MEDICINE 1,000 YEARS AGO.

Ancient Tibetan Book Which Contains Many Modern Truths.

A Tibetan "Hand Book of Medicine," published 1,000 years ago, has been recently examined by the Russian Academy of Medicine, and it is found to contain many valuable truths that have been discovered and rediscovered by modern physicians. A few extracts from the ancient volume are given: "Number of bones in the human body, 360, number of nerves, 99; number of pores, 11,000,000." "The heart is the king of the organs and the staff of life. The lungs embrace it not unlike a mother would a child." "Illnesses are due to man's malice, ignorance and inability to curb the passions, for these things interfere with the proper nourishment of the human organs." "All unkind thoughts react upon the heart and liver." Methods for ascertaining the condition of a person's health were much like those that are used to-day—feeling of the pulse and looking at the tongue, taking the temperature, etc. In those days the law imposed fines upon surgeons and physicians who did not keep their instruments clean. Vegetable medicines were advocated, also the bath, compresses, massage, etc.

Early Telescopes.

It appears, according to facts collected by Mr. Arthur Mee, that Thomas Harriot, the English astronomer, born in 1560, made telescopes perhaps contemporaneous with the the first instruments of Galileo. The very first telescope seems to have been made in Holland in 1608. The next year Galileo heard of the discovery, and after writing for information, began his own experiments. In the same year Harriot had one or two of the Dutch telescopes sent to him, and immediately began improvements on his own account. It appears that he made a considerable number and Mr. Mee suggests that some may yet be found in some of the older colleges, or mansions, in England. It is said that Harriot's last and best telescope was nearly twice as powerful as the best made by Galileo. Long before, Harriot had been in Virginia, and there employed, in surveying, a "perspective glass." It would be very interesting to know just what his perspective glass was.

Who Columbus Was.

In the afternoon in all the schools a part of the time was devoted to the study of the life and deeds of Columbus.

An amusing reply was given by one of the pupils. A teacher had told the class of the wonderful voyage of Columbus and how he insisted on continuing the voyage after the other men were clamoring to return. Then she asked: "Who was Columbus?" with the view of hearing how well they had followed her talk.

One little hand went up.

"Well, Johnny, who was he?" asked the teacher.

"Columbus was the gem of the ocean."

Cause for Reflection.

"The editor of my paper," declared the newspaper business manager to a little coterie of friends, "is a peculiar genius. Why, would you believe it, when he draws his weekly salary he keeps out only one dollar for spending money and sends the rest to his wife in Indianapolis!"

His listeners—with one exception, who sat silent and reflective—gave vent to loud murmurs of wonder and admiration.

"Now, it may sound thin," added the speaker, "but it is true, nevertheless."

"Oh, I don't doubt it at all!" quickly rejoined the quiet one. "I was only wondering what he does with the dollar!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Craze for Speed.

Those mighty ocean steamers, like the Lusitania, the Mauretania, and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which rush across the sea at the rate of thirty miles an hour, burn up a thousand tons of coal apiece every day. It requires five thousand tons to drive one of them across the Atlantic at that high speed. At a moderate speed, less than half that amount would do, but our century is gone speed crazy. On steamships, on railroads, on autobiles, we must have speed, and sacrifice everything to it, even human lives. Everybody is mad to "get there," whether he has any business "there" or not.—Boy Life.

Enemies of the Rubber-Tree.

A great deal of attention has recently been given to the cultivation of rubber, on account of the continually increasing demand for it. Prof. Francis E. Lloyd points out that "the inevitable struggle of man with nature" has already manifested itself in this new field. Already a considerable number of parasitic enemies have been discovered, "whose energies appear to be largely concentrated upon cultivated rubber-trees." It is another problem for science to deal with.

Electricity as a Carrier.

Does an electric current, when passing through a metal conductor, cause any transportation of particles? It is well known that it does so in the liquid conductors known as electrodes; in fact, such a common operation as electroplating depends entirely upon this action. To test the matter a recent experimenter passed an electric current continously for a whole year through a conductor composed partly of copper and partly of aluminum, the sections being pressed firmly together. At the end of the year they were taken apart and examined, but not the slightest trace of either metal was found in the other.

BAKED ELEPHANT'S FOOT.

