

## HEALTH

### Teething and its Perils.

The period of dentition is nearly always one of anxiety to the parent. It certainly is not always without peril to the infant.

The age of infancy is characterized by changes which are not only numerous, but in many instances, at least, too rapid for the constitution of the little one. The various organs are in a state of growth and development, a circumstance which in itself is sufficient reason for the peculiar susceptibility of infants to disease.

But more than all, the brain, and in fact, the whole nervous system, is influenced by a multitude of impressions from without and within, which, in the child's undeveloped state, are often overpowering. More especially is this the case when the sensitiveness is heightened by the irritation caused by the process of teething.

Under these circumstances the child becomes peevish and restless upon the slightest provocation. The general feverishness of the body, be it ever so slight, decreases proportionately its ability to withstand external influences.

The intestinal canal, upon which nature relies chiefly at this period of active growth, becomes torpid, and the bowels are constipated.

We can do much toward relieving the child from the besetting danger of this period, however, by taking a hint from nature and maintaining a salutary looseness of the bowels, which will act as a waste-gate, protecting the nervous centres and the various important organs of the body from harm.

This, together with frequent washings of the mouth with cold water, is sufficient to ward off many an attack of serious illness which would otherwise come as a result of the general irritation excited by the process of teething.

We should never endeavor to hasten matters by incising the gums. This is an expedient which should be resorted to by physicians only.

### Cheese a Carrier of Disease.

Not only is cheese liable to be poisonous by the development of tyrotoxin, but it may prove to be a carrier of disease germs. Dr. Beebe, Assistant Chemist of the Board of Health in New York City, recently found the true bacillus of diphtheria in a lot of suspected cheese, and as the result of this discovery a large quantity of cheese was seized and destroyed.

It is said that there were several fatal cases of diphtheria in the family of a farmer who supplied much of the milk from which the cheese was made, and the germs conveyed by the milk from this infected house lived through the process of cheese-making, and communicated the disease to several who ate the cheese.

It has been known for a long time that milk was an excellent medium for the growth of bacteria, and therefore, of course, for the taking up of any infection and the spread of the same. No doubt many serious illnesses or diseases have been caused in this way, though traced supposedly to other sources.

The day is soon coming when no one will think of using milk without first pasteurizing or sterilizing it.

### Dirt and Health.

The old saying that dirt is healthful no longer holds its grounds in the light of modern research. Not all dirt is actually disease producing, it is true; but all places where filth accumulates or where there is decaying matter of any kind are very likely to afford abode and sustenance to any disease germs which may be floating about in the air. Here they multiply and wax strong and lie in wait to attack the first animal or human being that comes along, whose vital forces are not strong enough to bar the entrance of these microscopic enemies. No soiled clothing should lie about sleeping apartments, no rubbish should accumulate in the attic, no rotten rags under the sink, no decaying vegetables in the cellar, no soiling matter or dust anywhere. Disease microbes do not crawl about actively like flies; they are invisible, living, organic dust, and can often be gotten rid of as such. The greatest sanitary safety lies in absolute cleanliness.

### BRITAIN IN EGYPT.

The Mal contents Were Surprised at the Splendid Array of Men-of-War.

The high opinion expressed of the actual efficiency of the British navy by those who have been contrasting that efficiency with the lamentable inefficiency of the army found striking corroboration not long since in the splendid array of men-of-war assembled, under command of Sir Michael Culme Seymour at Alexandria. The appearance of the fleet was, it is said, a surprise to the Mal-contents and those who encouraged them in their abuse of England. It was an object lesson most convincing of the strength of the power that has been occupying Egypt for its own good by a handful of civilians and an extremely small force of soldiers. Since the accession of the present Khedive, the enemies of England have been incessantly busy in decrying Great Britain's policy and, in order to inspire contempt for her military power, have constantly urged the weakness of the garrison. The arrival of Sir Michael Culme Seymour's fleet gave the lie very impressively and practically to those very representations. Eastern nations are likely to disdain authority that is not backed by force, and, though one would suppose that the fate of Arabi Pasha was not forgotten, the repeated disasters in the Sudan and the apparent inefficiency of the army of occupation to cope with a formidable rising, were used not fruitlessly as arguments to incite the disaffected to overt scorn of England's power. In those who had thus been beguiled the arrival of the fleet wrought a startling disillusion. The Times thinks that such object lessons should be taught more frequently.

### Call Me Not Dead.

A PERSIAN POEM OF THE 12TH CENTURY.

