

HEALTH

"THE BLUES."

There are two opposite tendencies in the medical practise of the present day. One regards mental disturbances as dependent upon abnormal physical states; the other looks upon the mind as the regulator of, or at least exerting a very marked influence upon, the health of the body. Both these views are undoubtedly right in part, and both are wrong in their exclusiveness, in refusing to admit that the mind and the body exert a reciprocal influence upon each other. Mental depression in corpore sano, a sound mind in a sound body, was the ancient definition of perfect health. In it both mind and body have to do with health, and that neither can be disordered without acting reflexly upon the other.

Putting aside the discussion of the influence of the mind upon the body, which no one who has given thought to the subject, however materialistic in his conceptions he may be, can doubt, it may be interesting and profitable as well to note an instance of the opposite influence; of the effect upon the mental vision of a slight bodily defect.

Every one knows from sad experience that an uncomfortable condition most approximately called "the blues," is a state of temporary pessimism, during which the unhappy victim can see no silver lining to the clouds that beset his soul. The mental faculties are not impaired, reason and judgment remain, and one will even admit, when argued with, that things are not as black as they seem, yet he cannot dissipate the fog that surrounds him and shuts out from his mental view all the blessings of his lot.

It seems as if nothing is more purely mental than an attack of the blues, yet in fact nothing is more purely physical. It has no foundation of real grief, neither is it due to any apparent disease of the body. In fact, as has been argued very plausibly by a California physician, it is frequently due to abdominal congestion. This may seem absurd, but its explanation is rational.

The mind, in its prison of the body, is dependent upon the heat function of the brain cells, and this function depends upon a supply of good, pure blood. Stagnation anywhere in the system prevents this supply, and nowhere is stagnation more apt to occur than in the abdominal organs. Any one suffering from the blues can prove this by nerving himself to a course of abdominal exercise, bending over to touch the knees, tristing from side to side, and contracting the walls of the abdomen fifty to one hundred times, at the same time expanding the chest and taking long breaths. Follow these exercises by a good brisk walk; and then search yourself for your blues.—Youth's Companion.

HEALTH HINTS.

Hay Fever.—A person suffering from this tiresome malady should inhale the vapor of a pint of hot water to which ten drops of creosote have been added. Relief may also be obtained by spraying the nostrils with a solution of quinine two grains to one ounce of water.

Home Made Salve.—A healing and useful salve may be prepared at home by melting one-half pound of mutton tallow and adding one and one-half teaspoonsful of carbolic acid. Pour this mixture in cold cream jars and allow to cool. Apply this to all cuts and bruises. It allays the pain and quickly heals the wounds.

Asthma Lotion.—Three strictly fresh eggs, twelve lemons, one-half pound crushed sugar, one pint best Jamaica rum. Put the eggs in a dish and pour the juice of the lemons over them. Leave them stand until thoroughly dissolved. Then strain and add sugar and rum. Strain again and put in bottles and keep in cool place. Take one teaspoonful after each meal.

Horseshad Plaster.—Few things in the garden afford such quick relief from pain as a leaf of common horseshad. For sudden cramps, pain in the side, or stomach, sore throat, or neuralgia in the face. Slightly warm a leaf or two over stove or lamp till quite limp, then apply to body; it will not blister or leave any mark. For lumbago, first bathe parts with warm vinegar, then apply two or three leaves of horseshad and keep quiet.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER.

If a woman imagines a man is good enough for her she knows that he is good enough for the best woman on earth.

ONE MAN'S THEORY.

Newed—"I don't believe any married woman knows what she wants." Oldwed—"Oh, yes, she does, but it's not her policy to tell for fear her husband might get it for her and spoil the fun."

What is defeat? Nothing but education—nothing but the first step to something better.

Mastodon Skeletons Found Frozen in Masses of Ice.

Siberia furnishes a large quantity of ivory to the markets of the world, but the production of it belongs to another age and to a species of animal that does not now exist. The ivory is cut from the tusks of mastodons, whose skeletons are found frozen in masses of ice or buried in the mud of Siberian rivers and swamps. The northern portion of the country abounds in extensive bogs, which are called urmans. In these are found the tusks of the mastodon, from which it is inferred that these animals lost their lives by venturing upon a surface that would not bear their weight. Of this region and its products Dr. Charles Wenyon writes in his book, "Across Siberia on the Great Post-Road."

