What a Family Physician Says About. the Headache.

How People May Keep the Flend at Bay-Words of Wisdom for Suffering Men and Women.

["Pipsey Potts" in Arthur's Magazine.] There are a great many kinds of headaches. There are various causes for them. Ferhaps the most common kinds are the sick headache and a headache which comes from an unequal circulation of the blood. The first es from an overburdened system, which is obliged to call a halt and relieve itself. There is generally a tendency to vomit and a pain in some part of the head, frequently the left side. The pain is sometimes almost unendurable. This is caused by there being too much bile in the system; the bile has been manufactured too rapidly or has not been worked out of the system fast enough by netive exercise. Women who are subject to spells of the sick headache are those who are confined in-doors too much; their lives are monotonous and they eat too heartily of food too solid and perhaps not digestible, or perhaps they eat between meals, taking a bite off the piece they spread for the children, or they take a handful of nuts or an apple or a drink

of cold coffee, Persons who have sick headache, as a rule, eat too much and exercise too little. They have cold feet and they are constipated. Too often they are people who are low-spirited, morbid, subject to the "blues," sensitive; the kind who "take a good cry;" persons who take offense ensily; whose love of approbativeness is large; who know nothing of that ease and comfort that goes with "a quiet heart." They are apt to include in moodsto be away up in the clouds, delighted, exalted, animated, or away down in the mire,

despondent, sorrowing, and gloomy.

Then there is a beadache that comes from tight boots and shoes, tight lacing, or a garment that binds and annoys some part of the body. If from any of these causes our verwould be "Serves 'em right."

The headache common among young persons comes from derangement of the digestion, and the subjects of it are often addicted either to sedentary occupations or to balls, theaters, evening concerts, and other dissipations, extending far into the hours of the night. The cure is so evident that it need not be insisted upon.

The beadache in older persons is often caused by a flow of blood to the head, called vertigo, and is threatened apoplexy. Restricted diet, with moderate exercise will usually bring about a cure unless there is positive organic disease.

A nervous headache, brought on by overwork, grief, loss of sleep and like causes, is relieved by quietude, gentle rubbing of pitying hands or the friction brush, and by applying a cloth dipped in hot water and quickly wrung out on the back of the neck. The feet above the ankies should be in moderately hot water at the same time. The pain is greatly lessened by these simultaneous applications.

Ministers are apt to suffer very much from the tired or nervous headache. Up above the congregation the poor men get all the heat and bad air which rises, though they may escape the carbonic acid gas which settles in the pews. After the day's work how apt they are to drop into sleep and sleep it off. Better to have taken a brisk wall, and time enough to gettle preside to the circulation.

measures, pr varies, like the pressure measures pounds to the square inch, be regulated the same way. not do adden and work before breakfast. We grow stronger toward noon; we go up sun; after 2 o'clock we begin to Work done late 'at night is a greater tax upon the life than that done at noon. It is not right to turn night into day; it does not answer the purpose. There is a wonderful power in the light-a wonderful virtue in the sun's rays.

Brain-work is more exhaustive and uses un the nerve-power faster than any sort of manual labor. And the worst of it is that the brain is not apt to complain of nervous exhaustion. Busy brain-workers need recreation and rest, and they are wise if they so member it and do not defer it too long.

And there is refreshment in lying down and relaxing every muscle, even if one does not sleep. Let tired housewives, overworked mothers, teachers, the working man, and man of business, remember this,

Stimulants are a great mistake. They are the whip and the spur to the jaded horse. They make the nerves start up suddenly and in anger, only to run a little while.

Habitual exercise may be regarded as the great specific for all kinds of aches, ailments, loss of nervous energy, and exhaustion.

The Boom.

[William Washburn.] "What is it that supports this town?" I

asked my western friend. "Have you any "Oh, no; no mines. Something more solid

than that." "Any manufactures?"

"Oh, no." "Good farming land!"

"Nothing but dogtowns."
"What is it, then, that keeps all these hotels, newspapers, thunder pumper politicians and club bouses going!"

"Well," be replied, cutting off a huge quid from my roll of tobacco, "I reckon you're a stranger. What is it supports the govern-It's the same thing that supports our town. It's the boom, sir; the boom.

