

EFFECTS OF LONG-FASTING.

Sometimes Beneficial Where the System Has Been Overworked by Overeating.

Every living body requires a quantity of food that is commensurate with the tissues it consumes in the performance of its functions. When nourishment is withheld the body is forced to subsist on its own resources. The first effect is that the muscles and other structures. The emaciation and loss of strength are so rapid that life has rarely been maintained longer than ten days, when neither food nor drink was taken. If, however, an abundance of water is drunk, the wasting is greatly retarded and life can be supported for a much longer time provided that the body be kept at complete rest. Thus restricted fasting is often made a valuable adjunct to other measures in the treatment of disease. A limitation of the diet is more frequently resorted to than an entire withdrawal of nourishment, says Youth's Companion.

Restriction of diet is often valuable also as a means of preventing illness. Most persons not employed in manual labor eat more than is required for their support. Overeating seldom yields an increase of nutrition. The excess of food in the contrary, imposes a burden upon the liver, kidneys and other organs whose office it is to free the blood of effete matter. When this burden becomes excessive, illness is induced. Headache, loss of appetite, lassitude and all the other symptoms commonly ascribed under the term "biliousness" are the usual manifestations of it. The accumulation of poison is further favored by neglect of drink, when too little water is taken into the system to maintain the secretions and carry off the waste.

The waste products which result from an overindulgence in meat are more acutely poisonous than those from vegetables. They belong to the uric acid group of poisonous substances, which are regarded as particularly active in the production of gout, rheumatism and neuralgia. Or if the quantity of animal food taken be so excessive and remain so long in the intestines as to undergo decomposition through the action of bacteria, formalin-poisoning is produced and it may be as severe as to be distinguished with difficulty from typhoid fever.

In the less severe cases relief is frequently secured by abstaining from meat for a few days, hastening the removal of the toxic matter by the drinking of as much pure water as the stomach will tolerate, or by the means of a laxative mineral water. Muscular exercise and bathing are also advantageous for prevention.

JAPANESE IN THE MOON.

Shrewd Trick of a Resourceful Showman to Catch the People in a Russian Village.

The pope, or village priest is generally the only source of information as to what is going on in remote villages. He is very much to the fore at present, says the London News.

The Russian Daily Echo refers to the Khabarovsk papers as giving an account of a trick played in a village.

The village priest says an interesting party had been given at the house of the village schoolmaster. The schoolmaster had invited a number of our people to attend a concert.

They were waiting their turn. The schoolmaster was a kind man, but he had a very low opinion of the Japanese.

He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese.

He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese.

He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese.

He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese.

He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese.

He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese.

He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese.

He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese.

He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese.

He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese. He had a very low opinion of the Japanese.

FLOURISHED THEIR FRENCH.

Two College Men Make a Small Classical Spurge and Get Caught Upon It.

Two members of the senior class of the College of the City of New York were on their way home the other night from a meeting of one of the student societies. On the way they got into a discussion regarding French literature, and both of them aired their knowledge of the language rather freely, relates the New York Sun.

They stood some time on the corner of Columbus avenue and one of the Eighty streets, their point of separation, to finish the debate. They were quite excited over the comparative merits of Victor Hugo's poetry, and that of Alfred de Musset, when a middle-aged man of genial appearance and eminent respectability suddenly thrust in between them, and taking off his hat with an air of urbane apology addressed them with astonishing rapidity. Said he:

"Ah, Monsieur, si vous plaitez pardonner la femme qui est-ce qu'il y a de vous, il faut-toujours-tre-bien-aucouleur-a-paris."

"He's talking French," said Smith. "Yes, old coincidence, isn't it?" answered Jones.

The stranger, again taking off his hat and bowing, dashed into another rushing torrent of French words, while the two collegians strained their ears to catch the sense. After a half a minute or so he stopped.

"Do you catch what he's talking about?" asked Smith. "Not exactly," answered Jones. "I recognize the words of course, but he goes so confoundedly fast that I can't get the connection."

"Tell him to slow up," said Smith. "Your accent is better than mine. Explain that the professor at college never talks such a lightning streak as that and that he enunciates more distinctly."

