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PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

The Remarkable Mental Effect Often Produced by the Use of Ether.

Within a few years it has been claimed by various physicians and scientists that ether often produces a most singular effect on the mind of the patient or experimenter who takes it, giving rise to what has been called the "anesthetic revelation." James Clark, a writer on this subject, affirms that just as the experimenter recovers from the anesthetic, and before wide awake consciousness fully returns, he has an intense perception of what seems to him at the time the philosophic secret of existence, the true explanation of the universe. This singular impression, though intense, does not last long; and, in spite of the subject's strong efforts to carry the "revelation" out into wide awake consciousness, he finds himself unable to do so, but is left full of awe by his strange experience, and wonder at the nearness of the solution, which for so many ages has been sought so far afield.

The abstract, philosophic nature of the ether dream gives it a special interest to students of philosophy and psychology. By its intensely specific character it differs entirely from the opinion of hushesha hallucination. The opinion enters any dream of a thousand different things, but the ether patient invariably has one fixed impression—a belief that the ultimate secret and explanation of existence stands revealed to him as finite knowledge never has or never could reveal it. The singular thing is that this impression may happen to a man who has never given one thought to philosophy, and whose mind, therefore, is void of material for this impression. This fact, and the specific likeness of effect of the ether on all who have made the experiment, had led some psychologists to declare the impossibility of considering the phenomenon a dream, and to claim place for it as genuine philosophic insight.

The Function of the Bile.

Among the many mooted questions in physiology is the function of the bile. Dr. Dastre recently reported his observations in this direction to the Societe de Biologie de Paris. He said that he had previously proven that the presence of bile in the stomach during different periods of digestion did not take from the gastric juice its digestive power; consequently it could not be the cause of vomiting or of severe gastric troubles. At the present time, owing to the success of two operations for cholecysto-intestinal fistula, he thought himself in a position to conclude that the bile contributed, as well as the pancreatic juice, to the digestion of the fat—an opinion which is counter to that expressed by Claude Bernard. In fact, the two animals being in good condition four months after the establishment of the fistula, they had been given a meal of fat and milk, and then slaughtered during full digestion. The examination showed with absolute clearness that the lacteals were transparent between the stomach and fistula, and, on the contrary, entirely white and milky below the fistula; that is to say, where the bile had been able to get, consequently, if observation on the rabbit shows us that the bile alone is unable to emulsify the fats, the preceding experience shows us that the pancreatic juice alone is also powerless. They must be mingled in order to act well. In other words, bile as well as the pancreatic juice takes part in the digestion of fats.

Smokers' Vertigo.

Dr. DeCaenle is reported in The New York Medical Record as having recently investigated a number of cases of vertigo in smokers. Out of sixty-three patients forty-nine were between 50 and 60 years of age. More than half of them suffered, in addition, from digestive troubles, with constipation alternating with diarrhoea, insomnia, palpitations, dyspnoea, and diuresis. In the third of the number there was marked intermittence of the pulse, and granular pharyngitis, while others suffered from apoplexy, amblyopia, etc. Thirty-seven were persons who smoked habitually on an empty stomach; and these suffered from vertigo, principally in the morning. The vertigo generally coincided with suppression of perspiration and diminished excretion of urine. The treatment consisted mainly in regulating or suppressing the cause, but thirty-three out of thirty-seven patients ceased to suffer on merely refraining from smoking on an empty stomach.

Don't Ask Invalids How They Are.

A physician, illustrating the evil custom of talking to an invalid about his pains, says that once he requested a mother to mark a stroke upon a paper each time that she asked a sick daughter how she was. The next day, to her astonishment, she made 109 strokes. A three months' visit away from home was prescribed.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

The Wise Chaperon Is a Young Girl's Social Providence.

A girl's mother is her natural chaperon and should always be with her on her entrance into society. Thus the custom of the best society is voiced by Mrs. John Sherwood, who adds: It is she who has the instinct to take care of the delicate, imprudent young creature who may dance too long and sit in a draft afterward. The mother must be first and foremost in everything, the pleasant factor at all the dinners, suppers and drives. But if a girl has no mother, or the mother is necessarily absent or ill, so that she cannot chaperon her daughter, a chaperon must be found.

