

Diet of Strong Men.

The Roman soldiers, who built such wonderful roads, and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet, and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day, and dances half the night; yet eats, only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Smyrud porter eats only a little fruit, and sometimes olives; yet he walks off with his load of a hundred pounds. The Coolie, fed on rice, is more active, and can do more work than the negro fed on fat meats.—*Ex.*

Cheap Tooth-Brushes Dangerous.

An operation for appendicitis revealed the fact that the disorder was due to the presence of tooth-brush bristles. "Cheap tooth-brushes," remarked the surgeon, who had charge of the case, "are responsible for many obscure throat, stomach, and intestinal ailments. The bristles are only glued on, and come off by the half dozen when wet and brought into contact with the teeth."

This is a good argument to use at the counter in discouraging the sale of the cheap and, as the above item shows, dangerous tooth brushes with which the fancy-goods trade is flooded. It were better for the user to pay fifteen or twenty cents more for a brush well made, than to risk dangers attending the use of the cheaper makeshift.—*American Druggist.*

To Cure a Sty.

A sty is a small boil situated on the margin of the eyelid, and is generally the result of impaired general health.

On close inspection an eyelash may be seen in the centre of the sty, which, if early extracted, will cure the trouble; but if delayed, a small poultice of linseed-meal, or bread should be applied, and the pus removed. A very good remedy is prepared by rubbing well together the white of an egg and a little alum. Put it between two pieces of thin muslin and bind it over the eye for a few hours. To prevent further trouble the general health should be built up.

A Common Error.

Dr. Webster Fox, in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, maintains that the majority of blind people have lost their sight from want of proper care during infancy, and that nurses or mothers, who heedlessly expose an infant's eyes to the glare of the sun for hours, may be laying the

foundation of the most serious evils. He protests against permitting young children to use their eyes in study, and declares, that the eye is not strong enough for school work, until the age of seven to nine. Children should not be allowed to study much by artificial light, before the age of ten; and books printed in small type should be absolutely prohibited in the school-room.—*Times and Register.*

Purity of Speech.

Nothing so strongly indicates the man of pure and wholesome thought as habitual purity of speech. By his conversation among his own kind you may always pretty accurately form an opinion as to the moral worth of a man. It is there, when no restraint is supposed to be placed upon his words, that you discover his true nature. If he be given to looseness of discourse, or his mind wanders to the discussion of subjects proscribed in mixed company or respectable society you may justly mark him as one with whom association is undesirable.—*Ex.*

Broken Milk.

The methods of Siberian milkmen are unique. The people buy their milk frozen, and for convenience it is allowed to freeze about a stick, which forms a handle to carry it by. The milkman leaves one chunk, or perhaps more, as the case may be, at the houses of his customers. The children instead of crying for a drink of milk, cry for a bit of milk. The people in the winter time do not say, "Be careful not to spill the milk," but "Be careful not to break the milk." Broken milk is better than spilled milk, though, because there is an opportunity to save the pieces.—*Ex.*

A Lesson in Astronomy.

They were young and romantic, and, although the minute-hand was pointing to twelve o'clock, they stood upon the porch gazing at the stars. "That's Jupiter, dear, isn't it?" she murmured.—"Yes, pet; and that is Sirius," he replied, pointing to another star.—"Are you Sirius?" she cooed. He kissed her several times. Then he pointed upward, and said, "That's Mars, dove."—"And that's pa's," she whispered, as a footstep sounded inside; and if the young man hadn't scooted he would have seen more stars than he ever dreamed of. Her pa wears a 12½ with a brass toe.—*American Paper.*