WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

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Behind Helm Crag, and Silver Howe the shore
Of the retreating sky is low and bare.
Soon will the heather contrasts, here unseen,
Gather the night about their nakedness.

The half heard bleat of sheep comes from the hill.
Faint sounds of children play are in the air.
The river murmurs past. All else is still.
The very graves seem stiller than they were.

After through nature be an nation buried
And life with toil and ancient pain depressed,
Here one may scarce believe—while whole wide world
Is not at peace, and all man's heart at rest.

Rest! from the gift he gave, and peace! the shade
He spread, for eyes tormented with the sun.
To him his mission are more dark—here laid
Its end, its peace, its labor nobly done.

—William Watson in The National Review.

DELICE.

The crowd of men standing around the little cafe on Rue Conde appeared to be curiously affected, for, contrary to the habit of the twenty-five or thirty individuals thereof, not a single one was gesticulating, and in another evidence of their abnormal condition not a single whiff of cigarette smoke rose from the assemblage.

Old Miguel, the affable host, with his short cut white hair, round head, and smiling Spanish face, himself seemed to have lost something of his vivacity, and contrary to his custom, failed to hum, while was a favorite malaguena he mixed the orgeat and water for some thirsty customer.

The assemblage in the banquette gradually drifted into the cafe, by twos and threes, their conversation being still carried on in an undertone. The movement of feet on the sanded floor gave out more sound than the voices of the speakers, and when Miguel popped the cork out of a bottle of porter the report seemed almost startling. Anxiety was written on the faces of the men. They looked at one another as if some common misery had woven a fraternal bond between them, and where always there had been extreme politeness and courtesy, now was exhibited the most absolute self sacrifice and a wish to show how true had been the protestations of fellowship before. They were all young gentlemen of social standing, the oldest being not more than 28 years of age. To Miguel they were known as Les Poissons Rouges, the Red Fish.

About five years before this gathering at the Cafe de Delicieux three large schooners in a cloud of sails disappeared around Point Aux Herbes, in Lake Pontchartrain, bound out for the Chandeleur Islands. Each vessel had on board ten or twelve young men, all members of a pleasure organization that yearly cruised among the islands of the gulf after redfish and Spanish mackerel. They carried their negro servants with them, and all the paraphernalia for capturing the denizens of the bright, green water along the Louisiana coast. After a delightful run anchors were dropped in a snug harbor behind one of the Chandeleurs, and, for variety, large bottle seals from above sails were pitched on the sandy beach. About 200 yards on the other side of the island the rollers from the gulf came in, pounding the sand with a dull, sullen roar. After a bountiful supper and some story telling around the camp fires all rolled themselves up on the sand, followed by the tents from the dew, for a good night's rest. About 12 o'clock it began to rain, and this was followed by heavy gusts of wind.

The improvised tents were soon leveled and the drenched inmates hurried on board their respective schooners that lay only ten or twenty yards from the beach. The wind increased every moment. The tents' awnings, that had been spread to shelter the voyagers, were ripped from their fasten ngs and had to be hurriedly furled. Then, as the schooners began to drag, extra anchors were put out. Overhead the sky was inky and the wind carried the spray across the island with such force the drops stung sharply as they struck the face. Where the schooners lay there was no sea, but the wind made them jerk at their cables venomously. The whole party was on deck looking at the sublime spectacle. Mountains of waves came tumbling in to shatter themselves on the new phosphorescent sands. Their deep boom filled the air with sound. Then there was a small flash and the artillery of the skies opened, drowning with crash and roar the hushing of the waves. Over the waste of waters there gleamed a pale yellow light that appeared almost supernatural, and each crest burned w th its millions of luminous animalcule. Seaward, beyond, there was a wall of chaos, against which the vision beat itself vainly. Suddenly, from out the blackness, two cyclons came together, and diverging as they recoiled, like two skeleton arms, they scourged over the island, their explosion sending out long attenuated fingers of light, as if appealing for help or giving a benediction.