Even to wild animals these urmans are forbidden ground. The nimble-stepping, broad-footed reindeer can sometimes cross them safely in the summer-time, but most other large animals attempting to do so would quickly be engulfed, and this may be a partial explanation of the remains of mammoth and rhinoceros, which are so abundant and so widely diffused through these northern marshlands of Siberia.

In the museum at Tobolsk are numerous specimens of mammoth, and throughout this region they are by no means rare. When an ice-pack breaks down a river-bank, or floods tear up a frozen marsh, or the summer thaw penetrates a little more deeply than usual into the ground, some of these antediluvian monsters are very likely to be exposed.

In many cases the remains are so fresh and well preserved, with their dark, shaggy hair and tufted ears and long, curved tusks, that all the aborigines, and even some of the Russian settlers, persist in the belief that they are specimens of animals which still live, burrowing underground like moles, and which die the instant they are admitted to the light.

The farther one goes northward the more abundant do these remains become. They are washed up with the tides upon the arctic shores, and some extensive islands off the coast contain great quantities of fossil ivory and bones.

Tusks which have been long or repeatedly exposed to the air are brittle and unserviceable, but those which have remained buried in the ice retain qualities of recent ivory, and are a valuable article of merchandise. There is a great market for these mammoth tusks at Yakutsk, on the Lena, from which they find their way to the workshops of European Russia, and even to the ivory-carvers of Canton.

Various trinkets and works of art are made of these remains, and are sold at the shops, and especially at the museum, as mementos of the visit to this graveyard of the mammoth. One of the most curious very accurately resembled slices of Russian bread and cheese. But the bread is really a transverse section of one of the long bones of a mammoth, and the cheese a piece of ivory from his tusk. The two, joined together, were sold at a price which enabled the ingenious contriver to obtain for himself many times their weight of the homely fare which they simulated.

THE REAL BOSS.

The insurance agent climbed the steps and rang the bell. "Whom do you wish to see?" asked the careworn person who came to the door.

"I want to see the boss of the house," he replied to the insurance agent. "Are you the boss?" "No," meekly returned the man who came to the door; "I'm only the husband of the boss. Step in; I'll call the boss."

The insurance agent took a seat in the hall, and in a short time a tall, dignified woman appeared. "So you want to see the boss?" repeated the woman. "This way, please. Bridget, this gentleman desires to see you!" exclaimed Bridget, when the insurance man asked her the question. "Indade O'iss now!" Sure, here comes th' boss now."

She pointed to a small boy of ten years who was coming towards the house. "Tell me," pleaded the insurance agent, when the lady came into the kitchen, "are you the boss of the house?"

"Want to see the boss?" asked the boy. "Well, you just come with me," wearily the insurance agent climbed up the stairs. He was ushered into a room on the second floor, and guided to the crib of a sleeping baby.

"There!" exclaimed the boy; "that's the real boss of this house!"

SAFE AT LAST.

Pat—"I hear your wife is sick, Moike." Mike—"She is that."

Pat—"Is it dangerous she is?" Mike—"Divil a bit." She's too weak to be dangerous any more!"

Don't overstep yourself in an attempt to put your best foot forward.

PRODUCING \$3,000 AN ACRE.

Intense Cultivation Proving Very Successful.

In these days of the natural desire for a return to the land much attention is being paid to the French system of market-gardening. In France, lettuces and other vegetables are grown for the early spring market under bell-glasses, or cloches, and forcing-frames. These spring delicacies fetch very high prices, great quantities of them being exported to London.

Several similar gardens are now established in England, and are proving very successful. One, established in 1905, now brings in a gross revenue of \$3,000 an acre. Mr. Harvey, the proprietor of this garden, supplied the following particulars of how this was done.

Mr. Harvey's plot is equipped with 2,000 lights, each 1,000 bell-glasses. From an average of 50 cents a dozen, at the same lights, 2,400 cauliflowers, at an average of \$1 a dozen; 2,400 dozen turnips, at 12 cents a dozen; and, in addition, three melons from each light, at 62 cents each.

Although the capital outlay is fairly heavy, the above returns point out the possibilities of this form of gardening, which is known as intensive cultivation.

SWISS DOCTORS STRIKE.

They Object to the System of Municipal Payment.