Col. Roosevelt Will Be Privileged to Taste a Delicious Dish.

While Colonel Roosevelt is in Africa he will have an opportunity of tasting that delicious dish, baked elephant's foot. The Elephas Indicus or Elephas (Loxodon) Africanus walks on his toes and the balls of his feet. The real foot of an elephant extends up some distance from the ground. Like the "trotter" of the hog the foot of the elephant is full of gluten, and the flesh, if properly baked, is very tender, tasting something between pork and chicken. From a freshly killed elephant the foot is cut off at the ankle, and baked in a hole in the ground which has previously been heated with hot stones. The hole must be red hot and a few heavy stones left in the bottom. The foot having been put into the hole, which is made just about big enough to receive it, some natives line the hole with green leaves, and is shoveled over it and it is left to cook. One must not be in a hurry for his dinner. When taken out and the thick skin peeled away a delicious morsel awaits the epicure.

Our National Forests.

The recent proclamations setting aside the Ocala National Forest in South Dakota bring the number of states possessing such forests belonging to the United States up to 20, if Alaska be included. Of these forests, Arkansas has two, but all the others, except the new ones in Florida and South Dakota, are in the Rocky Mountain or Pacific coast states. It is expected that the Ocala Forest area, which covers 201,480 acres, will become densely covered with the sand pine. No part of the area rises more than 150 feet above sea level. The Dakota Forest is in the Bad Lands region, and much is expected from its influence, etc. North Dakota is the 46th forested state in the Union. The new forest covers 14,080 acres.

The Columbus Tree.

In the outskirts of the old city of San Domingo of the Dominican republic among the shacks dilapidated dwellings and mass of debris that litter this section of the town bordering the bay, stands a giant oak. The tree is much larger than all the trees around it; in truth, it is much larger than the average trees of the island, and, for this reason, is peculiar. But the tree is interesting, not alone for its bigness and its apparent age, but because of the story attached to it. The big oak is called the "Columbus Tree," and the story is that Columbus tied or made fast his ships by long hawsers to this tree when he came into the harbor on that memorable twelfth day of October, 1492.

Insist on Yellow Flour.

Charles Christadoro, an expert on flour and grains, sounds the keynote of the new situation brought about by the bleached flour decision when he says in a communication to the editor commenting on the bleached flour decision: "The housewife will now insist on yellow tinted or creamy flour, and will learn to realize that a natural flour very white can in no manner compare with the creamy or yellow flour in so far as gluten and muscle building values are concerned.

"As from 85 to 90 per cent. of the large flour mills of the country were using this bleaching process, the decision is far-reaching." National Food Magazine.

Egyptian "Sabak."

This name is given to a peculiar kind of manure employed in Upper Egypt, and found on the sites of ancient Arabian habitations. Even the crumbled walls of the habitations themselves have added valuable ingredients to the deposits, because the walls were composed of earth intermixed with an abundance of straw. The sites of these ancient dwelling places are recognized, in the first place, by the finding of relics of household articles, and even bits of jewelry. The deposits are found in successive layers, indicating that the sites have been occupied, abandoned, and reoccupied a number of times. Chemical analysis shows that the deposits of "sabak" are veritable beds of nitrates.

An Old, Old Life Site.

Recent excavation at the Maumbury Rings Circle, in England, is regarded as corroborating the tradition that a Roman amphitheater once existed on that site. A stratum of quartz, flint and fragments of shells, such as the Romans placed on the surface of the arena where gladiators fought, has been found there. A very interesting fact is that other remains indicate that the place was used by Neolithic people as a flint workshop. It is apparent that they used picks made of deer's antlers to excavate the pit where the flint was found. The pit is 30 feet deep. The place seems to have been almost continuously occupied since Neolithic times.

An Actor's Ruse.

One of the leading comedians of the Frankfurt Theatre in Germany went to the director and asked for an advance on his week's salary. The books showed that the whole amount had already been drawn, and the director said "No."

"Very good," said the actor; "then I shall refuse to go on to-night."

The director saw that it was dangerously near curtain time and reluctantly gave the actor the amount asked for, but said: "Remember, sir, this is nothing short of extortion, and a cowardly one at that."

"Not at all, Herr Director," said the actor, stuffing the money in his pocket, "my name is not on the bill for to-night, anyway."—The Argonaut.

