

A GUIDE TO HEALTH.

Science to the Rescue—Fresh Air and Health.
CHAPTER I.

No matter what chapter of the ancient history of the world we turn to, no matter what country's story we peruse, in each, in all we find the same records of cruelty, oppression, murder, massacre and rapine, while every page is shrouded in ignorance, or blurred by the black fingers of superstition. Everywhere we read of reckless-ness of life on the one hand, and on the other a gluttony of gore, a fiendish love for blood spilt; here we see knowledge strangled in her cradle—too often, alas! by the church itself, and here science hurried away to the blazing stake; till, sickened at last, we close the awful tome with a sigh, and a breath of thanks to heaven that we live in more enlightened times. And though, even now-a-days, we may listen open-mouthed and half doubt-ingly as we are told of the marvels of such discoveries as electricity, we believe there is more in heaven and earth than we have dreamt of in our philosophy, and so keep silence, neither by word nor gesture daring to offer opposition to the steady advance of the goddess *Scientia*.

Yet pessimists will shake their heads at that branch of knowledge which has for its object the preservation of human life and prevention of disease. *Cui bono?* they say. Life is no enviable possession to the luckiest of us. Few lives are worth living. Why then teach people how to conserve life? This world is too full already! Our race swarms. Why should we so earnestly struggle to preserve the lives of children even? 'Twere better far they should die in infancy and ignorance; better far they should die in the daylight of happiness, than in the night-time of sorrow. Why endeavor to hasten the time—and come it must—when the battle for existence shall be so fierce, that every human being shall be like a starved and mangled lion, that seeks to devour his neighbor, that he himself may eke out his wretched existence?

There were pessimists in the world ever since the days of Job, at all events. They never did the world any good, but they have done just as little harm. We opti-mists will continue to advance. We are like one who walks on a dark night, lantern in hand. The darkness is all behind—he has come up out of that. The darkness is in front, too, but all becomes bright, and he sees everything as he walks on and on. And so shall we walk on and on, and science will reveal to us what now we behold all "dark and dim as through a glass."

Probably in no branch of knowledge has the world made more rapid strides, than in that of medicine and surgery. It is hardly too much to say, that the fourth standard school boy of today is more of a physician than the rule-of-thumb charlatan of a century and-a-half ago.

We have all of us still much to learn, however, about even the commonest ob-jects around us, and the commonest laws or rules which govern health and life. The world at present is a very busy one; we have but little time to inquire into matters that do not seem immediately to concern us. We are usually content to leave our health in the hands of the family doctor, to live freely and easily, trusting to fate and this physician of ours, whom we are ready enough to call in when anything goes wrong, just as we send for the plumber when a water-pipe bursts. But sometimes pater-familias, the head of a family, thinks he should like to know a little more about this or that subject bearing on the health of his household, and he seeks to obtain the desired information from books. Alas! he is soon glad to desist in his well meaning efforts, for, as a rule, he finds the works he would consult as much wrapped in tech-nicalities as trigonometry itself—as much shrouded in obscurity as were the leech's prescriptions of a hundred years ago; so, with a sigh, he goes back to his Browning for comparative relief, and resolves for the future to let things slide.

Chemistry and physiology, in their relation to health, might both, methinks, be made more interesting by a kind of kinder-garten, or experimental teaching. A knowledge thus acquired could scarcely be forgotten. And how very useful it would be in after life! Few people, for instance, have anything to guide them in the choice of food or the amount they ought to eat, or as to when and how they should eat, save taste and appetite. These serve nearly every useful purpose while health lasts, but when this begins to fail how miserably in the dark they feel! If dyspeptic, they are nervous; they consult the physician, but he has no time to answer a tithe of the hundred-and-one questions the patient can hardly be blamed for asking, and the latter has no knowledge of his own to fall back upon.

On the subjects—simple though they be—of cleanliness and fresh air for example, how little that is useful is known or remem-bered by the work-a-day man or woman? He or she know they must breathe, and that the purer the air the better it is; prac-tises ablution in a mild way daily, and sometimes a bath; but why he or she would be at a loss to explain with any de-gree of satisfaction either to self or any-one else.