To a girl just entering society it is a bewildering place, and the tinsel is as good as gold. The wise society matron knows it all, and she knows that a young girl's awakening from this dream of delight to a frightful reality is a thing which has often happened. Additionally, wisely, truly a chaperon should shape a young girl's destiny by warning of evil and encouraging all that is good, sincere and noble in character and conduct. If a young girl finds herself dogged, watched and suspected, if she detects her chaperon trying to open her notes, or furtively watching her, she is very apt to think that double dealing is the proper thing and to try to outwit the detective. Here, as in all relations of life, honesty and confidence beget honesty and confidence; young men and young women who are treated as upon honor rarely deceive parents or guardians. On the part of a chaperon there should be respecting letters a delicacy and caution. The sacredness of a seal is inviolable among well bred people. A mother, even, should think twice before she opens her daughter's letters. If a girl has not principle enough to confide in her mother no amount of espionage would make her confidential.

Rules to Be Observed.

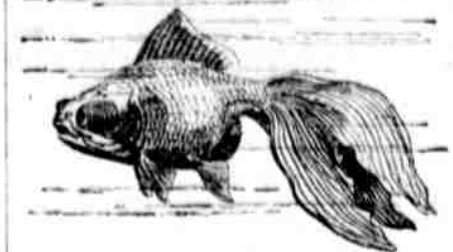
The gentleman enters church or theatre first when escorting a lady to a seat.
Address a letter to a married lady by her husband's name, as Mrs. John Brown.
A young lady should be married in church or at her own home. Her fiancé should marry her and take her to their new home, but the ceremony ought not to be performed there.
It is always proper to inquire after the hostess of your friend or to leave a card for her.

YOUNG FOLKS COLUMN.

A HALF HOUR'S ENTERTAINMENT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

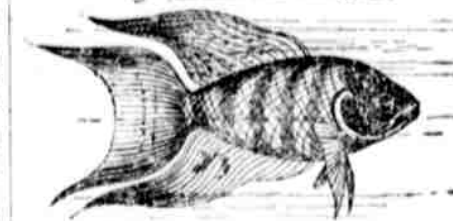
Peculiar Variety of Gold Fish, Including the Telescope and Double Tailed Fish.
Directions for Keeping Fish in Aquaria or Globes.

The fish represented in the cut are varieties of the well known gold fish or gold carp, a native of China and Japan, in which countries they have been bred and domesticated for centuries, and as the most bizarre forms have been carefully preserved, very singular variations have resulted, some of which possess large double tails, others have their dorsal and anal fins enormously exaggerated. The most singular are perhaps those that have hideously enlarged eyes, which protrude from the head and cause the creatures to be called telescope fish.



TELESCOPE GOLD FISH.

Gold fish breed rapidly in ponds where the water is warm, as by the escape of waste steam or hot water from a factory. The young are at first dark, but gradually change color, becoming silver or golden. When kept in globes they rarely spawn, and are subject to a fungoid disease affecting the skin, for which no cure is known. In aquaria or globes they are frequently very erroneously treated; broad crabs are thrown in, which destroy, rendering the water turbid and unwholesome, and the fish become diseased. They thrive best on insects, small worms, especially the aquatic kinds, or minute



DOUBLE TAILED GOLD FISH.

shreds of raw meat, but at no time should more food be given than is eaten greedily; any excess putrefies in the water and induces fatal fungoid diseases. Large aquaria, with some growing vegetables, such as duck weed, valisneria, etc., are far superior to globes. Moreover, if there is sufficient vegetable growth, the water is not soiled with refuse food and a few water snails and lyncea added to keep down the excess of green coniferoid growth, the water will not require changing for months, or even, in a well managed aquarium, for years together.

Story of the Lost Ring.