He who dies at Azim sends  
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends, it lies, I know,  
Pale and white, and cold as snow;  
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"—  
Weeping at the feet and head.  
I can see your falling tears;  
I can hear your sighs and prayers;  
Yet I smile and whisper this:  
I am not the thing you miss!  
Cease your tears and let it lie;  
It was mine, it is not I.

Sweet friends, what the women lave  
For the last sleep of the grave  
Is a hut which I am quitting;  
Is a garment no more fitting;  
Is a cage from which, at last,  
Like a bird, my soul has passed.  
Love the inmate, not the room;  
The wearer, not the garb—the plume  
Of the eagle, not the bars.  
That kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends, oh rise and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye!  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a single tear.  
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one  
Out of which the pearl is gone.  
The shell is broken, it lies there;  
The pearl, the all, the soul is here.  
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of his treasury—  
A mind that loved him, let it lie.  
Let the shards be earth once more,  
Since the gold is in his store.

Allah glorious! Allah good!  
Now thy world is understood!  
Now the long, long wonder ends;  
Yet we weep, my foolish friends,  
While the man whom you call dead  
In unbroken bliss instead  
Lives and loves you—lost, 'tis true,  
In the light that shines for you;  
But in the light you cannot see,  
In undisturbed felicity—  
In a perfect paradise,  
An life that never dies.

Farewell, friends, yet not farewell,  
Where I go, you too shall dwell,  
I am gone before your face—  
A moment's worth, a little space.  
When you come where I have slept,  
Ye will wonder why ye wept;  
Ye will know, by true love taught,  
That here is all and there is naught.

He who died at Azim gave  
This to those who made his grave.

### OCEAN LINERS.

The Regularity of Speed With Which They Make the Passage.

The records show that, as an ordinary thing, the ocean packets are almost as regular in their departures and arrivals as railroad trains, and, considering the distance they travel, more so. The science of navigation has been reduced to such accuracy that they may be expected almost on the hour.

Take, for example, the Campania, of the Cunard line. In 1893 she made eight trips, and her average voyage was 5 days, 20 hours and 18 minutes. In 1894 she made ten trips, and her average was 5 days, 20 hours and 17 minutes, only one minute less in 1894 than in 1893 in a voyage of 2,770 miles in all sorts of wind and weather. Nor is this exceptional.

The Teutonic, of the White Star Line, made twelve trips in 1893 on an average time of 6 days, 4 hours and 8 minutes. In 1894 she made eleven trips, and her average was just a trifle slower—6 days, 4 hours and 17 minutes.

The Etruria is a little more irregular. Her average in 1893 was 6 days, 6 hours and 47 minutes. In 1894 it was 6 days, 7 hours and 28 minutes.

### HAVEL'S AVERAGE.

The Havel, of the North German Lloyd Company, made ten trips in 1893, with an average of 7 days, 7 hours and 35 minutes, for a distance of 3,080 miles, from the Needles to Fire Island. In 1894 she made nine trips, with an average of 7 days, 7 hours and 24 minutes.

The Furat Bismarck, of the Hamburg line, made nine trips in 1893. Her average for the year for a voyage of 3,080 miles was 7 days and 15 minutes. In 1894 she made six trips, and her average was 7 days and 54 minutes.

The Columbia made nine trips in 1893, with an average time of 6 days, 22 hours and 12 minutes. In 1894 she made six trips, with an average of 6 days, 22 hours and eight minutes.

### BEST FOR REGULARITY.

The New York, though not the fastest, has the best record for regularity of any of the Atlantic fleet. Her average time has not varied for years and she can be expected almost on the minute every voyage.

She has crossed the Atlantic more times and has carried more passengers than any other steamer of her age and has been more regular about it. The New York made fourteen trips, west bound, in 1893, with an average time of 6 days, 21 hours and 31 minutes. In 1894 she made fifteen trips, with an average of 6 days 21 hours and 45 minutes.

Her sailing distance was 2,770 miles. In 1893 she made thirteen trips, east bound, with an average of 6 days, 20 hours and 30 minutes, which was just one minute faster than her west-bound time that year. In 1894 she made fifteen trips, with an average time of 6 days, 20 hours and 24 minutes.

Thus in crossing the ocean fifty-seven times in both directions, at all seasons of the year, her widest variation for two years was only 1 hour and 21 minutes. The old City of Chester is another steady boat, her average being 9 days, 15 hours and 11 minutes in 1893, and 9 days, 15 hours and 28 minutes in 1894.

### A Lover's Eyes.

Groom—I guess that man we just passed is married.  
Bride—Why do you think so?  
Groom—He merely glanced at you.

