

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

Behind Helm Cross, and silver horse the sheen of the retreat...

DELICE.

The crowd of men standing around the little cafe on Rue Cordier appeared to be curiously affected...

Old Miguel, the affable host, with his short cut white hair, round head, and smiling Spanish face...

The assemblage on the banquet gradually drifted into the cafe, by twos and threes...

About five years before this gathering at the Cafe Bienville three large schooners in a herd of sails disappeared around Point Aux Herbes...

They came the day heretofore mentioned, the assemblage at the Cafe Bienville, the silence and the anxiety...

Two by two they marched across to the boats, with but in hand. Up the gravelly walk the little procession came...

"No, very, very far," responded Jules Veron. The sunlight wrought in rare design, with jasmine leaves, a tapestry of shadow on the wall beside the bed...

"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...

It was an ordinary deck tub, such as are seen around the decks of sailing vessels, but it was covered with a piece of canvas which had been tightly fastened like a drum head over its top...

It was not long before he saw it, on a higher roller that threatened to swamp it. He dashed in, seized it, and although lifted high upon the sands, he clung to the object with the tenacity of life itself...

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taken on board one of the fleet, the sailing forgotten, and the expedition early on the morning after the storm started for New Orleans...

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PLANNING AN ESCAPE.

PLOT OF LIBBY PRISON'S INMATES TO CAPTURE RICHMOND.

Help from a Brave Union Woman—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...

After the plans were matured all prisoners willing to cooperate were formed into battalions and companies, and drilled as carefully and frequently as possible. Everything that could be 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...

In order to make our plot a success, it was deemed necessary 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...

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...

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 to be an inspection of some kind, we obeyed the order without reluctance...

Hour succeeded hour, and darkness set in; still we received no intimation of release, and at last the truth began to dawn upon our bewildered understandings. We were prisoners in a two-fold 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...

Charles Ward, a hachman 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 51 or 52 years old, is a large, broad-shouldered man, with a honest, frank, and generally increased guard back, an army of 6,000 strong...

"I knew them all, then—Lee, Sheridan and Grant" asked the reporter. "I knew 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 1856, 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 get 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.

A striking instance of labor saving machinery is that which makes tin cans. One of the machines used in the process solvers the long iron seams of the cans at the rate of fifty minutes, the cans rushing 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. Result, several thousand dollars in royalties in his own pocket and a saving of \$15 worth 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 a 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 paribus, 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 Samut exchanged her better half for a share in a house near Wat Chang, a cow and twenty teals in silver.—Bangkok Times.

NEW JERSEY SAND.

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

After the war of 1861 was over these 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 cheap land they could find within sight, small 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, straggling, one-streets 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. This "long branch" of Shoreway river, which gave name to the whole locality because it had its arm half way round the older town, leaped in one season into world wide fame.

The old war chief of a hemisphere settled down here with 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 trees. The cities brought here their hotel luxuries for sale; money drawers were opened wide for summer snow storms 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, the last of which is expertly fitted out, 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 tapes and frayed collars, caps, holes in the stockings filled up, while a better clothing is otherwise dyed, pressed, darned, patched 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 price 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 also at the same time.—Boston Globe.

Famous Generals as Cadets.

Charles Ward, a hachman 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 51 or 52 years old, is a large, broad-shouldered man, with a honest, frank, and generally increased guard back, an army of 6,000 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 6 o'clock p. m., a "jacksass 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.

"I knew them all, then—Lee, Sheridan and Grant" asked the reporter. "I knew 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 1856, 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 get 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.

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DISEASE IN THE MILK.

INVESTIGATION INTO THE HEALTHFULNESS OF DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Scientists Have Discovered That There is Danger in the Milk Can—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 N. Gauthier, 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 Gaultier 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 sicknesses thus occasioned. Thus milk typhoid, milk scarlatina, and milk diptheria 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 dairy. Then, on examining the stables or dairies whence the milk came, the source of contagion was manifest. A case of scarlet fever would be found in the family or among the employes, or some of the residents possibly had diptheria. 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 conveyance 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 visceral 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 micrococci were 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 micrococci are destroyed. If the milk is heated to 180 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 Metlakahla 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 Liar," and was held by him to be an avicious 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 in 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." They 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 wicked 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.—Z. L. White 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, Hermann, 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 legendarian performances during a brief season at Ostend, and who occasionally deigns 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, nonsense," 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 the cost of loading a cargo of a 1,000-ton bark or a great ocean steamer will vary from \$1,500 to \$8,000. 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 helplessly objects to the manner of loading may be laid in any part 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 wardens," 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, skinnny, 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. Limp, 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 thumb persons are governed by the heart, while the large thumbled are swayed by the intellect. Independent, self reliant people have large thumbs, or ought to have them, from the point of view of the chronopodist, 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, nevertheless. The incoming immigrant navigating a prairie schooner with chicken coop and tired cows behind and a mounted small girl or boy in the lead; the freighter going out with his heavy wagon piled sky high with wool sacks behind a four or six horse team, with axles on the leaders, cracking his whip from his saddle mount on the high wheeler; sheep camp tenders going to the mountains riding a cayuse and leading a pack horse; bands of gayly blanketed Indians with squaws, packs, ponies and ponies; prospectors going into the mountains of the Long Creek Republic, with pack outfits of pots, pans, picks and grub; 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, common-hoofs; cowboys hurrying their sweat-lathered horses along as though very life depended on their journey's end; even mounted ladies—considering that all the accommodations of a lunch grass dude is a business suit and a hiled shirt—all this is but a slight portion of the variety of the continually changing and varied travel that journeys the Canyon road.—Heppner (Oregon) Gazette.

Injustice to the Hen.

This little story Major Ben Dutterworth had from a worthy Scot: "I visited our agricultural fair," he said, "and I was disappointed to find that the premiums offered for the best horses were so large as compared with those 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, was a winking wench when visitors are with her of taking off "Carr's" silver collar and fastening it round her slender waist. "It is just a fit, and in nine cases out of ten the admiring spectator remarks she wishes he was 'Carr,' or the collar. They all tumble to it."—Boston Herald.