One evening a lady, while preparing for bed, laid three rings on her dressing table, where, among other articles, a small plate of oatmeal had been placed. During the night the owner of the rings was seized by illness, so severe that for nearly a week she never remembered her property, which had meanwhile been taken charge of by a nurse. On inquiry, however, she proved to be only two rings, the nurse declaring that she had never seen the third, though she had removed the others immediately on entering the sick room. This not being satisfactory, a thorough search was instituted, but without success, and gradually the ring was forgotten.

Many months afterwards there was an unpleasant odor in the same apartment, and a bricklayer was summoned. He raised the hearthstone and discovered the dead body of a thin enaculated mouse, which, on examination, proved to have the lost ring firmly fixed round its neck. The death of the mouse had evidently been caused by suffocation, and the explanation of the whole seems to be, that on the evening when the rings had been placed on the table, the mouse (which must have been very young), attracted by the smell of the oatmeal, had crept up to partake of this dainty, and, while moving about, had unconsciously pushed its head through the circle of gold. As the little creature grew larger, however, the pressure of the ring must have caused it much uneasiness, and finally strangled it altogether. The attenuated condition of the mouse was a proof of how much its health had suffered during the gradual process of strangulation.

Japanese Babies.

The babies in Japan have sparkling black eyes and funny little tufts of hair; they look so quaint and old fashioned, exactly like those dolls that are sent over here to America. Now, in our country very young babies are apt to put everything in their mouths, a button or a pin, or anything—most straight to the little rosy, wide open mouth, and the nurse or mamma must always watch and take great care that baby does not swallow something dangerous.



JAPANESE BABIES.

But in Japan, says a writer in St. Nicholas, they put the small babies right down in the sand by the door of the house, or on the floor, and no one seemed to be anxious about them. Little children in Japan are very good and very easily amused. When bedtime comes they lie on tufted silken covers on the soft matting floor, and the good mother sits beside them and pats softly with her hand and sings a lullaby song that begins with what means a our language:

Hush a-bye, bye!
Darling baby is so good,
Hush a-bye, bye!

When little boys or girls in Japan are naughty and disobedient, they must be punished, of course, but the punishment is very strange. There are very small pieces of rice paper, called moxa, and these are lighted with a match, and then put upon the finger or hand or arm of the naughty child, and they burn a spot on the tender skin that hurts very, very much. The child screams with the pain, and the red hot moxa sticks to the skin for a moment or two, and then goes out; but the smarting burn reminds the little child of his fault. I do not like these moxa. I think it is a cruel punishment. But perhaps it is better than a whipping. Only I wish little children never had to be punished.

CARL DUMDER.

He is Rapidly Learning the Ways of the Country.