Some exclaimed they could see lights, others earnestly declared they could distinguish a large ship driving in. A flash of lightning showed a small schooner pounding on the reef outside. There was a wild shout when the ghostly white sails, torn to ribbons, were discovered, and the pleasure seekers crowd to the island, the little harbor being still quite smooth. They were without means to succor, however, and could only look for such swimmers as might make for land. It was not long before the masts went by the board and the wreck commenced to break up. The young fishermen distributed themselves along the beach, ready to render assistance to those that might reach the surf. After half an hour's waiting in the stinging rain, without anything coming ashore, they were about returning to their half buried vessels when one of the party, Theophile Lafreve, descried, riding on the large billows as lightly as a cork, what appeared to be a raft. Each flash of lightning showed that it was approaching the shore fast. Theophile, tying a rope around his body, stood ready to rush into the surf when it should reach it. It was not long before it came in sight on a high roller that threatened to engulf it. He dashed in, seized it, and, although lifted high upon the sands, he clung to the object with the tenacity of life itself, and saved it from being washed back.

It was an ordinary dock raft, such as are seen around the docks of sailing vessels, but it was covered with a piece of canvas which had been rightly fastened like a drum head over its top. While the eager crowd was looking with curiosity at this bit of flotsam from the wreck one of the party cut open the canvas top, and in their astonishment, resting on a soft blanket was a babe about three months old. A cry of surprise broke from the now excited spectators.

Day was beginning to dawn, and a feeble light rested upon the surging wands off to the eastward. Every eye was directed to the wreck. Only the bowsprit remained visible. The crew and passengers, if passengers there were, had perished. Theophile Lafreve was the first to speak. He beckoned them all to come near, and in a voice that could be heard even in the tumult of waves, he said: "Les Poissons Rouges have now a duty given to them. We came here for pleasure, and Providence has given to the greatest prize of earth—a life. Shall we adopt this little one?"

The idea was novel to these young gallants, and there was connected with it a sort of disturbed parental responsibility which was strangely flattering to each of them. The result of it all was that the little one was taken on board one of the fleet, the fishing forgotten, and the expedition early on the morning after the storm started for New Orleans. Reaching here, the infant was put in charge of a competent nurse and regular monthly meetings of its fathers took place, at which its future was earnestly discussed. Constant inquiry had failed to discover even the name of the schooner, and there remained no clue to identify the little one save the blanket in which it was sleeping when dashed on the sand. In one corner of this, exquisitely embroidered, was the word "Delice." Advertisement was made in the papers, serious investigation made everywhere, but the schooner and her crew were never known in the old Crescent City.

If ever there was a little girl that had everything her heart could wish for, Delice was that girl. When she was a year old she possessed thirteen rattles, six alligator's teeth set in silver, five coral necklaces, half a dozen little gold shawl pins, four swinging cradles, a beautiful altar at the end of her little room, with a Madonna looking down upon her bed. Over the mantelpiece, gloomy in its depth of shadow, was an oil painting from one of Delice's new fathers, representing the wave whipped death of the Chandeleurs, with a wreck going to pieces half a mile off shore and a tub rising on the crest of a great sea.

It was not a little amusing to see how jealous of feminine attentions to their charge these Poissons Rouges were. They told their sisters and mothers that the little one was well cared for and needed none of their time. The old nurse, they said, was experienced, and they themselves knew a thing or two now about babies.

Thus the months had crept away, and dolls and spelling books had taken the place of rattles. Delice could tell the names of all her fathers, some twenty-two now, for some of them had dropped off and were carried on upon that roll which the average dead Orleanian must travel. When she was 6 years of age she could command at least five carriages of one afternoon, and it was no uncommon thing to see her out driving with some six or eight young gentlemen, superbly mounted, riding in attendance. Les Poissons Rouges were proud of their little beauty, and great manly fellows, with mustaches that were the dread on opera nights, would lend the tiny fairy to the carriage with the grace of a marquis, and when she smiled sweetly and lisped, "Bonn, Papa Raoul," or "Tweth," they would blush like big boys. Her excuses were so trifling in comparison with the fools in the antiquer & the paternal commandments that it was received to invest a certain sum annually, and so on her fifth birthday for they had elected a birthday for her, she was as well dowed for a little girl as any in the state, and as for beauty, why to ask the question was to devote to the zenith the eyes of her twenty-two fathers and to bring to their mouth twenty-two right hands with finger tips united together, which they would kiss as if the flavor were divine, and simultaneously ejaculate: "Comme ma!" The truth is that her big black eyes, delicately chiseled face, symmetrical limbs and dignified bearing made her appear as of royal rather than plebeian blood, and she led her followers by silent voice, young as she was.

