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charges. If these are not to be had there are substitutes to be found in every household which can be given up for the purpose. A pitcher and a large earthen bowl may be utilized. Pads should be made, not less than a yard square, of many thicknesses of newspaper, with a layer of cotton batting, or some other soft material, on top, covered with cheese cloth. These are placed under the patient to protect the bed, and when soiled are rolled up and burned. If there is much discharge a square of white table oilcloth can be made the foundation, disinfected and used again.

GENERAL CARE.

The sheets and clothing can be changed as directed in the issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" for April 27th, and when the clothing is removed a sponge bath can be given without wetting the bed, by placing a folded blanket under the patient and spreading one over him. Under this shelter the sponging is done.

The lower part of the back, where the weight rests, the shoulder blades, the heels and elbows, should be rubbed with alcohol at least four times in the twenty-four hours and powdered with any good unscented powder. This prevents the formation of bed sores.

The mouth should be washed with water in which a little borax is dissolved, and the teeth cleaned with bits of soft rag. This is important, as otherwise the teeth get in very bad condition. The cleaning should be done frequently. If the lips are dry a little white vaseline may be used. The finger and toe nails require special attention to keep them daintily clean.

Every woman's hair should be brushed daily and braided in two plaits, tied at the ends.

DIET.

The mention of diet always recalls to my mind an old hospital patient who used to say, "I don't want no nourishment; I want to eat what I'd rather." Most typhoid patients, especially in the convalescent stage, would heartily agree with her.

As the disease attacks especially the small intestine, which is a part of the digestive tract, the food that is eaten must be most carefully regulated.

Liquid diet is given during the early stages. Milk used to be the chief reliance, but it was found to have many objections as an exclusive nourishment, and is now usually alternated with very thin, strained gruel, made with cornstarch, prepared barley or arrowroot, sometimes made with milk, sometimes with water.

Raw eggs are given, the yolks beaten and diluted with orange juice, or water, and the white shaken in a bottle, or self-sealing fruit jar, with a cup of cold water and a little salt or sugar as preferred. Most sick people dislike sweet things.

Chicken and mutton broth, beef juice and beef tea are also given.

Some doctors give soft blanc mange, curds, smooth soft custard and even bread quite early in the disease. They say that the patient is better nourished than by liquids alone, and does not suffer from hunger during convalescence.

It is then that the greatest care must be exercised in the feeding. The kind and quantity of nourishment should be regulated by the doctor, and no departure from his instructions be permitted. Any error at this time may bring on a relapse. A mass of undigested food may cause a half-healed ulcer to break through the coats of the intestine and cause a profuse bleeding, or acute inflammation.

DISINFECTION.

Every person having charge of a case of typhoid fever is bound not to let it spread farther. If it does it shows that there has been carelessness somewhere.

Everything that comes in contact with the patient must be disinfected, and most particularly the discharges, as by these the disease is principally communicated. In the country it is best to dig a pit, spread in it a thick layer of quick lime and deposit the discharges on this, covering each addition with a fresh layer of lime. The pit should be covered with boards, which must be burned when the pit is finally filled in. Wood ashes may be used if lime cannot be obtained.

Copperas, sulphate of iron, is a cheap and good disinfectant for the vessels.

Before they are used put in some of the solution and pour in enough to cover the contents before they are emptied. To make the solution, add one pound of copperas to a gallon of water.

If pads are used and short night-dresses the clothing will not be stained. Should it accidentally become so, pour boiling water directly on the stains before soaking. Throw all clothes into a tub of water with a handful of washing soda. After soaking boil them in a covered boiler with two handfuls of washing soda, rinse and hang in the air.

All cups, dishes and spoons used in the sick room should be rinsed in water containing washing soda, put in a saucepan kept for the purpose, in cold water, and boiled for at least twenty minutes.

Fresh air, sunshine, and plenty of soap and water are powerful disinfectants.

SUMMER COMPLAINT.

