

THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Astonishing Skill Possessed by the Natives of the Frigid Zone.

The natives of the frigid zone know, too, how to set effective traps for deer, wolves and other animals without the aid of wood or white men's implements. A deer trap, for instance, is made by digging a hole in the deep snow and covering it with snow blocks held in position by resting upon each other. For bait little lines of salted water are led to the center of the covering of the pit, and following up one of these the unsuspecting animal falls in and becomes an easy prey to the hunter.

A wolf-trap is made by coiling into as small a space as possible slender strips of whalebone about a foot in length, and tying them with thread made from sinew. Each coil is then imbedded in a small chunk of meat and thrown upon the snow, where it is subsequently found by the wolf and lited without chewing. In a little while the frozen meat thaws, the sinew is wet and slips the loosely made knots, the whalebone straightens and pierces the stomach and intestines, and the animal dies in torture. In winter the northern native knows how to find the "blow-hole" in the ice fields, where a seal comes up to get a fresh supply of air for his lungs. This "blow-hole" is very different in reality from that which is usually pictured in the illustrated stories of Arctic travel.

Generally they are represented as irregular openings in the ice from two to six feet in diameter. The fact is, one unfamiliar with the habits and haunts of these marine mammals would pass directly over a blow-hole in winter or spring and not see it, as it is not usually more than from half an inch to an inch in diameter at the surface of the ice. The native seal-hunters are greatly assisted in these searches by their dogs, whose keen noses scent the odor of seal meat and guide their masters to places on the right and left of the line of search that would otherwise have escaped the notice of even these keen-eyed hunters. When found, the location is marked for future reference, and at some subsequent time, when meat is scarce in the snow-hut that shelters the hunter's household, he repairs, with snow knife and spear, to one of the places previously marked, and, building a shelter or break-wind of snow-blocks, sits down to await the return of the seal. Sometimes these vigils are prolonged not for hours only, but for days, at a sitting.

In the spring, when the seal comes out upon the ice to bask and doze in the warm sunlight, the hunter approaches him by lying down and advancing cautiously, at the same time imitating the motions of a seal, keeping his feet and legs, which he crosses at the ankle, close together, so that they much resemble the hind-quarters of a seal. Indeed, when at a distance, I have frequently found it difficult to tell which was the seal and which the man. It is the early training of the northern savages that has taught them to do all this skillfully.—*Cosmopolitan*.

ABOUT TIGHT LACING.

Doctor Wilde Denounces the Unreasonable Dictates of Fashion.

Miss Leffer-Armin's statement, in a lecture delivered recently at St. Saviour's Hospital, that "she had heard of instances where ladies were so determined not to exceed the fashionable measurement that they had actually held on a crossbar while their maids fastened the fifteen-inch corset," has excited a great deal of incredulity, but there is nothing really improbable in it. From the sixteenth century to our own day there is hardly any form of torture that has not been inflicted on girls, and endured by women, in obedience to the dictates of an unreasonable and monstrous fashion. "In order to obtain a real Spanish figure," says Montaigne, "what a Gehenna of suffering will not women endure, drawn in and compressed by great coaches entering the flesh: nay, sometimes they even die thereof!"

"A few days after my arrival at school," Mrs. Somerville tells us in her memoirs, "although perfectly straight and well made, I was enclosed in stiff stays, with a steel band in front, while above my frock bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder blades met. Then a steel rod with a semi-circle, which went under my chin, was clasped to the steel band in my stays. In this constrained state I and most of the younger girls had to prepare our lessons; and in the life of Mrs. Edgeworth we read that, being sent to a certain fashionable establishment "she underwent all the usual tortures of backboards, iron collars, and dumbs, and also (because she was a very thin person) the unusual one of being hung by the neck to draw out the muscles and increase the growth," a signal failure in her case.

Indeed, instances of absolute mutilation and misery are so common in the past that it is unnecessary to multiply them; but it is really sad to think that in our own day a civilized woman can hang on to a crossbar while her maid laces her waist into a fifteen-inch circle. To begin with, the waist is not a circle at all, but an oval; nor can there be any greater error than to imagine that an unnaturally small waist gives an air of grace, or even of slenderness to the whole figure. Its effect, as a rule, is to simply exaggerate the width of the shoulders and the hips, and those whose figures possess that stateliness, which is called stoutness by the vulgar, convert what is a quality into a defect by yielding to the silly edicts of fashion on the subject of tight lacing.—*Woman's World*.

