

## AN ENCHANTED CAVERN.

THE GROTO OF CAPRI—A BICYCLIST'S ADVENTURE.

Tradition has it that this "Grotto Azzurra" was known in the earliest Roman times and then lost again in the Middle Ages, although the knowledge of its existence was preserved at Capri, and that in the last century it was rediscovered through chance—a shipwrecked sailor was dashed through the narrow opening in the cliff; recovered consciousness to find himself in heaven, as he thought—in reality upon a little ledge in the grotto—and escaped by swimming. Can I not enter swimming when it would be impossible for a boat? The guide says, "No," but will take me out there, and it is worth the attempt; so watch and valuables are left at the hotel and we are off. On the way we meet a party returning, and upon reaching the cave we find that the entrance, about three feet high and four broad, is filled by every wave and the spray sent dashing up the rocky sea wall. I must enter as the wave recedes.

Undressing and leaping into the sea, I was tossed about a little by the waves, my mouth filled with salt water and I almost decided to give it up; but, after holding to the boat for a few moments and hearing the guide expatiate upon the "Grotto Azzurra," decided that I could risk a bit of a knock for the purpose of seeing one of nature's most beautiful creations. The boat was pushed as near as was safe and I made a plunge for the entrance, but just a little too late; I saw that the coming wave would catch me, and fearing a blow on the head—where even the felt hat I wore for that contingency would not have saved me—I dived on the instant, and the wave, coming roaring in, pushed me by its weight into the depths, instead of against the rocks. I think I must have gone down 15 feet and been under the surface nearly a minute, for I swallowed an immense quantity of the salty fluid before I came up dazed, after a hard struggle, to find myself in smooth water, surrounded by a wonderful, supernatural, blue light, with countless stars gleaming above me. The water is very clear and seems to beathomless, while my limbs are bright, polished, sparkling silver. Ideas of distance are lost; I can see for miles in every direction, up and down as well, and it is a surprise to me when, after swimming for ten minutes, I find myself at the other end of the grotto.

There was no resting place except a crevice in the rock for the fingers of one hand, and I hung there swinging back and forth and feasting on this wonderful sight—a feast half mingled with fear as to my safe exit. The entrance appeared hopelessly far away, entirely closed every few seconds by the rushing wave, and then, upon its recession, admitting a ray from the outside world. The impression and experience is, under such circumstances, altogether indescribable and unearthly. After perhaps fifteen minutes, I launched out once more, and swam, in fear and trembling, for the entrance; before reaching it two or three big waves came rushing in, tossing the salt spray into my eyes, and accompanied as near the entrance as I could, waited until a great wave dashed itself with full force into my face, struck me quickly, and, behold, I came out without the slightest trouble and seized the boat before the next wave came!—George F. Fiske, M. D., in *Outing*.

## Salt a Factor in Building.

The *American Architect* asserts that one of the new building materials which is likely to be found useful in many ways is common salt. Among the carpenters salt is now found to be useful as an aid to the heating of glue. Where, as is usual in joiners' and cabinet makers' shops, the glue is melted in a lucket kettle, surrounded by water, it is said to be advisable to put salt in the water in the outer kettle. The addition of salt raises the boiling point, and, therefore, allows the glue in the kettle to be kept at a higher temperature than could be maintained with water alone, and this is advantageous to the work. The masons find a use for salt in adding it to cement mortar in cold weather, to preserve it from the bad effects of freezing. It is not quite clear why the salt should act in this way, as the beneficial results of using it are visible with mortar which has certainly been frozen, and frozen salt water expands nearly as much as fresh water. But engineers and contractors who have tried it are unanimous in their opinion of its value. In many cases masonry has been laid in cement in cold weather, using a considerable proportion of salt in the mixture, which, after repeated freezings and thawings, has remained in perfect condition, while work near by laid in mortar of the same kind, but without salt, has been disintegrated by the frost.

A dispatch dated Nogales, A. T., Dec. 6, says: Surveyors are now in the field running preliminary lines from Hermosillo toward Mazatlan. The work is being done for the Metropolitan Development Company of San Francisco, who propose to build a railroad connecting these two cities. The projected road will pass through the anthracite coal fields in Sonora and the agricultural districts of Sinaloa.

