

## Health Hints.

### How to Preserve and Restore Health.

**NEW CURE FOR SMALL-POX.**—A surgeon in the English army in China has discovered a remedy very efficient in small-pox. The disease is treated as follows: When the fever has reached the highest point, and before the eruption appears, rub the chest of the patient with croton oil and tartaric ointment, which makes the eruption appear on that part of the body, and not on the rest of it. By means of this treatment they also obtain the result of causing the eruption to break out entirely, and of preventing the disease from attacking the internal organs. Such is the treatment adopted in the English army in India, and it is considered a perfect cure.

**WARM FEET.**—Children and all feeble folks whose feet become cold in bed, should be provided with a foot-blanket. An ordinary woolen blanket will make four, if cut in two and then across at right angles; hem or bind the edges and the blankets are ready for use. To insure complete comfort, warm the blankets at bed-time. The habit most children, and many adults, have of drawing up the limbs in bed for greater warmth is a bad one, as when the body is in a constrained position, the circulation of the blood is greatly retarded. Children in particular should be taught to lie straight in bed, and when they sleep in a very cold room, it is but common comfort to give them a foot blanket. It is one form of safety to warm foot blankets ready for such members of the family as have been out in the cold at night. Rubbing the feet smartly is better than warming them at a fire. For sick persons, warm shoes as hot as the feet will bear, and put them on; it is a much better and quicker way than using a bottle of hot water, or heating a brick. To go to bed with cold feet or hungry, is idiosyncrasy, when both can be avoided.—*Rural New Yorker.*

**MILK AND OIL IN DISEASE.**—Dr. W. W. Townsend, a well-known physician in Philadelphia, in writing to the *Scientific American* on the use of milk as a diet in dysentery and typhoid fever, says:

"I am now in my seventy-fifth year, and have witnessed several epidemics of dysentery, typhoid, scarlet and relapsing fevers, small-pox, measles, &c., and have used milk in every case coming under my care for nearly 40 years, in every stage of the disease. I will not say it is a cure, for I do not believe in the so-called cures and "specifics." Milk is the natural food of all mammals. It not only sustains life, but promotes the growth of every part of the system. No other article contains all these ingredients. It is the recuperative power of nature that performs the cure, and he who studies how to assist it by sustaining the system is the best physician, and milk is one of the best agents that can be used. In dysentery I prefer fresh buttermilk, as all the patient wants is perfect rest, and discard all irritating cathartics and purgatives. Mercury in any of its preparations is poison in dysentery or scarlet fever, and the physician who gives them will never be successful. If his patient recovers, it will be despite his treatment. I will add that in small-pox and scarlet fever I anoint the patient from head to feet with olive oil, by means of a badger brush, and repeat as often as it disappears; thereby allaying the heat, keeping open the pores of the skin, producing quietude, preventing congestion of the capillary circulation, and obviating the necessity of anodynes. I have practiced the greasing for 35 years, and was sneered at by my medical brethren for it and the milk treatment. Now I believe it is in general use, and with the best results."

### A Doctor's Recollection of an Epidemic.

Dr. C. H. Van Klein, of Hamilton, Ohio, is perhaps the only physician in the United States who went through the terrible cholera epidemic in Russian army in the war between Russia and Turkey, and was the only American physician in the Russian service proper. The unfortunate Dr. Lawson was appointed by the English Red Cross and was assigned to the Armenian troops, where he served with the distinction, and was afterward decorated by the Princess of Armenia. Dr. Von Klein has a very vivid recollection of the scenes. When he was mustered out of the service at the close of the war the cholera was raging at Astrakhan and other smaller towns on the line of Siberia. People were dying by the hundreds, and a semi-panic had taken possession of the inhabitants. They were fleeing from town to town and finding relief nowhere. Astrakhan is a city of about 16,000 inhabitants, and adjacent to it were a dozen villages of from 3,000 to 6,000 each. In all of these cholera had been prevailing for some months.

