PREVENTABLE PAINS.

PHYSICAL SUFFERING BROUGHT ON BY OUR CARELESSNESS.

Headaches and Their Cause—Colds in the Head—Tortures of the Toothache—Catarrh and Throat Trouble—The American Neck—Breathing Bad Air.

How large a proportion of our pains are unavoidably necessary? It is not extravagant to say that four-fifths of all the aches and pains of humanity are brought on us by our recklessness and heedlessness. I would set down one-half of these to bad fashions, and the other half to carelessness in our habits. Suppose we begin at the head and go to the feet. Headaches are rarely, if ever, known by savages. They are rarely, if ever, known by children brought up on fruit and cereals. They are mostly dependent on impaired digestion, overloaded stomachs and kindred abuses; or to hot, close rooms, and breathing carbonated air. A cure for headache is rational diet, abundant exercise, good nature and pure air. I should add one more cause—the habitual exhaustion of the system by abuse and intemperance.

I have tried the experiment with children, and find that if from their infancy they are prevented from indulging in cakes and pastries, and are indulged in an abundance of ripe fruits, cereals, milk and pure sugar, they never know what a headache is. The stifling and poisoning effect of bad air, of close and overheated rooms, is understood better than it was one generation ago. Colds in the head are not caused by a draught of cold air if we are not first overheated, and made unduly sensitive to common fresh air. In addition, or in connection with the causes above named, our literary classes also are compelled to endure a vast amount of brain trouble from the lack of good sense in their habits of study. They should simply let their brains rest while their stomachs are at work, and their stomachs rest while their brains are at work.

TOOTHACHE AND DYSPEPSIA.

But we cannot leave the head when we leave the brain case, for there are years of agony in nearly every man's mouth history. The decay of teeth may not be wholly preventable with our present heredity, but I am positive that nine-tenths of our toothaches are preventable by proper care from the outset. Decay in teeth begins at a very early age, and might be prevented largely by the simplest means. The cause is not always neglect of cleanliness, but it is acidity of the stomach, caused by improper food. A thoroughly sound digestion should be secured for every child. It is the one duty that precedes morals, because a dyspeptic child cannot be a saint. Church and Sunday school should be preceded by the toothbrush, and catechism is more than counterbalanced by cake and pastry.

The majority of Americans suffer from catarrh. The disease is preventable, even in our worst climates, like that of Boston. It is almost invariably the consequence of a neglected cold. Throat diseases follow in the same line. The throat should be protected. Notwithstanding what many physicians urge to the contrary, 'there is no reason why the neck should go bare, except when swaddled for a ride in winter.' Our American typical neck is a long one. It carries little fat. The vocal organs are close to the surface. The ordinary scarf and collar leave the neck almost entirely uncovered. The old fashioned stock was better. The modern linen collar is little better than nothing; it should be dispensed with.

WOOLEN FOR THE NECK.

Woolen is quite as necessary for the neck as for the chest. The same tubes reach through, or into, both. Why should the lower end be abundantly clothed, and the upper end exposed? Consumption generally begins at the throat unless it be caused by general devitalization, or poisoned air. What we should demand of our clothiers is a class of wrappers and shirts that can be brought well up about the throat. From the 1st of October to the 1st of June I wear an extra flannel collar, made to button over the other flannel shirt collar, and then turned down over a scarf. It thoroughly protects the throat and meets every requirement of the case; is both soft and warm, and neat. It is all important that the throat be relieved from the gross irritation of fashionable collars which scratch and poke at all points. Indeed, if you will consider, there is not a part of the body so roughly and unkindly treated as the throat. Starched neckwear is fit only for fools.

Our lungs will easily take care of themselves, and of all the rest of the body, if warmly clothed with woolen and protected from foul air. I am compelled, as a physician, to breath air that I would not be able to live in by the hour. One house in ten is properly ventilated—not more than that. Country houses mainly depend on the opening of doors. Worst of all is the air breathed at night. Either the room is kept closed, and the foulness is breathed over all night, or the window is left open, and the lungs must use Arctic air at night while all day accustomed to the hot atmosphere from stoves. On no account should the lungs be compelled to brace themselves to frigid air at night. Very many colds are caught by these extremes, and one may count to a certainty that, if practiced, the end will be catarrhs, bronchitis or consumption.—M. Maurice, M. D., in Globe-Democrat.

Forage for the Goat.