"Mais, Monsieur, si vous plaitez," began Jones, but before he could get to another word the polite stranger, again with a sweeping bow, started on a new verbal gas-you-please race.

This time it lasted nearly a minute, and the two, noticing the odd recurrence of certain phrases, began to wonder if they were dealing with a Parisian lunatic.

"I can't make it out," said Smith. "He too swift for me. Can you understand him?"

ORIGIN OF SOME ROSES.

Figure in the Floral Annals of All Peoples and Go Back of All Records.

The royal rose has a pedigree to shame any other queen. It is so long, so full of enchanting twists and turns, and so delightfully lumbered with myth, fable and history. She is in a way, a garden, time, although by appearance and perfume the most tropical of blossoms, she is yet by nativity a flower of north-temperate latitudes, writes Martha McCulloch-Williams, in Success. Her habitat is bounded on the north and south, roughly speaking, by the twentieth and the seventh parallels. She grows wild all over Europe, in Africa as low as Abyssinia, in Asia to and through India, and in North America to the edge of Mexico.

Most wild roses are single, yet Pliny mentions double ones—among them the Hundred-leaf and Herodotus says: "Macedonia has gardens of Miltas, with roses of 60 petals breathing out a delightful perfume." Whoever has read Roman history must recall the roses of Paeonium, which bloomed twice a year. Notwithstanding this, Rome's favorite rose was the Hundred-leaf. It followed the eagles and the legions wherever they went, and grows to-day over three parts of the Roman world a vital record of that old-time occupation.

Etymologically, "rose" is from the Celtic rhod or rhudd, "red," also is the root of "ruddy." The Greek name rhodon, has the same meaning. So have most rose names, in any language. Botanically, the flower gives name to the great natural order rosaceae. Artificially, it is classed under polygoniae—the many-angled. The wild forms have always fleshy, urn, or pitcher-shaped calyxes, 20 or more stamens, five petals, and five sepals. The sepals show a bit of nature's most cunning work. Two of them are bearded at both edges, two without beards, and the fifth bearded at one edge and straight along the other. Thus they inclose the bud with a bearded overlap along every seam, good to repel moisture and to put to rout every intrusive creeping thing.

Rose culture's beginning goes back beyond records. The flower is mentioned in the earliest Coptic manuscripts. India's traditions take the rose to the times of the gods on earth. The Jews, returning from the Babylonian captivity, took with them a remembrance of roses. Semiramis, with the world at her feet, found her chief joy in a lower of roses. Mahomet turned back from Damascus, after viewing it encircled with rose gardens. "It is too delightful. A man can have but one paradise," said the prophet. Damascus lies in the heart of Syria, whose name some geographers derive from sem, meaning a wild rose, and wild roses are abundant there. The Damascus roses of our gardens go back to Damascus. They were brought from it at the time of the Crusades, although many when or by whom, nobody can certainly say.

LITTLE WARS OF NATIONS.

Banguinary Struggles with Restless Tribes in Colonial Possessions Across the Seas.

War, according to the dictionaries, is a contest carried on by force of arms. Riots and insurrections are not commonly called wars. Force is used to put them down, but the process differs in magnitude only from that which the police of a city employs in dealing with a street war.

On a little larger scale, says the Youth's Companion, are the so-called "little wars," which usually originate from the restlessness of tribes and peoples under the rule of one of the "civilized powers." Every country which has colonies or possessions inhabited by people of a race different from its own is likely to have such wars on its hands more or less frequently.

It has been a new experience for the United States to be engaged in a war beyond the seas, although its contacts with Indian tribes at home have been many and sanguinary. The trouble with the Moros in the Philippine islands is a reminder of the difficulties the country undertook when it assumed the sovereignty over their former possessions of Spain. The Heheos in southern Africa are giving the German trouble of a similar kind, the natives in southern Nigeria and in Somaliland are restless under British rule. In each of these cases, relentless war is waged against the natives.

Wars of another kind are still in progress in Morocco, where a pretender is striving for the throne, in Uruguay, where the members of one political party are under arms, ready to drive the president from office, and in Tibet, where the British are engaged in an effort to persuade the Tibetans to re-accept their treaty obligations.