Yet on these two subjects, fresh air and cleanliness, volumes might be written. A few words about each might not be out of place in this chapter. Why do we require to breathe at all? The answer to this question is not so simple as it may seem. The whole body—every artery, vein, nerve, bone and muscle in it, nay, every fibre—is constantly undergoing a process of change. In other words, it is continually being consumed, just as much as the oil in a kerosene lamp is. The air we breathe, or rather the oxygen gas of that air, is the agent that determines the constant change, burns off the effete matter in lungs and limbs; that stimulates nerve power; that determines the motions of that inward life of heart and other great organs over which we have no immediate control. Without this air, we should in a brief space of time, be smothered in our own refuse—carbon—just as surely as a lamp would go out were a book placed on the top of the lamp-glass. What this glass is to the lamp, namely, the chief medium in which the carbon is consumed, our lungs are to us. What is this refuse—carbon, as I have termed it—and whence comes it? It is the product of the used-up tissues of the body. The bright red aerated blood has been collected by the heart from the lungs, and pumped out to every portion of the frame to supply new material, while the old, in the shape of effete products—

smoke one might call them—is returned to the lungs by the veins. The blood therein is dark until once more oxygenated or aerated in the lungs. This dark impurity, when chemically united with oxygen as in the lamp-glass, or in one's lungs, becomes an invisible, heavy, but poisonous gas, called carbonic acid, and this floats away into the air; floats till it cools, then falls low towards the ground or floor. The union of the carbon and the oxygen within the lamp-glass is determined simply enough. The material—glass—has nothing to do with it; a drain-pipe would do as well for a chimney, only drain-pipes are not trans-parent. Heated air ascends with great rapidity if very hot. It is very hot within the lamp-glass, and thus sufficient air is sucked in from the bottom to effect com-plete chemical change in the carbon, or smoke, as it is generated.

And so it is in our lungs. But there must be enough in both cases, and the air must be pure. Place the lamp at the bot-tom of a newly opened well, and it goes out at once. A man would die if so placed. If the air be insufficient or impure in a room, the lamp burns but feebly; and so it is with the lamp of life.

This shows how important a thing ven-tilation is, and how necessary to life is fresh air. We cannot live too much out of doors if we would be healthy. This is true, but it is also true that the state of air in most of our houses, by night and by day, precludes the possibility of healthful life therein, in the true sense of the ex-pression. We do not live in our houses—we simply exist. The bugbear cold shuts the door and hermetically seals the double windows of many of the best houses in country or town. The air we breathe in-dors is seldom or never pure; it may sup-plant life after a fashion, as muddy water will the life of a fish, but that is all you can say of it. It may not of itself be po-sitively poisonous, but it is, nevertheless, often eminently well-suited to the propaga-tion of the germs of disease. It is on foul and unwholesome air and water that these often live and multiply. It should be re-membered that the obnoxious gases eman-ating even from sewers are not *per se* capable of breeding fever when breathed; but it is in them that fever germs float and live; they are to these germs what the soil around is to the plant. It is for this reason, among many others, that the sense of smell was given us, in order that we may be able to distinguish between what is poisonous and what is wholesome.

The olfactory nerves, for example, seem to get inured to unwholesome air after a time; or, what is much the same thing, the brain becomes incapable of taking cogniz-ance of the impression. A person may be sitting in a room or railway carriage and feeling rather comfortable than otherwise, in an atmosphere that a person coming di-rectly in from the fresh air finds suffocatingly unwholesome.

A deficiency in the oxygen we breathe is bad enough, but when, in addition to this, it is laden with impurities, as it too often is, I do not hesitate to say that even in the very best houses of our cities and towns, the matter becomes serious.

