

CHOKING UP WITH WASTE.

INFORMATION CONCERNING THE BODY'S DRAINAGE SYSTEM.

The Proper Work of the Seven Million Pores in the Skin—Benefits of Healthy Perspiring—Effectiveness of Turkish Baths—How to Keep in Good Condition.

The general health of people enjoy much better health during summer than in winter. This is unquestionably the rule with those of sedentary occupations who are denied sufficient exercise.

It is roughly estimated that there are 7,000,000 pores in the skin which open on its surface. They are a very large part of the body's sewerage system; and some one with patient calculation has reached the solution that these pores are three gates for over twenty-five miles of drainage.

Other avenues—notably the bowels and kidneys—have been provided by nature for the discharge of waste from the system, but they have sufficient work of their own to do, and while they would patiently respond for a time to any extra demands upon them, sooner or later, unless relieved of the unusual burden, they would show signs of distress, and become so crippled they would no longer be able to perform properly even their own legitimate work.

By frequent bathing the pores are kept fairly well opened, but it will be clear to all that the little tubes can only be kept perfectly free by frequent flushing. When a person gets into a good sweat the outflow is considerable and the channels are well washed out.

It is undeniably a fact that a very large proportion of the ills which man suffers from are due to obstruction in the skin system of drainage. That fault is almost always present in those who take cold easily and in those who are victims to neuralgia, rheumatism, dyspepsia, biliousness, gout, etc.

Where sufficient exercise cannot be taken to obviate the defect, the next best means is the hot air bath. Such a bath can, of course, be taken in one's own home, something after the same method as the old-fashioned run sweating process.

But any domestic arrangement must be incomplete in the absence of the shower bath, the hand rubbing, etc. All the essentials are found in the Turkish bath, which some physicians have even gone so far as to say is the most powerful and certain, and at the same time the safest and most agreeable therapeutic agents in existence.

Turkish baths are efficient in reducing weight; therefore, it is held that they are contra-indicated for those who are thin. But, strange as it may seem, they act both ways. Where a person is what is so aptly termed "soft and flabby," and is overloaded with fat, they reduce him; whereas a person in poor health and thin, they, by restoring the system to a normal condition, increase the bodily weight.

A Woman's Scrap Book.

It is quite the thing in aristocratic circles for ladies to collect fashion plates and compare ancient and modern styles. There is a lady living in the West End who has a small library of scrap books filled with nothing but dress designs. The collection has been made purely for pastime, but it is really very valuable.

BEAUTY IN THE FOOT.

Not an Unimportant Matter in the Make-up of a Perfect Woman.

"The girl of the period," generously says a prominent chiropodist, "is devoting herself more and more to the study of her foot. She has found out that this instrument is capable of almost as much development for strength and beauty (really synonymous terms) as her hand. She knows that the splendid exercise of piano playing, in which each finger and every muscle of the hand, wrist and arm is developed to the greatest state of elasticity and to beauty's own moldings, contains the very hint she wants to follow in the development of the foot.

Presently that becomes easy. In a week or so the exercise will accomplish that much. Then she grows able to lift herself off even the balls of her feet on to the very toes alone for moments at a time. Then she sits down on the bed and gives them lighter exercises, just by working them until they will move independently of each other.

Under these circumstances, and being sorely harassed by the recurrent drying up of the well spring of his ideas, Dr. Sparkle had his attention arrested one morning by an artfully worded circular which he found among his letters. It began as follows:

"STRICTLY PRIVATE—Ad Clerum. Moved by the spirit of sympathy and actuated, as he humbly hopes, by a desire to promote the highest ends, the writer addresses himself to his overwrought and sorely oppressed brethren. Having had an exceptionally wide experience of parish work in town and country, among rich and poor, educated and ignorant, he believes himself to be fully conversant with the tastes and requirements of each separate class in the community.

After a good deal more of this sort of thing, the circular went on to explain that clients could be provided either (1) with the finished article, i. e., a lithographed sermon ready for immediate delivery, and carefully adapted to any specified class of hearers; or (2) with a "thought awakener" or skeleton, containing outlines, illustrations, applications, etc., which could be filled in or amplified according to the tastes and talents of the purchasers.

As the range of guns in the field is augmented battles will more than ever be prepared by cannon, batteries will open fire at distances of miles, and the adversary's batteries must, at least, be weakened before infantry can venture to advance, except under very peculiar circumstances. The power of modern cannon is so tremendous that, when hostile batteries come into conflict at any distance, from 1,500 to 2,500 yards, the duel can scarcely last long.

Not Anxious for the Job.

"John, wake up! I hear a noise in the kitchen. There's somebody in the house!" (Jumping out of bed.) "Don't be afraid, Maria. I'll drive him out! Be calm, darling."

A THOUGHT AWAKENER.

Dr. Philaethes Sparkle was a great man in a small way. He was the vicar of an important suburban church, where, in a highly respectable and not wholly unintelligent congregation was wont to assemble for worship.

But, in truth, "thoughtful" was just what Dr. Sparkle was not. His great difficulty—and one that increased weekly—was about ideas. When he knew what to say he could say it well. No man could produce a more brilliant "coruscation" or effective flare-up from a paltry amount of material; but then the fuel had to come from somewhere, and that was the doctor's difficulty.

