

THE CHAFING DISH.

Oh, ye bachelors, a wooing maidens fair
and fortune's maid,
After dance and dim flirtation and the
proper pomeauade,
If her heart you fain would capture and
secure your dearest wish,
Just display your lordly knowledge of the
mystic chafing dish.

Gently hint that you're a gourmet of a
palate hard to suit,
And disparage old Lucullus and some
other chaps to boot,
Then prepare a dainty rarebit with an air
of unconcern,
And there may be millions in it—if you've
done it to a turn.

Love hath naught of sweet persuasion
that can beat the art of dining,
And the maiden will surrender to your
epicure designing,
And I'll imitate a motto, when you've
caught this gentle fish,
Quite an up-to-date escautcheon—"Heav-
en bless our chafing dish."
—Judge.

ROMANCE OF A HOSPITAL NURSE.

"And so," I observed to Miss Wreford-Brown, "you like your new life?"
"I am delighted with it," she said.
"Ah!" I said, "I rejoice to hear that you have altered your mind. A month ago, if I recollect right, your mother informed me that the duties you had to perform were injuring your health to such a degree that you seriously thought of leaving St. Matthew's hospital. However, the lapse of another month seems to have altered the complexion of matters."
"A little," murmured Miss Winifred, gently stirring her coffee.
I noticed that she smiled as she made this reply.
"In my opinion," I said, "nursing is the noblest of all professions legitimately open to women. I cannot imagine anything grander than the death-bed scene of an aged sister—the head nurse of each ward is called 'sister,' is she not?—who, drawing her last feeble breaths, murmurs to those around her: 'For fifty years I have been tending the sick, and keeping an eye on the more giddy of the probationers when medical students were present. I have done my work, request in peace! Ah! what a glorious demise is there!'"
"If you believe me, Miss Winifred actually giggled."
"I am not," I said sternly, "jesting to you. I am sorry that I have not aroused your sense of the ridiculous. You do not appreciate such pathetic moments—you are but 19."
"Twenty, Mr. Wormholt, please."
"Well," I returned, "twenty, then. But," I continued, "I was about to observe—as touching the career which, in opposition to the wishes of your family, you have seen fit to adopt—that a hospital has endless claims upon the sympathy of all, is worthy of our fullest gratitude and esteem. For think—does she not give up the world? Does she not relegate herself to an atmosphere of suffering—to the depressing surroundings of the sickroom? Does she not cut herself off from all the pleasures—such as they are—that a social life offers to those who care to seek them? Is not nursing a life of self-denial, of wearing vigils? A trying tax on the patience? A sure test of courage? Yeal! it is all these and more. Miss Winifred, I honor you and your truly noble profession!"
"Thank you," said Miss Winifred.
It was the after-dinner period. We were sitting in a dim corner. Mrs. Wreford-Brown was chatting, in somewhat raised tones, to her neighbor, a retired Anglo-Indian colonel.
Pausing in my rhetoric, Mrs. Wreford-Brown's words came plainly to my ear. She was evidently discussing her daughter. The one by my side—for there were three others.
"The poor child," the good lady was saying, "is worked dreadfully hard. She hardly ever gets out for even half a day. Indeed, this is the first night she has been off duty for a month."
The Anglo-Indian glared fiercely in our direction. He found me leaning back in a cheerfully meditative mood. Miss Winifred put down her cap and took up a volume of political cartoons which was lying conveniently at hand.
Perhaps she overheard her mother's speech. Perhaps she fancied I did. At any rate she began to draw my attention to the first cartoon most assiduously.
"Do look at this, Mr. Wormholt," she said, laughing—in a palpably forced way—"isn't it funny!"
"A drawing," I said, "which represents a distinguished cabinet minister in the costume of a lady of the ballet cannot very well help being—er—funny. But I was speaking of hospitals—of the confined and restricted life which the nurses live, and of the unfeeling manner in which the authorities debar the nurses from enjoying even the simplest pleasures—judging, that is to say, from the representations which the ladies themselves make to their own families!" I concluded, shooting a keen glance at Miss Winifred's by no means unattractive profile.
"It is comforting to know," I heard Mrs. Wreford-Brown say, "that the child is absolutely trustworthy. At hospitals, you know, there are—"
"Oh, Mr. Wormholt, just look at this!" exclaimed Miss Winifred.
"The undignified attitude in which the premier is represented," I said, "does not amuse me in the least. I have no objections to comic draughtsmanship." I went on, "but when a right honorable gentleman is drawn in the guise of a monkey dancing on the top of a barrel organ, I think it is time for a censor of cartoons to be appointed."
For reasons of my own, however, I had to turn my face away from Miss Winifred's inquiring gaze. I remembered, then, that I had brought the volume of cartoons to the house and explained them to Miss Wreford-Brown