Why He Was Honest. "Boy," shouted the greengrocer to a youth whose action looked suspicious, "didn't I see you pocket an apple from that basket?" "No, sir."

"Look out! You are acting very suspiciously. I was watching you." "Yes, I knew you were, and that's the reason I resisted the temptation." —Stray Stories.

RARE ANIMALS OF TIBET.

Many Creatures Found in the Inhabitable Land Are Curious to Western Museums.

If Tibet offers no attractions to the tourist who requires luxurious traveling, to the sportsman and the naturalist it is a veritable paradise, though far from people in some respects, says the London Mail.

One of the largest of the mammals is the yak, or grunting ox. Standing between five and six feet high at the shoulders, the bulk of this strange-looking creature is not a little exaggerated by the enormous growth of hair upon the lower part of the body and tail. Beneath the outer coat, moreover, there is a layer of fine wool known as "pushim," which is highly prized for the making of cloth. The extraordinary tail is one of the most conspicuous features of Tibetan monasteries or lamaeries, being suspended on poles as streamers. Throughout the east these tails are dyed red and fixed to the roofs of summer residences as pendants, living near the region of perpetual snow, and of fierce disposition, the hunting of the yak is not to be lightly undertaken. In spite of temper, however, it is easily domesticated, and forms an invaluable beast of burden, being wonderfully sure footed and capable of carrying great weight. It is, however, unable to eat corn, and forced marches, exhausting alike to man and beast, are often on this account necessary.

Barren and inhospitable, the high tablelands of Tibet harbor got other hooped animals as remarkable as the yak—the chiru antelope, for example, which, like the strange saiga, has developed an enormous swollen nose. It is supposed that this enlarged size of the nasal chamber is directly due to the need of some special adaptation for breathing the highly rarified air of these regions. The little goat, or Tibetan gazelle, and a magnificent wild sheep, the arval, manage, like the chiru, to thrive where in summer the sun scorches by day and icy fogs prevail at night, and herds of wild foxes are ever on the prowl. More difficult to stalk than any other Tibetan game, the argali still further allures the sportsman, by the fact that it carries superb horns, which may attain a length of 48 inches, and a girth of 20 inches at the base. Old rams will leap from a height of 20 feet with confidence.

The chiru and the argali are not the only animals of the highlands of Tibet, but which appears to be more goat than sheep, also deserve mention here. The snow deer, a beast nearly as big as the great wapiti, has very seldom fallen to the gun of the European. A complete specimen has yet been sent to Europe. In this country it is represented only by five skulls and horns in the British museum, and as many more in different private collections. The horns are of great size, the record in the number of points—17—is in the British museum. The spread between the tips of the horns is over a foot. Little is known about the creature, but it is conjectured that this combination is progressive, harmonizing with patches of snow and back rocks among which it lives. One of the most brilliantly colored of all monkeys is to be found in Tibet. It is known as the orange snub-nosed monkey. It lives in troops among the taller trees. After its color, the next conspicuous feature about this animal is its tip-tilted nose.

The great cats are worthily represented by the rare snow leopard, a specimen of which is now to be seen at zoological gardens in London. Only two specimens have been brought to the country alive.

BIT OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Famous Expedition to Which We Owe the Acquisition of Three Great States.

Just after the completion of the Louisiana purchase of 1803, which is commemorated by the world's fair of this year at St. Louis—the American congress, urged by President Jefferson, authorized an expedition to explore the newly acquired territory. President Jefferson's private secretary, Meriwether Lewis, was appointed commander of this expedition, and he chose as his associate Capt. William Clark, an old army friend.

A hundred years ago this month, writes the author of "Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way," in St. Nicholas, these intrepid men, with a small party of about 30 explorers, were well away on their journey up the Missouri river, as far as the mouth of the Platte. In May of the following year they had their first glimpse of the Rockies, and before that year (1805) was ended they had crossed the great range and pushed on to the Pacific ocean by way of the Columbia river. During certain parts of their journey they endured great hardships, and for 15 months they were cut off from all communication with the outer world.

It was one of the most famous of American expeditions, and to the pluck and perseverance of this little band of explorers we owe the acquisition later, of the territory now embraced in the three great states of our northwestern boundary—Washington, Oregon and Idaho.