Dr. Von Klein was one of a staff of army physicians who were requested by

the government to go into the infected region and break up the epidemic, if possible. When they arrived at Astrakhan the mortality was great and all kinds of business was practically suspended. The local physicians were all dead or powerless to help the people. Burials were made in the night-time and the dead were hurried out of sight, sometimes three or four in one grave. Every measure was taken to stop the spread of the disease, but to no purpose. The towns were put in as good sanitary order as the means at hand would admit. Tar, sulphur and juniper trees were burned in the streets, the burning of the juniper giving the most satisfactory results. The disease had taken such complete hold of the towns that nothing could be done, and after a consultation with the government, it was decided to burn the infected villages that were past hope. Astrakhan was spared, but five other towns of consequence were obliterated by fire. The inhabitants were removed to the country, the afflicted taken to hospitals and then the terrors were applied. The towns were fired at several places and one by one were speedily blotted out. In this way the scourge was checked after eight months. It was heroic treatment, but Dr. Von Klein thought it was the only thing to do, seeing that the whole country was threatened. Eight thousand persons died during this epidemic in a very small area.

In the event of the disease reaching our shores the doctor recommends that every family should take great precaution against it, and it would be better if this were done right away. Cellars should be kept clean and dry, and yards and alleys put in the best condition possible. Tar should be turned about the house and inside of it. The wood of the juniper tree, or juniper berries, he regarded as even better than tar for this purpose. Either or all of these could be burned in the house. As to food, oatmeal, cracked wheat and sweet milk are good. Eat sparingly of meats. Fowl and game are less hurtful than beef. Vegetables increase the temperature of the body, and should be avoided as a rule.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

## Prominent People.

**BLACKBURN.**—Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, has issued 845 pardons during his administration.

**TENNYSON.**—Alfred Tennyson's publisher used to guarantee him \$15,000 a year, but they can do it no more.

**ARMOUR.**—P. D. Armour, the Chicago speculator, is fifty-four years old, and worth \$10,000,000. He is a New York farmer's son.

**EADS.**—Captain Eads, the engineer of the Mississippi jetties, has been invited to attend a meeting in Paris to consider the question of the improvement of the river Seine.

**BEECHER.**—The Rev. H. W. Beecher's vacation has been extended by the members of Plymouth church. The extension is granted so that Mr. Beecher may lecture in some of the Southern cities.

**KIRKWOOD.**—Ex-Governor Kirkwood, of Iowa, since his return from a tour to the Pacific coast, is earnest in his advice to sight-seers to visit the Rocky Mountains rather than to Switzerland.

**HAWTHORNE.**—Julian Hawthorne greatly resembles his father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, but is hardly so large and handsome. He lives at Morrisania, N. Y., where he is writing his father's biography.

**BUTLER.**—General E. G. W. Butler, who, on the establishment of the Southern Confederacy, was offered the position of commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces, is enjoying a heart old age in St. Louis.

**TEEMER.**—John Teemer, the young oarsman, who recently achieved the distinction of winning a race in which Edward Hanlan was his competitor, is a native of Pennsylvania, nineteen years old. He is tall straight, square shouldered, with large dark eyes, and weighs 155 pounds when he rows.

**CARLETON.**—Will Carleton, the popular verse writer, is thus described by a reporter in Indianapolis where he has been visiting: "He is nearly six feet tall, of slender build, with a bright, rather youthful face, blue eyes, aquiline nose, and short whiskers, which cover only his chin. His hair which is slightly tinged with gray, is combed smoothly back, and this, combined with the somewhat clerical cut of his clothes, gives him rather the appearance of a well-to-do young minister on a vacation."

—Dr. T. R. Allison, a believer in the worth of vegetable food, says that diet is the philosopher's stone. "Allow me to diet a man," he says, "and I will make him lively or sad, good or bad tempered, lazy or studious, long, or short lived, or give him almost any known disease."

## Our Young Folks.

### Uncle Sam's Gold and Silver.

Uncle Sam has a money house in Wall street, New York, called the sub-treasury, which old King Croesus would have liked to visit. It contains, at present, in gold and silver coin, about one hundred and five millions of dollars all neatly packed in bags, or stowed in bins, in vaults which are supposed to be burglar proof.

In fact, they are burglar proof; else some gentleman of the profession would have attempted them during the last forty years.

They are deep down in the bowels of the earth, under a building the most massive and solid in all America. The building was built as for eternity, covering the whole basement with arches as strong as a stone quarry. Down in that marvelous understructure, Uncle Sam keeps the bulk of his gold. Doors beyond doors of solid steel protect it, these secured by locks that are wound up every night like so many clocks, which no key of man can open till they run down.

The silver vault is a spacious underground hall forty-seven feet long, twenty-eight feet wide and twelve feet high, divided into bins of various sizes. Here are nine hundred tons of silver coin, with thirty-three millions of dollars.

