some cause to create a quarrel:

"Where away, master constable, is the
use of clapping a man in these here bil-
boes? It neither stope his grog nor hurts
his back; what for is it that you do the
thing?"

"'Tis the sentence of the court, Mr.
Penguinium, and there's law for it, I
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"Ay, ay, I know that there's law for the
thing; but where away do you find the
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that has served through the war of 'fifty-
six, and seen the innies in the 'seventy-
six, and seen the innies in a place like this,
where the boys can point at him and say,
'I have known the time when he was a
speculator for the county? It is no harm to
bring down the pride of an honest man to
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Benjamin started about him fiercely,
and he had found a single face that
expressed contempt, he would have been
prompt to quarrel with his owner; but
meeting everywhere with looks of sobriety
and occasionally of commiseration, he
very deliberately seated himself by the
side of the hunter, and placing his legs
in the two vacant holes of the stocks, he
said:

"Now lower away, master constable,
lower away, I tell ye! I so-be there's such
a thing hereabouts, as a man that wants
to see a bear, let him look and be d—d,
and he shall find two of them, and may-
hap one of the same that can bite as well
as growl."

"But I have no orders to put you in
the stocks, Mr. Pump," cried the constable;
"you must get up and let me do my duty."

"You've my orders, and what do you
need better to meddle with my own feet?
so lower away, will ye, and let me see the
man that chooses to open his mouth with
a grin on it."

"There can't be any harm in looking
up a creature that will enter the end,"
said the constable, laughing, and closing
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It was fortunate that this act was
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spectators, when they saw Benjamin as-
sume the position he took, felt an inclina-
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leave things of you, Marmaduke Temple,"
said the constable, laughing, and closing
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Benjamin, finding that his threats and
his struggles were useless, had good sense
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ed manner of his companion, and soon
settled himself down by the side of Natty,
with a contentedness expressed in his
hard features, that showed he had sub-
stituted disgust for rage. When the
violence of the steward's feelings had in
some measure subsided, he turned to his
fellow-sufferer, and, with a nervous fist
might have vindicated a worse offence,
he attempted the charitable office of con-
solation.

"Taking it by and large, Master Bumpo,
'tis but a small matter after all," he
said. "Now, I've known very good sort
of men, aboard of the Boudin, laid by
the heels, for nothing, maybe, but for

getting that they'd drunk their allowance
already, when a glass of grog has come in
their way. This is nothing more than
riding with two anchors a-head, waiting
for a turn in the tide, or a shift of wind,
'd ye see, with a soft bottom and plenty of
room for the sweep of your haws. Now
I've seen many a man, for over-shooting
his reckoning, as I told ye, unroared head
and starn, where he couldn't so much as
leave his bow-stead, and maybe a
steeper clout on his tongue too, in the
shape of a pump-bolt lashed athwartship
jaws, all the same as an outrigger along-
side of a taffel-rail."

The hunter appeared to appreciate the
kind intentions of the other, though he
could not understand his eloquence, and,
raising his humbled countenance, he at-
tempted a smile as he said—

"Anan!"
"'Tis nothing I say, but a small matter
of a small that will soon blow over," con-
cluded Benjamin. "To you that has such
a stout heart, and a stout tongue, 'tis
as nothing; tho', seeing that I am little
short in my lower timbers, they've tried
my heels up in such a way to give me
a bit of a cant. But what cares I, Master
Bumpo, if the ship strags a little at her
anchor; it's only for a dog-watch, and
damns but she'll be with you then on
that cruise after them said beaver. I'm
not much used to small arms, seeing that
I was stationed at the ammunition-boxes,
being sun'at too low-rigged to see over
the hammock-cloths; but I can carry the
game, 'ye see, and maybe make out to
lead a hand with the traps; and I so-be
you're any way so handy with them as ye
be with your boat-hook, 'twill be but a
short cruise after all. I've squared the
yards with Squire Dickens this morning,
and I shall send him word that he needn't
bear my name on the books again till such
times as the cruise is over."