HAYTIAN GIRLS RIDE ASTRIDE

Costume Resembles Trailing Gown of a Mediaeval Noblewoman.

It is of little importance to Hayti and its people what the other Powers think of it. The little black republic goes right ahead with its voodooism, idol worship and other strange customs without regard for the feelings of the missionaries stationed there. Naturally enough the civilized custom of a woman using a side saddle for horseback riding does not appeal to the semi-savage nature of the inhabitants. Of course, not many Haytians are prosperous enough to own horses for use solely under the saddle. But those who do dress their women in the strangest riding habits yet devised. As the riders are ignorant of such an invention as the side saddle, their riding habits are built to fit the lines of an ordinary leather saddle. In effect those garments are simply a baggy pair of trousers, ending at the ankle in front but hanging in many folds almost to the ground at the back. Seen a slight distance away, however the costume resembles the trailing gown of a mediaeval noblewoman when riding and its picturesqueness is enhanced by the Haytian style of headdress.

Loser Should Pay Finder 10 Per Cent.

"If you lost a watch worth $100 what reward would you give the finder for its return?"

"Oh, $10 or $20."

"Ten per cent, eh? Well, that is about right," said Lecoq the detective. "It is more though than the average person would give."

Here in America in lost and found notices [illegible] ten per cent. of reward but in England there is such a percentage, namely, half a crown in a pound, that is to say, about [illegible] per cent. Ten per cent is what the finder must be paid in England and [illegible] he takes his find to a police station or to Scotland Yard. He always does so as otherwise the whole [illegible] gives him less than the general [illegible].

I [illegible] a London cab a kit bag worth [illegible]. The kit bag was returned by the [illegible] to Scotland Yard and I left there for him gladly a reward of [illegible]. If the bag had been worth $2,000 I'd have been chartered handing out $200 but that is what I'd have had to do before the Scotland Yard folks would have given me my property.

"When you lose anything be prepared to give at least 10 per cent to the finder. Ten per cent is the recognized reward in lost and found offices abroad and it should be the recognized reward here. That is little enough and they who give less are, to my mind, dishonest."—Chicago Chronicle.

Electricity Round a Corner.

A curious experiment with an electric discharge conducted round a right-angled corner is described by Prof. Francis E. Nipher. The corner was formed in bending sharply the conducting wire. A photographic plate enclosed in a hard rubber holder was placed under the wire in such a way that the discharge would descend toward it, then turn at a right angle, and pass horizontally above it. It was found that when a negative discharge passed down the wire to the angle the electrical particles kept straight on their way instead of turning, penetrated the rubber cover and affected the enclosed plate. But when the discharge was positive no such effect was produced. The current apparently turned the right-angled corner without, so to speak, shooting off at the bend.

Foghorn Arouses Birds.

There has just been erected on the Bass Rock, the precipitous island in the Frith of Froth, off the Haddingtonshire coast, a new foghorn which has cost $200,000. It will be interesting to note the effect of the hooter on the nerves of the sea birds, of which thousands of one kind and another are to be found on this desolate spot. At dusk the captains of the passenger steamers in passing generally sound their whistle or siren for the amusement of their passengers, and it is a sight not easily forgotten to watch myriads of sleepy birds fly a short distance and then return, after uttering their protest after the manner of the owen in "Gray's Elegy." The new foghorn will give three blasts every two minutes.

Apple on the Berry Bush.

To those particularly interested in the growing of apples an experiment made at Delta, Idaho, will be of value. In the Spring of last year Thomas and Francis Hauch, two miners who keep a garden and grow strawberries and vegetables, experimented in grafting a scion of a four-year-old-apple tree into a service berry tree body, and to their delight the limb not only grew but blossomed this year and two well developed yellow apples ripened. The tree from which the scion was cut has never bloomed, yet the scion when grafted into a berry bush blossomed and bore fruit the next year.—La Grande Observer.

How Does the Gipsy-Moth Spread?

Heretofore, says Dr. L. O. Howard, it has been supposed that the gipsy-moth was distributed only by caterpillars carried by moving objects, such as carriages. The moths cannot fly, and the part taken by birds and winds in distributing them or the caterpillars he regards as problematical. Yet recently isolated colonies of these moths have been found in the woods far from roads and paths, and the question arises, "How did they get there?" Doctor Howard requests information and suggestions on this point.