The gold is all kept in bags, each of which contains five thousand dollars, and the bags are piled one upon another in even columns twelve bags high.

When the sub-treasury bill was before congress, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and the whigs generally saw in it certain ruin of the republic. Since the system was adopted, however, the sub-treasury has received and paid something more than a billion and a half of the public money without the loss of a dollar, and without disturbing the course of business.

A lady of great ability, Mrs. Lamb, editor of the *Magazine of American History*, has been looking into the vaults and offices of the sub-treasury recently, and gives us a pleasing view of its excellent and easy working. The sub-treasurer, however, has anything but an easy time. In one day the office has paid eleven thousand pension checks, averaging twenty-six dollars each, and it is not uncommon for the treasurer to sign his name three thousand times in one morning to bond and gold certificates.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Keep the Children Happy.

Invent every possible amusement to keep your boys at home in the evenings. Never mind if they scatter books and pictures, coats, hats and boots! Never mind if they do make a noise around you, with their whistling and hurrahing! We would stand aghast if we could have a vision of the young men who had gone to utter destruction for the very reason that, having cold, disagreeable, dull, stiff firesides at home, they sought amusement elsewhere. The influence of a loving mother or sister is incalculable. Like the circle formed by casting a stone in the water, it goes on and through a man's whole life. Circumstances and worldly pleasures may weaken the remembrance for a time, but each touch upon the chord of memory will awaken the old time music, and her face, her voice, and her loving words will come up before him like a revelation. The time will come, before you think when you would give the world to have your house tumbled by the dear hands of those very boys; when your heart shall long for the noisy steps in the hall, and their ruddy cheeks laid up to yours; when you would rather have their jolly whistle than the songs of Nelson; when you would gladly have dirty carpets, aye, live without carpets at all, but to have their bright strong forms beside you once more. Then play with and pet them. Praise Johnny's drawing, Betty's music, and baby's first attempt at writing her name. Encourage Dick to persevere in making his rabbit hutch. If one shows a talent for figures, tell him he is your famous mathematician; and if another loves geography, tell him he is sure to make a good traveler or foreign missionary. Go with them to see their young rabbits, and chickens, and pigeons. Have them gather you mosses, and grasses, and flowers to decorate your room. And you will keep yourself young and fresh by entering into their joys.

## Home Economies.

**LETTUCE SALAD.**—Directions for the preparation of lettuce were given in the "emergency dinner," and also a rule for making a boiled dressing, which is one of the most delicate and delicious of salad dressings. A word or two regarding treatment of lettuce may not be out of place just here. Never cut it or use a knife to it in any fashion. Tear it apart and arrange it with the larger leaves on the outside and the smaller light yellowish leaves in the centre, so it will look like a head of lettuce fully opened. It is well not to dress it unless you fully know the tastes of each individual and find they are similar, for tastes about salads are quite apt to differ. Some prefer sugar and vinegar merely; others like best the French dressing, while still others desire the boiled or the Mayonnaise dressing. If you don't want the bother of making a dressing yourself it will save you much trouble to have a bottle of salad dressing always on hand in the chest.

**CARAMEL SAUCE.**—Pour one-half a cup of sugar in an omelet pan and stir over the fire until it is dark brown; add one-half a cup of boiling water, and just simmer, not boil, for a quarter of an hour; pour over the custard just before serving. This is so delicious on an apple pudding.

**FRENCH DRESSING.**—This is made and the lettuce is dressed at the table. Mix one salt-spoonful of salt and half a salt-spoonful of pepper in the salad-spoon; then fill the spoon three times with oil and once with vinegar, and toss all lightly together.

## Genes of Thought.

—Never leave home with unkind words.

—Never neglect to call upon your friends.

—Never laugh at the misfortunes of others.

—Never give a promise that you do not intend to fulfill.

—We walk on the verge of two worlds; at our feet lies the very grave that awaits us.

—Keep your religion sweet. A sour kind of piety that is always finding fault with others, grumbling and growling because things are not different from what they are, is neither pleasing to God, nor profitable to men. Open your heart to the sweet influences of divine grace, and let a little of God's sunshine into your soul.

### A Touching Memorial.

The superintendent of a street railway leading out of New York into the country, tells how a father and mother erected a memorial to their dead boy. Sitting alone in his office one day, a strange gentleman entered, who proved to be an officer in the army. He carried a little box in his hand, and after some hesitation, said:

"I have a favor to ask of you. I had a little boy, and I've lost him. He was all the world to me. When he was alive my wife used to search my pockets every night, and whatever loose change she found, she would put it away for the baby. Well, he's gone. Here is the box."