Then came the day heretofore mentioned, the assemblage at the Cafe Delicieux, the silence and the anxiety. Four days before Delice had complained of feeling ill—her head ached and her eyes were inflamed. Four doctors were at once sent for, and after a consultation it was announced that Delice had the scarlet fever. Her nurse and guardian occupied a large private residence near Miguel's, and so it was that the cafe was made the headquarters of Les Poissons Rouges, that news might be received every few minutes. At first there were no serious symptoms, but on the third night she grew worse. She asked for Theophile, Raoul, Giles, Henri and the rest of her beloved papas. These big female fellows would close the gate gently, walk on tiptoe down the gravel walk between the camellias and cross the veranda so quietly the cat could not hear them.

In the little room an angel face looked up from its nest of soft pillows and a smile played about the crimson, feverish lips. She held out her hand, spoke a few simple words, and the silent figure would withdraw and go across the street to Miguel's with a lump in its throat and its eyes much inflamed. Then matters began to grow more serious. No articles must pass that way. There should be more quiet over at Miguel's, and bulletins would be sent to the cafe every hour, so that they might know how Delice was progressing.

About 2 o'clock that afternoon the young gentlemen were startled by the slamming of window shutters over at Mlle. Delice's. They ran from their tables, leaving their orgeat untasted and started for the sidewalk. They faced one. Old Lafitte was opening all the windows up stairs. Why was time? Then a little negro girl came running toward Miguel's. Theophile Lafreve met her and before she could speak commanded her silence. "Hes anus," said he, "the news need not be told. We know what it is. There is no longer need of silence. We are childless." There were sobs in the cafe and many wet eyes. The parrot, as if recognizing that it was no more under restraint, gave an experimental "macaiba," and finding that it produced no emotion repeated it.

Two by two they marched across to the house, with hat in hand. Up the gravelly walks the little procession came and on into the large chamber. They gathered about the bedside and, almost unconsciously, they crossed themselves as if in the presence of an angel. The little bed became a shrine, and their women beauty with a smile on her white face, their Delice, a saint.

Perhaps a mother's love had welcomed the sweet child beyond the boughs, and a mother's hand had let her up a strand whiter than the snowy beach of the Chandeleurs.

"She came from very far," whispered Henri Xavier from the foot of the bed. The Creoles thus beautifully express the idea that one has narrowly escaped death in infancy.

"So very, very far," responded Jules Verne.

The sunlight wrought in rare design, with jasmine leaves, a tapestry of shadow on the wall beside the bed. The little clock on the mantel beat its tic-tac, tic-tac so loudly that each stroke touched the heart. The wind from the garden below came softly in, its lap filled with the perfume of flowers, and a mockingbird on the chimney over the way dropped some tender notes that were so exquisitely sweet that the men looked at one another as they stood around the bed, as if a voice from another world had spoken. Les Poissons Rouges had now no mission left. The bond that had held them together was severed.

"We will always remember and love her," said Theophile, as he laid her little hand back across her breast and placed a bud between the dead fingers.

"And remember all orphaned children, too," said Raoul Duvergne.

Twenty-two voices said, "Amen."

"Les Poissons Rouges" never came together again, but each had sown a seed of charity in the little grave in the St. Louis cemetery, on which is inscribed "Delice," that has grown through all the years, and until this day bears fruit.—Charles E. Whitney in Times-Democrat.

PLANNING AN ESCAPE.

PLOT OF LIBBY PRISON'S INMATES TO CAPTURE RICHMOND.

Help from a Brave Union Woman—Co-Operation from Washington—The Plans Well Laid—How the Scheme Was Defeated at Last.

We opened correspondence with the notorious Abbey Green, a brave Union woman living in the city, noted for her outspoken patriotism and the bravery with which she approached the columns of Federal prisoners, where, despite the bayonets of the guards, she gave what relief she could, often tossing loaves of bread to them at the peril of life.

The noble woman gave relief and cheering words to thousands, and bravely stood in Richmond, known to and feared by the rebels, whom she defied. If there was a plot to emancipate, she was the one to co-operate. So we opened correspondence with her through a faithful colored boy on menial duty at the prison. We carefully stated our desires, and in return received a plan of the city and location of the arsenal, a correct statement of the number of troops in the city, the strength of the home guard and all other information needed.