For the Last Time

"Don't go to-night, Dick. Stay home with Kiddy and me."

A slender, pale-faced girl was speaking. She was about twenty-six years of age, and undoubtedly she was pretty, but want had set its mark on her so that her hollow cheeks added several years to her appearance and at the same time detracted from her good looks. Her eyes were deep blue and now, as she gazed on her husband, they were very wistful.

"I must go to the club to-night, Ethel," the man replied. "I'm almost sure to hear of a job to-night."

Richard Carrington had been a member of the unemployed for nearly nine months. Perhaps it was largely due to himself; he was too anxious to find an appointment just cut out for him. He was good looking, at least, many people said so, but on close inspection, a certain weakness was apparent in his face. He was an excellent boon companion, ready to be a hail fellow well met with anyone, ever ready to dip his hand in his pocket when there was money there to help a friend but just as ready to yield to temptation that a stronger character would have kept clear of.

He had one child, a boy commonly known as Kiddy, and he was wrapped up heart and soul in the youngster. He was as fond of his wife as it was in his somewhat shallow nature to be, but her good advice, which would have steered him clear of many rocks, had little or no effect on him.

Now their finances were at their last ebb. Both husband and wife knew that in a day or two the wherewith to live would be missing and yet Dick Carrington must go to the club.

"Don't go to-night, old boy. Stay with me," Ethel Carrington pleaded.

"I must go to-night, Ethel, but it shall be for the last time."

The girl sighed. How often she had heard these words, "for the last time." Carrington tried to look injured.

"I might hear of something to-night," he said. "It would be silly to miss it. Look here, it's eight o'clock now. I'll be back by nine."

Ethel was silent, she knew she was powerless to prevent his going. He kissed her—there was rarely any lack of affection between them when he was sober—and presently the door slammed.

The girl's eyes filled with tears. She mounted heavily up the stairs and sat by Kiddy's cot. The youngster slept the deep sleep of innocent babyhood. No care or trouble had any effect on him, except his childish ailments. If his father and mother went hungry, he was always looked after and well fed.

"My darling little Kiddy!" whispered the mother, gazing with mingled rapture and pain at the soft face and tiny clenched fists.

Meanwhile, Dick Carrington was laughing and joking with his companions at the Welcome Club. All care had fallen from his shoulders, for was there not a full glass before him and laughter going on around him?

Then curiously enough the last thing that he expected happened. He was fond of talking of looking for work at the club, but he never anticipated finding it. Now a man entered the room, a man to whom the surroundings and company were neither familiar nor congenial. He singled out Carrington.

"Ah! I thought I should find you here," he said. "I want to have a few words with you."

Somewhat regretfully, Dick left the circle of his friends and joined the newcomer. The upshot of the conversation was that Dick was offered and he acepted an appointment. He was to commence work on the following morning.

It was characteristic of him that his first thought was to hasten home and tell Ethel of his good fortune. With this idea in view, he acquainted his friends with what had happened, and then said good-night.

"Surely you're not going without drinking luck to your new job?" cried a man.

"Well, just one, then," said Dick, sitting down again.

The "just one" was but the forerunner of many others, and not until the public house closed did Dick try to go home.

"Richard is himself again," he quoted in a thick voice, tossing a final whiskey and soda down his throat.

He made his way unsteadily home and tumbled into the living room. Then he collapsed into a chair, and tried to review what had happened. A new idea suddenly glimmered in his fuddled face.

"Wouldn't do for wife to see me," he muttered. "Mus' keep her in room."

He felt his way to the bedroom and turned the key in the lock. Then he staggered back to the living-room.

"S'airi' now, Richard," he hiccoughed grazely, addressing his reflection in the mirror. "Knew you'd find job, didn't you, Richard?"

He staggered back against the table, and with a sweep of his arm, upset a lighted oil lamp. A moment later a pale blue flame ran over the tablecloth. The man collapsed into a chair, and gazed in surprised annoyance at the flame.

"Ridiculous!" he muttered. "Silly M'l flames ar'n they? If big nice big flames, biz airi'. Richard don like 'l blue flames."

He felt aggrieved, and, to show his annoyance, he closed his eyes, so as not to see the sheet of blue flame that was rapidly growing larger and licking up everything in its path.

