EATING AND SICKNESS.

A Practice That Can Not Be Condemned Too Strongly.

I know of no more absurd and unphysiological notion than that which prevails in many, if not most communities, that one must take food when sick, with no regard to the appetite, the attending circumstances or the state of the digestive powers. The folly of this ought to be apparent, to the more sensible class, when they remember that the appetite is the guide to food-taking, as this indicates the waste of the body, this waste imperatively demanding food that may be supplied. This should be appreciated from the fact that this appetite is increased by hard, active labor, wearing away the tissues, while inactivity, mental and physical, reduces it, so that not more than one-half of the food needed by the active toiler can be readily disposed of by the inactive, the indolent.

In sickness there is but little activity, but little waste of the tissues, consequently, but little appetite, relatively. Indeed, in cases of acute diseases, as fevers, inflammation and the like, as a means of preventing harm from overeating, the appetite is utterly destroyed, as the first precautionary step, and, as if to make safety doubly certain, the taste is taken away, that there shall be no temptation, as a matter of sensual indulgence, to which is added, as a very decided precautionary measure, a nausea rendering it quite certain that food can not be relished. This, then, is a very merciful arrangement, since taking food at such a time would tax the digestive powers, aggravate the disease, and, in extreme cases, might destroy life. Indeed, the brutes either know too much to eat when sick, or are so controlled by their instincts that they will not, since even the swine, very low in the scale of creation, peremptorily refuse to eat even the simple food taken by them, naturally, when in health. In acute diseases it is wholly unnatural to take food, for both human beings and brutes, since such food would not only tax the digestive powers, but derange the whole system. We may reasonably infer that this arrangement is made on the principle that, while in sickness, the system has enough to do without attending to the digestion of food.

But it is asked how one can be nourished without food during the several weeks in which the appetite is suspended? That is plain. We are so made that, in such an emergency, the system feeds upon its fat, etc., as we may see by the "hollow cheek and sunken eye" after the "run of a fever," during which it is by no means unusual for the appetite to be suspended for five or six weeks. Again, since the human body is composed to a very great extent of the three gases of air and water, and since, in the absence of the appetite, a very urgent thirst is substituted, it is plain to see how the system can be sustained, during the inactivity of a fever, by a free use of water, cooling the body, rapid breathing, when the carbon of the body fats is added.

A still more conclusive argument against eating in acute diseases is found in the fact that the gastric juice is not secreted at such a time, at least, in the usual qualities, if at all, while it should be plain that digestion can not proceed without the digestive juices. Eating is one thing; nourishment quite another. It may be impossible to be nourished, sufficiently, without eating, under ordinary circumstances, but it is possible to eat and not be nourished, since we are nourished by what is digested, not by all that is eaten, for much may pass undigested. Then, never eat without an appetite. If this is foolishly done, nature may, very wisely and mercifully, throw off such food by vomiting. The more we follow the dictates of nature in these matters, the safer it is for us, and the more healthy we shall become. —*Dr. Hanaford, in Golden Rule.*

WALL STREET BEARS.

How They Operate the Markets and "Twist" the Bulls.

Brokers and operators are "bears" when they have sold stock, and particularly stock which they did not own, contracting to deliver it at some future time. They are then "short of the market." The disposition of the bear is to pull things down. The Wall Street bear is often found "gunning a stock" by putting forth all his strength and craft to break down the price, and especially when aware that a certain house is heavily loaded and can not resist his attack. He "buys in" by purchasing stock to meet a "short" contract, or to return borrowed stock; "covers," or "covers his shorts," by buying stock to fulfill his contract on the day of delivery. This is a self-protective measure, and is called "covering short sales." A "drop" in the price of a stock is to a bear the next best thing to a "break." He rejoices in an "off" market when prices fall. He "sells out" a man by forcing down the price of a stock that the person is carrying so low that he is obliged to let it go, and perhaps to fail. He groans lustily when the bulls get a "twist on the shorts" by artificially raising prices, and "squeezing," or compelling the bears to settle at ruinous rates. Neither "bull" nor "bear" is an altogether safe "critter." The latter, however, is reputed to be about four times as mischievous as the former, inasmuch as he rudely sells another man's property, whereas the bull contents himself with carrying his own.