## LITTLE FRANKIE CALL.

A LITTLE BLUE EYED BOY WHO IS HAVING GREAT TROUBLE IN GETTING HOME.

Poor little Frankie Call is having a hard time of it. He is the little fellow who arrived here early in the last week from Emporia, Kan. His parents formerly resided there, but removed to this city leaving the child with friends. When settled here they ordered him forwarded to them. Scarcely three years of age, the child was placed on a train and sent here in care of the conductor. His parents were not at the depot to meet him, and W. F. Wernse, the broker, who was on the train with the child, took charge of him until the parents could be found. The matter was published in the papers, and the next day Mrs. Rusk, living on Russell Avenue, who knew the parents, called and got the little fellow. His parents had removed to Chicago, and in response to a letter from Mrs. Rusk they ordered the boy sent to them in care of the train porter, stating that he had been paid for at Chicago. The conductor of the train, however, refused to take the child unless some one accompanied him, and yesterday the lady turned him over to the police authorities. He was sent to the mayor to be committed to the house of refuge until some arrangements could be perfected to send him to his parents. At the mayor's office they ordered him sent to Chicago on his parents' letter. Last night another effort was made to send the child, but the conductor again refused to take him, and the little fellow fell asleep with fatigue on a bench in the ladies' waiting room at the depot. At 9 o'clock Officer Wall carried the still slumbering boy through the rain to the Four Courts in his strong arms. From there he was again sent to Mrs. Rusk to await further work from his parents in Chicago.

Frankie is a little fair haired boy with a bright blue eye that fairly dances in his head with merriment. He is not only an intelligent looking child, but is wonderfully handsome. While awake he is as lively as a cricket, is always in the best of humor and willing to make friends with everybody. When tired out by the fatigues of the day he falls asleep without a murmur. The little fellow never sheds a tear and does not realize how sad and deserted his position is. It is said that the people in Chicago are not his real parents, but merely adopted him.—St. Louis *Post Dispatch*.

## Peculiar Afghanistan Wind-Mills.

Thomas Stevens, who recently bicycled around the world, has given the following description of peculiar wind-mills used on the frontier of Afghanistan, in Asia: High noon finds us at our destination for the day, the village of Tabbas, famous in the country round for a peculiar wind-mill used in grinding grain. A grist-mill or mill consists of a row of one storied mud huts, each of which contains a pair of grindstones. Connecting with the upper stone is a perpendicular shaft of wood which protrudes through the roof and extends fifteen feet above it. Cross pieces run through at right angles and platted with rushes transform the shaft into an upright four bladed affair that the wind blows around and turns the mill stones below. So far this is only a very primitive and clumsy method of harnessing the wind; but connected with it is a very ingenious contrivance that redeems it entirely from the commonplace. A system of mud walls is built, about the same height or a little higher than the shaft, in such a manner as to concentrate and control the wind in the interest of the miller, regardless of which way the wind is blowing. The suction created by the peculiar disposition of the walls whisks the rude wattle-sails around in the most lively manner. Forty of these mills are in operation at Tabbas; and to see them all in full swing, making a loud "swishing" noise as they revolve, is a most extraordinary sight. Aside from Tabbas, these novel grist-mills are only to be seen in the territory about the Seistan lake.

## Manna, the Heavenly Bread.

Mr. Cole, of Bitlis, a missionary of the American Board, in Eastern Turkey, in describing a journey from Harpoot to Bitlis, says:

"We traveled for four days through a region where had newly fallen a remarkable deposit of heavenly bread, as the natives sometimes call it—manna. There were extensive forests of scrub-oaks, and most of the deposit was on the leaves. Thousands of the poor peasants, men, women and children, were out upon the plains gathering the sweet substance. Some of them plunge into kettles of boiling water the newly cut branches of the oaks, which washes off the deposit until the water becomes so sweet as to remind the Yankee of a veritable sugaring off in the old Granite State as he takes sips of it. Other companies of natives may be seen vigorously beating with sticks, the branches, that, from having been spread on the ground, have so dried that the glistening crystals fall readily upon the carpet spread to receive them. The crystals are separated from the pieces of leaves by a sieve, and then the manna is pressed into cakes for use. The manna is in great demand among these Oriental Christians. As we are traveling through a rather dry region, the article came in play for our plain repasts."

