

THROUGH THE MEADOW.

When you come through the meadow, May,
At the golden mark of noon,
Low laughter echoed all away
Across the fields of June.
The buttercups their amber bowls
Blinded full of summer sun,
And drank until the thirsty souls
Were tipsy, every one.
The bluebells rang a merry cheer
When you came through the meadow, dear.
When you came through the meadow, May,
You spoiled the daisies' nap;
Beneath their faces round and gay
They hid their ruffled caps,
And bobbed queer little bows and ups,
Pretending to be shocked.
At jolly, tipsy buttercups
That swayed and reeled and roiled,
The happy news spread far and near
When you came through the meadow, dear.
When you came through the meadow, May,
The saucy bluebells
Flew past the primrose hawthorn spray
With wicked little winks.
The plump grasses nodded, too,
And rustled with delight,
To think that one as sweet as you
Should pass within their sight.
The dimpled brook laughed silver clear
When you came through the meadow, dear.
When you came through the meadow, May,
The bees, with golden spurs,
Went jingling down the flowery way
Among the purple burrs.
A royal, jocular butterfly
Dent long on blazoned wing,
And kissed the beggar-rose shy,
Forgetting he was king.
For they—and I—longed to be near
When you came through the meadow, dear.
—Florence May All, in *Outing*.

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

OM BARCLAY and Elizabeth Murray never understood each other very well, and yet they had been engaged for a year. They had known each other long before the engagement, too, but although a man seldom quite understands a woman, Tom was even more dense in this respect than most men, and Elizabeth, more difficult than most women for any man to comprehend, unconscious of the fact, wondered at Tom's many failures in this respect.

They were very good friends, however, and thought they loved each other—had even said so in strict confidence—and, as I said, were engaged to be married. In fact, Miss Murray was already at the mercy of the dressmakers and milliners, for it was December—late December—and the wedding was set for the 10th of January. One night, the dressmakers and milliners having kindly waived their claims for a few hours, Mr. Barclay called to see his prospective bride. He was not in the best possible humor; an ugly east wind drove the sleet into his face as he walked the few blocks from the cable cars to Miss Murray's home, for Tom thought too much of his horses to take them out on such a night; a man had failed him in an important business appointment, and he was quite possible that he was a trifle bilious; at all events, he was about as cross as he ever allowed himself to become.

Now it happened that Elizabeth was nearly worn out with the turmoil incident to the preparations for a fashionable wedding. She was nervous and irritable; probably the east wind affected her also. She needed someone to smooth her hair, talk tender, comforting words—in short, pet her until she was rested; for the woman never yet lived who did not like occasional petting.

Now, Thomas Barclay was not a demonstrative man, and petting was not of his line. How was he to know, specially in his unamiable mood, that a young girl soon to be his wife was in no condition to meet impudence gently.

"Thank fortune," he said graciously, "that you are a matter of course, and I am going to a chair, 'this dressing row will soon be over. I've seen you for a month. I don't have a dressmaker on the place we are married."

Mr. Barclay did not mean anything by his speech; it was simply an ebullient temper, and Elizabeth should not have taken it as such; it suited her, however, to retort with: "Indeed! I mean to have a dress in the house all the time." "Wouldn't it if I were you," disdainedly, "especially against my friend I should!" she returned, deliberately.

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"A man is the head of a family; it is a wife's duty to obey." "So I have heard. I never thought of marriage in this light before—a bondage. It seems to me that a woman's freedom is something not to be given up lightly. I have never been dictated to since I left school, and do not believe I should take it kindly. Tom, I don't believe I want to marry you, or anybody; why, with a sudden flash of passion, 'If you laid a command upon me after our marriage I really believe I should hate you.'"

It crossed Tom's mind that it might be as well for a man to curb his temper until after the wedding day. He rose, walked across the room, pushed aside the heavy curtain and looked out. The prospect was not pleasing; the sky was black and the driving sleet pelted against the plate glass. He came back to where Miss Murray sat looking into the fire and apparently lost in thought.

"Elizabeth, I thought you loved me." "Did you? I thought so, too, though I have been told often enough that I didn't." "Who told you so?" "Mamma, for one. Aunt Clara, for another. You see, mamma married papa for love when he was a poor man, and Aunt Clara's husband died before she was married. She doesn't know the first principles of love; perhaps they were right."

Mr. Barclay was never so thoroughly astonished in his twenty-eight years of life; he asked, rather stiffly: "Will you kindly state why you engaged yourself to me?"

"Well, Tom, I always liked you. We've known each other for years. Our families are intimate. What more natural than that you, the only son, and I, the only daughter, should marry? Besides, with a little break in the clear voice, 'until to-night I thought you loved me.'"

Tom pulled his chair close to Elizabeth's and drew her head down to his shoulder. He ought to have done that earlier in the evening. Then he said: "My dear, what possesses you? You know I love you."