"There are 1,000 goats in Flatbush, Crow Hill and Pigtown alone," Mr. Carey began. "How do they live? They forage. People do not give the goat any credit for discrimination. They think it will eat anything from an old and discarded rubber to a nice green head of lettuce. They're mistaken. I shall not attempt to name all a goat does eat, for that, perhaps, would be impossible, but I will mention some of the things it does not touch. For instance, a goat will eat nothing greasy, such as fat, lard or butter. Meat, too, it detests, but brown paper is to it a luxury. Goats easily distinguish between brown and white paper, and while they will tear and destroy the latter they seldom eat it, unless dying of starvation. Brown paper, as you know, is made of straw and contains a great deal of substance. I venture to say that a goat would give good, pure milk if kept on a diet of brown paper for a month. In the matter of trees, too, the goat is particular. It will not touch the bark of old ones, but delights to dine off the fresh young sprouts of those recently planted. Is goat's milk healthy? Look at these children. They've been brought up on it."—"Sesame" in Brooklyn Eagle.

LEARNING AMERICAN SECRETS.

Story Told by a Naval Officer—A Shrewd German "Mechanic."

A naval officer today, in speaking about the presence of foreigners in the navy, told the following story: "I was sent to Europe not long ago on an important errand, and it became my duty to form the acquaintance of foreign naval officers, in order to accomplish certain ends I had in view. I met many of them at dinners, receptions and entertainments, and was surprised to find out how well they were informed on American naval affairs. I had occasion to go to Kiel, Germany, for the purpose of visiting the dockyards there. I felt sure that my credentials would admit me to inspect the place, but they did not. I tried a little game of getting the desired pass, by reaching the officials through the use of wines and fine dinners. One day a fine looking German officer met me as I was coming out of my hotel. 'Hello,' said he, slapping me on the shoulder, 'have you got in yet?' He spoke such pure English that for a moment or so I was nonplused.

"'No,' I replied, 'will you get me in?'

"'I can't;' and thereupon he remarked: 'it is easier to get into your yards than ours.'

"I looked at the officer intently and found by his uniform that he was the chief naval constructor, and the man of all men in the German navy that I wanted to meet. 'Will you take a glass of wine with me?' I asked. He consented, and we returned to the hotel.

"After a few minutes' conversation we became quite friendly, and I was surprised at the insight he had of our naval officers. He astonished me by inquiring about certain officers who were at the New York navy yard during the late war. I could not restrain my curiosity, and I asked him: 'How did you become acquainted with the officers?' 'The story is a short one,' he replied. 'When the war broke out in 1861 I was in the German navy, and I got orders to go to America, and study your methods of building ships and getting guns ready for use. When I got to New York my dress was that of a plain German mechanic. I got work as a carpenter and ship joiner under a fictitious name, and in a short time I got used to the nickname "Dutchy." Nobody knew me, and my curious questions were never suspected, and the workmen readily and in a good humored way answered them. I helped to build and repair ships, and in time got hold of much information. I made plans of the vessel, machinery, guns, rigging, and, in fact, got on to everything. I worked hard at night in my room, and kept my government as well posted as I could. The more English I learned the better I understood things that the workmen said in my hearing. I worked on the big ship Dunderberg; also on the Merrimac, at Norfolk, and on some of the monitors. I sent much valuable information home. Now you see the reason why you can't get into our yard.'

"The narrative was straightforward, and was so full of facts concerning men and affairs that I readily saw how the German naval constructor got on to my visit, and, although I tried to convince him to the contrary, he was not to be hoodwinked. I know where Kiel is, and that it has a dock yard, but I'll have to go to Kiel as a German mechanic before I can get inside of that place. This shows how necessary it is to keep an eye on foreigners in our navy yards if we want to keep our secrets."—Washington Chat in Baltimore American.

Old Shoes Turned to Use.

The journal of the Constantinople chamber of commerce describes the industrial uses of old boots and shoes which are thrown out into the streets or into ash pits. After being collected they are ripped open and the leather is subjected to a treatment which renders it a pliable mass, from which a kind of artistic leather is derived. This in appearance resembles the finest Cordova leather. In the United States patterns are stamped on this, while in France it is used to cover trunks and boxes. The old boots and shoes are also treated in another way, by which they are converted into new ones.

The prisoners in central France are employed in this way, the old shoes coming chiefly from Spain. They are taken to pieces as before, the nails being all removed, and the leather is soaked in water to soften it. The uppers for children's shoes are then cut from it. The soles are also used, for from the smaller pieces of the leather of the old soles the so called Louis XV heels for ladies' shoes are made, while the soles of children's shoes are made from the larger and thicker pieces. The old nails are also put to use, for by means of magnets the iron nails and the tacks and brads are separated and sold. The contractors of the military prison at Montpelier say that these nails alone pay for the old shoes. Nothing now remains but the scraps, and these have also their value, for they are much sought after by certain specialists for agricultural purposes.—Boston Herald.