herself (mine—I mean the one I was conversing with now).
"And it—" came from Mrs. Wreford-Brown's part of the room, "the nurses allow attentions to be paid to them—"
The conclusion of this utterance was drowned by the general buzz of conversation.
"The other night," I said to Miss Winifred, "I went to 'Rosemary.'"
"Indeed," she replied, and turned over the cartoons more rapidly than ever.
"A very well written and attractive piece," I continued.
"Yes," said Miss Winifred, "I've heard—"
"Agatha," said Mrs. Wreford-Brown to her eldest daughter, "won't you sing?"
"Oh, do, Agatha," said the second girl (rather wickedly as it struck me).
"Give us 'Resignation.'"
"Oh, I can accompany that!" exclaimed Miss Winifred, starting up.
"Thank you," said Miss Agatha, coldly, "but I prefer to accompany myself."
So Miss Winifred was obliged to resume her seat by my side, and Miss Agatha proceeded to oblige us with the dirge in question. When the polite applause which greeted (a very proper expression) its conclusion had ceased, I said to Miss Winifred:
"I sat in the dress circle."
Miss Winifred buried her eyes with the cartoons.
"In the dress circle," I went on, "at the back—"
"Who is this meant to be—"
"Where I had an excellent view not only of the stage, but also of the other occupants—I dwell on the words—of the seats in that part of the house."
I waited for her remark, but there came only a rustle of leaves.
"Yes," I said, "the profession of nursing is an honorable profession—a profession of self-denial—a calling which debars its followers from enjoying many pleasures of life. We enjoyed 'Rosemary' very much."
"But," said Miss Winifred, looking up from the cartoons. "I thought you went by yourself."
"Who told you I did?" I asked, suspiciously.
"—Nice, gentlemanly fellows, many of them, but, of course—" came from Mrs. Wreford-Brown. I did not hear the rest of the sentence.
"Oh, I—I always thought you went alone," was Miss Winifred's weak rejoinder.
"I see. Well, you are right. I was alone. But 'we' refers to myself and all the other people in the dress circle. I like to speak of my fellow beings in a broad, kindly, unselfish sense like that. And I felt—I felt grieved!"
"What about?" asked Miss Winifred.
"Grieved," I said, "to think that you, Miss Winifred, only get one night off in a month. I felt that it was selfish of me to enjoy 'Rosemary' when you were watching by the sick and dying—"
"—Perfectly straightforward, truthful girl," came from Mrs. Wreford-Brown, "in whom I have the utmost confidence. Some girls placed in her position would—"
"Is this meant to be the chancellor of the exchequer?" asked Miss Winifred, quickly.
"The man," I said, "selling the dreadful commodity known as—er—excuse me for mentioning it—dried haddock, is the first lord of the treasury, but the cat which is rubbing itself against his legs is, as you suppose, that great statesman, the—"
"—Think for a moment that my dear child allowed even a house surgeon to pay her—"
"—was wafted from the maternal lips over to our corner.
"—Chancellor of the exchequer!" I concluded with disgust.
"I saw a man there that I knew," I whispered to Miss Winifred. She nodded, and I think, breathed more freely.
"I have reason to believe," I whispered, still more confidentially, "that he is a member of the medical profession. I think he is at some—"
Crash, went the bass notes. Whist! went the leaves of the cartoon book.
"—some hospital!"
"Mamma," cried Miss Winifred, jumping up (I do not like to say bounding up), "it's time for me to be—"
"—Sh-h-h!" came from the eldest Miss Wreford-Brown, in a vicious hiss.
Miss Winifred sat down again—reluctantly. Once more she buried herself in the cartoons.
"I have heard," I continued, "that he is on the indoor staff—"
"—Is this Morley?" demanded Miss Winifred, quite loudly.
"—Winifred," came from the eldest Miss Wreford-Brown, in an angry snap.
"—That," I whispered, "is Mr. Morley. The master who is flogging him is the minister of agriculture."
The music went on. I beat time for a minute with my hand, and then, bending close to Miss Winifred's ear again, observed:
"He was with two members of the honorable profession of which I have been speaking. The member sitting by him—the less repulsive-looking of the two, that is—"
The pianist was playing the last chords. Miss Winifred shut the cartoon book with a bang.
"—had," I concluded, speaking very hurriedly, "brown eyes, darkish hair, rather dimpled chin—"
Crash!!! and the musical operation had been brought to a gratifying termination.
"—And so, colonel, you see," came in Mrs. Wreford-Brown's voice, clear as a bell, through the silence which followed the finishing of the music, "I have every confidence in my dear child. Thank you, Miranda. Time for you to go, Winifred? You seem to have been having a very entertaining time, you and Mr. Wormholt, with that book of cartoons."
"—Extremely entertaining," I said. But of course I spoke only for myself.—Westminster Gazette.