After the plans were matured all prisoners willing to co-operate were formed into battalions and companies, and drilled as carefully and frequently as possible. Everything that could be was converted into a weapon, and several pistols and bowie knives had been received among the contents of the boxes first delivered to us before an examination was required, and these we had kept well concealed, and they would help greatly in our strike for freedom. A few weapons in the hands of desperate leaders would do bloody work.

In order to make our plot a success, it was deemed now very to inform the government at Washington, and get, if possible, its aid. A fine opportunity of doing this occurred when the surgeons were released. Statements of our plans were written on very fine paper, and this folded up tightly was concealed in the staff buttons of their uniforms, which were constructed so that the heads of the buttons could be removed, showing quite a space capable of holding a large piece of fine paper. The bottom heads on being replaced gave no evidence of the valuable deposits beneath. Thus we succeeded in informing Mr. Lincoln and the secretary of war of our intentions.

A cabinet meeting decided the plans so submitted perfectly feasible, and preparations were at once made to aid us, and an officer was sent down to the peninsula to draw the Confederate forces all out of the city to repel him by his supposed attempt to enter Richmond. He did so, and we saw from the windows of Libby the Confederates march by to meet him. There were left only about 200 home guards. Our plan was to assemble on a certain evening in the lower middle room, burst open the front doors, seize the guards in front, disarm them, and with the arms so gained intimidate and take prisoners the officials of Libby, then march to the arsenal, fighting the home guard if encountered on the way, and, with the arms in the arsenal, we would march to Belle Isle, and, arming the prisoners there, march back, an army of 4,000 strong. We could then easily have taken possession of and held Richmond against any force until Gen. Butler, marching up, would have re-enforced us, and the city would have been ours.

Our plans, as we supposed, were well laid, and everything in regard to their successful completion progressed as favorably as we could desire up to the very evening of the night on which we determined to make our exit. From the windows we observed, about 4 o'clock p. m., a "jackass battery," as it was derisively styled, being located in front of Libby, and a greatly increased guard put on duty, while a company of the home guards stood in front.

Presently Maj. Turner, with a squad, ascended the stairs, and in a loud tone announced the order that all prisoners were to descend to the lower middle room. Not dreaming of the trap about to be sprung on us, and thinking there was to be an inspection of some kind, we obeyed the order without reluctance, there being no necessity for guards to enforce it with the points of their bayonets, as they seemed inclined to do at the least hesitancy to march forward quickly. When all were below guards were stationed at the head of the stairs, and we were told it would be perilous to attempt to come up until ordered to do so.

Hour succeeded hour, and darkness set in; still we received no intimation of release, and as had the truth begun to dawn upon our bewildered understandings. We were prisoners in a twofold sense in Libby, and under close surveillance, in one of the rooms. What did it mean? Had some one turned traitor and disclosed our plot? If such a one had been known he would have been thrown a corpse from the windows or torn to pieces, but we could not fully realize that such had been the case. Our plan was nipped, but we could try it again. We were kept in the room described several hours and then released and permitted to occupy our accustomed places, but we found our rooms had been thoroughly ransacked and everything in the shape of a weapon taken. Evidently our plot had been disclosed and frustrated. Our privileges were fewer afterwards, and a closer watch was had over our actions. The outside guards were increased, and so much vigilance manifested that we concluded not to make our attempt for a time at least.

The manner in which the prison officials were made cognizant of our plans was for a long time a mystery. The generally accepted solution of the problem was that some one of our number had sold us out. I never knew the true cause until after the war. I met one day in Washington city Capt. Jackson Warner, described before as the quartermaster who furnished us beef and bread. I asked Capt. Warner the question. He said he remembered his remains well and what excitement it caused. When a spy, who had for a long time been among us, dressed in similar uniform, to report our sayings and doings daily or weekly, as was deemed fit, announced that we had formed a plan to escape, he was instructed to watch closely and report progress, which he could easily do, for we talked and planned without secrecy. Like a cat playing with the mouse, they played with us, and when tired, and just at the proper time, came down in force.—Dr. John Henry, Fifth Ohio cavalry.

A Big New York Restaurant.

There is a cheap restaurant in New York that feeds 6,000 people a day! It is never closed, night nor day, and has three different relays of waiters, cooks, cleaners, cashiers and other hands. It is not noted in the city, but is famous in all the country towns and villages in the state, New Jersey and Connecticut, which are its chief source of patronage. How many reservoirs of soup and how many tons of beef it consumes daily are matters for the consideration of metropolitan correspondents of country newspapers. But the figures are astounding and interesting without sensational elaboration.—Good Housekeeping.