For an instant the yellow head rested where he had placed it. Then Miss Murray drew herself away and rose to her feet.

"No, Tom. It is too late to make me believe that. We are not fitted to make each other happy. I am quite certain of it. Let us break off our engagement."

"And all on account of that confounded speech of mine about a dressmaker!" he exclaimed, savagely.

"Not certainly that. I feel that you do not love me, and something tells me that I ought not to be your wife."

Mr. Barclay, man like, loved the woman who was slipping away from him at this moment better than ever before, and he had loved her always in his way; he had made a mistake in not showing his affection more plainly.

"Beth," he said, "forgive me. I didn't mean it. I was a brute. As my wife you will be free as air; you must know that. Think a moment; it is not an unpardonable offence, is it?"

"I tell you it is not because of that you said," she reiterated. "It is because I know you do not love me, and that I am not at all sure that I love you."

Mr. Barclay's temper began to rise again. He remarked: "This is a nice statement for a man to hear three weeks before his marriage."

"Much nicer than it would be three weeks after," she retorted. "The invitations are not out; no one outside of our families knows that the day was set. I will take my fling, she added with a smile, 'and go to Italy. Take your ring, Tom, and say goodbye.'"

Mechanically Tom dropped the ring into his pocket. Suddenly he took a step toward her, caught her in his arms, kissed her once, twice, three times, with all the passion of a man who loves, then, releasing her, turned and left the room, while Miss Murray, white and trembling, sank into her chair, hid her face and cried bitterly.

Much to Elizabeth's surprise Mr. Barclay made no attempt to see or speak to her again. She explained where it was necessary.

"Mr. Barclay and I have changed our minds."

A month later she and Aunt Clara were outward bound with Italy for their goal. The balance of the winter and the following spring and summer were spent roaming from place to place. Then one of those financial cyclones called a panic swept over the United States, and Miss Murray and her aunt were called home.

Thomas Barclay, though a young man, was a large dealer in coffee, teas and spices. His was one of a dozen firms that failed that autumn. Dishonest and unfortunate creditors had cost him \$100,000. But that cut no figure in settling up his own affairs. He cleared his stables, sold every inch of real estate, and when his own creditors were paid dollar for dollar, Mr. Barclay had a clear conscience, a stainless record and \$5000 in cash.

He went West, and Miss Murray heard no more of him. Her father, an importer of silks and foreign fabrics, curtailed expenses, and, aided by a generous loan from Aunt Clara, weathered the storm.

One summer, two years later, Elizabeth and her mother joined a party who were going to make a tour of the northwest, penetrating even the wilds of Alaska before their return.

It was in Portland that Miss Murray met with an accident, and a treacherous banana peeling was to blame for it. She had gone out alone to make some small purchase, and stepping on the deceitful peel, would have fallen headlong had not a gentleman just behind her caught her in his arms. Al-

most fainting with the pain of a badly bruised ankle Miss Murray looked into Mr. Barclay's gray eyes.

"Tom—Mr. Barclay!" she stammered, fighting the faintness that nearly overcame her, and then rallying enough to understand that Tom was asking anxiously, "Are you hurt?" "My ankle is sprained," she said, with white lips.

A crowd was gathering. A gentleman offered his assistance, and Elizabeth was taken to the nearest store, while Tom called a carriage and then accompanied her home.

In spite of the pain Miss Murray could not help looking at the man who was to have been her husband. That individual met her eyes and said: "Well?"

Miss Murray blushed painfully, conscious that she had been staring. "It is so long since I have seen you, and we used to be such good friends," she replied gently.

"Whose fault is it that you have not seen me for so long?" he demanded, and, then, noting her fading color and pale lips, he said: "What a brute I am to question you so when you are suffering such pain! I was never gentle enough to win your love, Beth."

"Did you ever try, Tom?" "I thought I did."

"Didn't you take everything for granted—that you loved me, and that I cared for you, and that in the course of human events it was natural and proper that we should get married?"

"Perhaps so," he answered quietly; and then the carriage stopped, the driver was at the door, and Elizabeth was carried up to her room.

It was an obstinate, ugly sprain, and held its victim a prisoner for six long weeks. The party went on to Alaska, leaving Mrs. Murray and her daughter at the hotel, and, quite as a matter of course, Tom Barclay called often. He was wonderfully gentle toward the woman who had refused to be his wife.

Elizabeth did not know that he was trying to win her love, but Mrs. Murray was well aware of that fact, and well satisfied, too. Tom was well established in the old business in Portland, and again on the road to wealth. She had always liked him, and shrewdly suspected that his presence on this planet had something to do with her daughter's strange indifference to certain brilliant matrimonial chances.