Anglomania. King Edward recently left some cherry stones on his plate at a public function. The moment he left a crowd of American ladies scrambled for them, with the object, it is said, of handing them down to their descendants as family heirlooms.

No Doubt About It. She—Do you think women are taking advantage of leap year? He—Why, yes, I know one who has taken five years off her age this year.—Yonkers Statesman.

HARDY QUICK LUNCHERS.

Awful Ammunition with Which Some of Them Bombard Their Inhabitable Interiors.

The manager of the quick-lunch palace, considered although the day was hot and bestowed a gaze of mingled wonder and reproach upon the broad back of the man who had just picked up a number of slices of food from the counter and was waving his way through the crowd with them skillfully balanced in his two hands like a vaudeville juggler picking his way across a stage filled with tossed-up paraphernalia, relates the Washington Star.

"Say," hoarsely inquired the manager, "do you see what that man took with him to eat?"

The man to whom the question was addressed had not noticed. "A bowl of milk, a dish of sliced cucumbers, two deviled crabs, and a piece of rhubarb pie," grumbled the manager, feeling tentatively of the fourth button of his waistcoat.

"Just try and figure that out," he went on. "How would you like to try a combination like that—milk, cucumbers, crabs and pie?" When that man first came in here—it was during the first bad spell of the season—and selected that assortment of dainties I passed him my Montmorency smile.

"Bet," said I. "He looked me over without a blink." "Hey," said he. "You bet the man, I suppose," said I, "that you could beat him over the links by 2 and 3 to play, and you didn't make good?"

He recited his crabs and cucumbers and his bowl of milk and his pie on the counter and looked me over. "Say, what's the matter?" he finally asked me, with a mystified look.

"Then I told him how weird that combination of his looked." "Oh, that is it?" said he, smiling. "Don't you let a little thing like that bother you. You ought to've seen my grandfather. He used to smoke a clay pipe and eat buttered gingerbread and green apples at the same time, and while 'Old Zip Cohn' without missing a note, and he walked over to his seat and began his daily luncheon."

"I kept my eye on him, nevertheless, and looked up the telephone number of the nearest ambulance hospital. But he went right ahead as if he were doing no business."

What I was studying him—I could not keep my eyes off him—he walked up to the counter and selected a piece of cold mince pie and a tall glass of iced tea to top off with.

"He's been back every week day since, and that's about his regular Monday ration. He's got to be one of my show pieces. He's Figure A in the exhibition."

But there are others. See that little man over yonder with the white sides and pink cheeks—the one off there in the corner? What do you suppose his regular winter and summer high-noon ration is, and has been for years past? A plate of bread and butter, two large dill pickles, and a cup of cocoa.

Every week day of the year that old boy with the white things at the sides of his countenance commutes that kind of an assortment and bakery on his diaphragm and, say, just look at him—cheeks, pink and healthy, eyes as clear as filtered well water and more hair on the top of his head than I've got, although he's 60. If he's a day.

"He told me the other day that he hadn't had a sick minute in 15 years. That's the way to live, my son—eat the same old ration. The tougher the kind of conglomerate they habitually get away with, the healthier they look. But they're probably born that way. And as a matter of fact the majority of the men who come in here for lunch seem to just try to keep the loop with their digestive apparatus."

STRAIGHT ROAD TO SUCCESS.

Sympathetic Employer Gives New Boy Much Encouragement and Fearful Job.

"Now, Tom," said the general manager when the new boy reported for duty, relates the New York Press, "let me impress upon you that this is a critical period in your career."

"Yes, sir." "You can climb to the top," said the general manager, when he found around in his chair, "or you can fall to the lowest depths. All depends on yourself. Do you understand me, Tom?" "Yes, sir." "If you are honest, smart, truthful, tidy, diligent and pleasant to everybody you are certain to go onward and upward. You may not stop short of congress. You may even, ah, let me see—where were you born?" "Jaze street, sir." "Is that in Brooklyn?" asked the manager, with some apprehension.

"No, sir, New York." "Yes, yes. Very good. Well, Tom, you may even become president. Yes, my lad, president of the United States. Do you understand me?" "Yes, sir," replied Tom, beginning to whimper, "but this is my first job."