Badly constructed houses have much to account for in the matter of foul air in rooms. The apartments which are the greatest sinners in this respect are the cellars; too often awful and loathsome dun-geons, in which decomposition, and some-time putrefaction, ride rampant, and which people too seldom think of disinfecting; the kitchen vomiting its vapors upstairs into every chamber; the larder, the water-closet with its evil leaky pipes; and to a lesser degree the nursery itself. Houses, I have little doubt, will yet be built on arches open to the air, and kitchens and larders will be overhead, while stairs are outside altogether. And with such an ar-rangement there is no earthly reason why beauty of architecture should not be com-bined.

Meanwhile we must call in the aid of scientific ventilation and disinfection, if we would not have the doctor's carriage draw up too frequently at our doors.

Wonderful Echoes.

An echo is merely a repetition of a sound caused by its reflection from some obstacle of sufficient magnitude. No distinct echo is heard as a rule when the reflecting surface (which is best adapted for the purpose when concave or flat, but not convex) is less than 112 feet off. At that distance it throws back the last syllable of a sentence; when double that distance the last two syllables; when three times 112 feet, the last three syllables, and so on. When the distance of the impeding surface, however, is less than 112 feet, the direct and reflected sounds are confounded, and a single strengthened effect known as resonance is produced, and this is often observed in halls and large rooms. To kill resonance, all that is necessary is to properly cover the walls with tapestry or other cloth hangings, which are very bad reflectors of sound. The multiple echos, which repeat the same word or tones several times, are among the most wonderful of their class. An echo of this kind in the chateau of Simonetta, in Italy, repeats a note thirty times, at Woodstock, in Eng-land, there is one which repeats from seven-teen to twenty syllables; and a remarkably fine echo occurs beneath the suspension bridge across the Menai Strait in Wales, which returns the sound of a blow with a hammer on the pier in succession from each of the cross beams that support the roadway, and from the opposite pier, at a distance of 576 feet; and in addition to this the sound is many times repeated between the water and the roadway, the whole effect of the series being most peculiar. In the whispering gallery of St. Paul's, London, the faintest sound is con-veyed from one side to the other of the dome; and in the Cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great door, where the old confessional used to be, to the high altar, a distance of 250 feet. The echos of the Lake of Killarney are also world-famous.

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Wash day always puts the best of men out of good humor. A tossed up house, cold dinner, and the general unpleasant-ness that always characterized the day, made the steam laundry an institution that has been hailed with delight by hundreds. Now washing at home is unnecessary, when one can get it done so cheaply at Ungar's, on Waterloo street. The washing is called for and delivered promptly, and there is no trouble whatever. The rough dry sys-tem has met with general favor. By this the clothes are washed and dried and de-livered all ready for ironing.—*Advt.*

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MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Queen Victoria is fond of oatmeal por-ridge, and is Scotch enough to believe in its virtue.

Agents of Mr. Parnell, so it is rumored, have been buying up Mrs. O'Shea's pic-ture as exposed for sale in London shops, and endeavoring to arrange to stop it.

Windsor Castle was too small to accom-modate all of the Kaiser's suite during his visit to England, and the "overflow" had to be accommodated at the neighboring hotels.

Lord Stanley, the governor-general of Canada, is a jolly good fellow and a popular and easy-going nobleman, enjoying life to the utmost. He enters into Canadian sports and pastimes with great vigor and heartiness.

"Sarah" Bernhardt was named Rosine by her parents, who were French and Dutch respectively. Her first appearance on the stage was at the Theatre Francaise in *Iphigene*. She is 47 in years, but dates back, spiritually at least, as far as Cleo-patra.

King Otto, of Bavaria, struts about the gardens of his prison palace with a wooden musket on his shoulder, and takes an im-aginary shot at every one who approaches. The king is now 44 years old, and his mental condition seems to grow worse instead of better.

A gentleman, of Portland, Me., is the owner of the desk on which John G. Whit-ter wrote his earliest poem. The poet himself gave it to him. It is a very old piece of furniture, being an heirloom in the Whittier family and having seen pos-sibly 200 years of service.

