

COUNTRY AIR PROMOTES LONG LIFE.

Breathing an Atmosphere of Purity Wards Off Deadly Disease.

The loss of pure air, sunshine and other "free" goods and their effect on the physique of city dwellers are not adequately compensated by hygienic reforms of town life itself, while the increased number and complexity of sensations impose a greater strain upon the nervous system. The nervous degeneration which thus accrues may perhaps be checked in time by further hygienic improvement of the town and by a gradual readjustment between the nervous system and its changed environment. But meantime grave physical injuries arise directly from those very economic changes which have raised the economic condition of the great mass of the workers and have probably reduced the quantity of purely economic poverty. When we reflect that the physical injuries of town life, attested by tables of mortality and impaired muscular activity, fall most heavily upon the poor, we shall see grave reasons of industrial and social life are generally favorable to the physical vitality of the low paid worker or the residuum—that is to say, whether he gets any net vital advantage out of the higher rate of real wages which he obtains when he is working.

When we also bear in mind that each year a higher proportion of the workers are living in large towns, where the duration of life is about 15 per cent less than in the country, and that the age of enforced retirement from regular wage earning is, by reason of the strain of competition and the regulations of trade organizations, considerably earlier than it was formerly, and that an increased irregularity of employment is discernible in many of most trades, we may hold it doubtful whether the average worker of the lower order makes a total life wage which is any higher than he made formerly. The conclusion applied by Charles Booth to the whole body of workers that "in one way or another effective working life is ten years longer in the country than in town" has an important significance when we remember that each decennial census shows a growing proportion of workers subject to the conditions of town life.—Contemporary Review.

THIS TO PREVENT SEASICKNESS.

A New York Doctor Prescribes Mixed Peptone, Sherry and Cracked Ice.

A New York physician has originated a novel preventive for seasickness, which has the advantage of being simple and seemingly sure. At all events, it was tried with marked success upon a young woman who is always affected by the comparatively slight motion of sound steamers and railroad trains. In her case, after two doses, she was able to bear without inconvenience the rolling beyond Sandy Hook and the subsequent tossings of the voyage.

The remedy is the administration every half hour of two spoonfuls of peptone in sherry, cooled by pouring over cracked ice. The theory of this is no less interesting than the dose itself. The young doctor argues that the swallowing of frequent small quantities of predigested and slightly stimulating food produces a sedative effect upon the stomach and counteracts the jouncing brought about by the incessant and violent motion of a ship at sea. Other doctors have quite lately invented a seasickness cure consisting of cocaine or bromides, the latter in large doses, these being given with the design of dulling the stomach, as it were, and so preventing nausea. But it cannot be learned that any actual results have been attained in this way.—New York Herald.

Englishmen Who Traveled.

Where one Englishman traveled in the reigns of the first two Georges ten now go on a grand tour. "Indeed," says a contemporary writer, "to such a pitch is the spirit of traveling come in the kingdom that there is scarcely a citizen of large fortune but takes a flying view of France, Italy and Germany in a summer's excursion." Gibbon wrote from Lausanne describing the crowd of English who were already thronging the beautiful shores of Lake Lemane. An interesting series of hints to "persons traveling from Britain to France" appeared in The Gentleman's Magazine for the year 1786. From them we gather that no such thing was to be had in France as ready furnished lodgings and that it was impossible to board in a "genteel family," and extremely difficult to get into "genteel company." The author adds the remark that "this keeping of good company is attended with some expense—a man must game, he must keep a carriage, and he must dress according to the fashion."—Cornhill Magazine.

Bullets That Wear Out Guns.

There is one thing which users of the new high velocity rifle of 30 caliber have to consider, and that is the effect of the copper or nickel jacket on the grooves of the rifle. A bullet that leaves the muzzle of a rifle at a velocity of 2,000 feet a second is so wearing on the rifling, especially near the muzzle, that the accuracy of even the hardest bored rifles is seriously impaired inside of 12,000 shots at the most. The lead bullets, or those but slightly hardened with a mixture of tin, do not wear the barrels to the same extent, and the barrels last far longer.—New York Sun.

Made a Difference.

Forrester—You live in a quiet part of the town, do you not?
Lanester—Not now.
"Moved?"
"No. Twins."—London Answers.