NEW JERSEY SAND.

Its Transmutation Into California Gold at the "Long Branch."

After the war of 1861 was over three peaceful villagers, who, having contributed their part toward it, were just settling down again for another fifty years' nap, were awakened again by certain capitalists, who bought up all the sleepy land they could find within sight, smell or sound of the ocean, and proceeded to invest money in it. Our old school speakers contained an affecting poem about little Alfred, or Charley, or some similarly named child, who found a shilling coming home from school one day, and exclaimed, "I'll have a fortune, for I'll plant it right away." These capitalists imitated little Alfred or Charley, with much better luck. They planted not a shilling, but thousands of dollars here in the sand; they seeded these acres of the shore with more money than Capt. Kidd has ever been proved to have buried anywhere, and they finally have harvested a large area of golden financial wheat.

One of their first shrewd methods of tillage was to make their new, scraggling, one streeted town the summer capital of the United States. They built a miniature White House near the edge of the sea and invited President Grant to live there two months in the year. He came, with that simplicity of greatness which never enjoys pleasure any the less because it happens to be a source of profit to others. The "long branch" of Shrewsbury river, which gave name to the whole locality because it had its arm half way round the other town, leaped in one season into world wide fame.

The old war chief of a hemisphere settled down here with as little ostentation as he now rests in Riverside park; but there were plenty of commonplace people, with commonplace wealth, willing to furnish all the style necessary for such a village, and to see that the new town was well painted with gorgeous colors. Many of the dollars that had been planted in the pulverized gravel of the shore grew into gold bearing roof trees. The cities brought here their local luxuries for sale, money drawers were opened wide for summer show storeys of bank notes, and fortunes were made here between spring and autumn. Hundreds of acres of New Jersey sand had been transmuted into California gold.—Will Carlton in New York Star.

The Boston Mending Bureau.

The Boston Mending Bureau and Laundry company is a new thing in our city, though a similar establishment has been in successful operation in New York for some time. Their plan of work and object can be told in a few words, and the whole thing is so extremely sensible and feasible that the only wonder is that it was not thought of years ago. The bureau comprises a laundry, a dye house and a repair shop, in the last of which experienced tailors and skillful needlewomen are constantly employed in putting into order every sort of wearing apparel.

Work is done here for both men and women, though it is especially useful, of course, to bachelors and other lonely men who have no one to keep their clothing in order for them. Wearing apparel when soiled or worn may be taken to the bureau or called for on postal card order, and put into thoroughly good condition again. The linen is washed and done up, missing buttons are replaced, stretched out buttonholes reduced to their proper proportions, worn traps and strings renewed, gaping holes in the stockings filled up, while the outer clothing is cleaned, dyed, pressed, darned, painted or otherwise attended to as it may need. These things are all done at a very moderate price—a pair of socks darned for five cents, unless too far gone—and other things in proportion, the charge being fixed in most instances by the length of time which the task requires.

Frequently also the bureau makes a contract with gentlemen to press, repair and keep in order their clothing by the year or month, the principle being the same as that by which the Chinese pay their physicians to keep them well. The bureau has a dozen branch offices in the suburbs and different portions of the city, so that patrons living at a distance may be easily accommodated. There are numberless busy men and women for whom the bureau will save many dollars in the course of a year. "A stitch in time saves nine," according to the proverb, and mending the ravages of wear and tear upon one's clothing saves a good deal else at the same time.—Boston Globe.

Famous Generals as Cadets.

Charles Ward, a lackman at West Point, has a fund of information about the military academy and some of the now famous generals who were once cadets. A reporter visited West Point the other day and was driven through the grounds of the college by Ward. He appears to be 55 or 60 years old, is a large, broad shouldered man, with a full beard, streaked with gray, and an honest countenance. He was born in the town and has been there ever since.

"You know them all, then—Lee, Sheridan and Grant?" asked the reporter.