The bear occasionally finds himself in a "corner," where it is impossible to buy the stock of which he is "short," and which he must deliver at a specified time. He growls and begs, but must pay what the holders of his contracts are willing to accept. Some relief is afforded by a "let up," or the withdrawal from the market of the "clique," or "pool," or combination of operators that cornered him. A "squeal in the pool" is the revelation of its secrets by one of its members, and a "leak in the pool" is when one of the parties sells out his interest without the knowledge of the others. Either form of defection yields some mitigation to the bear's sufferings.—*E. Wheatley, in Harper's Magazine.*

—The grandest performance ever given—Niagara in her great cater-act.

THRIFTY IMMIGRANTS.

Claiming to Have No Money as a Matter of Economy.

"Some people don't know any more where they're going than a dead man," said an agent yesterday who has had long experience in transferring immigrants bound for Western points. "Before our present system was established," he continued, "they used to give us a great deal of trouble, but now everything runs like clockwork. A man passes through every incoming train before it reaches the city, finds out from their tickets where the immigrants are going, and then gives them colored cards indicating the depots to which they should be transferred.

"When they reach the station they are separated into different groups and each lot is taken to its proper depot, bag and baggage, by Parmelee's buses—the road receiving the people paying their bus fare. Then, when our consignment arrives here, for instance, I have to sort them all over again and give them new slips designating their towns and trains. After I've seen to it that each party gets aboard the right train I am done with them.

"Before the fire I was in the employ of an immigrant aid society that used to take care of the immigrants in a big room over on Illinois street. There was an eight-holed range in the room, and every little while the women would get into a fight and rush up to my desk in the corner screaming: "I put my pot on first!" 'She took my pot off!" in different languages and with arms akimbo.

"There used to be a great deal of humbuggery in those days, too. You see people already over here would write back to their friends, telling them to say that they had no money when they reached Chicago, and that somebody would take care of them and send them on free. I remember one Norwegian, for whom I was just about to get a pass, when a man who came over on the ship with him told me that he had a big bag of gold. The Norwegian refused to swear that he had no money, and I then gave him just time enough to get out of the house. The next day he bought a ticket and paid for it in gold.

"The neatest catch I ever had though, was a woman whose husband had written a letter to her here. She couldn't read, and so she asked me to read it to her. I read along until I came to a sentence that made me stop. It was: 'When you get to Chicago, say that you haven't got any money.' I asked her if she had any money, and she replied that she had. Then I went on with the letter—not without remarking to her, however, 'Madam, your husband is a scoundrel.'

"We don't have much of that sort of thing now. If a man gets stranded here and hasn't much money, we give him a ticket for what he has. If he's going to a place where he has friends, we telegraph to them, and, if they deposit the price of the ticket at the other end of the line, we send him on. In case he has nothing but some baggage, we give him a ticket and turn his baggage check over to the conductor."

"Which naturally gives you the least trouble?" he was asked.

"Well the Germans, on the whole; the Norwegians and Poles are the worst because they won't believe anybody. Then there are the half-gentlemen who have been behind the counter in the old country, and who expect you to take off your hat to them. I speak German, Swedish, Norwegian and Italian for transfer purposes; but Poles, Bohemians, and Finns I can't do anything with—I have to get an interpreter."—*Chicago News.*

Some Frank Confessions!

"Our remedies are unreliable."—Dr. Valentine Mott.

"We have multiplied diseases."—Dr. Rush, Philadelphia.

"Thousands are annually slaughtered in the sick room."—Dr. Frank.

"The science of medicine is founded on conjecture, improved by murder."—Sir. Astley Cooper, M. D.

"The medical practice of the present day is neither philosophical nor common sense."—Dr. Evans, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Dr. Dio Lewis, who abhors drugs as a rule and practices hygiene, is frank enough, however, to say over his signature "if I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I should use Warner's safe cure because I am satisfied it is not injurious. The medical profession stands helpless in the presence of more than one such malady."

An old proverb says: If a person dies without the services of a doctor, then a coroner must be called in and a jury empaneled to inquire and determine upon the cause of death; but if a doctor attended the case, then no coroner and jury are needed as everybody knows why the person died!—*Medical Herald.*

DISTANCE from the ocean is no safeguard from its dangers. Two horse-thieves in Montana recently fell victims to a high tied.—*St. Paul Herald.*

A CONTEST between two dentists as to which of the two could take out most teeth in a given time resulted, as was expected, in a draw.