## A Long Felt Want. [Philadelphia Call.]

Smith-I've got into a new business. a waker-up.

Jones-What in the world is that? Smith-Some days ago I advertised to go around and wake up servant girls in the morning. Jones-Well, well; and how are you suc

Smith-I have had 35,000 applications and they are still coming in at the rate of 1,000 an hour. The job is too big. Guesa I'll have to give it up.

### Ice Lumps and Bills. [Philadelphia Call.]

heat, wool cloth is very good, but paper does Consumer-Paper! Iceman-Yes; wrap the ice up in it. Consumer-Well, when you leave your

Iceman-Well, as to non-conductors of

## lump, just, please, wrap it in the bill. The Editor.

A good editor must always be in his write mind.—Merchant Traveler. And have a sort of pen-chant for work.—South and West. And live within his ink-come. Jewish Messenger.

Philadelphia Call: Wages are only 10 cents a day in China. How true it is that the wages of Ah Sin is death—by starvation.

Carl Pretzel's Weekly: A claret puncha blow on the nose.

ANGELO'S "LAST JUDGMENT."

A Description of the Wonderful Fresco of the Sistine Chapel. [E. B. Stuart in The Current.]

Grand, solitary and gloomy, is it strange that Michael Angelo has made such a scene as this as his conception of the Day of Wrath? The fresco occupies the entire end of the chapel. In the threatening attitude of an angry Avenger, the dread Judge raises His arm as if devoting to endless torment the supplicants who approach Him. By His side is the Virgin, interceding for the accused. Above and around these central figures are the apostles, saints and blessed martyrs. Little angels bear triumphantly the emblems of the Passion, and sunlight hovers around them. There is the blackness of darkness in the lower picture. Rising from the earth are skeleton forms that, yet unconscious of doom, are borne before the supreme tribunal, and as they mount heavenward, the different shades who have known each other, it may be in the flesh, or, perhaps, only in hades, meet and recognize. There are smiles from lips that have mouldered away before the world grew old, but that are the lakes or the smaller towns of the north-now perennially blooming; longing arms are reached forth to embrace the It is mentioned as a curious instance of the loved, the lost, the found.

Oh! in the Resurrection Morning Michael Angelesque there is joy and happiness, until the observer looks on the left, on the other side of the angels sounding the trumpets. Then the heartrending horrors chill the soul as the damned fall headlong into their place of torment. Demons seize them; Charon's boat bears them over a darker Stygian pool than Erebus ever had a few cases, nor in the elevated districts knew, and amid wailing and despair of New York and Pennsylvania. Some they enter the unlimited future of an neighborhoods in Kentucky, not far from agonizing eternity. So, with a vivid Cincinnati, were almost depopulated in 1850, impression of horror, the spectator and it is a rather remarkable fact that they turns away. There is no comfort in the picture, and no loving forgiveness in any face save Mary's.

In point of drawing, in the "Last Judgment," the maestro has excelled himself. His grand lines, bold foreshortening, and anatomical exactness are unsurpassed. Michael Angelo despised drapery as he did oil painting, and left all his figures in the "Last Judgment" quite nude. From an artistic and historical standpoint this was correct; but some later pope was scandalized, and M. Biagio de Cesena suggested draping the women. Daniele de Volterra was the artist invited to clothe the poor ladies so that they might no longer offend the pope. Succeed ng ages have decided that Volterra would not make a fortune on the boulevard as a second Worth if his tailorwork in the chapel is a fair specimen. At any rate, it was an ungrateful job, and Volterra's contemporaries dubbed him "Il Braghettone," in our vernacular "The Breeches-maker."

Meanwhile Michael Angelo had not been idle, but had carried out a deeplaid scheme to wreak vengeance upon Biagio da Cesena, whom he regarded as the author of the suggestion to drape the nude forms. With a few welldirected strokes of his brush the master altered the visage of Midas in Hell, so as to make it an exact likeness of M. Biagio. Deeply insulted; the courtier hastened to lay his case before the holy father and obtain redress. Biagio begged the pope to have the resem-blance changed. His holiness ascertained the location of Midas, then he said sareastically to the supplicant:

"Ah! Had it been Purgatory I could have released you, but over Hell I have no power!" So the unwilling Biagio still growls beneath asinine ears, and Herr Teufelsdrockh, the clothes-philosopher of a later age, has ignored him.