"I think it was the most beautiful sermon ever preached," replied the lady enthusiastically, "though all your sermons have been splendid of late. Some months ago, you remember, you complained of feeling exhausted, and insisted that the fountain of your ideas was drying up.

"Ah, by the way, I wonder how Cribber is getting on?" interrupted the vicar, glad, apparently, to change the topic of conversation. "I should like to have heard him for myself."

"The important thing is what Mrs. Grundy, the mouthpiece of the flock, will say," remarked the vicar, as he settled himself among the pillows, pleased apparently with his own wit.

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self very creditably. He delivered a striking and pathetic address from the words, "the foolishness of preaching," and the physical disability under which he was evidently laboring only served to heighten the effect of his allusions to the "earthen vessels" to which celestial treasures were so often intrusted.

As the night drew on Dr. Sparkle became very much depressed, despite all his wife's efforts to cheer him.

Generally the vicar was keen enough to listen to a little bit of tittle-tattle of a flattering character, but on the present occasion he seemed distressed rather than pleased. Turning uneasily on his pillow—his wife had made him go to bed early—he merely said in a languid voice:

"I feel exhausted and utterly dried up to-night anyhow. I'm fit for nothing."

"You are better where you are, dear, much better," urged the good woman, as she carefully tucked him in for the night.

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at the supper table the previous night, he ventured to make a further stand.

"No doubt there is great force in what you say, sir, and you are well skilled in the workings of the human mind, as becomes an able minister of the New Testament; but there are some things Mrs. Grundy and those I have heard speak can't get over—heads and divisions and illustrations all coming in pat."

Poor Dr. Sparkle was in a terrible fix. So far as words went he had always been truthful, and he was not naturally a mean man; but what was he to do now? There was Grundy waiting to be gulled, and it was incumbent on him to say something. He gave a little sigh and spoke in his softest accents:

"Well, you see, Mr. Grundy, not having heard this wonderful sermon, I cannot discuss the matter in detail; nor would I wish to think anything to the disparagement of a young man who has been very highly recommended to me. Several partial solutions occur to me, none of them reflecting unduly on Mr. Cribber. Possibly we may have looked into the same commentary."

Mr. Grundy gave a knowing nod. "Possibly Mr. Cribber may have read some article of mine in one or other of the religious periodicals treating of this subject. I say possibly, though I do not at this moment recall having written anything about it."

Mr. Grundy gave another yet more knowing nod. "And there is yet another hypothesis connected with the obscure topic of unconscious cerebration and reminiscence. I shall candidly I have preached on that text before—at the Abbey once and elsewhere perhaps. Mr. Cribber may have heard me. My thoughts may have passed into an impressionable mind. They may have been reproduced without the slightest consciousness on his part that they were not strictly original. There have been remarkable instances of this phenomenon."

"I think," he said, "I can understand how it has happened now, and the explanation you have given is very interesting. But perhaps, under the circumstances, you might find some more suitable gentleman for the curacy."

"I almost think you are right, Grundy," assented the vicar, eagerly. "Mr. Cribber seems scarcely up to the mark for such a congregation as ours. There were several other applicants who were highly recommended—Mr. Playfair, for instance."

"I am sure he would be popular," said the church warden.

"Well, I shall give the matter my best consideration; and you may rest assured it will be my wish to do whatever is for the highest interests of the congregation."

Dr. Sparkle spoke in his most dulcet tone, but as soon as Mr. Grundy left the room he sat down and wrote as follows to the Rev. Jonathan:

"Dear Sir—From what I hear of the sermon delivered by you last night, I regret that I am obliged to conclude that you are altogether unsuited to my curacy. My people have become accustomed to original, or at all events independent thought in the pulpit, and I do not suppose you would yourself maintain the applicability of either of these words to the discourse with which you favored them. I return the testimonials you sent me, and remain yours, faithfully, P. SPARKLE."

Having sent this ill tempered production to the post, the unfortunate man was forthwith ashamed of himself and would gladly have recalled it. He blamed himself for all that had happened, and became a victim to horrible remorse and abject fear.

That very afternoon the Rev. Jonathan Cribber, in hot indignation, sought out the clerical agent who had made up for his own lack of brains and energy, and berated him in his den.

"I can only say," replied the suave cleric who devoted his energies to helping his weaker brethren, "that for originality of thought and freshness of treatment I consider 'The Foolishness of Preaching' to be among my masterpieces. I could show you numerous letters that I have received in reference to that very sermon. There must, I take it, be something very unfortunate in your voice or mode of delivery. Now I am about to form a clerical education class, and I would strongly urge upon you—"

"My voice is excellent, sir! I have been congratulated upon it again and again," roared the Reverend Jonathan.

"I do not doubt it, sir," replied the clerical agent, with a deprecatory motion of the hand, "but it may need—"

"You talk about letters, sir. Read that," said the irate Cribber, interrupting him and flinging Dr. Sparkle's note upon the table.

The agent read the letter, and then, after a few minutes' conversation, he remarked: "Do you mean to say that you gave them 'The Foolishness of Preaching' in Dr. Sparkle's church?"

"I do; and why not? I paid you for the sermon."

"You told me you were in Lincoln diocese when I sent it to you."

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