

too much trouble to get the latter, but this is the one alternative. The little stomach of the sleeping child, as it becomes gradually empty, folds on itself in plaits; two of these make it restless; three will open its eyes, but by careful soothing these may be closed again; four plaits and the charm is broken; there is no more sleep in that household until that child has been fed. It seems to us so strange that with this example before their eyes full-grown men are so slow to learn the lesson. The farmer does it for his pig, which would squeal all night if it were not fed at the last moment, and the groom knows that his horse will paw in his stall until he has had his meal. But when he wishes to sleep himself he never seems to think of it.

To sleep the fullness of the blood must leave the head; to digest the eaten food the blood must come to the stomach. Thus, sleep and digestion are natural allies; one helps the other. Man, by long practice, will train himself to sleep on an empty stomach, but it is more the sleep of exhaustion than the sleep of refreshment. He wakes up after such a troubled sleep feeling utterly miserable until he has had a cup of coffee or some other stimulant and he has so injured the tone of his stomach that he has little appetite for breakfast. Whereas, one who allows himself to sleep after a comfortable meal awakes strengthened and his appetite has been quickened by that preceding indulgence. The difficulty in recovering comes from the fact that we are such creatures of our habits it is impossible to break away from them without persistent effort.

In this case the man who has eaten nothing, like our correspondent, after 6 o'clock, and retires at 10 or 11, takes to bed an empty stomach, upon which the action of the gastric juices makes him uncomfortable all the night. If he proposes to try our experiment he will sit down and eat a tolerably hearty meal. He is unaccustomed to this at that hour and has a sense of discomfort with it. He may try it once or twice, or even longer, and then he gives it up, satisfied that for him it is a failure. The true course is to begin with just one or two mouthfuls the last thing before going to bed. And this should be light food easily digested. No cake or pastry should be tolerated. One mouthful of cold roast beef, cold lamb, cold chicken, and a little crust of bread will do to begin with, or, what is better yet, a spoonful or two of condensed milk (not the sweetened that comes in cans) in three times as much warm water. Into this cut half a pared peach and two or three little squares of bread, the whole to be one-fourth or one-sixth of what would be a light lunch. Increase this very gradually until at the end of a month or six weeks the patient may indulge in a bowl of milk, two peaches, with a half hard roll or a crust of homemade bread. When peaches are gone take baked apples with the milk till strawberries come and eat the latter till peaches return again.

This is the secret of our health and vitality. We often work until after midnight, but eating the comfortable meal is the last thing we do every night of the year. This is not an untried experiment or one depending on the testimony of a single witness. We have a record of several hundred persons who have tried the remedy we suggest and it has failed in no single instance where the initial steps were taken with caution and judgment. It is nature's own suggestion, and sleep after eating is as natural as grass after rain in the desert fields of California.

A REAL RUSSIAN HORROR.

A very lurid light, says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, has just been thrown upon the life and superstitions of the Russian peasantry by the perpetration of a gruesome crime in the name of what they take to be Christianity. A rich, popular farmer died rather suddenly in the village of Sooroffsky. He had been seen in the enjoyment of excellent health on Thursday, and was found dead in his bed on Friday morning. He was prayed for and duly "waxed," after which he was carried to the grave, almost all the inhabitants of the village, inclusive of the priest, following him to the churchyard. Just as the body was being lowered, the lid, which had been fastened rather loosely with wooden nails, began to rise up slowly and detach itself from the coffin, to the indescribable horror of the friends and mourners of the deceased. Then the dead man was seen in his white shroud stretching his arms upward and sitting up. At this sight the grave diggers let go the cords and along with the bystanders fled in terror from the spot. The supposed corpse then arose, scrambled out of the grave and, shivering from the cold (the mercury was 2 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit), made for the village as fast as his feebleness allowed him. But the villagers had barred and bolted themselves in against the wizard, and no one made answer to the appeal he made, with chattering teeth, to be admitted, and so, blue, breathless, trembling, he ran from hut to hut, like a rat in a burning room, seeking some escape from death.

At last fortune seemed to favor him, and he chanced on a hut, the inmate of which was an old woman who had not been to the funeral, and knowing nothing of his resurrection had left her door unbarred. He opened it and entered, and going up to the stove seemed as if he would get inside it if he could. Meanwhile the peasants gathered together, armed themselves with poles and stakes of aspenwood, the only effectual weapons in a fight with a "wizard," and surrounded the cabin. A few of those whose superstition was modified by faith in the merits of modern improvements also took guns and pistols with them, and the door being opened the attack of these Christians against the "devil's ally" began.

The miserable man, dazed by all that had happened that morning, and suffering from cold and hunger, was soon overpowered, and his neighbors, with many pious ejaculations, transfixed him, though alive and unhurt, with boly aspen stakes to the ground in the court before the hut. When things had reached this point the priest, who had recovered somewhat from his terror, came upon the scene, with a half-developed idea that perhaps after all the alleged corpse had been plunged into a lethargic sleep and might recover and live as before. But he found the unfortunate man pinned down to the earth with the aspen pales, with no manner of doubt about his death. The police superintendent (Stanovoy), who lived close by, then arrived, and also saw the murdered man and made inquiry into the manner of his death. The peasants had gone to their daily work, leaving the body, according to the requirements of the superstition prevailing in Russia, until sundown, when they intended to draw out the stakes and throw the corpse into a bog. Cases of this kind are of not unfrequent occurrence in Russia. The press is taking the matter up, but is not sanguine of attaining permanently satisfactory results, which cannot possibly be achieved until a fair and impartial trial shall be given to education.

POSTOFFICE DETECTIVES.

Considering the hundreds of thousands of dollars that are daily sent through the mails in the form of treasury notes, the few losses from embezzlement speak volumes for the general honesty of postoffice employees, says the New York *News*. In spite of the facilities afforded by the government for the safe transmission of money by money orders and registered letters, the masses seem content to take chances, and it is safe to say that where one person seeks a guarantee for the safe delivery of a missive and its contents, there are two who are disposed to trust in Providence and to the integrity of postal clerks. Instances are on record where as large amounts as \$10,000 have been mailed in unregistered packages, and misdirected letters containing sums from \$1 to \$100 turn up every day in the dead letter office.

The average postoffice official is perfectly conversant with the fact, and if at all weak-kneed morally, the indiscretion of the forwarder subjects him to constant temptation. But there is always more or less stealing from the mails.

One of the chief duties of a most important branch of the postal service is the detection of this species of misdemeanors. This branch is known as the department of postoffice inspectors. They number from 75 to 100, and are under the immediate direction of Chief Inspector E. G. Rathbone. The country is divided into ten districts, the chief offices being located in Washington, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chattanooga, Tennessee, St. Louis, Chicago, San Francisco