# A Lesson from a Cook.

[Paris Figaro.] Napoleon had a cook whose ability to cope with an emergency made him a worthy servant of the great soldier. The following anecdote illustrates the culinary tactics of the cook, which enabled him to be always prepared.

Napoleon's constant dish at breakfast was roast chicken. But he was so uncertain in his breakfast hour that sometimes the meal would be served as early as 8 o'clock, and sometimes as late as 11 o'clock. Yet the roast chicken was

always done to a turn. The fact surprised Napoleon, and one morning he sent for the cook. "I do not know how it is," said he,

"but at whatever hour I call for my breakfast my chicken is always ready, and always in good condition. "Sire," answered the man of culinary

"the reason is that every genius, quarter of an hour I put a fresh chicken down to roast, so that your majesty is sure always to have it in perfection." There is a lesson in this anecdote which, if heeded, would crown many callings with success.

# Oil on Troubled Waters.

[Chicago Times.] The literal pouring of oil on troubled waters is sometimes a good thing. The steam whaler Jan Mayen, which left Dundee in February to proceed to the Newfoundland seal-fishing, has returned to Scotland, having been unable to proceed on her voyage, owing to stormy weather. February 18 the vessel encountered a hurricane, in which she was thrown on her beam ends, and would, it is believed by the crew, have foundered had not the use of oil been resorted to. Three bags filled with oakum saturated in oil were hung over the side of the and in his hurry to get out the dime inadvervessel, and in a brief space the sea, which had been washing completely over the ship, ceased to break. The captain attributes the escape of the ves-

## sel to this experiment. Braves in the Chair of Tortuce.

[Winnepeg (Minn.) Times.] A dentist at Calgary has been busy lately extracting teeth from Indians. It is stated that before the advance of civilization, when the natives subsisted solely on buffalo meat, decayed teeth were unknown among them. Braves who stand the torture of the sun-dance of people who, distressed at outward apwithout flinching are reduced to a state of abject terror when they feel the cold scanty means to people who at the very mogrip of the forceps.

Her latest photograph shows Sarah Berdhardt enwrapped from head to foot in a wonderful wad of furs, swelling her to the size of a dime museum fat

## THE CHOLERA.

A Sketch of Its Tours Around the World.

The Epidemie in America-Localities Where It Has Been Wost Fatal - Will It Visit Us Again?

[San Francisco Chronicle.] After the cholera left the Indies in 1817 it was fifteen years in completing the tour of America. 1847 it it took two years to pass over the same route and in 1864 it was about the same length of time in making the same circuit. Its last visit, which was fortunately not made until after the rebellion, was less fatal than either of the others. In St. Louis and other southern cities it resulted in a few deaths, while in Cincinnati the daily deathrate during its prevalence did not exceed forty or fifty and was generally less. Cincinnati then had a population not much exceed-ing 200,000 and the deaths were almost invariably among the poor, who could not very well regulate their diet, or who were too reckless to care about preventive measures. There were no cases in the cities on

freaks of the disease, that while it was prevailing virulently in 1850 at Acapulco, the steamer bound for San Francisco was delayed there, and, though crew and passengers were almost constantly on shore, no case occan on shipboard nor was the infection brought to this city. The localities in the United States that suffered most have been the hot and fertile regions of the south and west. It is believed that no case of it has been known in New England outside of Boston, which has had a few cases, nor in the elevated districts were in a limestone region, where, the water being hard, cistern water was largely used for drinking and household purposes.