## SOME ONE BLUNDERED.

### ADVENTURES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

How an Old Gunner Received Promotion and a Life Pension, Which He Well Deserved.

"Some one had blundered." It lay with the signal corps of one division or another. It was in South Africa. We were out in three divisions to establish a station in the hills, where there was no end of trouble among the natives. They were desperate and liable to an outbreak at any moment. Late one afternoon our signal corps came in with the report that the central was throwing up a temporary fort, fifteen miles away, due east, that the natives were massing to the north and sharp fighting was expected, and that we were to move on for one day more, and then return and hold the new fortification. The major would have given me an escort, but it would have weakened him; and, as the going was my own affair, I decided to go alone. It was only fifteen miles.

The jungle was not so heavy but that I could easily keep my points by the stars, with an occasional peep at my compass. For the first eight miles I might as well have been going through the woods at home. Then I was suddenly halted by the sharp yelp of a baty lion. He had leaped upon an antelope sleeping upon a mossy hollow just beyond. A moment later I should have been out there myself, and if the little fellow had waited he might have found me right in range. Instantly there were two more yelps like the first, two more dusky shadows bounded from the undergrowth, and two more antelopes were detained. I climbed the nearest tree and made myself at home, well up among its branches, looking down upon the open.

I was hardly there when the very air was split by a crashing roar. It shook the forest, and I gave a most cordial clutch to the branch above me. Evidently the whelps of old gentleman, or some other old gentleman, proposed to help himself, and with a series of squeaking cries the young folks decamped, giving him the field. The roar was the signal for the forest to wake up. It was echoed from right and left, and, thanking fortune for so favorable a retreat, I made up my mind to stay there till the hour before sunrise.

I was not tired enough to sleep well in a tree at the start, but at last I managed to overlook, and was roused, not by the roar of a lion, but by the rattle of a native war-drum. There was a hum of voices, too, and the sound of many feet. A dozen or more native warriors were already in the open space, preparing for breakfast. The drummers were soon in sight, and the main body followed close behind. Soon the open space was thronged with them. There was more than five hundred. They were all warriors. Some of them were well armed. Natives are usually boisterous. These were so still that in the tree I could not catch a single syllable, though the nearest were but a little more than fifty feet away.

If I waited till they moved on I should be behind them—a position which might prove decidedly disagreeable. They were evidently impressed with the gravity of their mission, which, without doubt, was an attack upon the new fort; and, if I could get ahead of them and warn the central of their coming, it would not only be a much more comfortable position, but would prove a good feather for my cap. Their preparations for breakfast, too, made me ravenously hungry, and that settled it.

As cautiously as ever a panther crept, I made my way to a large branch extending back into the jungle and crept out farther and farther till it began to bend. If it broke I was gone; but it did not break. Then I left myself out hand over hand, till my feet were not much above a yard from the spongy ground. Then I dropped. The branch swung up again with unnecessary noise, but I did not wait to see what effect it had. It was a question of life and death, and I increased the distance without delay. Faint with hunger, almost ready to drop in the path and die of thirst, thoroughly worn out by a steady racehorse pull of two hours and a half over that soggy, mossy ground, I came in sight of the new fort.

Strange how still that place was. There was not a challenge or a greeting as I climbed. I was too much exhausted to shout and rouse some one. I was in too much haste to look for an entrance, and, climbing directly over the wall by the cannon, came sliding down the other side, faint and a bronzed old English gunner who was sitting there sound asleep. He was the only mortal in sight.

"For mercy's sake, where are the rest of you?" I gasped, staring about in blank astonishment. He stood up, rubbed his eyes, looked down the path, and replied: "Hif you come from the left wing, sir, hif'd better hask where is the rest of you?"

He was as much bewildered as I. By degrees we got our senses into shape for a comparison of facts. He had been ordered to remain with the gun and told to expect the left at any moment, as they had been signalled the night before, that the central would move on at daylight to a point where the natives were massing, a day's march beyond, and that the left was to hold the position till the central returned. He had written orders in his pocket for the major.

It was only a little confusion somewhere in the signal service. "Too much brevity and a double construction," it was pronounced upon official investigation. The immediate result, however, was that the old gunner and myself were there alone, with at least five hundred savage warriors not an hour's march away, and all the camp luggage and ammunition left for us to guard.

"We might hide somewhere," I said as a feeler, to find out the temper of the old man.  
"An' give up the gun?" he exclaimed.  
There was no doubt about where he stood.