"I know the first two—that is, I saw them when a boy and remember how they looked and acted. Gen. Lee was captain of the post here in 1855, and my father used to sell him milk every day. I can remember how Gen. Lee would say, with a smile, to my father: 'Now, I desire you to be careful and not put too much water in your milk.' The milk you gave me the other day had a suspicious taste.' He said it, though, in such a kindly, nice way my father never took any offense. Capt. Lee was the most soldierly looking of any of the cadets. Why, sir, when started to walk on the parade ground or from one quarter to another he went as straight as a bee line, and never looked back. It made no difference how much noise the other cadets made in his rear. He was straight, too, as an arrow, and not very stout. I shall never forget him as he looked in those days."—New York Mail and Express.

Manufacture of Tin Cans.

A striking instance of labor saving machinery is that which makes tin cans. One of the machines used in the process solders the longitudinal seams of the cans at the rate of fifty a minute, the cans finishing along in a continuous stream; of course a drop or two of solder is left on the can. The drop on the outside is easily wiped off, but it is not so easy to secure the drop left on the inside. An ingenious workman has patented an arrangement for wiping the inside of the can without stopping the machinery. Benik, several thousand dollars in royalties in his own pocket and a saving of fifty cents of solder per day to the firm that uses it. Thirty thousand cans is a day's work for this machine.—Boston Transcript.

A Marketable Husband.

In Siam a man who has sold himself at gambling can compel his wife, if she has the money, to redeem him, but he thereupon becomes her property and chattel. This is a very equitable arrangement. The wife, if she desires, can sell her husband off, along with his summer pail-hat, for a plaster of paris image of Bismarck or a spotted dog. And we are not surprised a woman with such a husband should so desire, as was proved the other day when Ma Sammit exchanged her better half for a share in a house near Wat Chang, a cow and twenty ticals in silver.—Bangkok Times.

DISEASE IN THE MILK.

INVESTIGATION INTO THE HEALTHFULNESS OF DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Scientists Have Discovered That There is Danger in the Milk Cans—Contagion at the Dairy—Alarming Aspect of the Question.

The subject of purity and healthfulness of milk and its products has received much attention from medical and sanitary authorities during the past year, and some very remarkable results of investigations are now being made public. A lecture on the etiology of scarlet fever was recently delivered by Dr. E. Klein, F.C.S., before the Royal institution in London. The principal theme of the paper was the relation of scarlet fever to milk supply. The possibility of the dissemination, and even origin, of the disease from this source was considered at length. Recorded cases are quoted to prove its possibility. The lecturer treats it as a certainty that milk has thus caused the spread of scarlet fever. Experiments by X. Gaillier, a French scientist, have been published. These were directed to tubercular sickness. Dairy produce from cows affected with tubercular disease was the subject of the investigations. Professor Gaillier found that such articles of diet could communicate phthisis or consumption to poultry and swine, and could become thus directly or indirectly a serious menace to man.

Within the last few years a number of outbreaks of disease have been traced with great certainty to dairies as the center of contagion. So well proved have these cases seemed, that they have originated special popular names for the sickness thus occasioned. Thus milk typhoid, milk scarlatina, and milk diphtheria have come to be recognized. In a number of accurately recorded cases, an outbreak of some specific disease has been noted. The general history in all was identical. The spread was limited to a certain number of families. The medical officers found that all the families thus affected were supplied with milk from the same dealer. Then, on examining the stables or dairy whence the milk came, the source of protagion was manifest. A case of scarlet fever would be found in the family or among the employes, or some of the residents possibly had diphtheria. In a number of instances such conditions were established. At the present time the English health authorities consider these cases proved. They form the basis for a somewhat disquieting suspicion affecting our milk supply.

But there is a more alarming aspect of the question. The result of some of the more recent observations is that cows may themselves become infected with a sickness resembling scarlet fever, and that such cows may, by their milk, cause the true scarlet fever to be developed in human beings.

This conclusion has been led to by an examination of data in recorded cases. In some instances where the origin of the sickness was traced to milk, and where also a scarlet fever case had existed in some person connected with the dairy, too long a period elapsed before the breaking out of the epidemic to allow it to be attributed to direct contagion by the milk. Another class of cases is cited in which a human origin, proximate or ultimate, could in no way be traced. In one such instance an outbreak of scarlet fever was associated with a certain dairy. No human being could in any way be fixed upon as the originator. Even the sanitary conditions were examined, with negative results. The disease was finally attributed to certain cows. Examination of them showed the presence of disease, whose symptoms included sores upon the body, ulcerations and a venereal complaint resembling that occurring in scarlet fever in the human being. The outbreak had, from other data, been limited to these cows as a source. Their disease so similar to the human scarlet fever made it almost a certainty that they were the origin of the trouble.