The time of the ocean steamship passage has been reduced by more than one half since 1840, and by more than forty per cent. since 1860.

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

Indifferent to Their Tales and You Will Soon Be One of Them.

Trouble-makers flourish in all classes and conditions of society. Their chief business in life seems to be the creation of discord among people or members of a family who, but for their interference, would be in harmony. It doesn't take much to start them in business. A thoughtless word, inadvertently dropped, is all they require to put a variance a whole neighborhood. They never repeat a thing exactly as they hear it; they are always sure to add something to it, if not in words in inflection, so there will be no mistake made in understanding just what they mean you should. For fear you might be in doubt they are always eager to explain just what they are positive the person meant who uttered it. To be sure they do not intend to make trouble. They wouldn't make trouble for the world. They really don't like to repeat such things, and they do hope you won't feel hurt, but they think it is only right that you should know just what people say, so as to be on your guard. Only they are your friends, they say they wouldn't think of telling you. These people have a very vague idea of what constitutes a friend. Friends never wilfully hurt the object of their friendship by carrying mischievous stories. Only on rare occasions will they repeat any remark heard, in reference to their friends, to the person upon whom it was passed, and when they do so there are always good reasons that they should. They never repeat a remark simply for the sake of showing you that other people don't think as much of you as you seem to think they do, which is the usual motive of the trouble-makers. Friends usually work under the good old adage, "What you don't hear will never hurt you," and this is, certainly, one of the most sensible rules known for any one to live up to.

Some one makes a thoughtless remark about some one not present, very often in a joke, and were the person there at the time the remark would, very probably, have been made just the same, and passed over as a joke by all present, the object of it enjoying it as much as any one. But when the person referred to is not present then comes the opportunity for the trouble-maker. She soon finds time to run to Mrs. C—'s, to tell her what was said about her at Mrs. B—'s the last time she was there, usually adding something to the remark passed on her own account. Mrs. C—, indignant and hurt, very often, in the heat of the moment, says something that ten minutes later she would give any thing if she had not uttered. This is the trouble-maker's chance, and she does not hesitate long in improving it. Hurrying to Mrs. B—, she repeats what Mrs. C— said, at the same time withholding from her the provocation that brought out the angry words, and adding to this something of her own coining to make it apply closer. It does not take many of these visits to make these two women the bitterest of enemies. They meet on the street and pass each other with scarcely a look of recognition. Neither of them has openly said to the other any thing that would cause things to be in this state. Each one feels as though she, alone, were the injured party, and the other had willfully wronged her. Both were excellent friends until the trouble-maker came between them, and, with her stories and insinuations, gave each the impression that the other was her greatest enemy. When this result is reached the trouble-maker is satisfied to let them get along as best they can, and turns her attention to the severance of some other friends.

The above woman is bad enough in her way, and creates a great deal more trouble than is ever remedied, but when she is once known, people who have had any dealings with her are careful not to give her a chance to again work mischief among their friends. There is another kind of woman who is really more dangerous than the above, and creates more mischief, though perfectly oblivious, at the time, of doing so. She is the thoughtless woman who repeats every thing she hears, simply for the sake of talking. She is perfectly honest and open, and never intends hurting anybody. She wants to be on the best terms with everybody, and she usually is. She always feels grieved when any words of hers have caused trouble, and always winds up her regret with: "I declare, I shan't repeat another thing, for my tongue always runs away with me. I just feel like biting it out." This resolution doesn't last long, and in a little while she has done more mischief with her thoughtless remarks, and so she continues and will continue, for it is as natural for her to talk as it is for her to eat. A woman of this kind is hard to match. She is so perfectly free from any intention of creating trouble, that a person is apt to be careless in what they say before her, even though she may have unintentionally made trouble many a time.

It is too bad that such women as these should come between either friends or relatives with stories to separate them. Whether intentionally told or thoughtlessly told, unless the relation is trustworthy, they should never for a moment be given a thought. Treat them all with an utter indifference, and they will very soon die out. When the professional trouble-maker finds you are indifferent to her tales she will soon cease to visit you, for as far as you are concerned, her occupation will be gone.—*Boston Budget*.

They call the connubial tie a bow-knot in Chicago, because it pulls out so easily.—*Life*.