Fifty-three of the fifty-five doctors in the old Town of Bellinzona, Switzerland, and its suburbs have "gone on strike." They are paid by the municipal authorities, the salaries ranging from \$600 to \$1,000 a year, and by contract they must give their services free to poor and rich alike.

The town and its environs are divided into "medical districts," and the residents pay a small tax to the municipality for medical assistance. The result is that a doctor is at the beck and call of every one at all hours of the day and night.

The doctors have almost unanimously broken their contract with the Bellinzona authorities, and demand a fixed salary of \$600 a year and the right of charging fees varying from 12 cents to \$1.25 to patients who are in a position to pay any special charges for night visits. They agree to attend the poor without payment.

The local authorities will shortly examine the question. All the doctors meantime are charging the usual fees. No other town in Switzerland has this system of municipal doctors.

MISTOOK THE DUKE.

Shopman Found Out Too Late the Identity of Shabby Customer.

A shabby old gentleman many years ago went into a West End shop in London for a piece of furniture. The assistant tittered as he entered, thinking he was some laborer in his "Sunday best," and, in dealing with him, treated the matter more as a joke than anything else.

On being asked the price of a drawing-room article, he was told £25, the shopman having asked this price at random, supposing that his customer would not be able to pay anything like it.

He was surprised to hear in reply, "Ah! I'll take this. Send it to my address."

"What name, sir?" asked the shopman. "The Duke of Somerset," was the unrepentant reply, which promptly squashed any inclination on the part of the shopman in future to be guided in his civility by the appearance of his customer. The Duke really secured the article at less than his proper price.

STRONGER THAN RULES.

Women Prisoners in Italy Found Means of "Making Up."

Prison rules in Italy are most strict, especially so far as the dress of the prisoners is concerned. Powder, scent, cosmetics, and all other handmaids of vanity are forbidden, but coquetry is stronger than rules.

Several prisoners found the means of powdering their faces. They patiently licked the walls of their cells, masticated the white-wash and thus obtained a kind of white paste, with which they proudly coated their faces.

One woman was found with her cheeks covered with rouge like a ballet girl. No one could realize how she had managed it. Her cell was thoroughly but vainly searched.

Eventually the mystery was solved. In the nightgowns used by the prisoners there are a few red threads. This woman had patiently pulled out these threads one by one, had soaked them in water, and in this original way had made some rouge for her private use.

OPTIMISTIC!

"Is he optimistic?" "Optimistic? Why man, he talks like a mine-pro prospector."

It's easy to take things philosophically if there is no expense attached.

ON THE FARM.

BETTER CREAM NEEDED.

Too much cannot be said on the question of separating and caring for cream at the cream gathering creameries. It is a string that cannot be played upon too often in the present condition of the butter business. Cleanliness is at the root of the matter. Keep the cows clean and in clean places. Let the milk be clean, his clothes as well as his hands. Clean the udder before beginning to milk, and milk with dry clean hands.

More patrons are weak in separator management and handling the cream than anything else. One of the creamery instructors reported last year that he found separators sitting in every conceivable place from the kitchen to the hog pen. A clean separator is one of the most valuable adjuncts of the dairy. But it cannot keep as well or cream unless properly used. It should be thoroughly cleaned after each separation and kept clean. It should be operated in a place where everything is clean and the atmosphere pure. When the milk is run through the separator it is at the temperature at which it is taken from the cow, or nearly so. In other words, it is just in a condition to absorb bad smells as well as to absorb the milk is exposed to the surrounding air. In the separating process the separator in a fine stream, every particle coming in touch with the separator. If the latter is not clean and free from taint, the milk, or rather the cream, is sure to be affected.

There is too much thin, sour cream being supplied. This is due to improper separating. A richer cream should be secured. It will keep better, there will be a smaller amount to keep cool, less load for the driver, and less bulk for the butter maker to handle. The better quality of cream will insure a better butter being made and a better financial return to the patrons.

A SCOTTISH SEA-FIGHTER.

Remarkable Man Was the Earl of Dundonald.

Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, one of the great examples of knights errant of the sea, was as pugnacious as the wildest, most fire-eating Irishman. "The bound's arms were typical," says Capt. Jack Brand in his recent book, "The Free Lances." "He was as swift as one and as ferocious as the other."

He was, moreover, a man of humor. He was always laying traps and traps for the enemy.