A Curious Broadway Lunch Room.

One of the most curious varieties of lunch room is down town in Broadway. No chairs are provided, both sides of the room being lined with shelves loaded with viands, all clearly marked with their different prices. In here rush bankers, lawyers, brokers and clerks. Each grabs a plate, knife, spoon, fork and cup, seizes what he likes from the shelves, bolts it standing, reckons up his own bill, draws a check from a pile near the door for an equal amount, presents it at the desk, pays and departs, unquestioned whether he has eaten a dime or a dollar's worth. This method of trusting to customers' honesty is found to pay better with the class of men who eat there than hiring waiters. Undoubtedly a certain quantity is eaten that is not paid for, but a dozen practiced detectives are on the floor during the rush hours at noon, watching people who are suspected, and the amazing rapidity with which a man can help himself, swallow and be gone, makes the place highly popular with men who only eat to live, and live only to hurry.—New York Tribune.

He Was the Only Millionaire.

"When I was a boy in this town," a gray beard said as he passed Jay Gould in Wall street, "I was walking along Broadway one day with my sire when he pointed out a bent old German going up the steps of his house. 'Look at that man and you'll see the only millionaire in the United States.' I looked with wonder as he told me that a millionaire was worth a million dollars, and I saw John Jacob Astor. His grandsons can now toss up a hundred times as much, so can the Vanderbilts and so can Jay Gould. I tell you that a mere millionaire isn't worth looking at in this town nowadays. By and by you'll see a billionaire!"—New York Evening Sun.

WOMEN OF TURKESTAN.

WHAT VERESTCHAGIN, THE RUSSIAN ARTIST AND TRAVELER, SAYS.

Life Among the Kirguis Tribes of Central Asia—A Charming Young Woman for 150 Horses—A Chief Discusses Marriage—"A Miserable Law."

Among the collection of pictures of the famous Russian artist and traveler, Vasilli Verestchagin, are a large number of reproductions of his former works and albums of sketches in Turkestan, which country is becoming more connected with Europe every day. Speaking of Turkestan recently, Mr. Verestchagin said:

"When you pass the Ural mountains, the frontier between Europe and Asia, you enter upon the steppes, which in the spring are beautifully green, covered with grass and flowers, which in autumn are made quite barren by the sun. Further on begins the real desert, moving sands, kept more or less together by the only thing which grows in such places, a running bush or tree called saksaul, which serves for burning (cooking and heating purposes) as well as to keep the sands in their place.

"The steppes during spring are covered with the tents of the Kirguis, a very large collection of tribes occupying the whole of Central Asia. The Kirguis are a mixture of the Mongol and Turks and number a few millions. They are a very good hearted people and are Mohammedans, but not very fanatic. The position of the women is not so bad as the position of the women of the settled population (meaning the tribes residing permanently in the cities) of Central Asia.

HOW THEY BUY WIVES.

"Naturally, however, their position is not to be compared to that of European women. The Kirguis woman is always bought from her parents by her future husband. As a rule the payments are made in cattle, as money is scarce among these people.

"A charming and good natured girl can be purchased for, say one hundred horses, ten or twenty camels and a few hundred sheep, in addition to a large tent, some cloth and some money, if the man has any. Once the price of the girl is settled upon and one-half or one-third of the amount is paid the future husband can come to the tent of the girl's father, and is even allowed to remain there with her in the absence of the girl's parents, but only for a short time.

"When the whole amount is paid the husband can take his wife to his own tent. There in that country, as in Europe, it is not wise to let the future husband take his wife without getting from him all that he has promised to give for her.

"I remember a charming young woman who was bought by her husband for 150 horses. As the husband was very old and she was the third wife, and moreover as she bore him no children, she was beaten nearly every day and finally came to me for consolation. I have a sketch of her in one of my albums, and you will see that she is a most beautiful woman. Unfortunately, I could not change her position, and I fear that if her husband is not dead she is still beaten every day.

A CHIEF DISCUSSES MARRIAGE.

"The Kirguis look on their women, as I learned from actual conversation with a Kirguis chief, who introduced me to his young and pretty wife, as having no other object in life than to vie each with other wives in their efforts to please the head of the family.

"As the Kirguis woman I refer to was speaking of the fact that the tribe contemplated moving to fresh pasturages and showed her joy at the prospects of a change, I asked her if she did not want to go still further, and I would take her with me, 'far, far, very far.' She laughed and answered:

"'Not yet; but I see that my husband has the intention to take another wife. Should he do so, then, yes; I will ask you to take me away, far, far, very far.'

