

A DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

What a Family Physician Says About the Headache.

How People May Keep the Head 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. Perhaps the most common kinds are the sick headache and a headache which comes from an unequal circulation of the blood.

Persons who have sick headache, as a rule, eat too much and exercise too little. They have cold feet and they are constipated.

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 dissipation.

A nervous headache, brought on by overwork, grief, loss of sleep and like causes, is relieved by quietude, gentle rubbing of pitting 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 headache in older persons is often caused by a flow of blood to the head, called vertigo, and is threatened apoplexy.

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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 had air which rises, though they may escape the carbonic acid gas which settles in the pews.

Measure up the pressure. Measure the pressure in pounds to the square inch. The pressure in the arteries is regulated the same way.

Work done later in the morning; we cannot do as much work before breakfast. We grow stronger toward noon; we go up with the sun; after 3 o'clock we begin to wane.

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 money?" "Oh, no; no mass. Something more solid than that."

A Long Felt Want. [Philadelphia Call.] Smith—I've got into a new business. I'm a water-up. Jones—What in the world is that?

Ice Lumps and Bills. [Philadelphia Call.] Ice man—Well, as to non-conductors of heat, wool cloth is very good, but paper does first-rate.

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 punch—a 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.

Oh! in the Resurrection Morning Michael Angelo 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.

In point of drawing, in the "Last Judgment," the maestro has excelled himself. His grand lines, bold shortening, and anatomical exactness are unsurpassed.

Meanwhile Michael Angelo had not been idle, but had carried out a deep-laid scheme to wreak vengeance upon Biagio da Cesena, whom he regarded as the author of the suggestion to drape the nude forms.

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.

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.

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."

Oil on Troubled Waters. [Chicago Times.] The literal pouring of oil on troubled waters is sometimes a good thing. The steamer 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.

Braves in the Chair of Torture. [Winnipeg (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.

Her latest photograph shows Sarah Berhardt wrapped from head to foot in a wonderful wad of furs, swelling her to the size of a dime museum fat woman.

THE CHOLERA.

A Sketch of Its Tours Around the World.

The Epidemic in America—Localities Where It Has Been Most 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. In 1847 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.

It is mentioned as a curious instance of the 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 occurred on shipboard nor was the infection brought to this city.

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.

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.

Two other cities of Asia are considered holy, though they never attract pilgrims so numerously as Mecca; these are Meshed in Persia and Bokhara in Turkistan. At these places similar conditions exist, and the cholera once planted finds every means of conveyance to the distant coasts of central Asia.

Will the Epidemic Spread. The 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.

Have we right to expect that if it crosses 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.

Professional Street Beggars. [Cincinnati Enquirer.] A blue-eyed individual who seemed on the verge of tremors begged a party of gentlemen for ten cents to get a drink of whisky.

He Could Not See Why. [Boston Globe.] Mr. Mulehey recently took "a day off" and went down the harbor on a fishing excursion. The day being decidedly choppy, it was not long before he paid tribute to old Neptune several times.

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.

BEAUTY AT A BAZAAR.

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

The bazaar at the duke of Wellington'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 accompanied by the duke of Cambridge, the grand duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Lady Spencer, Maria, marchioness of Ailsbury, etc.

Lady Anne Sherson kept a dairy stall, wherein were tiny animals innumerable—from little Australian birds, with their scarlet bills, to a pony, that in an improvised stall stood very contentedly munching his hay.

Refreshments were dispensed by the Ladies Church and Adelia Manners, assisted by Mrs. Hughes-Hallett, who specially presided over a bar of American drinks. Here one might have "eye-openers," "corpse-revivers," smashes and cocktails ad lib.

Look 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 irrepensible life in every way, and is never allowed to marry.

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 tobaccoist died of the malady); 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 don't "funk."

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 eyes, 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 sad results.

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.

Cholera has never penetrated the pine regions of the south.

THE VALUE OF "GRIP."

What Prentice Mulford Has to Say About It.

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 mines 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."

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 is wonderful what a strengthening effect a word may have on a person's mind as regards holding his "grip." You say to yourself in time of difficulty, doubt and discouragement, "I will," "I will," "I will" do this and so, and keep on from time to time repeating these words, and you seem to call into yourself at last a power—a power of will which helps remove the trouble.

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 pumping 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.

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 limitless.

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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 thing—an 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—nothing of course. We can't see them—hence they are nothing, or next to it. So we reason in this matter.

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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, and I 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-Heurys. 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 I assisted to bring in, but he was hardly a captive, 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. Stewart. He was our one unwounded prisoner!

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 honor 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 Vanderbilt 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.

A Son of His Father.



WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt owns the most beautiful house in America. It is of white stone, and built in the style of the French renaissance. In this residence have been held some of the most magnificent entertainments. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt is in disposal in an appearance considerable like his father, William H. Vanderbilt. About a year ago he became chairman of the board of directors of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad, on the abdication 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 tags of dhooza. 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 cast-away mahdi uniforms and lots of flags, but no shields, for the false prophet had bade his adherents no longer wear their ancient chain armor nor seek the protection of thick rhinoceros-hide bucklers.

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