The handsomest living member of the Hohenzollern family is Prince Albert of Prussia, a noble looking officer nearly six feet six inches in height, and as graciously courteous as he is big. He is a cousin of the late Emperor Frederick, and succeeds Von Moltke as president of the national committee of defense.

If the little King of Spain be excepted, the Emperor of China is the shortest of male monarchs, standing as he does only 4 feet in height. He must, however, in point of stature take second place to Queen Victoria, whose stature is 4 feet ten inches. The house of Hohenzollern boasts the greatest number of men of big stature.

The devotion of Miss Shepard, who laid her jewelry on the "altar of the Lord" at Saratoga, was surpassed a short time ago by the Duchess Eugenie Litta Bolgouine in Milan. To express her complete aban-donment of the pomp and vanities of the world, the duchess sold her wonderful gems for \$600,000, and gave the money to her priest, with instructions to erect with it a hospital for little children.

It is said that Stanley was not the man first selected by James Gordon Bennett to find Livingstone. When the idea of a *Herald* search expedition occurred to Mr. Bennett he cast about for an available man and picked out a Scotchman named Mc-Pherson or McKenzie, or something of that kind. This gentleman set out for the east coast of Africa, got as far as Zanzibar and mysteriously disappeared. What be-came of him is a profound mystery to this day.

Fear of assassination is said to be one reason why the Czar of Russia wears a full beard and never permits himself to be shaved. The barber to the imperial family of Romanoff is, nevertheless, the grandson of Michael Guelabovski, who declined, although offered a princely consideration, to cut the throat of the Czar Paul. This display of devotion obtained for the Guelabovski family tonsorial distinction at court, although it has never won the entire confidence of the present Czar. The Czar has probably not heard what Napo-leon said of the man who shaved himself.

Andrew Lang commands large pay and he does an enormous amount of work. But he is practically compelled to publish, for in the position he holds among men of let-ters in England his expenses are enormous. He is a great lion socially, and a large in-come is required to entertain as he is ex-pected to entertain. For the same reason Mr. Gladstone has recourse to his pen. For every article he writes Gladstone re-ceives \$1,000. His receipts from his lit-erary ventures enable him to gratify certain tastes which otherwise could not be in-dulged. He is comparatively a poor man.

Eugene Field of Chicago, whose deli-cate humor and verses of pathos have given him a reputation not bounded by the con-fines of this country, is about 45 years old. In personal appearance he is long and lank, and the hair on his head and face is not abundant. Few men probably possess wider extremes of character, and in noth-ing is this shown more plainly than in his treatment of persons. He has made many enemies, his temptation to satirize friends as well as foes being under little restraint, while the propensity to play pranks which marked him while a school boy at Monson, Mass., is still strong in his nature. The bump of veneration was evi-dently left out when he was made, and the higher respectability of the victims of his jokes and jabs, the keener seems to be the enjoyment of the perpetrator. But under-lying this exterior, is a tenderness for children which is touching. Mr. Field lives quietly with his family, and his home is filled with books, many of them strange old tomes, which none but a real book lover could crave.

In 1741 David Garrick made his first appearance as an actor, under the assumed name of Lyddal, in the theatre at Ipswich, and to secure disguise in case of failure, took a part in which his face was blacked—that of the negro Aboan in Southerne's "Oroonoko." Garrick's success was great, and his genius broke through the formalism upon which Fielding and others had thrown ridicule. Instead of the tragic gasps, the labored speech, and abrupt changes of voice that had come to be thought tragic, those who heard Garrick heard a man's true voice, with all the play of natural emo-tion in it. The charm of this upon the stage was real as well as new. Before the end of 1741 he made his first appearance in London at the Goodman's Fields Theatre, taking Richard III. for his first character. As his fame rapidly grew, Quin, who had been the leading tragedian, said—"Garrick was a new religion; Whitefield was fol-lowed for a time, but they would all come to church again;" and of his acting, "that if the young fellow was right, he and the rest of the players had been all wrong."

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