

ABOUT PERSPIRATION.

An Organ of Elimination Like the Lungs and the Kidneys.

Nature has expended much labor on the perspiration system—has constructed for each of us many miles of tubing and millions of secreting glands, each furnished with its tiny blood-vessel regulated by its microscopic nerve.

Not only does this system perform an essential service in keeping the bodily temperature down to the normal point of safety, ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit, by the evaporation of the perspired fluid, but it is also an organ of elimination like the kidneys and the lungs.

An adult excretes a full pound of sweat daily, and this may be increased to three or four pounds. From this fact may be understood both the danger of suddenly checking the outflow of the poisonous material, and the advantage, when one has taken cold, of the Russian bath. The quantity and character of the fluid render a frequent change of clothing a matter of no small importance.

Some diseases, as acute rheumatism, pleurisy, general debility, are accompanied by excessive perspiration, which is also sometimes purposely induced by the use of certain drugs called diaphoretics. As we are all aware, the amount of perspiration is abnormal in hot weather. The heat of a muggy day is aggravated and made more oppressive by the slow evaporation from the surface of the body. The atmosphere is too fully charged with moisture to vaporize the sweat.

Excessive sweating is sometimes partial, being limited to the soles, palms, or to one-half of the face, head or body, and that, too, without any discoverable cause. The touching of one side of the tongue with salt will sometimes cause a profuse perspiration upon the corresponding side of the body.

Perspiration may also be deficient. This is generally the case in diseases of the kidneys, in the early stages of fever, and in certain skin diseases. When the sebaceous or oil secretion is deficient, there is apt to be a lack of deficiency in the perspiration, rendering the skin dry and rough.

Perspiration may have an offensive odor, especially that which is secreted by the armpits, feet and toes. The sweat and the sebaceous secretion undergo a chemical change into the fatty acids, some of which are like those found in rancid butter. This condition is sometimes due to lowered vitality of the system. The affected parts should be repeatedly washed with bar soap, and the linens frequently changed. The soles of the stockings should be daily disinfected with a saturated solution of borax and. Cork soles should be worn in the shoes, and be similarly disinfected. —YOUTH'S COMPANION.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

What the Postress of Passion Would Do If She Were a Man.

Were I a man, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Chicago Tribune, I would never speak or write one disparaging or disgraceful word of any woman whom I did not know beyond the circle of a doubt to be utterly worthless. Even then I would only speak such words to warn others from her example.

I would aim to make my life worthy one good woman's admiration and respect.

I would be more gallant and kind to my wife than to any other woman.

I would make the happiness of my home the chief ambition of my life.

I would deny myself some pleasures and luxuries in youth that I might not be dependent upon others for the necessities of life in old age.

I would give every man a helping hand as I went along the journey of life, and expect no reward save in the increase of my own self-respect and satisfaction.

I would take a great pride in controlling and mastering my passions and appetites, as I would in the control of my horses or my dogs. And I would look well to it that none gained mastery of me.

I would feel it a greater honor to be called a faithful husband and a wise father than to be called a "good dog" or "a great master" by my fellow men.

If I inherited wealth I would endeavor to make myself in the matter of good manners and good morals the equal of many who labor for a livelihood.

I would never imagine that the possession of a first class tailor and an ergoless could exceed a vile breath or an insolent air.

I would write no letters to any woman, save my wife, which all the world might not read.

If in the employ of others I would do double the duties imposed upon me that I might the sooner have others in my employ.

I would rule in my business affairs and in my own household not by force of physical strength, but by force of character.

And in my general association with women I would treat them as nearly as possible as I would like other men to treat my sister or my wife.

CRACKER COURTSHIP.

How "Pop" Won the Hand of an Industrious Widow.

Love-Making as Practiced in an Unknown Neck of Florida.—The Way in Which Old Man Somers Presented His Case to Mrs. Legare.

Down in this unknown neck characters may be met who would delight those appreciative of the fresh and distinctive in taste. One writes a New York Tribune correspondent from "the wilds." These in the deepest recesses of "the deep woods" are "crackers" who have never penetrated ten miles from the smoky cabin in which they were born, and whence their life has been bounded by the live-oaks, big walls and palmetto thatch of their cabins. Here they have lived since the time the Indians were captured by the negroes, driving them from their homes and massacring swarms of the Everglades Indians. Ignorance, shiftlessness, courage and pride are their more prominent qualities.

Some miles back from this lake is a fertile spot of "high hammock" land on which stands a particularly heavy and xoriant growth of pine, magnolia and live-oak. It is in several clearings which were made a century or five decades since, by the first "crackers" who came to this section at the time of their arrival a wild and virgin country, which foot of white man may not have trodden since. Uncle De Leon ranged the peninsula in his quest for the fabled fountain of youth.

The trees of the clearings are clustered closely together, one owned by the boy now Legare pronounced "Leger," and by "Pop" now Somers, and by "Old Man" now Thomas. Uncle Billy has contrived to pass thirty-three years in single blessedness, but during the last eight years he has found engraving charts in the society of the widow. On the other hand "Pop" has had three wives, the last in the sequence having died a month ago. It is in order to state that "Pop" is a man of individuality, not of wealth, and that he has been compelled to suffer a loss. Misfortune has a horrid effect on him and stimulates him to repair his losses. Consequently I was not surprised at the turn a conversation took which I held with him a fortnight after the death of his third wife. Replying to some expressions of sympathy on my part, the old man said:

"Yes, I have lost two good houses—my cabin in my native land, and two of course I've done but reconstruct for another. I hasn't settled on none yet, as I've done him right terrible bad."

For a moment I was speechless. Then, acting on a mischievous impulse, I suggested:

"Have you thought of the Widow Legare? She is a widow as a housekeeper and isn't a decent woman to be married to?"

"I loved," was the reply, "that I must settle on the widow. But that ain't no use in here" in such a powerful rush. Party over! I'll take day to hunt for her woman. Goin' or wife is like gitin' or male, and a man should be careful to git un that last and is stiddy and don't say her ter kick."

"A widow speaker to the widow right away. Uncle Billy may cut in ahead of you."

"I'll speak it, York," said the old man. "Your widow hasn't brought Uncle Billy to min in much as eight years. But I'll speak her come week."

Exactly a week later "Pop" saddled his mule and rode to the widow's. He found the buxom matron mending the girdle band in her well and—but I will tell him his own words:

"—What a widow! Howdy's her I—

"—What do you—uns—say?" said she uns, suspicious-like.

"So I done come right down to it and said, 'I'm reckonin' I low' fer git another wife, and I want ter to take you, if you don't low' otherwise. What do you think?" said I, in my poorest

"D'jumoo," she uns. "Ain't this suds—"

"—Uncle Billy, I'll speak it, York," said the old man.

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