"I said 'all right; I find it is quite correct.'

"'How correct?' asked the husband. 'Do you mean to say that your custom to have only one woman is better than ours, which is to have many of them?'

"'Certainly,' I answered.

"'But do you not understand,' he continued, 'that when there are many they get along much better? Every one of them understands that if she ceases to please me, or if she is capricious, I shall leave her tent and go to the tent of another wife and live with the other wife. So they strive one against the other to be kind to me.'

"I did not approve of this reasoning, and I said: 'In our opinion there is something more in the woman than her person. Our women,' I added, 'are united to their husbands not only by the body, but by the mind, heart and soul.'

"'What!' he exclaimed. 'But if my wife by accident should lose an eye, and be blind in one eye for life? Do you mean to say that I must remain with her for the rest of my life?'

"'Certainly,' I answered.

"Then the Kirguis chief spat in disgust on the floor of the tent, and exclaimed: 'What a miserable law!'"—New York Herald.

The Good Natured Japanese.

I think the Japanese are the most good natured and courteous race I ever saw. I never heard an angry word said the whole time I was in that country, and as an illustration of their courtesy take this, which I saw myself: It was in the railroad station in Yokohama. I had just returned from Tokio. The railroad system is just the same as that on the continent, cars and all. You buy your ticket for your destination, and when you get there you pass through a gate just wide enough to let you pass through, here a man stands who takes your ticket.

We were certainly 200 persons who got out at that station, and we were headed by a man who was evidently of some rank. When he got to the gate he stopped, we all stopped. Then he bowed very low three times to a man who was standing outside of the gate. This bowing is done by placing the hands on the legs very near the waist and then bending the body and sliding the hands down to the knees. After he had got through the other returned the salutation, bowing three times in the same way. All this time we stood still and there was no crowding or pushing, every one seeming to think it the most natural thing in the world. Yet had this been in Europe, just think what a row it would have created! Just imagine a whole train full of people standing still and waiting for a minute or two while two persons greeted each other.—Samuel F. Farrar in Chicago Journal.

Remains of a Scythian King

In the same building where the relics of Peter the Great are preserved, can be found the sarcophagus of a monarch interred more than 2,000 years previously. Among all the treasures of the Hermitage there is none more valuable than the so called Kertch collection. On the shore of the Black sea, 600 years before Christ, the Greeks founded colonies, which, uniting with the native Scythians, were usually under Scythian rulers. Without the gates of the modern town of Kertch long rows of tombs and mounds exist, which of late years have been carefully examined by the Russian government, and the objects found there, remains of the former Grecian colonies, have been preserved in St. Petersburg, forming the richest collection of the kind in the world. In 1831 a mound was opened called by the Tartars "The Hillock of the Brave," and in a room of hewn stone the remains of a Scythian king were found, together with his wife, his war horse and servant. His golden crown and ornaments were there untouched. Even the sarcophagus of carved cypress wood in which his body was laid, remains undecayed; and the carving and gilt figures upon it are still sharp and beautiful. It seems incredible that a substance so frail should have endured for more than 2,000 years uninjured. The gold bars of his shield, the silver staves of his heralds, the collar of twisted gold wire are to be seen here, beside many other articles found in his tomb, although a large number were stolen at the time of the discovery.

But still more interesting and beautiful were the contents of a tomb discovered in 1866 of a priestess of Ceres, with all her rich ornaments, and these were all preserved. Most exquisite they are; the gold chains, buttons, bracelets, necklaces, equal the best workmanship of Venice or Florence at the present day. The golden plates from her headdress are of repousse work of perfect beauty. —St. Petersburg Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Food Eaten by Old People.

The statistics tell one simple story, with so few variations as to be positively monotonous, in relation to the food eaten by these old people. The diet has been regular New England home dishes of meat, vegetables, and pastry, with breakfast early, dinner at noon, and supper late. Very few are mentioned as small eaters or large eaters; most are mentioned as not particular, with good appetites through life. A half dozen never eat meat, and two have abstained from water. More than two-thirds have been habitual users of tea and coffee, and of the remainder nearly all have drunk tea. Few of the men, and none of the women, are given as users of more intoxicating beverages than cider, and not a dozen out of all have ever used liquors to excess. Ten of the women are mentioned as habitual smokers, and a score as snuff takers. Of the men, a large majority have used tobacco—either chewing, smoking, or both. Most of the tobacco users have been moderate, although numbers of cases are given where the amount consumed is enormous, and continued constantly up to the time when the census was taken. A few broke away from the habit after it had lasted for twenty, thirty or fifty years, and have now been without the narcotic for perhaps a decade or more.