SAVAGES USED ELEVATORS.

And Many Other Modern Contrivances Were Known to the Aborigines.

The first knife was, of course, a flint flake, and the earliest spoon a shell, to which primitive man learned in the course of ages to fasten a handle of wood, says the London Mail.

Such articles as these, together with hammors, axes and needles, are easily recognized as having come down to us direct from savagery. It is, however, more startling to find that such a comparatively modern invention as the lift has been used by ages by tribes whom we designate as savage. The application of the principle of the modern vertical lift may be seen to-day among the bee-eaters of the island of Timor.

To get at a honeycomb 70 feet over head with nothing between it and the ground but a smooth and branchless trunk seems at first a slight impossibility without ladders or ropes. It is a simple matter to the Polynesian. He sits a few yards from the tough stem of a creeper and tosses off a bushy rope, with this he makes a loop around the trunk and his body. Jerking the loop a little below his head, he leans back and begins walking up, his bare feet pressed against the trunk. Repeating the operation, he gradually gains the top. The whole ascent is made without exhausting use of muscle by utilizing the principle of friction.

Cotton weaving has done more for Great Britain within the last century than any one other industry. The Indians of Central and South America have for generations past used a loom so elaborate that our is, comparatively speaking, but a slight improvement upon it.

We should never have had the Panama hat but for the quick fingered Indians of the isthmus of Panama. Even to-day their secret process for seasoning the grass blades used in weaving these hats remains untraced. Basket makers of the same region make baskets which will hold water without leaking, another invention which is quite beyond us.

Belling was invented by Polynesian savages, and brought by the Hawaiian natives to a perfection we have never equalled. They not only make brass rings for their houses and blankets of felt, but by pounding the inner bark of certain trees succeeded in producing soft and comfortable seamless garments of this material, such as sleeveless coats and cloaks.

Mortar was made by the people of Tahiti when our ancestors were shivering in holes in the rocks. They dived into the sea, brought up great lumps of coral, burned them in pits, using wood as fuel, and mixed the lime they got in this fashion with sharp sand and water. With this mixture the ingenious savage plastered the walls and floor of his house and a better mortar could not be obtained.

Another purely savage invention, which is, perhaps, the most familiar object of modern life, is the tobacco pipe—not only the common clay pipe, but the North American Indians' pipe, centuries ago out of the red sandstone of Colorado, but the wooden pipe, the prototype of the every day cigar.

STANLEY'S REAL TITLE.

The Great Explorer Needed Not the Honorary "Sir" to Make Him Great.

The laurels that Stanley won were earned by his own strength and character. He was a man of a new type, a new spirit. He was to change the map of Africa and to give the face of the world a new expression than any other man in the world, says Success.

In the empty time that he spent in the British government is to be found the only substantial foundation for his greatness in his career. The hollow and capricious kind of food supplied by worshippers of rank and privilege to distinguish the great from the little, and nothing to honor was in the most difficult field of endeavor. The glory that he gained from the jungles, fields and streams of the unexplored and almost impenetrable country was embellished with no new history by the "sir" which he permitted himself aristocracy to place before his name.

He was a member of the nobility of character and achievement, and as such he needed no title. He was broad-minded and ingenuous. He entertained no illusions regarding the relative positions of men. He was sufficiently humble not to ride the story of the humble origin, and frequently visited the poorhouse when his interesting history begins. He knew from many bitter experiences that it is not what a man is born into but what he makes of himself that counts rank. Poverty was forced Stanley's knight, but the future world of commerce and industry and independence will never forget Stanley, the explorer.

Sweet Home. Mr. Ferguson put on his slippers and threw himself on the lounge. "It's so delightful to be at home again," he said. "I think I never appreciated it more than I do to-night."

"It's delightful to hear you say so, George," said Mrs. Ferguson. "Yes, these confounded new shoes have tortured me nearly to death to-day." —Chicago Tribune.

Divers Will Dive Deeper. The discovery of a London physician is claimed to have increased the safe depth for diving and caisson work from 100 to 200 feet. The simple remedy is slow restoration of normal conditions, the evil and fatal results having been traced to the sudden removal of the excessive atmospheric pressure.—Toronto Globe.