"You're used to dwell with men, Ben-
ney," said Leather-Stocking, mournfully,
"and the ways of the woods would be
hard on you, if—"

"Na! a ha! not a bit," cried the
steward; "I'm none of your fair-weather
chaps, Master Bumpo, as sails only in
smooth water. When I find a friend, I
stick by him, 'ye see. Now; there's no
better man a-going than Squire Dickens,
and I love him about the same as I loves
Master Hollister's new keg of Janakny."

The steward paused, and turning his
eye toward the hunter, he surveyed him
with a roughish leer of his eye, and
gradually suffered the muscles of his hard
features to relax, until his face was illumi-
nated by the display of his white teeth,
when he dropped his voice, and asked:

"I say, Master Leather-Stocking, 'tis freer
and livelier than any Hollands you'll
get in Garsney. But we'll send a hand
over and ask the woman for a taste, for
I'm so jam'd in these here bilboes, that
I begin to want sun'at to lighten my
upper works."

Natty sighed, and gazed about him
on the crowd, that already began to dis-
perse, and which had now diminished grad-
ually, as its members scattered in their
various pursuits. He looked wistfully at Ben-
jamin, but he did not utter a word,
anxiety seeming to avoid every other
sensation, and to throw a melancholy
gloom over his wrinkled features, which
were working with the movements of his
mind.

The steward was about to act on the old
principle, that silence gives consent, when
Hiram Doolittle, attended by Jotham,
stalked out of the crowd, across the open
space, and approached the stocks. The
magistrate passed by the end where
Benjamin was seated, and posted himself
close to the side of the prisoner, and
in the front of the Leather-Stocking. Hiram
stood, for a moment, covering before the
keen looks that Natty fastened on him,
and suffering under an embarrassment that
was quite new; when having in some
degree recovered himself, he looked up at
the heavens, and then at the stony atmos-
phere, as if it were only an ordinary
meeting with a friend, and said in his
formal, hesitating way:

"Quite a security of rain, lately; I think
what we shall have a long drought on't."

Benjamin raised his eyes, and a
bag of dollars, and did not observe the
approach of the magistrate, while Natty
turned his face, in which every muscle
was working, away from him in disgust,
without answering. Rather encouraged
by this manner of proceeding, Hiram
looked at the steward, and said:

"The clouds look as if they'd no water
in them, and the earth is dreadfully short
of it. To my judgement, there'll be short
crops this season, if the rain doesn't fall
quite speedy."

The air with which Mr. Doolittle deliv-
ered this prophetic opinion was peculiar
to his species. It was a jefficial, cold,
unfeeling, and selfish manner, that seem-
ed to say, "I have kept within the law,"
to the man he had so cruelly injured. It
quite overcame the hunter, and he
lumbered in laboring to impose on
himself, and he burst out in a warm glow
of indignation.

"Why should the rain fall from the
clouds," he cried, "when you fore the
tears from the eyes of an old, the sick,
and the poor! Away with ye away with
ye! you may be formed in the image of
the Maker, but Satan dwells in your heart.
Away with ye, I say! I am mournful, and
the sign of ye brings bitter thoughts."

Benjamin ceased thumping his money,
and raised his head at the last words of
Hiram, who was thrown off his guard by
the invectives of the hunter, unluckily
struck his person within reach of the
steward, who grasped one of his legs, with
a hand that had the grip of a vice, and
whirled the magistrate from his feet, he
fore he had either time to collect his
senses or to exercise the strength he did
really possess. Benjamin wanted neither
proportions nor manhood in his head,
shoulders, and arms, though all the rest
of his frame appeared to be originally in-
tended for a very different sort of a man.
He exerted his physical powers on the
present occasion, which much discretion;
and, as he had taken his antagonist at a
great disadvantage, the struggle resulted,
very soon, in Benjamin getting the mag-
istrate fixed in a posture somewhat similar
to his own, and manfully placed face to
face.