IN ARABIA, EGYPT AND THE EAST. Since the cholera visitation of 1866 and 1867 the disease has not been seen in America. There has been scarcely a year, however, since, when cases of it have not been known in India and the far east. For the last five years it has appeared annually in Japan. Up to July 25, 1879, it had caused there 18,000 deaths, the fatality being in large proportion to the number attacked. For the last three years it has caused a large yearly mortality. In 1882 it decimated Manila. For two summers post it has appeared regularly in the principal ports of China, and yet, though we have been in constant communication with all these places, the infection has not been

transmitted to San Francisco. In 1882 the cholera appeared in Mecca during the annual pilgrimage. This holy city of the Mohammedan world is situated in the midst of a sandy plain or large valley, without a supply of running water, and with no water to drink but from brackish wells. Here the pilgrims gather and encamp in swarms innumerable, poorly fed and amid daily increasing accumulations of filth. The heat is great and there is no drainage, and among them the cholera, once implanted, revels in a congenial element. Last year the epidemic wrought terrible havoc in some of the towns in Lower Egypt, which had suffered from the war with Arabi. Some persons professed to think that it must have originated there, the conditions being so favorable, but the supposition was entirely unnecessary, considering the nearless of Arabia and the omnipresence of the Meccan

Two other cities of Asia are considered ioly, though they never numerously as Mecca; these are Meshed in Persia and Bokhara in Turkestan. At these places similar conditions exist, and the cholera once planted finds every means of conveyance to the distant cases of central Asia. Almost everywhere in Asia, and especially in Persia, the water is bad, except in a few of the mountain chains, which aids in increasing the mortality when the epidemic is prevalent.

WILL THE EPIDEMIC SPREAD.

The whole world is at this time interested in the question whether the cholera will remain at Toulon or be generally disseminated. Should it remain where it is, it is believed it will be the first time that it has ever paused in its onward march after it had gained a foothold in Europe. It has stopped in Asia, it has stopped in Africa for a year or two, but when it has organized sufficient impetus to carry it across the Mediteranean or the Caspian its momentum has has invariably borne it much farther. It seems however to have lost much of its virulence since the beginning of the century. The mortality attending the Visitation in 1820 was greater proportionately than that of 1850, and that of 1850 much more serious than that of 1866.

Have we right to expect that if it crosse the ocean it will be of a still milder type! The taking of proper precautions may keep it from California, but should it come, too great fear of it will increase the danger of infection. It prevails more in filthy districts, and usually attacks those who have neglected the rules of cleanliness, have exposed themselves needlessly or been incantions in regard to their diet.

#### Professional Street Beggars. [Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A blear-eyed individual who seemed on the verge of tremens begged a party of gestlemen for teu cents to get a drink of whisky. Admiring his honesty the coin was furnished him, and he darted across the street. The men knew that the price of a drink at the resort he entered was fifteen cents, and awaited developments. He immediately approached them again and said he could not get a drink for the amount given him.

"All right. Give me back that dime and I will give you a quarter," said the man who had contributed for the drink.

The beggar, with an expression of satisfac tion, rammed his hand hastily into his pocket, tently pulled out a whole handful of change, which he quickly tried to conceal. "Get out of here, you infernal rascal, or

I'll kick you across the street," said the charitably disposed person, as he heard the jingle of the stuff and caught a glance of a few dimes. The fellow sneaked away. His nervousness was entirely gone. He was simply a clever actor. Having observed that people were disposed to deal kindly with a man suffering from the effects of a debauch, he grasped the opportunity and was reaping a rich harvest.

The street beggars are nearly all frauds They are professionals and prey upon a class pearances and a tale of woe, give their ment have in their pockets more money than the donors. It may seem hard for a policeman to run in a decrepit woman or an infirm man, but splendid homes are provided at both public and private expense for such people, and they are nuisances that should not be tolerated on the streets.

## BEAUTY AT A BAZAAR.

How Fashion Imbibes American Mixed Drinks in London. [The London World.]

ten's riding-school, Knightsbridge, in aid of the restoration and enlargement of Kew church, was opened by the prince and princess of Wales. They were ac-companied by the duke of Cambridge, the grand duke of Mecklenburg-Streitz, Lady Spencer, Maria, marchioness of Alisbury, etc. The princess looked very well in her plain black costume, which became her admirably, and might have set an example of simplicity to many who surrounded her. It was quite vexatious to see how everyone ran after and pressed round the royal party merely to stare. Now, I think this not only very bad taste, but it must be any thing but pleasant to those who are thus victimized. Surely, loyalty may be shown without rude intrusiveness. Most graciously her royal highness went round the various stalls, stopping particularly at that held by the duchess of Cambridge. Here she bought some white majolica ware. Col. noghes-Hallett's clever poodle then emergained them with his tricks. After in esting in a very precious pug puppy and a basket of flowers the prince and princess took their departure, and we were left to the contemplation of the bazaar.