AN INCIDENT OF THE GREAT FLOOD IN THE MISSISSIPPI—LEAVING THE OLD HOMESTEAD.



Notable Floods of the Last Half Century.

The Raging Waters Have Many Times Swept Our Great American Valleys.

THE recent great flood in the Mississippi valley recalls many memorably great inundations which have occurred in the United States in the last half century. The earliest of these of which there is an accurate record occurred in April and May, 1844, when the Mississippi at St. Louis and vicinity touched a higher mark than has ever been reached at any time since that region has been settled. Many persons were drowned and the loss of property was large. In 1849 the Mississippi and its tributaries from Alton downward again swept over their banks, causing great damage. No trustworthy figures are at hand of the destruction of life, but the loss of property in St. Louis and its immediate vicinity was put at \$5,000,000, while it reached \$20,000,000 in New Orleans and its suburbs. It was the most disastrous visitation by flood which the latter city ever had.

The bursting of a reservoir in Mill River Valley, near Northampton, Mass., on May 16, 1874, is well remembered by all those old enough at that time to read the papers. It destroyed large portions of several villages and 144 lives were lost. July 24, of the same year, a waterspout and rain storm at Eureka, Nev., drowned 30 persons and destroyed much property. Two days later Pittsburg and Allegheny, Pa., were visited by a tremendous rain storm, which swelled the rivers in that neighborhood and drowned 220 persons. The damage to property was put at \$2,000,000.

In 1881 floods in the Mississippi valley, the river at St. Louis reaching its highest point on June 12, did immense damage, especially in Iowa, Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas. The valleys of the Missouri and Ohio also suffered at the same time, the losses being particularly heavy in Kansas and Kentucky. Another destructive freshet occurred in the Ohio and Mississippi basins a year later, culminating on Feb. 22. This time the loss of property and life in Mississippi was greater than had ever been known before in that quarter, and the Governor of that State appealed to the country for aid for the sufferers.

The Ohio River valley, in February, 1883, was visited by the most destructive flood known since that region was first settled. On the 15th the Ohio at Cincinnati reached its highest point, or 66 feet and four inches, covering all the houses fronting on the bank of the river, and extending into the densely built part of the city for a distance of several squares. The direct loss of property in Cincinnati was put at \$2,000,000, and in other parts of Ohio and Indiana and Kentucky it was estimated that \$5,000,000 was destroyed, while about 30,000 persons were rendered temporarily homeless and dependent.

A year afterward the Ohio reached a greater height than it did in 1883. It drowned 40 persons in Cincinnati and vicinity and made 15,000 people in that locality homeless. The damage in the entire Ohio valley was estimated to have been greater than it was in 1883. As in the previous year, the gas works at Cincinnati in 1884 were submerged, and the city for the time was plunged into darkness. New England, Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio suffered great damage by

floods in January, 1886. That was the year in which Montreal had its memorable inundation, in which one hundred persons were drowned and \$2,000,000 of property was destroyed. The Montreal calamity occurred, however, three months later than the floods in the United States just mentioned, or on April 17-18. The most destructive freshets of 1886, though, took place in Texas on Aug. 20, in which many houses in Galveston were blown down by the hurricane which accompanied the flood. The losses in that city and neighborhood by wind and water were 38 lives and \$5,000,000 of property.

May 31, 1880, the bursting of a reservoir caused a flood at Johnstown, Pa., recalling that at Mill River valley, Mass., in 1874, though it was far more destructive. The wall of water traveled the eighteen miles between the reservoir and Johnstown in seven minutes. The Pennsylvania Railroad bridge at Johnstown held some of the water back and collected a mass of debris, which caught fire and increased the destruction. Revised figures put the loss of life at 2,142, and loss of property at \$10,000,000.

In March and April, 1880, the Mississippi river and several of its tributaries overflowed great stretches of country along their banks. Thousands of square miles of territory were submerged, many towns were isolated, and communication with scores of small settlements was cut off for weeks. Louisiana was the greatest sufferer among the States in that flood. Congress voted a relief fund at that time of \$150,000 for the afflicted throughout the Mississippi valley. From West Virginia in the east to Arizona in the West there were destructive freshets in February and March, 1891. Ohio, Tennessee and Mississippi being hit hardest of all the States and Arizona of all the territories. In Arizona 100 lives were lost, \$1,000,000 of property was destroyed and 1,500 persons rendered homeless. The losses in the rest of the country were estimated at the time at 400 lives and \$10,000,000 of property.