The examination by bacterial analysis was entered into and confirmed these suspicions. The same microscopic was found in the blood of scarlet fever patients and in the affected cows. The action of the human microbe on animals was identical with that of the vaccine one. This investigation, a full outline of which it is needless to give, clinched the proof. Succeeding occurrences investigated in the same general way gave identical results.

It may be considered as clearly proved that milk can be a serious source of danger to health or life. The remedy is a simple one. By heat the microbes are destroyed. If the milk is heated to 185 deg. F., it will be rendered safe. Any infectious microbes present will be killed. But while this disposes of the milk it does not touch the disposal of milk products. Butter, cream and cheese are all uncooked. Butter represents raw fat, or uncooked oleaginous matter. It cannot be heated to a high degree without injury. One of the methods of freeing it from casein was to melt it, but the process was found to cause deterioration. Butter must be uncooked.—Scientific American.

Belief of the Nootkahtlis Indians.

The wild Indians of the northwest had some beliefs that paved the way for the reception of Christianity. In their legends they made frequent mention of the "Son of God," and he was always spoken of as a benefactor. They had also many remarkable legends about Satan, and his name in their language means "The Father of Lies." They believed him to be an avaricious being, always prowling around seeking something to satisfy his appetite, and full of deceit.

They had a firm belief in a future existence. The Indian word for "death" does not convey the same idea as it does to English. It is the equivalent of "separated," or parted into two, as a rope that has been broken by being subjected to too much strain. They said of an Indian who had just died that he "had parted," "had separated." Their had a tradition, also, that earth and heaven were in close proximity to each other, so that everything that was said in heaven could be heard upon the earth, and all the noises of the earth were distinctly heard in heaven. Finally the children of men on earth became so turbulent and caused such a racket that the chief in heaven could not sleep, and so he just took the earth and pitched it as far as it now is from heaven.—E. L. Wilde in American Magazine.

A Queen's "Black Art."

The only person who in any way can boast of ever having been initiated by the late magician, Herrmann, into some of the mysteries of his profession, is none other than the queen of the Belgians, to whom he taught privately a few of his wonderful legerdemain performances during a brief season at Ostend, and who occasionally delights to amuse her intimates with an exhibition of her remarkable talent for the "black art."—Home Journal.

More Necessary Than Love.

"I love you," he protested, "better than my life. I would die for you if necessary."

"Oh, sometime," replied the practical girl. "Swear to me that you will get up and make the fires, and I'll consider your proposition."—The Judge.

Pickles should never be kept in glazed ware, as the vinegar forms a poisonous compound with the glazing.

WORK OF THE STEVEDORE.

The Cost of Loading a Cargo—The Stevedore's Liabilities.

The loading and unloading of vessels is never done by the ship's crew. It is effected by contract with a middleman, called a stevedore. In New York harbor there are, all told, 300 of these stevedores, and many have amassed great wealth. They are in effect the agents of the consignees to whom cargoes are brought and like agents for the "charter party," the legal maritime term for any person or company chartering a vessel to convey a cargo of goods from one port to another.

To illustrate: A vessel has been chartered to convey a cargo from New York to Liverpool. She is ready for her cargo and her cargo ready for her. The "charter party" calls for his stevedore, as all large shippers usually continuously employ the same man, and contract with him to put their cargo aboard. This does not mean that it shall merely be put on the vessel's deck. It must be stowed away in the hold and between decks in a proper manner for an ocean voyage. These contracts are based either on weight or measurement, and often on both; and as the cost of loading a cargo of a 1,000 ton bark or a great ocean steamer will vary from $1,500 to $6,000, the opportunity and measure for profit and loss on the transaction are such that the stevedore at once becomes a personage of no little importance.

While the vessel is being loaded he is practically its master. For while a ship's captain may suggest regarding stowage, he must after all yield to the arbitrary ruling of the stevedore, who thus becomes the responsible party for the good condition of the cargo on delivery at its foreign port, barring general sea risks; and the recourse of the captain who legitimately objects to the manner of loading may be had in any port of the world, where, if he discover that his freight is coming out in bad order from improper stowage, he can demand and secure a survey by a "port warden," on whose certificate he bases his own and his vessel's immunity from damages, and fires them back upon the stevedore. Therefore, while the stevedore's profits are often large, his liability to loss is also very great.—New York Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Language of the Hand.