A ROYAL SAVAGE.

The Succession of King George, the Ruler of the Tongva Islands.

We called at Tongatuba, the principal island of the Friendly, or Tongan, group, and, learning that the King was then in residence, determined to pay our respects to the celebrated old man, of whom we had heard so many and such strange stories. His house, we found, was a very nice-looking two-story wooden building, close to the sea, and stood in a good-sized compound, fenced in on all sides. Passing through a handsome pair of cast-iron gates we arrived at the mansion itself, the veranda of which appeared to be used as a coach house, for there was proudly and snugly stored away the royal buggy; rather an anomalous sight for a palace and a strange position for an equipage of state.

There were no signs of life about the place, and failing to wake any one by repeated knocks at the front door, we decided to circumnavigate the establishment, and did so, finding it chill and lifeless everywhere till we came to a row of cool houses and upon a curious sight. There, in the veranda of one of them, squatted an ancient and dusky person, with only a scant cloth fastened about his waist, and bending his head obediently before an old woman who was literally plastering it with lime. As soon as the curious pair became aware of our presence the process of operation was arrested, and, perceiving this, we were about to address them to explain our presence and ask a few questions, when the gentleman of the limy head roared out something in a truly terrible voice, and at the same time a fine young Tongan, very oily and three-quarters nude, came rushing out from the interior toward us. With much politeness and evident agitation he conducted us away from the veranda and back to the big house, where, in broken English, backed up by much gesticulation, he revealed to us the appalling fact that we had trespassed upon the privacy of no less a person than his majesty the King.

Having humbly apologized for our innocent intrusion and received a reassuring answer, we were ushered through the window into a sort of drawing-room, a well-furnished apartment, with a number of red velvet chairs set around a long mahogany table—one chair a little higher than the rest, acting, no doubt, as a throne. Here we waited for about half an hour, when his majesty entered, accompanied by an interpreter, and was graciously pleased to accord us a formal interview. He shook hands very pleasantly with our party, and we all sat down on the red velvet chairs, the interpreter squatting on the floor between.

The King, seen at closer quarters, was really a noble specimen of a semi-savage, standing quite six feet four inches, of wonderfully well proportioned and athletic build, upright as a dart, and moving grandly in spite of his advanced age.—*London Globe*.

WOULDN'T INTERFERE.

A Mother-in-Law Who Knows How to Keep Her Tongue from Wagging.

"No," said old Mrs. Dragon, who had just arrived for her visit at the home of her newly acquired son-in-law, Chauncey Breene, "No, I don't believe in mother-in-law interfering in the affairs of their married children. I've always said that I never would, and I—why, Hattie Breene, you ain't using your best silverware every day, I hope."

"O, he does; well, it makes an awful sight of work scouring it, and you know you ain't extra strong. But, as I was saying, I don't believe in—Hattie, I hope you don't try to keep that baby dressed in white all the time!"

"Yes, mamma dear; Chauncey dislikes colors on a baby."

"O, well, I suppose the child must wear white, then; but it must make your wash bills awful heavy. However, as I was saying—Chauncey, if I was you I'd speak to the butcher about leaving so much fat on the steak."

"Chauncey likes it that way, mamma."

"O, does he? Well, he'd better learn not to like it; it's unhealthy. You oughtn't to put sugar in tomatoes, Hattie; they're healthier without."

"But mamma, Chauncey—"

"O, if he likes them so, of course it's no affair of mine. But I won't eat them that way. Seems to me I smell tobacco smoke."

"I guess it's Chauncey's cigar smoke, mamma."

"He doesn't smoke in the house?"

"Why, yes, he—does—mamma."

"Mercy on us! I wonder the baby lives through it. But, of course, it's his own house and—Chauncey don't you think Hattie looks thin and pale? I noticed soon as I saw her. Hattie, you make your coffee entirely too strong."

"Chauncey, likes it so, and—"

"That's just what makes his color so bad and you know very well that you oughtn't to touch it. Chauncey, that baby mustn't wear spring heels yet. I'll change these boots you brought home this evening. And you and Hattie make a mistake in feeding the child as you do. I'll see to it's diet hereafter; and I think I must speak to your provision man about the meat and potatoes. And I think, Hattie, that your servant needs a little looking after. And, Chauncey, I'm afraid you burn too much gas, and I'm sure the furnace wastes coal. If I can find a good carpenter around here I'd like to change some of these doors. I don't believe in meddling mother-in-law, but it's a real help sometimes to have a little advice, isn't it, children?"—*Zenas Dane, in Detroit Free Press*.