"You're a ship's cousin, I tell ye, Mas-
ter Doob-but-little," roared the steward;
"some such matter as a ship's cousin,
sir. I know you, I do, with your fair-
weather speeches to Squire Dickens, to all
the old women in the town, do ye? An't
it enough for any Christian, let him
harbor never so much malice, to get an
honest old fellow laid by the heels in
this fashion, without carrying sail so
hard on the poor old man, as to lay
him down as he lay at his anchors? But
I've logged many a hard thing against
your name, master, and now the time's
come to foot up the day's work, 'ye see;
so square yourself, you lubber-grog your-
self, and we'll soon know who's the better
man."

"Jotham!" cried the frightened magis-
trate—"Jotham! call in the constables.
Mr. Penguinium, I command the peace—
I order you to keep the peace."

"There's been more peace than love
atwixt us, master," cried the steward,
making some very unequivocal demon-
strations toward hostility; "so mind your-
self, square yourself, I say; do you smell this
here bit of a sledge-hammer?"

"Lay hands on me if you dare!" ex-
claimed Hiram, as well as he could, under
the grasp which the steward held on his
throat—"I lay hands on me if you dare!"

"If you call this laying, master, you are
welcome to the eggs," roared the steward.
It becomes our disagreeable duty to re-
cord here, that the acts of Benjamin now
became violent; for he darted his sledge-
hammer violently on the arm of Mr.
Doolittle's countenance, and the place be-
came in an instant a scene of tumult and
confusion. The crowd rushed in a dense
circle around the spot, while some ran to
the court-room to give the alarm, and one
or two of the more juvenile part of the
multitude had a desperate trial of speed
to see who should be the happy man to
communicate the critical situation of the
magistrate to his wife.

Benjamin worked away, with great in-
dustry and a good deal of skill, at his oc-
cupation, using one hand to raise up his
antagonist, while he knocked him over
with the other; for his estimation had been
disgraced in his own opinion, had he
struck a blow at a fellow creature. By
this considerate arrangement he had found
means to hammer the visage of Hiram
out of shape, by the time Richard suc-
ceeded in forcing his way through the
throng to the point of combat. The
sheriff afterward declared that, independ-
ent of his mortification as preserver of the
peace of the country, at this interrup-
tion to his harmony, he was never so
grieved in his life as when he saw this
breach of unity between his favorites.
Hiram had in some degree become accus-
tomed to his vanity, and Benjamin, neces-
sary as it may appear, he really loved. This
attachment was exhibited in the first
words that he uttered.

"Squire Doolittle! Squire Doolittle! I
am ashamed to see a man of your character
and office forget himself so much as to
beat a fellow creature, looking again till such
times as the cruise is over."

At the sound of Mr. Jones's voice, the
steward ceased his employment, and
Hiram had an opportunity of raising his
discomfited visage toward the mediator.
Unhindered by the sight of the sheriff,
Mr. Doolittle again had recourse to his
lungs.

"I'll have law on you for this," he cried
desperately; "I'll have the law on you for
this. I call on you Mr. Sheriff, to take
his body into custody."

THE practice of drinking hot water
shortly before meals is generally beneficial,
as it stimulates the stomach, increasing its
circulation and at the same time washing
it out.

Medical treatment cannot be properly
effected under the supervision of a
physician. When there is marked acidity
after eating, with burning pain, an alkali
such as bicarbonate of soda will relieve
the condition, but its action is merely
palliative, whereas the administration of
a few drops of dilute muriatic acid before
eating will check the too great acid secre-
tion. On the other hand, when the acid
secretion is deficient, the use of bicarbon-
ate of soda before eating will increase its
formation. Artificial ferments, such as
pepsine, pancreatin, etc., are of the
greatest service in supplying a deficiency
to the system, but their intelligent use
requires the aid of a physician.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been
used by mothers for their children while
suffering. If disturbed at night and broken
rest of a sick child crying with pain of
Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle
of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for
Children Teething. It will relieve the poor
mother, there is no mistake about it. It
cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and
Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums
and reduces Inflammation. It is pleasant
to the taste. The prescription of one of the
oldest and best female physicians and nurses
in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents
per bottle by all druggists throughout the
world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's
SOOTHING SYRUP."