Lady Anne Sherson kept a dairy stall, wherein were tiny animals innumerable -from little Australian birds, with their searlet bills, to a pony, that in an im provised stall stood very contentedly munching his hay. Several pictur esquely dressed children hovered round, selling fresh eggs, kittens, etc., and I was amused by one little maiden bringing a basket with tumblers of milk for thirsty travelers, which she inadvertently recommended as, "Won't you have a glass of new-laid milk?" instantly correcting herself with a little confused air. Pretty china plaques were the principal novelty at Lady Caro-line Garnier's stall, and next door Mrs. Colman exhibited many fancy articles. At the duchess of Cambridge's stall one side was devoted to white majolica and the rest to various examples of basketwork and embroidery, and much of the latter being the handiwork of the grand duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Refreshments were dispensed by the Ladies Churchill and Adeliza Manners assisted by Mrs. Hughes-Hallett, who specially presided over a bar of Ameri can drinks. Here one might have "eye openers," corpse-revivors," smashes and cocktails ad lib. So successful were these beverages that this imprompt was perpetually occupied with "bar" eager, thirsty purchasers, among whom were very recognizable Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilde, the latter in a cream-colored dress round which she had twisted a long piece of yellow liberty silk, fastening it to the waist by a bunel of large lilies; her hat was trimmed with white feathers and amber beads. The dowager marchioness of Waterford had a stall of brass ornaments that combined a capital effect with usefulness little fender sets and some diminutive gongs were especially fascinating. But the center of attraction was a small Chinese boy, who stood near the marchioness; he was such a picturesque litthe object in his loose costume of two shades of heliotrope, the sleeves turned back with blue, and a blue cap with a long searlet ailk tassel on his head. He wore also some wonderful silver ornaments round his neck, and is the especial property of Lord Charles Beres-

# took for the King.

[The Argonaut.] The position of head cook to an eastern king must be no sinecure, judging from the details given by Oriental travelers. The cook employed by King John of Abyssinia is chosen from the native priesthood, and takes rank among the greatest dignitaries of the court; but, on the other hand, he is bound, on pain of death, to lead an irreproachable life in every way, and is never allowed to marry. At the court of Siam the present head cook is a lady, the sister of the king's physician. Having prepared the food destined for the royal table, she sa's it up in separate packets, and sends across the river to the palace, where it is handed over to the king's "taster, who eats successively from all the dishe -twenty or thirty in number. It is hardly necessary to add that the post of taster falls vacant very frequently.

#### Mr. Sala's Advice. [Chicago News.]

In view of a possible outbreak of cholera in London, Mr. Sala, in his 'Echoes," anticipates the advantage of the London government bill as a deterrent of disease by the following counsel: Put your trust in Providence, keep yourselves and your houses scrupulously clean; don't eat any uncooked food after midday; encourage the smoking of tobacco (during the cholera outbreak of 1832 not a single London tobacconist died of the maiady); read very carefully Dr. Tanner's index of diseases; don't drink water of the providing of which you have no knowledge; have a filter at home; wear a sash round your waist; keep plenty of camphor about; do not fly in a passion with everybody, and

# He Could Not See Why.

[Boston Globe,] Mr. Mulcaliey recently took "a day off" and went down the harbor on a fishing excursion. The sea being decidedly choppy, it was not long before he paid tribute to old Neptune several times. He looked, as Mark Twain said he once felt, "as if he would disgorge his immortal soul," and between the rounds blurted out: "An' (hic), begorra, an' I can't conderstand phwy I shud be so sick, whin I wuz brought up within a mile uv the say."

## Such Is Life. [Chicago Tribune.]

"My dear, look down below," said a grandiose, as he stood on the bridge with his wife and gazed at a tug hauling a long line of barges. "Such is lifethe tug is like a man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women are-"I know," interrupted Mrs. G., acridly, "the tug does all the blowing and the barges bear all the burden.'

Cholera has never penetrated the pin regions of the south.

THE VALUE OF "GRIP."