"We talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that we could not do better than to bring the money to you to pay the fares of poor sick children out of town during the summer."

"It would please him to know that he is helping to save the lives of other poor children. As soon as the box is empty we will fill it. While we live we will keep up the bank."

The box has been twice emptied and filled, hundreds of sick and dying children have owed to this dead baby their one breath of fresh air this summer.

### Duties of Daily Life.

Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercise of the christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill breeding, their perverse tempers to endure neglect when we feel we deserve attention, and ingratitude where we expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way and whom he has provided on purpose for the trial of our virtue, these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexations in business, with disappointments in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance in short, with whatever opposes our will or contradicts our humor this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or afflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but infernal evils, properly improved, furnish a good, moral discipline, and might in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.

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**COCOANUT CAKE.**—Take the whites of five eggs, one small cup of sweet milk, one cup and two-thirds of another of granulated sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, about three cups of sifted flour; flavor with almond extract; bake in layers. Beat the whites of two or three eggs to a froth, add pulverized sugar enough to make rather thin frosting, and put between the layers; on this scatter cocoanut; put on enough to make a nice layer; for the top and sides of the cake the frosting should be a little thicker.

**CHOCOLATE CAKE.**—Take a half pound of melted butter, and stir it until it froths. Take the yolks of twelve eggs, stir them into the butter, add half a pound of pounded sugar, the same of ground almonds, a quarter pound of chocolate, ground, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, pounded. Stir all well together for a quarter of an hour. Then beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and add these to the above mixture. Butter the mold, and bake the above in a moderate oven for an hour and a quarter.

**JELLY CAKE.**—Beat three eggs three minutes; add one teaspoonful of white sugar; butter the size of a small egg, warmed but not melted, and one small teaspoonful of lemon extract. Beat altogether five minutes, and add one-third of a teaspoonful of sweet milk. Sift one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder into one teaspoonful of flour, and stir into the other ingredients. Spread thin on round tins, and bake in a quick oven. When partially cool spread with currant jelly, and put the layers together.

**CARAMEL CUSTARD.**—Put one-half a cup of sugar in an omelet pan and stir until it melts and is light brown. Add two tablespoonfuls of water and stir into one quart of warm milk. Beat seven eggs slightly, add one-half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla and part of the milk. Strain it into the remainder of the milk and pour it into a buttered two quart mold; set the mold in a pan of cold water and bake thirty or forty minutes, or until firm and a knife-thrust comes out clean. Serve it cold, with a caramel sauce poured over it. To cool it for dinner place the mold in a pan of ice water, and do not remove it until it is perfectly cold and you are ready to serve it.

**VEAL CUTLETS.**—This way of cooking veal has been very much liked at the cooking-school, and several repetitions of it have been asked in the demonstration lessons. Veal from the leg is always used for cutlets. This portion of the meat is tough, and, if fried or broiled, as is often done, without any preparation, is hard and indigestible. Pounding and trimming carefully, and then simmering in the nicely seasoned gravy, make it tender and delicious. Take one slice of veal from the leg, wipe it well, and remove the bone, skin and tough membranes. Pound and cut into shapes for serving. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roll in fine cracker crumbs, dip in beaten egg, then roll again in the cracker crumbs. Brown the pieces in hot salt pork fat, and put into a stewpan. Make a brown gravy with the pork fat, if it is not scorched, by adding to it and working thoroughly into one heaping tablespoonful of flour; when this is smooth and well cooked add one and one-half cups of hot water, or stock if you have it. Season with Worcestershire sauce, or onion or tomato, as suits your own taste. Pour the gravy over the cutlets and simmer until tender, which will be in about three-quarters of an hour. Take out the cutlets and put them on a hot platter, remove the fat from the gravy, add more seasoning if needed, and strain over the meat. Garnish with sliced lemon. In seasoning any dish remember always that a successful flavor is one which cannot be defined. If any taste is marked the delicacy and refinement of the dish is lost. Too many cooks insist on emphatic flavors, and by so doing lose all claim to the title of artists.