Carrington's head nodded, and a few seconds later he fell into a drunken stupor. He was awakened by two causes, one was a loud thundering noise, the other was a feeling of suffocation.

In a dazed manner he stared around to find the room filled with dense smoke tinged with a warm red glow. On all sides the crackling of burning timber was apparent, and every now and then the thud of falling plaster was heard.

He was sober now. He realized that he had done this. He was responsible for the fire, he and the drink within him. He jumped to his feet, his eyes smarting, his breath coming with difficulty because of the smoke. He dimly heard people shouting and thundering at the door, but he gave no heed to this, he was thinking of Ethel and Kiddy.

A great wave of smoke came out to meet him as he threw the door open. He felt his way through it to the hall shouting "Ethel!" at the top of his voice. His scorched and bleeding hands grasped at the smouldering sheets but there was no life beneath them. Like a madman he began to feel about the room, thrusting his hands before him through the flame and smoke until suddenly he felt something soft on the floor.

It was Ethel and beneath her was Kiddy.

He called passionately to her but she made no reply. Then with sudden fierce strength, he gathered the girl and the baby in his arms and plunged through the fiery smoke to the doorway. Down the trembling stairs he went, his clothes on fire, his hair burning, his skin black and scorched. Burning wood and masses of plaster fell about him but on he strode until a sudden blast of cool air met him as the street door was burst open by the firemen.

Then all seemed to go black before him. Great arms seemed to seize him and hurl him through space. On, on he flew until suddenly he began to fall, down, down.

"I think he'll do now," said a man's voice.

Dick's eyes opened and he gazed vacantly around to see whitewashed walls, a nurse, a white coated doctor and Ethel and the Kiddy.

"Only three minutes, Mrs. Carrington," said the doctor.

Then the girl knelt by the bedside and Dick felt her cool, soft hands smooth his shorn hair. Her soft face was pressed to his.

"Dick, my love, my hero," she whispered.

"Alive?" he murmured weakly.

"Yes, my dear, and loving you more than ever. Oh, Dick, I was so afraid you were going." "But all's well now, Dick, you're getting better. See, here's Kiddy, he wants his daddy."

The man felt the chubby hands of the boy straying over his face, heard the childish crooning and then a scalding tear fell on to his cheek.

"No, no, Mrs. Carrington, that won't do," said the doctor. "You must leave my patient now."

Ethel bent over her husband and kissed him passionately, and with Kiddy in her arms, went from the ward.

So it was only a dream, they were not dead. From his heart the man offered a silent prayer of thanksgiving. Then suddenly he shuddered. She had called him her hero. A grand hero he had been, almost a murderer. His teeth gritted together. Hero, she had called him, and he meant to earn the title. And he did, though his prowess was humble enough. Yet it brought life and living to Ethel and the Kiddy, it made a weak man strong and if it was not the V. C. bravery, it was, at any rate a bravery that was as noble.

Sure enough that visit to the Welcome Club was the last Dick Carrington paid. The appointment that had been offered him was still vacant, but the man who offered it made the proviso that Carrington must become an abstainer, a proviso that was accepted and faithfully adhered to.—E. Newton Bungey, in Pearson's Weekly.

An Open Congratulation.

W. S. Gilbert does not retain all of his humor for use in his librettos.

In the early days of his success, when Gilbert and Sullivan were considered by managers as the "sure winners" in the comic-opera field, a young woman who was a member of one of the "Pinafore" companies wrote to Gilbert telling him of her approaching marriage with a young man of good position and family.

Gilbert congratulated the young woman, and expressed the hope that her future might be prosperous and happy.

Only a little more than a month passed and another letter from the same girl reached him, in which she stated that her engagement with the young man had been broken, and that she had accepted another suitor.

He replied that he had every confidence in her judgment, and again expressed his hearty wishes for her welfare.

It was almost two months after that Gilbert received a third letter from the same girl, who informed him that young Lord—— had proposed and that she had accepted him, after breaking her engagement with No. 2.

Gilbert's humor could no longer withstand the temptation, and he wrote, "I desire to congratulate you on your approaching marriage with—"

Here he placed an asterisk, and in a footnote added, "Here insert the name of the happy man."—T. S.

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