This is the name that we have given to nature's efforts to rid the system of a quantity of refuse matter that cannot be digested or absorbed, and must therefore be sent out of the body. Too much food, or food of the wrong kind, as fruit or vegetables, not properly fresh, has set up this commotion.

It occurs most often in summer, perhaps because the body is then relaxed by the heat and moisture, and not as well able to deal with an over supply of food as when braced by the cold of winter.

A gentle laxative dose is the first remedy to help nature to get rid of the offender. After that strict attention to diet for a few days will effect a cure, unless there is some deep-seated cause for the condition.

Toast, soda crackers crisped in the oven, cornstarch, gruel and boiled milk form an appropriate diet. No meat, vegetables, fruit, cream or fresh milk. A very little butter, and, when convalescence begins, a boiled egg may be permitted.

With young children, stop giving milk and feed barley gruel, white of egg in water, and arrowroot gruel. When milk is begun again, sterilize it for a time. Keep the child cool, but do not allow him to become chilled.

Friend and Enemy.

My friend was perfection in my sight,
And all he did was done aright;
I saw in him no flaw or blot,
When men assailed him I was hot
His dear perfections to defend,
Because he was my trusted friend.

Mine enemy was wholly bad,
I saw each weakness that he had,
I wondered what men saw to praise
And heard approval with amaze.
No worth or goodness could I see
Because he was mine enemy.

Yet I was wrong, for after all
In him I thought was wholly small
I've found so many greatnesses,
I've found so much of littleness
In him who had my perfect trust,
That time has made my judgment just.

And now with keener eyes I see
That neither friend nor enemy
Is wholly good or wholly ill,
For both are men and human still.
In both is much the years shall prove
That we should hate—but more to love.

—Maurice Smiley, in Leslie's.

Be Strong!

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.

Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce. Oh, shame!

Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long,

Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

—Maltbie Babcock.

The Lighter Side of Count Tolstoi.

So many of the admirers of Tolstoi's work, both literary and didactic, have insisted on the sombre side of his genius, that one is tempted to turn to the lighter side of the man who, before all others, has the whole world as his audience. Mr. Aylmer Maude, in his fascinating "Life of Tolstoi: First Fifty Years" (Constable. 10s. 6d. net), shows us the author of "War and Peace" as one of the most human figures in the whole history of literature, a man absolutely without pose, and wholly sincere alike in his virtues and in his sins.

LEARNING TO FLY.

From earliest childhood he showed his imaginative impulsiveness, and when he was about seven or eight he wished to anticipate the twentieth century by learning to fly. One day, at Moscow, instead of going to dinner with the rest, Leo remained behind, and threw himself from a window several yards above the ground. He had not been able to fly, but the concussion of the brain which followed this heroic attempt was fortunately very slight, and, after a sleep of eighteen hours, he woke up perfectly well. Less fortunate was the little daughter of his father's friend, Islenyef, to whom Leo became attached as a child. Jealous of her for speaking to others, he pushed her off a balcony, and for long afterwards she walked with a limp. Twenty-five years later Tolstoi married the daughter of this little girl, and his mother-in-law said to him, "Evidently you pushed me off the balcony in my childhood that you might marry my daughter afterwards!"

IN THE CRIMEA.

In that wonderful book, "Sevastopol," Tolstoi has sketched many types of the Russian officer. This is how he appeared to his brother officers, in the words of one of them:

"How Tolstoi woke us all up in those hard times of war, with his stories and his hastily composed couplets! He was really the soul of our battery. When he was with us we did not notice how time flew, and there was no end to the general gaiety. . . . When the Count was away, when he trotted off to Simferopol, we all hung our heads. He would vanish for one, two, or three days. . . . At last he would return—the very picture of a prodigal son! sombre, worn-out, and dissatisfied with himself. . . . Then he would take me aside, quite apart, and would begin his confessions. He would tell me all: how he had caroused, gambled, and where he had spent his days and nights; and all the time, if you will believe me, he would condemn himself and suffer as though he were a real criminal. He was so distressed that it was pitiful to see him. That's the sort of man he was. In a word, a queer fellow, and, to tell the truth, one I could not quite understand. He was, however, a rare comrade, a most honorable fellow, and a man one can never forget!"