AN enterprising reporter, writing of a wreck at sea, stated that no less than fourteen of the unfortunate crew and passengers bit the dust.—*N. Y. Independent.*

WE do not know as ghosts are liable to disease, but we have heard of the cholera in-phantom.—*Marathon Independent.*

AND now Chicago claims that pork is a brain food, being a product of thousands of Western pens.—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE oasis of Fignig has been given to France. Fignig is no doubt the African for "picnic," when you have a bad cold.—*Troy Times.*

AN embryo coquette: Miss Elsie—"Who are you staring at?" Master Alfred—"I wasn't staring at any one." Miss Elsie (after a pause)—"Well, you may if you like."—*Judy.*

Wives and newspapers are just alike. The only man who knows how to manage them properly is the man who has neither. —*Philadelphia Call.*

You can't make the hero of a blood-curdling drama of a bald-headed man. It is impossible for his hair to turn white in a single night.—*N. Y. Herald.*

IT is a curious physiological fact that a corn never grows on the right foot. It is always on the wrong one.—*Boston Transcript.*

A DEFEATED politician is a good deal like the earth he covets: he is somewhat flattened at the polls.—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE Chinese name for the "Old Scratch" is It Ching. This is remarkable.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A BEAUTIFUL BRIDGE.

How It Is Protected Against Hostile and Invading Armies.

The bridge over the Isne in France was a most beautiful structure of stone, presenting from the right point of view lines of the utmost beauty and grace. It was known as a skew bridge, that is, it crossed the stream obliquely. Such bridges present special difficulties in their design and construction, arising from the fact that all the curves become changed from those necessary in a bridge placed at right angles with the banks; in proportion to their obliquity, arcs of circles become portions of ellipses, The engineer of this bridge, M. Martin, succeeded in producing a most beautiful design. There were mysteries in this bridge impenetrable to the unaided eye. Massive, imposing, enduring as it appeared, the piers which sustained its elegant arches concealed a special provision for its rapid destruction should the feet of a hostile and invading army attempt its passage. The engineer, it is said, when pointing out these magazines, designed to be charged with powder in case of emergencies, wept at the possible fate of his beautiful design. Our readers may estimate from the elaborate character of this structure what the destruction of bridges in France during the time of war really means. It means destruction of almost inconceivable wealth of architectural design scarcely to be comprehended in our own country, where such elaborate bridges are the exception rather than the rule.—*Engineer.*

—Good Havana tobacco is getting scarcer every year. Not more than ten per cent. of the tobacco crop of Cuba can be rated as "first-class" quality, and there has been no really fine-flavored, aromatic leaf harvested since 1881. The principal reason for this is that the soil is getting worn out and the plantations are suffering from the collapse that has followed, an excessive dose of guano.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A novelty in silver is the discovery of a process of electro-plating with silver upon wood.

THIN-ROBE-INSIDE-OUT is the name of an Indian agent in the West. When he visits Boston he will be spoken of as Mr. Reversed Duster.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Turkish Funeral Customs.

An observer of customs at Constantinople writes that upon the occurrence of death there is a general rush for the corpse. Its wives throw themselves upon his body, and with loud shrieks call on him to come back to them again. The men stand a round and weep, and the nearest relatives tear their clothes. There is none of that shrinking fear of death with the Turks that is so marked among the more civilized Italians. The grief is for the most part formal, probably only the favorite wife and a few of the children really meaning what they do. The first excitement gives way to a more quiet grief and the women commence the long rattling cry for the dead, which they probably got from the Greeks, and which is remarkably like the "Uslulalu" of the Irish under similar circumstances. Fifteen minutes is the regulation time that must elapse before the more distant relatives begin to get calm, and the others drop off at distinct and well-understood intervals thereafter, the wife who has borne the most children to the dead man being expected to keep it up the longest, a period of time often lasting until the funeral itself.—*Boston Budget.*

THAT success inspires envy and dishonest competion is well known. The force of this must have often occurred to the Charles A. Vogeler Co., of Baltimore. Last year in London, Eng., an unscrupulous dealer sought to place a so-called "St. David's" Oil in the market on the strength of the great popularity of the Vogeler Co.'s "St. Jacob's" Oil. Thanks to English law, the high court of justice promptly issued a perpetual injunction against the defendant and imposed heavy damages. Some years ago the U. S. Court at Cleveland, O., in a similar case awarded this Baltimore house $11,000 damages. The Charles A. Vogeler Co. has again been called upon to defend its rights and has recently instituted suit in the Circuit Court of Baltimore city for injunction and damages. No doubt the best evidence of the marvelous efficacy of "St. Jacob's Oil" is to be found in the many unsuccessful attempts to trade upon its reputation.

JUST the pipe to smoke—The stovepipe. —*The Judge.*

FISH are generally weighed in their own scales.—*Life.*

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MRS. JOICIE A. M'DONALD.
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