Give the sheep a variety of food and improve their condition and the flavor of the mutton.

HOME A SANITARIUM.

Why Every House Should Have All Modern Improvements for Health.

There never has been a period of the world when so much was known as to the conservation and preservation of health and life. It has been the tendency in all the advances in science and in arts to inquire how far they are applicable to the interests of the individual and what applications do they admit of directly in the interests of humanity. It is a part of the practical character of the age that it seeks for this practical use of knowledge.

We have come to know much of the forces that act upon our lives both within and without the body. The organs and their functions are understood as never before. When we speak of exercise we no longer speak of it as a mere development of muscle or of the general growth, but come to ask how it shall be so arranged and practiced as to give vigor to every organ of the body. If there is found to be narrowness of the chest or imperfect expansion of lung tissue, we at once address our attention to pulmonary exercises, that shall supplement what is done for the invigoration of the general system. If there is an organ, as the stomach or liver, that fails fully to accomplish its part in the process of digestion, we know how to favor it in the choice of our foods until it has had time for rest and a process of hygienic medication or management. Where there seems to be good nourishment and yet the nervous system is over susceptible, if only the training is begun in time it is surprising how much can be done to give to it vigor and tone. Thus it is that we now work with the body on the lines of its own physiology and take care of it as we would of a machine that is building or is undergoing repair. It is body building and care and not a mere exercising in a general way.

So in the choice of a location and a house to live in there are well-known rules and conditions. What soil or ground is best, how to deal with it if found too wet, how to build walls so that they shall be well aired, how to adorn and furnish a house in accord with the laws of health, how to heat and ventilate it, these and many other points are better understood than they are applied. The greatest trouble is that the process is often expensive, or the workmen that are employed to carry out the design are incompetent. It is just because of this that we are at the present time running such risk to health. That which is theoretically possible and practical, so far as methods are concerned, is too often not really secured. The wall is not perfectly constructed, the drainage, if done, is made with defects, the sewer connection does not connect, or if it does the pipes are of such quality as not to last. The trap is ventilated on the wrong side, or not at all. Other traps are so arranged as to secure syphonage. The overflow of the wash-basin is but a conduit for foul air. The furnace which brings in air from out-of-doors for heating is so open in its joints or so badly cased that the cellar air also gets in as well as the dust and the gases from the fire. The gas-burner has imperfect combustion or the fixtures leak. The abundance of fine shades and curtains serves to keep out air as well as heat. So the breathed air is kept in the house and so dried and burnt that we have to call upon our bodies for the supply of moisture that they demand.

In other words, it is easy to see how all our conveniences increase the possibilities of abuse. Our greatest blessing and convenience become our greatest hazards. No physician in general practice but that sees constant examples of this. The winter air of many a house does not compare in purity with what it was before all of the modern conveniences came to hand. There is, after a time, a lowering of the vitality of the family if not any severe form of disease. It is for this that so many have to seek a summer on the seashore and a winter in Florida. Better than all is to have a perfect home in which there are no perils to health. Better still to have it what it ought to be, a real sanitarium in which the family so live as to secure the highest amount of vital force for the growth of the children and for the working vitality of the older members. We hope the time will come when the householder will not begrudge five dollars a year spent in securing the written report of a competent health authority as to the actual condition of his home and as to any necessities for health. There is no such saving as that which saves from sickness and gives full vigor for the work of life. Every one needs to be a care-taker for his own household, and thus secure that deliverance from avoidable disease which comes in no other way.—*N. Y. Independent*.

Berry Cresser, the fifteen-year-old boy of Rome's Northern suburb, has been married to Edie Trammell, the thirteen-year-old daughter of Henry C. Trammell, of Forrestville. The couple were united by Rev. Floyd M. Oswald, of the same village, and the question now arises, are they married legally? Young Cresser has been arrested.—*Rome (Ga.) Tribune*.

Since the signing of the convention proposing an extradition treaty between this country and Great Britain, in London, June 23, 1886, there have been fifty-three embassments, amounting to over three million eight hundred thousand dollars, the authors of which have fled to Canada.

THE NATIONAL BIRD.