An officer who joined the battery just after Tolstoi had left it records that he had left behind him the reputation of being a good fellow, a first-rate rider, and "an athlete who, lying on the floor, would let a man weighing thirteen stone be placed on his hands, and could lift him up by sytaightening his arms." Nobody could beat him at a tug-of-war, played not with a rope, but with a stick. He kept up his love of gymnastics in after-life: "Gymnastics were fashionable in Moscow in those days, and anyone wishing to find Tolstoi between one and two o'clock in the afternoon could do so at the Gymnasium on the Great Dmitrovka Street, where, dressed in gymnastic attire, he might be seen intent on springing over the vaulting horse without upsetting a cone placed on its back. He always was expert at physical exercises, a first-rate horseman, quick at all games and

sports, a swimmer, and an excellent skater."

ON HIMSELF.

On these things, however, Tolstoi does not insist in his Diary. This is how he appears to himself:

"I am ugly, awkward, uncleanly, and lack society education. I am irritable, a bore to others, not modest, intolerant, and as shame-faced as a child. I am almost an ignoramus. What I do know I have learned anyhow, by myself, in snatches, without sequence, without a plan, and it amounts to very little. I am incontinent, undecided, inconstant, and stupidly vain and vehement, like all characterless people. I am not brave. I am not methodical in life, and am so lazy that idleness has become an almost unconquerable habit of mine.

"I am clever, but my cleverness has as yet not been thoroughly tested on anything; I have neither practical nor social nor business ability.

"I am honest; that is to say, I love goodness, and have formed a habit of loving it, and when I swerve from it I am dissatisfied with myself and return to it gladly; but there is a thing I love more than goodness, and that is fame. I am so ambitious, and so little has this feeling been gratified, that, should I have to choose between fame and goodness, I fear I may often choose the former.

"Yes; I am not modest, and therefore I am proud at heart, though shame-faced and shy in society."

Needless to say, Mr. Maude disputes point by point this travesty of the gallant officer who refused the Cross of St. George, in order that it might be bestowed on a common soldier.

WHAT THE STEWARD SAW.

Leo Tolstoi continued his love of exercise when engaged in agricultural pursuits at Yasnaya. His brother Nicholas gave the following account of him to the poet Fet:

"Lyovotchka is zealously trying to become acquainted with peasant life and with farming, of both of which, like the rest of us, he has till now had but a superficial knowledge. But I am not sure what sort of acquaintance will result from his efforts: Lyovotchka wants to get hold of everything at once, without omitting anything—even his gymnastics. So he has rigged up a bar under his study window. And, of course, apart from prejudice, with which he wages such fierce war, he is right: gymnastics do not interfere with farming; but the steward sees things differently and says, 'One comes to the master for orders, and he hangs head downward in a red jacket, holding on by one knee to a perch, and swings himself. His hair hangs down and blows about, the blood comes to his face, and one does not know whether to listen to his orders or to be astonished at him!'"

Tolstoi, according to this account, was delighted at the way in which a Ufan stuck out his arms when plowing, and himself forthwith took to the plow and began to "Ufanize."

A FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

Like President Roosevelt, Tolstoi was fond of bear-shooting. Once, taken by surprise, he missed a bear at six yards, after which he wounded her in the mouth at two yards. She rushed on, however, and knocked Tolstoi down in the snow. Carried past him at first by her own impetus, the bear soon returned, and the next thing Tolstoi knew was that he was being weighed down by something heavy and warm, and then he felt that his face was being drawn into the bear's mouth. He could only offer a passive resistance, by drawing down his head as much as possible between his shoulders and trying to present his cap, instead of his face, to the bear's teeth. This state of things lasted only a few seconds, yet long enough for the bear, after one or two misses, to get her teeth into the flesh above and below his left eye. Luckily, a well-known professional huntsman named