What Prentice Mulford Has to Say About It. The bazaar at the duke of Welling-

> What is "Grip?"-Grip and Success Go Together - The State of "Flop"-The "I Will" Structure.

[San Francisco Chronicle.] It used to be said of a man in the mine when he became discouraged, downcast and disinclined to labor, plan or project and very much inclined to get drunk whenever he had a chance, "he's lost his grip."

There seems to be a great deal of hidden meaning and force in many of these phrases which are evolved, not out of the dictionaries or the closets of pedants, but from the situations, necessities, emergencies and results of every-day life.

Because a hopeful and energetic man or woman, full of enterprise and plan, takes a firmer hold or grip on life. You may see it in their resolute walk and carriage, by the manner in which each footstep is planted, and when they shake hands with you they take your hand as if they meant something by it. It seems to me that getting this "grip" on life is as yet an untaught science; that there is a quality of the mind born of resolution and decision, whereby this grip is main-tained; that it is of vast importance it should be better understood and comprehended; that disease and weakness, first mental, next physical, comes of losing this grip and that it is a matter to be considered, both with reference to the "here" and the hereafter.

I think a good "grip" on life will help to cure almost any failing and any disease Doctors will tell you and many of us know of people who ought to have died, according to all the rules of medical science, long ago but who wouldn't die because they said they wouldn't and they didn't. They never let go their "grip" on life.

GETTING A GOOD GRIP.

It is wonderful what a strengthening effect a word may have on a person's mind as re-gards holding his "grip." You say to your-self in time of difficulty, doubt and discour-agement, "I will," "I will," "I will" do thus and so, and keep on from time to time re peating these words, and you seem to call into yourself at last a power-a power of will which helps remove the trouble. You laugh, of course, at this and say, "That's all imag-ination." Of course. Laugh away. It will do you good. But try the recipe the next time you want to climb out of the dumps. Say "I will climb out of this mire." Keep on saying it. See if it does not help you to climb.

You need so to climb, perhaps, for your heart is heavy, your body weak, your will ditto, your appetite gone, the world a vale of tears and life a burden. A "heavy heart" means literally and physically a heavy and cast-down heart, for if you could examine that useful organ at such times you might find it was below its proper place; that it was not numping blood with its accustomed energy and that the blood about it was more or less congested and of sluggish motion, all of which causes give that peculiar pain and heaviness known as "heartache." Of course if the heart does not work properly neither will the stomach, and if the stomach does not work what will work well inside of us! Our organs are much like a row of bricks-upset one and the rest follow suit.

It is very important that things do work properly inside of us, in order that we may properly work things outside.

WHAT IS GRIP? What is grip? Call it will. What is will? I do not know. It is a quality of which each person has more or less. It is a very desirable quality. A person having it in plenty and knowing it, and knowing the necessity for its use, can do a great deal in the world. The will is put in as a power, and there is good reason to believe that it may be increased by cultivation, or by willing to have more will. There is reason to believe that its capacity for increase is illimitable. Whether it so grows inside of us, or whether it is an element we draw to us from the outside, I cannot say and never found anybody who could. But if it can be cultivated and increased by so easy and simple a process as wishing for more of it, asking for it, praying for it, demanding it and saying "I will," it is a very important thing for people to know.

SMALL THINGS. Please do not be too ready to "despise the day of small things," We know really very little of these thinking mysteries we call our minds. If you declared to another your belief that a thought was a thing-an invisible thing, to be sure, but none the less a thingan element or combination of elements coming out of your brain maybe, you would be met by a howl of derision. The idea that thoughts are things-are anything! Thought, the mind, pictures, plans, opinions, wishes, lies, half-lies, and all the products of our minds are only myths-nothings-of course, We can't see them-hence they are nothing,

or next to it. So we reason in this matter, Yet it's the thought that does it all. You plan-you think out your undertaking first, and then put it in practice afterwards. You plan, first, every physical act, even to each step made in walking. When you say "I will," or "I won't," and put your mental foot down with energy and decision on this "say so," you do create something about you which seems to make more energy, decision and resolution-more power to perform the "I will," or "I won't."

THE LACK OF GRIP.

