

in far greater number than in similar epidemics of by-gone years—the poor patient is left as weak and helpless as a new-born infant ; if he attempts to leave his bed unassisted he will most likely fall fainting to the floor, and such a fainting fit is usually but the forerunner of death. For days and weeks he must be closely watched and guarded against any imprudence, for he has in a great measure lost for a time the power of control of himself and his judgment, and the slightest act of incaution may bring on the ever-to-be-dreaded relapse, more dangerous by far than the original seizure.

A slight idea of the expense incurred in a case of yellow fever may be simply imagined. A nurse, far more important than a physician, must be in attendance night and day, for woe to the yellow-fever patient who is left alone for a single moment. The stretching forth of the hand for a glass of water on the table near the bedside may in a second work the irreparable mischief. While so carefully attended every change and movement must be jealously noted. The strength may fail, and the mechanism of the overwrought system suddenly run down like a worn-out clock.—*Dr. L. H. Cohnen in the Quincy Whig.*

How to Save Money.

Instead of burdening your shoulders carrying a heavy overcoat, wear a light one, together with one of Smith's Perforated Buckskin Shirts. They more than answer every purpose, and are, decidedly more comfortable.

HEALTH PARAGRAPHS.

The Yellow Fever.

Perhaps no more appalling sight can be imagined than the malignant type of the yellow fever that is raging now in those stricken cities. Even in its milder forms it is bad enough. Not infrequently the doomed victim is apparently but slightly attacked ; may be sitting up in bed reading, perhaps, and to all appearances but little indisposed ; yet in such a case, at his very next visit, the physician may find but a lifeless corpse, gone from this world without a struggle. *The disease is so fearfully insidious that no one can foretell how the primary attack may result, and the seeds of the malady may lurk in the veins for days unnoticed like a smouldering spark until the flames burst forth with a rage that knows no conqueror.* But such instances as those described, almost without any symptoms, are comparatively rare.

Usually all cases are attended with intense and agonizing pain. The dreadful headache and backache with which the attack is ushered in cannot be compared with aught else in the domain of human suffering, while the flushed face and brilliant injected eyes (sometimes fearfully beautiful in their strange brightness) must be anxiously watched, for not the most consummate skill or longest experience may prophesy the time when these shall give place to the ghastly livid lip, and jaundiced skin and yellow eyeballs from which this fearful malady derives its name. Or perhaps the dreaded second stage, hemorrhage, appears, heralded by the frightful vomito, or black vomit—nay, perhaps attended with bleeding from every pore of the body. Then comes the horrible delirium, when the patient, perhaps a refined, delicate woman or a tender child, but now a raving maniac, possessed of strength of five infuriated men, taxes to the utmost sometimes for hours, all and more than all the resources of the worn and exhausted friends at the bedside, until at last death closes the dreadful scene.

These are no fanciful pictures ; they are realities that have been witnessed time and again, and are occurring by scores in these plague-stricken cities of Memphis and Shreveport. When recovery takes place—and thanks to the progress of science, and dictates of reason and common sense, recoveries do occur