In defending Fort Trinidad, near Havana, in Spain, which he had seized with his blue-jackets, finding that the enemy had made a breach in the walls and might be expected to assault at any time, he prepared an immense trough, or box, the sides of which he greased so that when the French came through the opening in the walls they would have an opportunity of "slipping the chutes" under most favorable circumstances.

The famous Captain Marryat, who was one of Cochrane's midshipmen, tells of an incident in the same siege. When the British were retiring under fire, Cochrane directed the men to make the best of their way to the boats, which they did on a dead run. He himself was too dignified for such a performance, and stalked along with magnificent indifference to a hail of shot.

Marryat, who walked in his rear, had no scruples as to his own dignity, and finally suggested that as he was only a midshipman, it might be possible for his captain to let him cut and run, whereupon Cochrane remarked blandly that he had intended that Marryat should have gone with the rest, but since he had remained with his commander, he might as well be made useful.

"My life," said Cochrane, "is of some importance to the expedition. Yours, comparatively speaking, is valueless, for there is only one captain to be had for the asking."

He therefore directed Marryat to walk behind him and keep off the shot, which was a joke—Cochrane being over six feet tall—the humor of which the novelist did not appreciate until many years after.

Again, says Captain Brand, Cochrane, visiting Malta, was imprisoned by the chief functionary of that island, whom he openly accused of the most complete and complete system of grafting." Cochrane went to prison because he had to. When the prison fare was set before him, he refused to eat, saying he would starve to death rather than submit to such injustice. He was a captain in the navy, a member of Parliament, a noble lord.

To allow such a man to starve to death was not to be thought of. The perplexed functionary ordered that whatever Cochrane desired in the way of subsistence should be furnished him from a neighboring inn.

He evidently knew little of Cochrane, for the hotel bill for one month nearly bankrupted the owner. Fearing lest he should be literally eaten out of office, he released the mad Scotchman.

THE FIRST MILK.

Some recent English investigations, carried out on behalf of some of the County and Borough Councils in Yorkshire, demonstrated that the first milk drawn from each cow contained an enormously great number of germs than either the mid-milk or the strippings. The first or fore milk represented the

TRISCUIT

If you want to thoroughly enjoy your vacation don't forget to take along a supply of **TRISCUIT**—The Dainty Shredded Wheat Wafer.

Nutritious and appetizing. Try it with butter, cheese or fruits.

ALWAYS READY TO SERVE—Sold by All Grocers. 1055

first 25 cubic centimeters drawn from the teat, the mid-milk being taken when the milking was half accomplished.

The numbers were quite variable, but the results largely confirmed those of other investigators, one of whom found 97,000 bacteria in the first milk, as compared with about 3,000 in the mid-milk, and 500 in the strippings. It seems that the bacteria clustered in colonies about the end of the teat are largely washed away by the first few streams of milk drawn from the quarter. The practical lesson is, of course, to reject the first two or three streams of milk from each teat, not even allowing it to come in contact with the inside of the pail. As the fore-milk is very thin and watery, practically no butter-fat is lost, while the bacterial content of the mess of milk will be very much reduced, and its wholesomeness and keeping qualities accordingly improved.

A SCOTTISH SEA-FIGHTER.

Remarkable Man Was the Earl of Dundonald.

Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, one of the great examples of knights errant of the sea, was as pugnacious as the wildest, most fire-eating Irishman. "The bound's arms were typical," says Capt. Jack Brand in his recent book, "The Free Lances." "He was as swift as one and as ferocious as the other."

He was, moreover, a man of humor. He was always laying traps and traps for the enemy.

In defending Fort Trinidad, near Havana, in Spain, which he had seized with his blue-jackets, finding that the enemy had made a breach in the walls and might be expected to assault at any time, he prepared an immense trough, or box, the sides of which he greased so that when the French came through the opening in the walls they would have an opportunity of "slipping the chutes" under most favorable circumstances.

The famous Captain Marryat, who was one of Cochrane's midshipmen, tells of an incident in the same siege. When the British were retiring under fire, Cochrane directed the men to make the best of their way to the boats, which they did on a dead run. He himself was too dignified for such a performance, and stalked along with magnificent indifference to a hail of shot.

Marryat, who walked in his rear, had no scruples as to his own dignity, and finally suggested that as he was only a midshipman, it might be possible for his captain to let him cut and run, whereupon Cochrane remarked blandly that he had intended that Marryat should have gone with the rest, but since he had remained with his commander, he might as well be made useful.