He laid his rough hand affectionately upon the piece, and he added, "Hif tell ye, sir, she's a 'oly terror. She's a powerful one. It's hods on the gun, sir, w'en they come."

"Well, give me a gallon of water and a bone to chew, and I'm with you," I replied. Before I had half finished eating, we heard the rumble of the drums. The cannon was loaded to do all that was in her. At loops ten feet away, on either side, we collected a dozen loaded rifles each and took our positions there, after placing our hats so that they would just show above the wall, still farther along on either side.

The first native to show himself was a fierce black Kafir, with a long-barreled square-butt gun, who came stealthily creeping along, under cover of the rocks, with his eye upon my hat. Two others were creeping close behind. Crouching on one knee, he deliberately levelled at the hat. It is an indignity which one as instinctively resents as if his head were really where the other fellow thinks it.

The two behind the leader were on a broad grin, watching for the result when I fired. The fellow jumped full five feet, and fell on his back. The grin disappeared from the other two, and they started over the rocks; but the gunner settled one of them, and before the other was out of sight I had a fresh rifle and took him in the back. We waited ten minutes in absolute silence. I should have been willing to wait much longer; but, with a blood-curdling yell, the whole line of undergrowth bordering the mound seemed wriggling with life. Leaping, yelling, firing, and brandishing all kinds of weapons, a perfect black mass came bounding toward us. Some few sprang from rock to rock, but most of them crowded more and more into the narrow path up the smooth ravine.

It was easy enough to see then the folly of having thought that two of us could hold the place, and, not being so ready as the old gunner to die for a cannon, I heartily wished myself anywhere else in the world. As fast as we could pick up, aim, and throw away the rifles, we made them do their duty. But what did the few we killed matter to that multitude? Their howls were something frightful. In two minutes more our lives would not be worth a broken straw. The whole gorge was one solid mass of fiends.

The old gunner dropped his last rifle and turned to the cannon. He folded his arms across it and looked calmly down the path. One would have thought that he had a full detachment at his heels, and even then that he was a brave man. The picture seemed to amuse him. His bronze face wrinkled in a smile. It suddenly struck me that he was crazy. The black fiends were within fifty feet of us. I was petrified.

"Now then, old girl," he muttered, and, as if it answered his voice alone, there was a crash that sounded like the thunder of a broadside.

How he did it I don't know, but before the smoke had cleared away he sent another, and then a third charge from that cannon's mouth. Then he folded his arms again, and with the same grim smile leaped upon the cannon and looked out into the smoke, as though nothing whatever had happened since he was leaning there a moment before. As the smoke lifted he muttered, "Hif told ye 'twas holds on the gun, sir. She's a 'oly terror. She's a powerful one."

Powerful! I looked down that ravine, and drew back with a shudder of horror. If I were to try to report the scene, it would not be believed. We did not dare to go beyond the walls till the central and the left came marching back together, having found each other in the jungle, but not a sign of the native insurgents. They found them all, instead, in the ravine waiting for burial.

The old gunner received promotion and a life pension, which he well deserved; but even then he "wouldn't give up the gun."

### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Never let a man imagine that he can pursue a good end by evil means. The evil effect on him is certain.—Southey.

The old Scythians painted blind fortune's powerful hands with wings, to show her gifts come swift and suddenly.—Chapman.

If we did not take great pains, and were not at great expense to corrupt our natures, our nature would never corrupt us.—Clarendon.

Fashion is gentility running away from vulgarity, and afraid of being overtaken by it. It is a sign the two things are not far asunder.—Hazlitt.

Music is a discipline, and a mistress of order and good manners; she makes the people milder and gentler, more moral and more reasonable.—Luther.

The most painful part of our bodily pain is that which is bodiless, or immaterial, namely, our impatience, and the delusion that it will last forever.—Richter.

I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star. Those only are beautiful which, like the planets, have a steady lambent light, are luminous, not sparkling.—Longfellow.

Man is greater than a world, than systems of worlds; there is more mystery in the union of soul with the physical than in the creation of a universe.—Henry Giles.

Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears; the effect of precepts is therefore slow and tedious, whilst that of examples is summary and effectual.—Seneca.

A strict belief in fate is the worst of slavery; imposing upon our necks an everlasting lord or tyrant, whom we are to stand in awe of night and day.—Epicurus.

Shakespeare paints so very closely to nature, and with such marking touches, that he gives the very look an actor ought to wear when he is on his scene.—Cumberland.

A scent, a note of music, a voice long unheard, the stirring of the summer breeze, may startle us with the sudden revival of long-forgotten feelings and thoughts.—Tal-  
fourd.