If a machine or device has been in public use or on sale for more than two years previous to the application this fact will generally prevent the granting of a patent.

John Hunter, the famous anatomist, once said that the feminine love of conversation was a consequence of a peculiarity in brain tissue.

WHAT BICYCLES MIGHT DO.

The Many Adaptations of a Wonderful Gem.

"Well, Jabez, what is the matter? You seem absorbed."
"Lemmo alone. I'm inventin."
"Doing what?"
"Inventin, I tell you. Got the artist's wheel down fine. His palette is in front, his easel's behind, and all his paints on the cranks—they keep better mixed that way—and he just wraps his canvas around the upper bar of the frame. See? And I haven't forgotten his umbrella."

"Is that all?"
"No. I had to give a power of thought to a wheel for a double bass—kind of unwieldy thing. Got over it by making the double bass man straddle his instrument. Trombones, ophicleides and kettle-drums just pack away like boxes in a nest, and Sousa's only got to say a word and my fortune's made in musical wheels."

"Anything else?"
"There's the literary wheel—got the points from a Brooklyn librarian. The book or the magazine is held in place just this side of the ram's horn, and there is an automatic concern that turns over the leaves at the exact time. With that arrangement the publishers will have no further reason to complain that books are now a drug on the market. Then there is the sportsman's wheel. He slings his double barrel right under him, and there's a rest if he's a pot hunter, and a place for 50 rounds of ammunition, and a crib for a pointer or setter, as the case may be, and a game bag and a basket for holding dog biscuit for a week.

A little variation in the sportsman's bike and you have the angler's rig, down to his green painted hamper with the bait in it. The drummer's wheel took a lot of sabb. I don't care what kind of samples the man carries—teapots or pig iron—it's all arranged for. Don't ask me any more questions, for I'm on the milkmaid's wheel now. You couldn't catch on, I am afraid, not being an ingenious turn of mind. Well, it's about this, and don't you give me away: She just scowches around her cows, and the milking stool is adjustable. A patent attachment to a cycloidal sprocket works the exhaust and strips the last drop from the cow's udder. Then, when the tin bucket that the chain carries along is filled, all she has to do is to zip around to another cow, and that works the churner, and so by the time she is through with the very last Sukie there is your butter, and the cyclometer tells you how much butter you have to a pound. I'm working out a refrigerating principle now as a part of that wheel so as to keep the butter cool and fresh. That wheel is going to break the co-operative dairy business. Don't ask me no more silly questions. See?"—New York Times.

Former Slave Market, Constantinople.

On benches so placed as to command a good view were the buyers, coarse looking Turks, whose calm, searching gaze seemed to take in every detail. The merchant conducting the sale stood before them, talking and gesticulating with great vehemence. He turned to one of the pens, which was filled with young Circassian women, most of whom were very handsome. They were seated close together on the ground in an attitude of listless despondency, their white garments flowing around them, and, as they gazed up at me with their sad, dark eyes, I felt painfully how they must envy the free and happy stranger who came to look on them in their infamy and misery.

Blackburn and Blair.

They tell a good story in Washington on Joe Blackburn. He had an exciting argument in a senatorial cloakroom at Washington several years ago as to the relative value of brandy and whisky as man's greatest boon. In the midst of the argument the stoical prohibition Senator Blair of New Hampshire entered the room. Forgetting the well known total abstinence tendencies of the New Englander, Senator Blackburn appealed to him to settle the dispute. "I do not know the difference between whisky and brandy," replied Senator Blair, with a face as passive as a Japanese doll. After Blair had departed Blackburn's eyes actually moistened with sympathy as he shook his head sadly and said: "Poor old man! His stomach must be in awful shape."—New York Tribune.

Ducks and Drakes.

A man who wrote to Forest and Stream awhile ago said that 80 per cent of the ducks he had killed were drakes—four drakes to one female—and he wanted to know the reason why. Others promptly said they had observed similar preponderance of drakes, and also wanted to know why. One man told how he had seen one female duck chased by four or five males. He had killed 45 in a spring day's shooting, and of them only 9 were females.

Thus far no explanation has been given of the matter.

Diagnosis.

"Uncle Dick, what's a delusion?"
"Well, Bobby, it is thinking your expenses next month will not be as heavy as they are this month."—Detroit Free Press.

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