The high water record of the Upper Mississippi valley for a third of a century was broken in 1892. In early April the river and some of its tributaries began to swell beyond the danger point, but the highest mark was not reached until May. Far greater destruction was committed in and around St. Louis than in any other equal area in the valley. The loss of life in the Mississippi valley by the floods of 1892 was estimated at 1,100 and the destruction to property was \$12,000,000. About the same time Oil creek, Pa., overflowed and caused a loss of 500 lives. Here great tanks of oil were overturned, took fire and the whole region was a sea of flame.

In 1893 Arkansas, Tennessee and Louisiana suffered severely by flood in March and April, and Missouri and Illinois were also visited, but the damage in the last two States was smaller. Each spring since then there have been overflows in the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio and other rivers in the Mississippi valley.

EATS SMALLER REPTILES.

Trinidad Snakes that Are Cannibals by Nature.

Certain species of snakes are by nature cannibals, having three general methods of securing and overpowering their prey—by constriction, by main strength and by venom. A scientist who was recently on a blacksnake hunt in Trinidad had made his way into a dense forest and one day captured a young black and white tiger snake, putting him into the usual bag. An hour or so later he found the largest black snake he had ever seen in the island. This rich find was also deposited in the bag and the scientist returned to the hut which he and a plantation overseer were occupying. In the night the overseer aroused the traveler, saying there had for some time been hissing and fighting in the bag. The scientist



CANNIBAL SNAKE OF TRINIDAD.

found that the black snake had nearly swallowed his companion. They were both shaken out on the floor, the smaller reptile being dead.

A New Kind of Candle.
"It is said," says Merck's Report, "that a French chemist has invented a new kind of candle made by dissolving five parts of colorless gelatin in

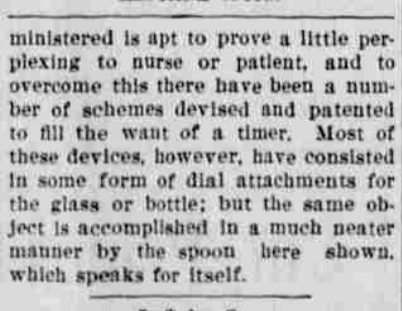
NEARING DEATH.

The Serious Condition of the Empress of Austria.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria has been so seriously ill at Cape Martin that her husband, who proposed to remain at Vienna until the trouble in connection with Crete was at an end, hastened his departure, and proceeded with all haste to the South of France, where the Empress is being attended by her youngest and favorite daughter, the Archduchess Valerie. The Empress was unable to meet her husband on his arrival, and has been forced to abandon all those long walks to which she has been given ever since the doctors compelled her to give up riding.

Time Medicine Spoon.

When the last dose of medicine was taken or when the next should be administered is apt to prove a little perplexing to nurse or patient, and to overcome this there have been a number of schemes devised and patented to fill the want of a timer. Most of these devices, however, have consisted in some form of dial attachments for the glass or bottle; but the same object is accomplished in a much neater manner by the spoon here shown, which speaks for itself.



MEDICINE SPOON.

Left by Say.

Among the late Leon Say's papers were found five decrees dated on the same day, signed by President Grevy and countersigned by all the proper officials, appointing him to all the grades of the Legion of Honor, including the Grand Cross. Grevy went out of office without making the appointments public in the Journal Officiel, and Leon Say never mentioned the matter to any one, and never wore any of the decorations.

Every sleeping car conductor wants a law adopted compelling the porter to divide.

RARE CASE OF EXTRA THUMB.

Its Owner, a Stone Carver, Finds It a Useful Appendage.

This is an eminently successful radiograph, or X-ray photograph, of the hand of a Mr. Peters. It will be seen that Mr. Peters has two thumbs. Similar cases are not unknown, but this one is unique in that the supernumerary thumb is of very real utility to its possessor. Mr. Peters says that he

by means of this violent exercise that she was able to maintain unimpaired the balance of her mind, instead of succumbing to the insanity which is one of the hereditary curses of the royal house of Bavaria, to which she belongs by birth. Some apprehension, therefore, is felt at Vienna as to the possible result of the inaction to which she is now constrained by reason of her health.—Vienna Letter.

RARE CASE OF EXTRA THUMB.

found his additional thumb was so useful in handling the chisel (he was a stone carver), that he actually regretted his other hand was not similarly provided.

It is entirely superfluous to tell people that you are getting old; you show it.



RARE CASE OF EXTRA THUMB.