Neutrality is no favorite with Providence, for we are so formed that it is scarcely possible for us to stand neuter in our hearts, although we may deem it prudent to appear so in our actions.—Colton.

Somber thoughts and fancies often require little real soil or substance to flourish in; they are the dark pine trees which take root in, and frown over, the rifts of the scathed and petrified heart, and are chiefly nourished by the rain of unavailing tears, and the vapor of fancy.—J. F. Boyes.

## Poets' Corner.

### A Dream.

Oh, it was but a dream I had  
While the musicians played—  
And here the sky, and here the glad  
Old ocean kissed the glads,  
And here the laughing ripples ran,  
And here the roses grew  
That threw a kiss to every man  
That voyaged with the crew.

Our silken sails in lazy folds  
Drooped in the breathless breeze;  
As o'er a field of margolds  
Our eyes swam o'er the seas;  
While here the eddies lipped and purled  
Around the island's rim,  
And up from out the underworld,  
We saw the mermen swim.

And it was dawn and middle day  
And midnight—for the moon  
On silver rounds across the bay  
Had climbed the skies of June—  
And here the glowing, glorious king  
Of day ruled o'er his realm,  
With stars of midnight glittering  
About his diadem.

The sea gull reeled on languid wing  
In circles round the mast;  
We heard the songs the sirens sing  
As we went sailing past;  
And up and down the golden sands  
A thousand fairy throngs  
Flung at us from their flashing hands  
The echoes of their songs.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

### Which are You.

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day  
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the inner and saint, for 'tis well understood  
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth  
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span,  
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad for the swift flying years  
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I meant  
Are the people who lift, and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses  
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I wean,  
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load  
Of overtaxed lifters who toll down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear  
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

### He Was Satisfied.

I sat upon the zigzag fence awhile last Sunday morn,  
An' looked about across my fields of rustlin',  
dew-touched corn:  
I looked upon the browsing sheep within the  
pasture green.

The cattle an' the horses—sleek as any that is seen;  
An' further on, upon the shocks of wheat 'at  
spread away;

An' further an' yet further on, where rises my  
mow of hay;

An' lookin' on this scenery, I'd naught to say,  
you see,

Agin the way the world is run—it's good  
enough for me!

I sat upon my gallery steps last Sunday eve  
I did,  
As down behind the Western hills the sun,  
all sleepy, slid.

The honey-suckles' fragrant was sweet as  
any flowers  
That ever gleamed all red and rare about the  
Eden bowers;

An' over at the barn the girl was milkin' of  
the cows.

While katydids sent up their songs from  
shrubs around the house;

An' lookin' on this scenery, I'd naught to say,  
you see,

Agin the way the world is run—it's good  
enough for me!

### GALLANT RESCUE.

How a Young Lady in England Rescued Three Persons From Drowning.

Few more gallant feats have ever been performed by women than that of Miss Evans, the daughter of Dr. Evans, of Hythe, on Southampton Water, England. Walking on the pier with a friend, she heard the cry of three persons whose boat had been capsized near the pier. Running down the steps, she sprang into the water and soon brought the one nearest, a woman, safely to the steps. Then she swam off again to the others, a man and a girl. Waiting her opportunity, she managed to seize them both, and supported them until a rope was thrown to her, and she was then able to get the man to the pier. The girl was going down for the third time, when Miss Evans dived, brought her up to the surface and took her also to the pier, thus saving three lives. It is difficult to know which is the most remarkable—the courage displayed, or the skill with which, hampered by her clothes, she succeeded in avoiding the drowning grip that is so often fatal to those who attempt rescue, and so brought to the three persons one after another in safety to the pier. It is a feat of which the best male swimmer, unhampered by garments, would have every right to feel most proud, and, executed as it was by a young lady, was almost, if not quite, without precedent in the annals of deeds requiring presence of mind, skill and courage. It is indeed extraordinary that a swimmer, however strong, should be able to support at once two drowning persons and to avoid being caught in the grip of one or the other of them. Never was the Royal Humane Society's medal better deserved, and there can be little doubt that the act will receive the highest mark of distinction at the society's disposal.

### Luxury in Alaska.

Alaskan Host—Will you have strarber ries, mum?

Fair Tourist—Dear me; strawberries in Alaska! Yes, indeed I will. But what is that you are pouring on them? It doesn't look like cream.

Alaskan Host—It's blubber, mum.

### A Good Point.

Mrs. DeFadd—She is magnificently dressed, but her hands are not very aristocratic, are they?

Mr. DeF—No, they look as if they might be good for something.