## Liberal in One Way, at Least.

"I should hate to have a husband who 'lowanomed me every time I wanted to buy anything," said Mrs. Slimms. "When I tell Slimms that I want a little change to go shopping with he doesn't hum and haw as some men do. He just takes out his pocketbook and says: 'Certainly, my dear; how much do you want, a five or a ten?' 'And what do you say?' asked Mrs. Smith. 'Oh, I never say anything. He gives me the money right off, without waiting for me to answer.' 'And how much does he give you?' 'A dollar, generally—unless he has some change handy. But then it isn't the amount that I care so much about. It is the readiness with which he responds to my request that makes me think so much of him.'"

—One of the most singular of the fish family is the whistling sucker, which is sometimes caught in Walker lake, in Nevada.

## BE MERRY.

BY A. ANIMUS KELLY.

Youth's a time for mirth,  
And not for sorrow;  
Value life for what it's worth,  
Discount not the morrow.

Youth's a time for love,  
And not for reason,  
When young blood the pulses move,  
Then love is in season.

In age 'tis time enough  
To harbor melancholy,  
The wisdom of mirth need no proof,  
Seriousness is folly.

It's well enough, perhaps,  
To caution reckless sinners;  
But let alone those merry chaps  
Who revel in good dinners.

Wine and song and women fair,  
These all make life cheery;  
For doth not holy writ declare  
We should eat, drink and be merry?

[Bryn Mawr Home News.]

## Scraps.

—Key West has four local Spanish papers.

—Generally profitable mission—a commission.

—In Savannah, Ga., an income over \$800 per annum is subject to a city tax.

—The anti-billious American tomato are shipped largely to London for the use of her clubs.

—It is understood that Mr. A. J. Cassatt will have his famous horse Bend Or in the New York Horse Show.

—It is a well established fact—that a person who is guilty of squirting tobacco juice in the house of worship, don't expect to rate as a gentleman.

—Three new operas will be produced in Hamburg the coming season; "Sulamith," by Anton Rubinstein; "Colomba," by Mackenzie; and "The Veil of the Prophet," by Stanford.

—The "Townsend Chimney," at Port Dundas, Glasgow, is 468 feet high from foundation to coping, and is asserted to be the tallest chimney in the world. It contains 1,400,000 bricks, and weigh 7000 tons.

—A Brooklynite, named Geo. W. Parrett, says he has been supernaturally informed that a large treasure lies hidden in the Central Park, N. Y., but the commissioners will not let him do any experimental digging there.

F. J. Loees, a well-known, Sheffield, (Eng.) bicycle rider, recently covered 20 miles in an hour on his wheel, with 1min. 26 sec. to spare, and the English papers declare this to be the most remarkable bicycling on record.

How peaceful is the night!  
The moon pours love and light  
O'er all the scene;  
The house dog glares askance,  
With a shred of lover's pants  
His teeth between.  
—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Clothespins, which come principally from Maine, are made chiefly of white birch and beech. When the logs are cut into proper lengths by steam machinery, the cut pieces are deposited on an elevator belt, which feeds them into turning lathes, each capable of turning 80 pins a minute.

—Assays of the nickel ore discovered in Churchill county, Nev., are said to have yielded 30 per cent. of pure metal.

—Some oystermen express the belief that the oyster, like the lobster, will become too scarce to meet the popular demand in a few years.

—A young lady living in Port Jervis went to a barber shop there last week and had her hair (which was 3 feet 6 inches long) cut because it made her head ache.

—According to the latest census of Japan, taken the first of the present year, the population of the empire is 36,700,110, of whom 18,598,998 are males and 18,102,112 females.

—What is the difference between a muscular tramp and a newly cleaned lamp? Only this, one is a well-limbed tramp and the other is a well-trimmed lamp.—*Oil City Derrick.* There is, likewise, this difference, that generally the lamp is worth something, and the tramp is worthless.

—A meeting called by temperance leaders in Liverpool recently, was captured by men not in sympathy with its real objects. There was no disorder, and but little feeling beyond the natural vigor of speech on either side, and the Chairman of the meeting, Mr. Balforer, a noted temperance worker, declared carried a resolution asserting that the meeting had been really called for the purpose of adversely influencing the Board of Magistrates in the matter of licenses.

## Wouldn't be so Mean.

The New Orleans Picayune says: "It is a strange Providence that blows down a church and lets a shot-tower stand." The editor of the *Picayune* has evidently never attended a church fair and paid \$5 for a colored china doll. A shot-tower never plays that sort of a game on its congregation.