## STEEL CARS.

A NEW INVENTION IN THE LINE OF RAILWAY COACHES.

If the sanguine anticipations of certain gentlemen are realized, there is soon to be a complete revolution in the matter of car construction, and, instead of the present form of wooden cars, both passengers and freight will be transported in cylindrical cars made of steel. For some months there has been in course of construction in East Boston a passenger car of the new type, but from lack of funds in the hands of gentlemen interested in the invention, the progress has been very slow. A few months since a gentleman from the west came to Boston to interest capitalists in the construction of the Pacific and Great Eastern Railroad. During his stay a friend invited him to visit East Boston and inspect the steel car building there. He inquired into the thing very closely, and was so much impressed by what he learned that he took hold of the enterprise with true western spirit, and is pushing forward the completion of the car, which was invented and patented by Messrs. Chas. H. and Chas. M. Smith of this city, though many improvements are now being incorporated. On Saturday afternoon a visit was made to the shop where the car is building. The frame is completed, and work upon the interior has begun. It is proposed to make the car the most magnificent and complete in every detail. It is to be used as a private car, and is therefore to be provided with every improvement and convenience for comfort. At one end is a smoking room, with toilet facilities adjoining; then there is to be a buffet, with a complete cooking outfit. A parlor, with comfortable chairs and lounges and an upright piano, occupies the centre of the car. On one side of the hall there will be two staterooms, with all the improvements, including bathrooms. At the other end of the car there will be an observation room, with long windows each side of the outside door. The car is 62 feet long over all, and on each side there are 11 windows of unusually large size, each filled with a single pane of heavy glass. The cylindrical form of the car gives a very wide appearance to the interior, although it is really the same width of Pullman cars.—Boston *Herald*.

## Adulteration of Black Pepper.

"There is only one condiment I ever use, and I find it difficult to obtain that of a desirable quality," remarked a gentleman to a friend in the grocery line. "What is that?" was the interrogative. "Black pepper," replied the first mentioned. "It is impossible to get it in anything like a pure state. It is frightfully adulterated." "Yes, I know that," said the grocer. "Many manufacturers grind up cocoon shells and mix with it, the proportion being about 40 per cent of pepper to 60 per cent of shell. By spreading the cocoon on a plate the deception can easily be discovered. All the black spots are pepper, while the rest are adulterants." "I haven't got the time to pick out the black spots, so I have to take shells and all," sadly said the complainant. "What am I to do?" "Simply buy the whole pepper and grind it for yourself. It can be done in an ordinary coffee mill."—Philadelphia *Call*.

A STUNTED LANDSCAPE.—To enter a Japanese garden is like wandering on a sudden into one of those strange worlds we see reflected in the polished surface of a concave mirror, where all but the observer himself is transformed into a fantastic miniature of the reality. In that quaint fairyland diminutive rivers flow gracefully under the trees, past molehill mountains, till they fall at last into little artificial lakes, almost smothered for the flowers that grow upon their banks, while in the extreme distance of a couple of rods the cone of a Fuji ten feet high looks approvingly down upon a scene which would be nationally incomplete without it.—Atlantic.

The *Utah Chieftain* of the 1st says: Another burglary occurred on Monday night. Mr. Henry Code being the victim this time. The back door of his workshop was pried open with a shovel taken from a coal house in the rear. Five revolvers and a couple of drawers containing miscellaneous articles were stolen, valued at about \$25. Mr. Code is a man who has lost both hands, yet as a mechanic earns a living for a large family. Misfortunes of this kind not being enough he also has a son laid up with typhoid fever. His impression of the burglary is that it was committed by a Chinaman.

John M. Kapena, whose death is announced in the latest news-budget from the Sandwich Islands, was a full-blooded Hawaiian, who had been prominent in public life for many years. From 1870 to 1880 he was governor of the Island of Maui. Then he went as minister to Japan, and on his return was made prime minister. He remained at the head of the government for two years, served subsequently as postmaster-general, and was finance minister in the Gibson cabinet which was overthrown last July. Mr. Kapena accompanied King Kalakaua on his visit to this country in 1874, and again made a tour of the United States two years ago.