STRONG MEN THEN AND NOW.
The prize-fighter of our epoch would
make short work of the ear-crushing boxer
of old Greece, whose method of procedure
was not to strike out from the shoulder,
but to swing down his heavily-weighted
fist like a hammer, and whose deadliest
attack consisted in standing on tiptoe and
flourishing the top of his long, heavy
knuckles. The prize-fighter of our epoch
has been claimed, and with much show
of reason, that the records of our heroes of
the cinder-path would have astonished the
best runners at the Olympian or
Pythian festivals. And, similarly, it is
probable that the professional strong men
of recent generations have been at least
the equals of those who were the delight
and astonishment of the ancients.

Milo of Crotona, the celebrated wrestler,
was, of course, the strong man par excel-
lence of classical era. One of the deeds
of his life, as related by the Greek histo-
rian Pausanias, tells us that he "would bind his
fore-head with a cord, after the fashion of
a fillet or a crown, compress his lips, hold
his breath and so fill the veins of his head
with blood as to burst the cord by the
strength of his veins." The physiologic
explanation of "how it was done" does
not appear very satisfactory, and it is,
perhaps, not uncharitable to suppose that
this particular story is fictitious or an ex-
aggeration. But for the rest of Milo's
muscular exploits parallels could readily
be found in modern or contemporary
annals. Thus the laying of an ox at a
single blow has been by no means an
uncommon feat. M. Gregoire, who at a
very advanced age started the good people
of Herford some twenty years ago by his
displays, and who was said to be so strong
that he was afraid to nurse his own baby,
recently performed it, and there is at
present living in London at least one man
who has done the same.

Against Milo's trick with the trees, which
he is described as tearing up by the roots
the size and growth of the said trees being
by the way, nowhere recorded—we may
set the achievement of Topham, the strong
man of Ialington, who pulled against a
horse, with his feet resting against a low
wall; or, better still, that of William Jay,
the "English Samson," a Kentish man
born in the latter part of the seventeenth
century, who restrained a strong horse
plunging forward under the influence of
the whip without availing himself of any
support whatever; or again, that of the
strong man of Berlin, who was said to be so
strong that he was afraid to nurse his own
baby, recently performed it, and there is at
present living in London at least one man
who has done the same.

THE temperature of liquids swallowed
is another matter of extreme importance.
The use of ice water with meals is to be
depreciated, as numerous experiments have
shown that its low temperature retards
and takes in large quantities, may com-
pletely arrest digestion. Among the other
causes of imperfect digestion is insufficient
mastication. Some persons hardly chew
their food at all, though it is an essential
of perfect digestion that food shall be
thoroughly triturated between the teeth
in order that it may offer as large a sur-
face as possible to the action of the gastric
juices. The food in its passage down the
gullet is bathed by the saliva, which has
the important function of converting
the starch into sugar.

The question: "What shall dyspepsia
eat?" is not easily answered, for no uni-
versal rule can be followed. Nevertheless,
certain broad principles may be applied.
As in other diseases general hygiene
is of the greatest importance, so in dyspepsia
frequent bathing with warm water,
clothing, frequent bathing with warm water
of the skin, and outdoor exercise, such as
walking and horseback riding. This last
exercise is particularly beneficial to those
whose habits are sedentary. Walking is
of the greatest value to everybody and
should be regularly practiced.

The diet should be composed of simple
substances properly cooked. Rare, under-
done roast beef is justly esteemed. Soft-
boiled eggs, lamb, chicken, succulent
vegetables such as spinach, sorrel, string
beans, celery, asparagus and lettuce, the
juice of ripe oranges, peaches and pears,
toasted apples and thoroughly cooked
fried fruits. Milk is often a very valuable
food, but its use must be determined by
personal experiment.

Food containing starch and sugar are
usually objectionable from their liability
to ferment. Potatoes, peas, beans, fresh
bread, etc., are examples of this class.
Stale bread and dry toast may be sparingly
used.

All rich foods—gravies, sauces, pastry,
desserts, cream, uncooked vegetables, sweet
milk, liquors, candies—should be
avoided.

Liquids should be sparingly used dur-
ing meals, for taken in too great quantities,
they dilute the gastric juices and diminish
their solvent power. The better practice is
to drink after eating. Water, butter-

THE practice of drinking hot water
shortly before meals is generally beneficial,
as it stimulates the stomach, increasing its
circulation and at the same time washing
it out.