Story of Two Eagles on Exhibition in a Norwich (Conn.) Store.

The Legislature in 1885 enacted a law making the penalty for the offense of killing an American eagle a fine of from \$25 to \$50 and the cost of prosecution, or an imprisonment of not more than thirty days. Having adopted the statute, it was at once placed in the archives of inert laws, in the number of which Connecticut is distinguished above other States, and the American eagle was shot with reinvigorated impunity. With characteristic spirit, country hunters who prior to the passage of the law had not cared much about shooting American eagles, neglected no opportunity to bring down the bird of freedom.

For reasons not understood by local ornithologists the Thames river valley has always been a favored haunt of the national bird. In the past fifteen years every eagle that has been killed in the State, with the exception of one or two shot in Fairfield County, has been killed in this valley. Almost daily an eagle may be seen above this river, sometimes a mere speck against the blue dome, often hovering over a valley farmstead to find out whether the farmer has any thing good to eat in his poultry yard, or winging his way treacherously under cover of the forests that skirt the river banks, looking for a chance to rob an industrious fishhawk of his fresh fish. From the valley the eagles sometimes journey over to Stonington, and even to Rhode Island in search of meat, fish and clams on the long, lonely beaches.

It was the intent of the eagle statute to preserve the Thames river valley as a breeding place, the legislators being moved by a laudable fear that if the destruction of the bird went on there would not be eagles enough left in the State after a few years for Fourth of July celebrations and other patriotic purposes; but it is apparent that the American eagle can look out for himself without the help of Hartford and in spite of lawless hunters. Within a week or two four handsome birds have been shot in this part of the State, three in the valley, and one near Westerly, by a small boy with a rusty musket. The handsome bird, which is a giant, has been set up, and is now on public exhibition in a store window in this city, in undisputed evidence of the efficacy of Connecticut statutes. It is not so bald as the bald eagle of Westchester, but its feathers are very thin on the top of its head, and there is a beautiful cape of white feathers under its wings, with a band of white about the neck.

In the window it is in the distinguished company of a golden eagle—a rare bird in New England—which was captured in a steel trap in Preston in the ignoble business of stealing chickens from Mr. Guile, of that town, a few weeks ago. It had a habit of dropping into Mr. Guile's yard daily and carrying off a hen or a turkey, and it had got away with about a dozen of his fowls before the steel trap fastened to its legs. It is a much bigger and an immensely stronger bird than the bald eagle, with a great spread of pinions that could easily carry away a full-grown turkey or a lamb. Mr. Guile has no doubt that it could have flown away with a baby if it had been fond of country babies in the rough.—*Norwich (Conn.) Letter*.

HOW TO SLEEP WELL.

A Plan Which Should Be Tried by All Victims of Insomnia.

Take exercise. Get out of doors if possible and walk before bed-time till you are physically weary. Give your hips, legs, feet and toes something to do. Let them know that one of the uses they are for is to call the blood down from your overworked brain and pumping heart, into your flabby extremities till the upper machinery can be relieved of some of the pressure you have forced upon it, and then turn in and have some rest.

If you keep the hot, feverish blood jumping and boiling through blood vessels in the head, as you would keep a fire under a tea-kettle you wished to cool off, how can you expect to settle down to a slow rate and enjoy bleated, refreshing sleep. Elliott sleep well, but fools who refuse to give their brain a rest, have lots of fun keeping awake and thus letting the dog-fight go on.

Work less and accomplish more. Do not give your stomach all it will hold and thus keep the boy on the hay mow working all night with his fork to throw back what you have pitched up, or into him. Do not go home mad, and then sit and read, read, read, till your brain does not know whether it is a human brain or a junk wagon into which every thing is slung.

Romp with the children. Play with them. Play checkers, bean bag, fox and geese, or some other game with your wife or some one else.

Never undertake to study at night. Never permit your children to study after sundown, as to do so is to bring on headaches, backaches and heart-aches. You can rest assured that you can not fool Nature or put her in a good nature by insulting her, outraging her, finding fault with her, making her drunk, or keeping her up nights and taking in freight, when she wants to get her harness off and enjoy a few hours' vacation.

Do not try to finish all your work to-day. This was never yet accomplished and never will be, though millions of candidates have been called out of the convention for attempting so senseless a thing.