## DANGEROUS REMEDIES.

PERILS OF SELF TREATMENT FOR DISEASE ILLUSTRATED.

"I saw an item in the papers the other day," said a well-known physician, who is an expert in toxicology, "offering a remedy for seasickness which I regard as a dangerous piece of knowledge for the general public. It recommends the hypodermic injection of a solution containing one-twelfth of a grain of strychnine and atropine per drop of mint-water, and adds that it is the surest remedy for the unpleasant nausea of a rough sea voyage. That will be clipped by other newspapers and will go all over the country. Its pilgrimage will not be ended for years. Thousands of people who think of taking a trip to Europe will cut it out and get it filled by their druggist before they go. Now, I wouldn't trust myself to make such a preparation, nor would I inject myself. It's too dangerous an undertaking. Why, the very use of the hypodermic needle is dangerous. Lots of people think all there is to do is to stick the needle into the flesh and let drive. The proper way is to lift up the skin—say of the arm—and, sticking the needle in, inject the fluid between the skin and the covering of the muscle. If the muscle is wounded an abscess will be caused. If there should happen to be a bubble of air in the syringe, and it should get into the blood, it would make straight for the heart, and cause a churning-up there, which may not prove fatal, but which will kick up a big disturbance in the heart's action.

"It isn't the loss of blood that kills a man when his jugular vein is cut. It's the rush of air to the heart that does it. There is too much of this hypodermic-syringe business already. People are learning to use it to inject morphia—these morphia-eaters do it—and every once in a while somebody gets a little careless and there's another sudden death, supposed from heart disease.

"I'll tell you another thing. I don't approve of having so many home remedies about the house. Nineteenth of the houses in this town have chlorate of potash stored away in case anybody should have sore throat. 'It's good for sore throat'—that's the phrase. Well, so it is—for some kinds of sore throat; but it's a dangerous drug when carelessly used. It is so common to gargle one's throat with a solution of the drug that it is thought to be harmless. I knew a young lady who had a touch of sore throat, and as she was going to a party the next evening, she attempted to doctor herself with chlorate of potash. She gargled her throat with great frequency, and of course more or less of the solution was swallowed. She was dead within 48 hours from the toxic effects of the drug. Incidents of severe inflammation of the kidneys from the same cause are common enough, and lots and lots of people take quinine when they feel a little out of sorts, till it gets to be a passion like that for alcohol. Preachers who denounce the drink habit in the most burning language nerve themselves for Sunday morning flights of eloquence by a good big dose of quinine. It is a strong stimulant. Get into the habit of taking it and deafness is likely to follow. Chronic hyperemia of the brain will result at length in nervous prostration. Cocaine, that much-praised anesthetic, is coming into extensive use. It was so harmless, you know, when it was first discovered. I used it very frequently, but I never knew what's going to happen after I administer it. I'll use it every day for thirty days or so without any bad effects at all, and then some case will collapse in a way that frightens me to think of, although nothing serious has resulted in my use of it.

"There's bromide of potash, an excellent remedy for some kinds of headaches, but it should only be taken on the prescription of competent physicians. There are any number of fatal cases of everdo-ing from bromide of potash. I knew a physician who was sober but prescribed himself a dose too big and died in a few hours. It paralyzes the throat and the pneumogastric ganglion—the brain of the body, located in the pit of the stomach. Bromide of caffeine is used for headaches too, and can be got without any trouble at all. It is very dangerous, too. These drugs are not near as safe as a good, big load of whisky."

"It's pretty safe to bet, then, that you're not a prohibitionist?"

"If there were not a drop of alcohol in the country the effects of the narcotic drugs that would take its place would be far worse. Lots of people who fairly live on tea are just as bad tipplers as those who live on whisky. The system can be wrecked just as effectively in one case as the other."

"To come back to the original subject, what is a good remedy for seasickness?"

"Oh, there are lots of them, but they should only be administered by the ship's surgeon, and none of them is a proper thing to put into the hands of the patient."

