

**NEW AND CURIOUS**  
Nature, Science, Hygiene.

The war has boomed the tattooer's languishing business in New York into unexpected prosperity. The men-of-war's men are rushing to have up-to-date devices embroidered on their persons. The introduction of electricity enables the process to be performed very rapidly, so that a design which in the old way would have taken two or three sittings of two or more hours each, can now be done in less than half an hour. True-lover's knots, full-rigged ships, anchors, mermaids and hearts are no longer in vogue, the first place being now taken by the stars and stripes, and the second by the Cuban flag. Cannon are also popular, as well as a representation of the Maine.

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Dr. J. H. Kellogg, in his "Good Health" department in the New York Voice, answering a correspondent as to the reputed value of fish as a brain food, says:

A chemicalex amination of fish shows that it contains a considerable amount of phosphorous. A chemical examination of the brain shows that it also contains a considerable amount of phosphorous. From this fact the chemist jumps to the conclusion that fish must be especially good as a brain food; but there is not the slightest experimental evidence to support this theory. On the other hand, it is a well-attested fact that those communities and tribes of men which subsist the most largely on fish are the lowest in the scale of human development. The Terra del Fugians live almost exclusively on raw fish, and are perhaps the lowest of all human beings. A young student in a western college once wrote to Artemus Ward asking how much fish he thought he ought to eat to supply his daily mental needs. The wit replied that he thought a small whale would be about suited to his requirements.

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A writer in Lippincott's for April tells a queer story of how self-possession and a smile saved a man from harm by hostile Indians in the early days:

When the country was a century younger, and the Indian was yet in the land, a gentleman upon the then frontier was hunting with friends, got separated from them, and completely lost his way. Every effort to retrieve his steps led him still further into the wilderness, and night overtook him in a dense forest. Overcome with fatigue, he lay down under a tree and slept profoundly. In the morning he awoke with a start, with that indescribable feeling that some one was

looking at him, and glancing up he saw that he was surrounded by hostile Indians, and that the leader of the band, in war-paint and feathers, was bending over him in no amiable mood. He took in the situation at a glance -- knew his immediate danger and had no means of averting it; neither did he understand a word of their language. But he was self-possessed, knew the universal language of nature, and believed that even under war-paint and feathers "a man's a man for a' that". He fixed his clear, bold eye upon the Indian, and -- smiled! Gradually the fierceness passed away from the eye above him, and at last an answering smile broke over the face. Both were men -- both were brothers -- and he was saved! The savage took him under his protection, brought him to his wigwam, and after a few days restored him to his friends.

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An explorer in the Russian fur seal islands tells the following story of the natives' love of liquor:

They don't want isolated drinks. A little, they say, only excites the desire for more. They want it all at once. They drink for the effect the liquor produces, and they don't call it getting drunk, but "promenading" -- literally, loafing -- having a good, easy time. The women are quite willing that their husbands should drink. In that condition they are more tractable. One woman told me that if her husband was drunk and she could get him in the general store, he would buy anything she wanted. During my first winter on the island, when the governor or administrator (N. Grebnitski) was away, I found myself almost the only white man on the island. The governor had been accustomed to treat the whole male population to a drink on church holidays, and I was expected to take his place in this benevolence. I told the old men that if they would come to my house I would give each of them a small dram. I was scarcely prepared, however, for the response. After service the whole village marched to my place, the men bringing their wives, mothers, sisters and children -- perhaps 250 in all. I noticed that as soon as they had drunk, the women and young folks became singularly silent, and the family departed hurriedly. Outside the house they fell at once to kissing the paterfamilias and the rest of the men. It turned out that they had actually kept the liquor in their mouths, and, during the kissing, had transferred it to the mouths of their husbands and sweethearts.

Strong opinions on weak foundations have ever been one of the leading characteristics of the Christian religion. -- C. T. Gorham.

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