"My life," said Cochrane, "is of some importance to the expedition. Yours, comparatively speaking, is valueless, for there is only one captain to be had for the asking."

He therefore directed Marryat to walk behind him and keep off the shot, which was a joke—Cochrane being over six feet tall—the humor of which the novelist did not appreciate until many years after.

Again, says Captain Brand, Cochrane, visiting Malta, was imprisoned by the chief functionary of that island, whom he openly accused of the most complete and complete system of grafting." Cochrane went to prison because he had to. When the prison fare was set before him, he refused to eat, saying he would starve to death rather than submit to such injustice. He was a captain in the navy, a member of Parliament, a noble lord.

To allow such a man to starve to death was not to be thought of. The perplexed functionary ordered that whatever Cochrane desired in the way of subsistence should be furnished him from a neighboring inn.

He evidently knew little of Cochrane, for the hotel bill for one month nearly bankrupted the owner. Fearing lest he should be literally eaten out of office, he released the mad Scotchman.

GENERALLY THUS.

Jack—"I attended a piano recital last night." Tom—"What was a piano recital?" Jack—"It's a so-called entertainment where one person pounds a piano and all the others present talk."

YOUNG FOLKS

MARJORIE'S FIRST PARTY.

Little Marjorie had received her first invitation to a birthday party, and while she had very little idea of what a party is like, she was full of joy about it. When the day came and it was time to get ready, Marjorie skipped gaily up the stairs two steps at a time. But as she opened the door and saw her dress laid out upon the bed, with the ribbons and sash, a shadow over so small clouded her face. For there was the "best dress"—for there was certainly something connected with that and church, or making very proper calls with mother and sitting straight and quiet. It is a task for a little girl to sit perfectly quiet.

"Mother, is a party something to eat?" Marjorie asked, as her mother was arranging the bows on her hair.

"Well," mother answered, quite hurriedly, "not altogether." This reply was somewhat confusing, and Marjorie was puzzled.

When she was ready and came down to the hall, she found Mary Green, who was a little older than herself, and who was to take her to the party. Mamma said they must hurry along. Somehow Marjorie's enthusiasm had gone, and she was beginning to grow afraid of the party. The little cloud grew larger and larger, and a slow, half-splashed on the best dress.

Mary quickened her pace, following the reluctant little girl by the hand, until they reached the front door, Mary lifted the heavy bronze knocker. The crisis had come. The fearful sound was more than Marjorie could bear, and hastily wrenching her hand from that of her companion, she bounded away from the fearful echo of the knocker, and away from the party, as she supposed.

But she had taken a path leading to a side door of the house, while Mary followed. Through an open window came the sound of music and laughter, and from the door there bounded a dear little black dog. Marjorie loved dogs, and was soon patting his head, and the dog was blinking his kindly little eyes in a welcoming way. When he turned and walked toward the open door of the house, Marjorie unconsciously followed him. The two girls were soon inside the sunny living-room. The room was unoccupied, and Marjorie was instantly attracted by goldfish glittering through the sunlight water in a glass jar. All traces of the recent storm had disappeared. Since she would not go in to the party it came out to her.

Soon a pleasant little girl appeared at the door, who welcomed them kindly, and seeing the evident embarrassment, tactfully brought out one little girl at a time, until they had all come out, and were soon romping and playing together. There was more music, and games and many good things to eat, and after a while Marjorie was loath to go away; and had Dorothy not taken on them all home in her little go-cart behind a donkey, there might have been, on Marjorie's part, the same unwillingness to go that there had been to come.

That night Marjorie told her mother of the good time she had had. "Only," she added, "there wasn't any party to be afraid of at all—only just a lot of little girls like me."—Youth's Companion.

ANOTHER DEFINITION.

Little Willie—"Say, pa, what's a pessimist?" Pa—"A pessimist, my son, is a man who thinks the only way to serve his country is to roast it."

NATURAL SELECTION.

Nan—"What are you going to wear to the party this evening?" Fan—"Everything that you've told me isn't becoming to me."

CONDITIONAL.

"Esmeralda, when are you and Geoffrey going to be married?" "Just as soon as I say the word." "When are you going to say the word?" "Just as soon as he asks me."

CONDITIONAL.

Bananas now form the leading export from Jamaica.