Medical treatment cannot be properly
effected under the supervision of a
physician. When there is marked acidity
after eating, with burning pain, an alkali
such as bicarbonate of soda will relieve
the condition, but its action is merely
palliative, whereas the administration of
a few drops of dilute muriatic acid before
eating will check the too great acid secre-
tion. On the other hand, when the acid
secretion is deficient, the use of bicarbon-
ate of soda before eating will increase its
formation. Artificial ferments, such as
pepsine, pancreatin, etc., are of the
greatest service in supplying a deficiency
to the system, but their intelligent use
requires the aid of a physician.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been
used by mothers for their children while
suffering. If disturbed at night and broken
rest of a sick child crying with pain of
Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle
of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for
Children Teething. It will relieve the poor
mother, there is no mistake about it. It
cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and
Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums
and reduces Inflammation. It is pleasant
to the taste. The prescription of one of the
oldest and best female physicians and nurses
in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents
per bottle by all druggists throughout the
world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's
SOOTHING SYRUP."

STRONG MEN THEN AND NOW.
The prize-fighter of our epoch would
make short work of the ear-crushing boxer
of old Greece, whose method of procedure
was not to strike out from the shoulder,
but to swing down his heavily-weighted
fist like a hammer, and whose deadliest
attack consisted in standing on tiptoe and
flourishing the top of his long, heavy
knuckles. The prize-fighter of our epoch
has been claimed, and with much show
of reason, that the records of our heroes of
the cinder-path would have astonished the
best runners at the Olympian or
Pythian festivals. And, similarly, it is
probable that the professional strong men
of recent generations have been at least
the equals of those who were the delight
and astonishment of the ancients.

Milo of Crotona, the celebrated wrestler,
was, of course, the strong man par excel-
lence of classical era. One of the deeds
of his life, as related by the Greek histo-
rian Pausanias, tells us that he "would bind his
fore-head with a cord, after the fashion of
a fillet or a crown, compress his lips, hold
his breath and so fill the veins of his head
with blood as to burst the cord by the
strength of his veins." The physiologic
explanation of "how it was done" does
not appear very satisfactory, and it is,
perhaps, not uncharitable to suppose that
this particular story is fictitious or an ex-
aggeration. But for the rest of Milo's
muscular exploits parallels could readily
be found in modern or contemporary
annals. Thus the laying of an ox at a
single blow has been by no means an
uncommon feat. M. Gregoire, who at a
very advanced age started the good people
of Herford some twenty years ago by his
displays, and who was said to be so strong
that he was afraid to nurse his own
baby, recently performed it, and there is at
present living in London at least one man
who has done the same.

Against Milo's trick with the trees, which
he is described as tearing up by the roots
the size and growth of the said trees being
by the way, nowhere recorded—we may
set the achievement of Topham, the strong
man of Ialington, who pulled against a
horse, with his feet resting against a low
wall; or, better still, that of William Jay,
the "English Samson," a Kentish man
born in the latter part of the seventeenth
century, who restrained a strong horse
plunging forward under the influence of
the whip without availing himself of any
support whatever; or again, that of the
strong man of Berlin, who was said to be so
strong that he was afraid to nurse his own
baby, recently performed it, and there is at
present living in London at least one man
who has done the same.

THE temperature of liquids swallowed
is another matter of extreme importance.
The use of ice water with meals is to be
depreciated, as numerous experiments have
shown that its low temperature retards
and takes in large quantities, may com-
pletely arrest digestion. Among the other
causes of imperfect digestion is insufficient
mastication. Some persons hardly chew
their food at all, though it is an essential
of perfect digestion that food shall be
thoroughly triturated between the teeth
in order that it may offer as large a sur-
face as possible to the action of the gastric
juices. The food in its passage down the
gullet is bathed by the saliva, which has
the important function of converting
the starch into sugar.

The question: "What shall dyspepsia
eat?" is not easily answered, for no uni-
versal rule can be followed. Nevertheless,
certain broad principles may be applied.
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