The record of sickness is so varied that scarcely half a dozen cases are alike out of the whole long list, except where there has been no illness other than the usual complaints of infancy. Out of 1,649 men, 382 never were ill since early childhood; and of 880 women, 286 have enjoyed the same good health. One hundred and fourteen men and 171 women have had petty diseases only, and 495 men and 402 women have been seriously ill. The serious illness of the majority was a fever of some sort, typhoid heading the list.—Clement M. Hammond in Popular Science Monthly.

In the Streets of St. Petersburg.

All the main streets are alive with droschkies. Their horses are, as a rule, small; but they go fairly well, and they are surprisingly cheap. Fares are always settled by bargain. Absolute free trade prevails in this despotic land. There is no tariff. Fares are fixed by the higgling of the market, so beloved by the political economist, and a lively higgling it is, especially when you do not know a word of Russian, and the isvostchik is equally innocent of any language but his own. I never found any difficulty.

You make a signal, and down swoop upon you all the isvostchiks within sight, each eager for your custom. Holding up the coin of the realm which you are willing to give for the ride, you mention your destination. A chorus of protests bursts out, which presumably throw scorn upon your offer, but to you it is as the chattering of crows. You then walk off, followed by one or more isvostchiks, to whom you renew your offer. Seeing you are obdurate, one of them will cry "pojalooyte," you jump in, and the bargain is complete. The driver sits on a perch in front of you; you sit behind, on a seat which will hold two. As there is no rest for the back the lady is supported by the arm of her fellow traveler, a custom which has a very pretty effect, and is apparently very popular.—W. T. Stead in Contemporary Review.

Puritan Idea of a Gentleman.

In an address on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of New Haven, William L. Kingsley says: "The Puritans gave to the world a new idea of what it is to be a gentleman. With the views respecting manhood, which they received from the Bible, they conceived a new idea as to what is the proper way to treat others. Polished manners and a gracious deportment to one's equals is not enough, according to the Puritan idea. A man may smile and smile and be a villain. There should be such delicacy of perception of the rights and feelings of others as to lead a person not only to avoid giving offense to any, high or low, but the perception should be accompanied by such a treatment of all as reveals a friendly feeling.

"This idea of a gentleman did not exist before the time of the Puritans. I do not say that there were not persons who had such a character. But Shakespeare uses the word 'gentleman' more than five hundred times, and not once to designate anything more than a person of high social position. One of the most eloquent English essayists of modern times, Rev. Charles Kingsley, a dignitary of the Anglican church, says that 'Puritan and not the cavalier conception of what a British gentleman should be is the one accepted by the whole British nation at this day.'"—Magazine of American History.

Woman may be the weaker vessel, but she isn't broken up and doesn't go to pieces as soon as man.—"Five Talents of Woman."

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One of our traveling salesmen who is now visiting the shoe retailers of the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain Region writes from there as follows:

"I am more than satisfied with the results of my trip. I have thus far succeeded in placing our full line in the hands of 'A No. 1' dealers in every point I have visited." He goes on to say, "This is a splendid region for us to sell shoes in, because most of the retailers are charging their customers at retail about double the prices which the shoes have cost at wholesale. The consequence is that the people who wear shoes are paying six or seven dollars a pair for shoes which are not worth as much as our JAMES MEANS' $3 and $4 SHOES. Our shoes with their very low retail prices stamped on the soles of every pair are breaking down the high prices which have hitherto ruled in the retail markets here, and when a retailer puts a full line of goods in his stock they at once begin to go off like hot cakes, so great is the demand for them."

Now, kind reader, just stop and consider what the above signifies so far as you are concerned. It assures you that if you keep on buying shoes bearing no manufacturers' name or fixed retail price stamped on the soles, you cannot tell what you are getting and your retailer is probably making you pay double what your shoes have cost him. Now, can you afford to do this while we are protecting you by stamping our name and the fixed retail price upon the soles of our shoes before they leave our factory so that you cannot be made to pay more for your shoes than they are worth?

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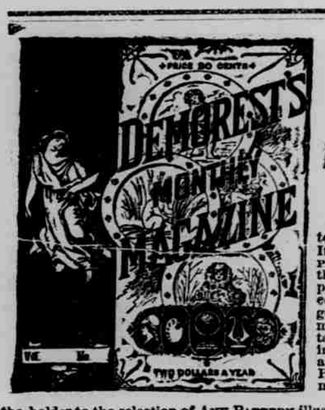

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