"Well, sergeant," saluted Mr. Dunder in a lively way as he entered the Central station yesterday to pay his respects to Sergt. Bend. "Oh, it's you!"
"Yes, she vhas me. I like to haf some talk mit you."
"Anything wrong?"
"No, sir. Everthings vhas all o. J. ash der Yankee says."
"O. k. you mean. Been away?"
"I vhas in Cleveland. Yes, sir, I go down to Cleveland und come back alone."
"And didn't get swindled? Well, I declare!"
"Sergeant, vhas I green as grass? Vhas I some idiots? Vhas I crazy? Vhas I der greenest Dutchmans in all Amerika?"
"I've sometimes thought so, Mr. Dunder."
"Vhell, maybe I vhas green sometime ago, but dot vhas all gone. I haf to learn der country and der peoples, you know! Maybe I vhas not some razors, but I know how to take care of myself shust like a Yankee—haf ha ha!"
"You feel pretty jolly."
"Vhell, dot's not! Maybe I vhas sharper ash a Yankee. Hey?"
"Tell me all about it."
"Vhell, before I goes avhay enferpody tells me to look out for some confidence man. I keep dot in mind. When I vhas in Toledo a man comes by me und says: 'Sas vhas a verry hot day? I shopt him for a confidence man so quick ash dot, und I tells him: 'If you don't fly avhay I'll knock you oaf to last week!' He goes. He finds out dot I vhas no haystack."
"That was good."
"When I goes by der train from Toledo a shentleman takes a seat beside me. He vhas an awful nice man, but he haf some bad luck. Somebody robs him of \$300 in a sleeping car. Dot makes him dead broke, und maybe he don't get out of Cleveland. Vhell, dot vvas too bad, und poosty soon he says he shall pawn his diamond pan."
"The one you have on?"
"Dot vhas her. He trays her in California for \$600, but if somebody lend him \$30 he can hold it two weeks. If he don't come mit der money dot pin vhas mine."
"I see. It's verry old."
"Old? Vhas dot diamond old? It makes no deference how old he vhas."
"Well?"
"Vell, dot secures me, und I vhas all right. If I hold \$600 he vwill come und pay me \$30. It vvas singular dot he trust me so, but he says he can read my face like some books."
"So can I. Did you tell him you lived in Detroit?"
"I—I—maybe I said Toledo," stammered Mr. Dunder.
"I presume so. You wanted that pin for \$30?"
"Vhell, if he don't come, of course. Poosty soon he goes out, to speak mit der engineer about running so fast, und some oder man comes in. He vvas a shentleman, too. He knows me right away. He says: 'Vhell! vhell! but how vvas you, Mr. Dunder, und did you see my fadder lately? His fadder vvas Mr. Hurdlebecker, who owns der First National bank."
"Oh! he does! Go on."
"Vhell, his fadder sends him \$2,000 by express, but he don't get her. He ovas a party on der train \$40, und if I like to take a check for \$50 and lend him \$40 he vvas so mooch obliged dot he can't keep still."
"And you did?"
"Doan't I like to make ten dollar? Do you pelief dot nooody but a Yankee likes money? I makes ten dollar by dot check und more ash \$500 on dot diamond. Green horns, eh? Hay seed, eh? Maybe I can come in vhen she rains—haf ha ha!"

It took the sergeant a quarter of an hour to convince Mr. Dunder that he had "let go" again, and, when he fully realized it, he said: "Sergeant, gaze by my eye! You vvas right. I vvas so green dot somebody sitals off my eye winkers. I doan't know so much as cabbage. In der morning!"
"What?"
"Please see dot der papers say dot I vvas an eminent citizen, a great patriot und a friend of humanity, und dot I died happy. Farewell, sergeant! I go hence!"—Detroit Free Press.

Dirge of the Seaside Belle.
Man as a species is extinct at the seashore.—Curtis Horn.
He has gone, like the dodo and ichthyosaurus,
He fades in pre-Adamite distances,
Like the belemnite, centaur and megalosaurus,
He has passed from the stage of existence;
He has gone like an antediluvian genus,
And now what avails all the witchery of Venus,
All our sweet fascinations if no man has seen us,
For the brave race of man is extinct!

Yes, alas, he has gone like the auk and the bison,
This type of past ages elysian,
Take out your field glass and scour the horizon,
And no man shall ever gladden your vision.
The innocuous dodo the earth still enumerates,
The sea serpent swarms in monotonous numbers,
But the good race of man in oblivion slumbers;
The brave race of man is extinct!

So we walk alone and in solitude ramble,
And gaze out in pensive emotion,
Where the wild multitudinous sea serpents gambol
—
They're the foam-flowered fields of the ocean,
We mourn for this antediluvian genus,
For now what avails all the witchery of Venus,
All our sweet fascinations, if no man has seen us,
For the brave race of man is extinct!

—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

He Saw a Market.
First Speculator—I see by the paper that dueling is being revived in France.
Second Speculator—I go to France on the first boat.
"Not to fight a duel?"
"No, going over on business."
"Business?"
"Yes, I'm going to take over a cargo of blank cartridges."—Omaha Daily World.

At the Summer Hotel.
Mrs. Livingstone to her sons, whose well brushed hair and clothes contrast with their unwashed faces—Why, boys, why didn't you take your baths this morning? Marie says your towels aren't even unfolded and your pitchers are full.
One of the Boys—Why, mamma, it said on our door, "No washing allowed in the rooms," so, of course, we couldn't take a bath.—Life.

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