Hands indicate character. A thin, skinny, narrow palm expresses feebleness of intellect, as well as absence of energy or moral force. A hollow, deep palm indicates misfortune, loss of money, misery and failure in enterprises. Shakespeare tells of an "itching palm," that indicates that the blood is out of order, with a covetous disposition. A stiff, hard hand, that opens with difficulty to its full extent, betrays stubbornness of character and reluctance to open to calls of charity. Supple elastic fingers, on the other hand, while manifesting a tendency to extravagance, nevertheless indicate talent and sagacity. Those who have short fingers are quick, impulsive, and act usually on the spur of the moment, more readily than those who have long fingers. Short, thick fingers, nearly all of the same length, indicate a callous, cruel character, and betray clumsy unhandiness in manipulation, as well as a constant tendency to falsehood and the defamation of the character of others. Long, slender fingers betray a peevish, worrying disposition.

Young women ought to choose a husband whose hands are naturally red; and hands made red with difficulty should be carefully avoided. A man with dark colored hands is inclined to biliousness and melancholy. As an indicator of character, however, the thumb is the "boss." A small, ill formed, feebly balanced thumb betrays a vacillating disposition. Small thumbed persons are governed by the heart, while the large thumbed are swayed by the intellect. Independent, self reliant people have large thumbs, or ought to have them, from the point of view of the chirropodist, while pliant, dependent and easily governed natures may be known by the smallness of the digit, always remembering that the feature must be judged in proportion to the size of the hand and the fingers on the same hand.—Joseph Simms, M. D., in Hall's Journal of Health.

An Oregon Mountain Road.

Travel on the Canyon road moves on, moves over. The incoming immigrant navigating a prairie schooner with chicken coop and dwell cows behind and a mounted small girl or boy in the lead; the freighter going out with his heavy wagon piled skyhigh with wool sacks behind a four or six horse team, with bells on the leaders, cracking his whip from its saddle mount on the nigh wheeler; sheep tramp tenders going to the mountains riding a cayuse and leading a pack horse; bands of sheep, cattle and horses; swinging bands of gaily blanketed Indians with squaws, packs, ponies and papooses; prospectors going into the mountains of the Long Creek Republic, with pack outfits of pots, pans, picks and grubs; hunters and trappers coming out with horses weighted down with meat and hides; prosperous ranchers with their families gliding across the ridge, in their light, commodious hacks; cowboys hurrying their sweat-battered horses along as though very life depended on their journey's end, even mounted dudes—considering that all the concomitants of a bench grass dude is a lu-lous suit and a blued shirt—all this is but a slight portion of the variety of the continually changing and varied travel that journeys the Canyon road.—Sherman (Oregon) Gazette.

Injustice to the Hen.

This little story Major Ben Butterworth had from a worthy Scot: "I visited our agricultural fair," said he, "and I was disappointed to find that the premiums offered for the best horses were so large as compared with the poultry premiums. Well, I was called on for a speech, you know, and I took advantage of it to call attention to the matter. I said: 'Gentlemen, it seems to me that your committee has made a mistake and done an act of injustice to the hen. The horse is a noble animal and is worthy of any encouragement you feel able to give him in the way of a premium. But, gentlemen, you ought not to forget that our exports of the products of the hen—eggs—exceed in value the exports of horses. Besides, gentlemen, your horses, once exported, are gone. Not so with the hen. She remains at home and keeps right on doing business at the same old stand.' Well, you know, that speech made such an impression that the committee determined to give the hen a better show hereafter."—New York Tribune.

Mark Twain's Mood.

Mark Twain's mood in writing is just the reverse of Burroughs'. He says that he cannot write in the cold months. Pointing from his billiard room one March day down to the summer house in sight, he said to the writer: "There, when I can get in that with the leaves and birds about me I can write. In the winter I can do nothing that suits me."—The Epoch.

Awakened Their Jealousy.

A slim young beauty, who is the happy mistress of a tawny St. Bernard dog, has a writhing way when visitors are with her of taking off "Caesar's" silver collar and fastening it round her slender waist. It is just a fib, and in nine cases out of ten the admiring spectator remarks he wishes he was "Caesar," or the collar. They all tumble to it.—Detroit Herald.