"What is the cause of seasickness?" "Oh, now you are getting at something about which nothing definite is known. There are lots and lots of theories. One is that the nausea is caused by the disturbing of the otoliths or little grains of sand in the fluid of the internal ear. Another is that it is the irregular shifting of objects before the eyes. Some people get seasick when they sing. The largest bundle of nerves outside the brain is in the pit of the stomach, and the pitching of the vessel disturbs its normal condition in

land-lubbers. It is seasickness on a small scale that you feel when you come down in a swift elevator."

## You Cannot Sleep Nights.

Then take exercise. Get out of door if possible and walk before bed till you are physically weary. Give your hips, legs, feet and toes something to do. Make them earn the support. Let them know that one of the uses they are for is to call the blood down from the overworked brain and pumping heart, into your flabby extremities till the upper machinery can be relieved of some of its pressure you have forced upon it, and then turn in and have some rest.

If you keep the hot, feverish blood jumping and boiling through blood vessels in the head, as you would keep a fire under a tea kettle you wished to cool off, how can you expect to settle down to a slow rate and enjoy blessed refreshing sleep. Idiots sleep well, but fools who refuse to give the brain a rest, have lots of fun keeping awake and thus letting the dog-night go on.

Work less and accomplish more. Do not give your stomach all it will hold, and thus keep the boy on the hay mow working all night with his fork throwing back what you have pitched into or into him. Do not go home mad and then sit and read till your brain does not know whether it is a human brain or a junk wagon into which everything is slung.

Romp with the children; play with them. Play cards, checkers, dominoes, bean bag, fox and goose, or some other game with your wife.

Never undertake to study at night. Never permit your children to study after sundown, as to do so is to bring on headaches, backaches and heartaches. You may try to fool God with your mumbled prayers, or bald-headed excuses, but you can't bet your sweet life that you cannot fool nature or put her in a good mood by insulting her, outraging her, finding fault with her, making her drunk, or keeping her up nights and taking in freight, when she wants to get her harness off and enjoy a few hours' vacation.

Do not try to flush all your work today. This was never yet accomplished and never will be, though millions of candidates have been called out of the convention for attempting so senseless a thing.

So long as life here on earth is the going to your own funeral, don't be in a hurry unless it rains. The slower you travel the greater distance you will journey, the more you will see, the more fun you will have, and the more there will be of you when you get there.

Try our plan and let us know how it works.—Brick Pomeroy.

## New Treatment for Consumption.

The star of Bergeon's treatment is waning a little, new forms of cure for tubercular patients are being found with unabated vigor, and M. Garcin comes to the front with hydrofluoric acid. This new method consists in placing phthisical patients for an hour every day in a small cabinet which contains six cubic meters of air that is saturated with hydrofluoric acid. This saturation is obtained by pumping a current of air through a gutta serena bottle that contains 100 grams of the acid to 300 grams of distilled water. The quantity of air is renewed every fifteen minutes, as the effect is quickly exhausted. The system has been tried for a year past in a number of cabinets that M. Garcin has had fitted up in a room in his own house, and during the month of August 100 patients were submitted to the treatment. Of the number 14 remained as before, 41 were improved and 35 were cured, while 1 died. It is stated that under this form of medication the attacks of coughing diminish and finally cease. The Koch bacilli cannot resist this acid, as they at first are found to diminish in number, and soon they no longer segment; at last they entirely disappear from the secretions. The general state of the patients was much improved, the appetite was increased, the night sweats ceased, and some patients treated over a year ago remain well. It seems that the workmen at the celebrated glass manufactory at Baccarat had first noticed that the hydrofluoric acid they employed had good effects on the health of consumptive persons.—Paris *Letter*.

Recently at Seattle, W. T., six burned and eighty cases of dysentery were transferred to the steam schooner *Leo* bound for Alaska. Early in the morning, while the schooner was lying at Ocean Dock a fire broke out in the engine room. Great excitement ensued, but the engineer heroically struggled to extinguish the flames and succeeded after his hands and face were severely burned. An immense loss would have resulted from an explosion as three ocean steamers were lying only a few yards distant.

The secretary of war has issued an order prohibiting the enlistment of baldheaded men in the army. This rule has presumably been adopted to conciliate the friendly Indians, as it is said to be very exasperating to them to be deprived of the advantages of scalp-ing.