Why, the lack of "grip" will write itself all over people's forms and faces. You know the man who has "lost his grip" by the parted lips, the drooping lower jaw, the downcast eye, the bent form, the slouching shoulders, the irresolute, halting, shambling gait-no purpose, no aim, no end in view-only to live on and endure from day to day and growl and grumble. Surely thought, or the lack of it, has been here an active agent in accomplishing and results,

I shall now become more or less visionary, in my opinion, and then stop. I believe that thoughts are things-intangible and invisible things, but none the less things-the finest and possibly the most powerful product of what we call "matter,"

THE STATE OF FLOP.

For the sake of making an amusing theory I will assume that a person builds up a sort of thought structure all about them-an invisible envelop or garment of their ideas; that this thought envelop affects others coming near them, pleasantly or otherwise, according to its character; that the finer your organization, the more sensitive your brain-threads, called nerves, the easier do you feel this thought coming from another, and this may account for your "first impressions" of people, which time so often verifies as correct. If you build up the "I will" structure you draw the more will power to you and become the stronger continually. If you will even build up the "I can't" and "It's no use trying" and "What's the use of living anyway? garment, you drive off the will element and become the weaker and worse; you drive off eventually the people of will who might help you, but who are repelled by any one in a chronic state of "flop."

THE VANDERBILTS.

A Portrait Group of the Family of Railroad Magnates,



WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT. Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt, whose wealth exceeds \$150,000,000 and who controls more miles of railway than any other man in the world, is a native of Staten Island, N. Y., and is about 60 years of age. His life has been comparatively uneventful only in the fact that he fell heir to the greatest fortune ever acquired in this country. His recent gift of \$500,000 as a building fund to the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the city of New York is an agreeable surprise to the public, and may be the forerunner of greater benefactions which will bring bonor to the name of Vanderbilt.

Who Resides In a \$2,000,000 House.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is the chairman of the board of directors of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad. In appearance and characteristics he resembles his grandfather, the founder of the Vander-bilt fortunes. He also lives in a palace, which cost \$2,000,000, and to secure the site of which he purchased and rased to the ground two new houses worth \$310,000. He is the most clear-headed and affable member of the Vanderbilt family.



WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt owns the most beautiful house exeriorly in America. It is of white stone, and built in the style of the French renaissance. In this residence have been beld some of the most magnificent entertainments. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt is in disposi ion and appearance considerable like his father, William H. Vanderbilt, Abou a year ago he became chairman of the board of directors of the Like Shore and Michigan Southern railroad, on the abdicalion of that position by his father.

How the Mahdi's Men Fight.

[Abu-Klea Letter to London Telegraph.] As we descended into the wady we saw hundreds of Arabs dead and dying. In the dry water-course they left behind them many water-skins, water-bottles, earthenware pots and bags of dhoora. There were even a score of tom-toms, the heads of which were instantly burst in. On the northern side of the shallow khor they had dug numerous rifle-pits and trenches. There were one or two east-away mahdi uniforms and lots of flags, but no shields, for the false prophet had bade his adherents no her wear their ancient chain armor nor seek the protection of thick rhinoceroshide bucklers. Exploring along this wady a party of

our men came upon six dead and four wounded Arabs lying under a bushy dwarf mimosa tree. The soldiers had an interpreter with them, and the Arabs were called upon to surrender and come out. That they said they could not do: would the soldiers, therefore, come and take them. The four wounded still held their spears in their hands. "Very good," said our soldiers, "put down your spear and we will see you are well treated, a do all we can to cure your wounds." The answer of the four Arabs came fierce and concise: "Put down our spears, infidel dogs! By God and the prophet, never!" There was a crack of Martini-Henry's. You can guess the rest.

It was again, as at Teb and Tamal, almost impossible to take prisoners, and we secured but two of their wounded alive. The third prisoner 1 assisted to bring in, but he was hardly a capture, for the man gave himself up. He had a Remington and over 100 rounds of ammunition. His story was that he had been one of the Berber-Egyptian garrison, and since the fall of that place had been forced into the Mahdi's army. He was glad to escape from them, he declared, and I must say the fellow looked cheerful at being taken. A trooper conducted him to Gen. Stew-He was our one unwounded art.

prisoner!