So long as life here on earth is the going to your own funeral, don't be in a hurry unless it rains. The slower you travel the greater distance you will journey, the more you will see, the more fun you will have and the more there will be of you when you get there.

Try our plan and let us know how it works.—*Quincy (Ill.) Journal*.

FARM AND FRESIDIO.

A Connecticut dairyman tried warming the water for the cows to drink in winter, and the increase of butter in ten days paid the expense of piping the trough.

In the three years from 1881, the corn crop of Dakota has more than trebled in quantity, with the certainty of constantly increasing, in the future, this established ratio of progress.

Do not be economical with the bedding material. There should be enough to completely absorb all the liquids, as they are worth more than the bedding material.

Ham Salad: One pound of boiled ham, chopped fine; one-half dozen small pickles, chopped fine also; add little chopped celery and serve with a dressing as for a chicken salad.

A thick coating of whitewash on the walls of the cellar will be as productive of benefit now as during the warm season. It will also make the cellar light and cheerful, and greatly assist in preserving the purity of the atmosphere.

It is claimed that the average production of farms is less than that of twenty years ago. This shows that our system of farming has not improved, and condemns the growing of grain on large areas. The remedy is, smaller farms and better cultivation.

There is no reason why farmers should receive less than the regular prices for any kind of produce. If they will ship articles in good condition, and allow nothing to leave the farm except that of the best quality, they can always find a ready sale for all classes of produce.

Spice Cake: One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful nutmeg, one and one-half teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, three cups of flour.

The age of a cow has much to do with her value as a milker. A cow with her first calf never milks as well as with her third or fourth one, and for a dairy animal, as a rule, is unprofitable. For this reason care should be taken in buying cows for the dairy, to obtain those with their second or third calves, not with the first one.

Tongue Cheese: Take one beef tongue, two calves' livers, three pounds of salt pork, and boil until thoroughly cooked. Mince together very fine, season to taste with spices, press the mass into a pan and allow to get cold. Slice thin and serve upon a napkin in a lunch dish.

Pocket for Crochet Needles: This is a very useful and ornamental pocket to hang on the wall or inside a large work basket. It is made on a foundation of cardboard. Cut the back six inches long and two and a half inches wide and shape the top any design you like. Make the front three inches long and three and a half wide. Cover the card with blue satin, bind with narrow ribbon, sewing on a gold bead for each stitch in the front of the binding. A row of gold beads is placed on the front about one inch from the edge all round. Sew the front to the back and ornament with bows of pale blue and coral-pink ribbon.

CURE FOR COLD FEET.

Some Medical Advice Furnished by a Gentleman Buffalo, N.Y.

After long and careful research in hitherto unexplored fields of medical science, and moved by a spirit of genuine philanthropy, we herewith submit to suffering humanity the following remedies for cold feet.

With the understanding that you are a cold-foot martyr, place a piece of rough sand paper inside your stockings and sprinkle freely with red pepper. You will find this the nicest warming-pan you ever saw.

After wearing the stockings, or rather the sand paper, a couple of weeks, your feet are still cold and pulseless, place the flat of them against the backbone of a sleeping friend and, as he begins to feel his spinal thermometer running down towards zero, he will, if he is a responsive soul, grab you by the hair of the head and attempt to twist your head off.

Four or five twists, properly twisted, will cause the blood to circulate and your feet will warm up accordingly. Dose, one twist every second. A cure guaranteed.

We said we would guarantee a cure. We meant in all but extreme cases, or cases of extremities—cold extremities.

There may be, now and then, an unfortunate who has tried the above-described exhilarating process with little or no success.

The backbone generator may have refused to work, or it may have worked too freely.

The probability is, however, the patient is suffering from what we shall here be pleased to term pedal paralysis, or chronic encrustation of the feet, and in that event the feet must be dipped in hot water, not too suddenly or too frequently, so as to surprise the feet, but gradually, say every fortnight, till they become accustomed to their novel surroundings; then every week, and ultimately daily.

The patient may deem this mode of treatment horribly severe, almost barbaric, but let him remember it is the last resort.

Nothing will cure pedal paralysis, or chronic encrustation of the feet, but water.

If the patient shrinks with loathing at these brilliant suggestions and refuses to employ a little water semi-occasionally he may expect to stub along through life with a couple of poor, miserable non-conductors, an object of no special interest to his friends and a burning reproach to himself.—*Drift*.