As for Elizabeth, she was utterly content and happy during the period of invalidism that confined her to the house. What cared she for the beauties of Alaska, of which her friends wrote such glowing descriptions? Did she not have long talks with Tom every other evening? Though she took care that he knew nothing of her quickening heart beats and bounding pulses whenever he approached.

Miss Murray admitted the honest courage, the persevering persistence with which her friend was building his fortune, and Tom loved her as he always had, and as he always would, and had learned to show his affection in many of the thousand ways that delight a woman's heart.

They talked of the scenery, of her accident and then of the coming party. Suddenly Tom exclaimed: "Oh, Beth, my darling, give me a word of hope before you go. You were mistaken in the old days. I always loved you, and now that we have met again I cannot let you go out of my life forever!"

"If you always loved me, why have you been silent all these years?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Because I was stunned that night when I left you, realizing that by my own stupid blundering I lost you. Then I set myself to do a penance. I said: 'I will wait five years; if another wins her I shall know that she could never love me; if not, perhaps I will try again to gain her love; perhaps I shall better know her.' You know the rest. The crash came. I had to come West and begin over. I am not as rich as I was then, but there is every prospect that I shall be, and I know, Beth, that money makes no difference. I can give you everything you want, even the dressmaker, and indeed, darling, that speech of mine was only the outcome of bad temper, and—hesitatingly—'perhaps I understand a woman's moods a little better now than then.'"

There was a short silence, while Mr. Barclay, having made his plea, waited for the verdict. At length Elizabeth said, softly: "Perhaps I loved you then, Tom. I could never care for anyone else. I always compared other men with you, to their disadvantage. If you care to come, after some time, I will be your wife."

Out of an inner pocket Tom took a tiny morocco case, and opening it, Miss Murray saw the solitaire that had been her engagement ring.

"I have always carried it with me," he said, simply, "because you had worn it."

Somehow the tears sprang into Elizabeth's eyes when he slipped it on her finger.

Mrs. Murray was not at all surprised when her daughter announced with several blushes that she was going to marry Thomas Barclay.

"I always thought you would," that lady replied, calmly.

The next winter Tom went East after his bride. They are happier than they would have been without that

quarrel, a blending of comedy and high tragedy, but it does not follow that anyone should go and do likewise.—*St. Paul Globe*.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electricity is now made use of to dry tea leaves in Ceylon.

The otter excels every animal in swimming. Its speed is superior to that of many fishes.

It is asserted that the best, strongest and most fibrous material in the shape of wood, now used as a pulp for paper, is made from spruce logs.

A good chin, viewed in profile, shows a marked depression above it and below the under lip, and an equally marked prominence beneath.

Fish balance themselves in water by the muscular contraction of the air bladders. At death the muscles relax and the air bladder expands, with the result that the fish is thrown on one side and rises to the surface.

St. John Lubbock says that "during the many years he has had ants under observation, he has never on any occasion seen anything like a quarrel between any two ants belonging to the same community."

Coral islands are never more than ten or twelve feet above the surface, that limit being assigned to them by the action of the waves. The vegetation is characterized by its uniformity, the entire flora consisting of scarcely a score of species.

A remarkable historical fact, which has frequently been noted by scientific writers, but never accounted for satisfactorily, is that Julius Caesar, Wellington, Napoleon and the Archduke Charles, of Austria, four of the greatest generals the world has known, were all subject to epileptic fits.

The electric light was invented in 1840, and as late as 1876 was pronounced by a high scientific authority "a pretty toy," and the prediction made that it would never be anything else. At present over 200 cities and thousands upon thousands of offices and dwellings are lighted by means of electricity.

It is proposed to build an immense bridge over the Mersey River in England, connecting the cities of Liverpool and Birkenhead. According to descriptions in the Liverpool newspapers the bridge will be of the arch suspension type, in three spans, the roadway being suspended from an arch instead of the usual chain.

The idea has been suggested that in certain well-known conditions of hysteria a judiciously administered pinch of snuff might have a beneficial effect. Familiar to every one is the nervousness with which such hysterical attacks resist ordinary remedies, and it seems not improbable that some of them might be curtailed by a period of vigorous sneezing.

Analysis of the air, water and soil of Spitzbergen has brought to light the extraordinary poverty of these regions in bacteria. While the air of the streets of Paris contains on an average 51,000 bacteria, that of the Arctic Sea contains only three per cubic metre. As to the water of Spitzbergen, not only is it devoid of any pathogenic micro-organisms whatever, but all bacilli are absent.

The Canadian Architect suggests that in building brick houses where they are not protected by surrounding property, not to forget that hollow walls will add greatly to the convenience of the occupants. They will render the house cooler in summer and warmer in winter, and will assist materially in keeping the house dry. The cost of hollow walls is only very little higher than that of walls built solid.

East Indian Henna.

Henna is the East Indian name for a shrub of the genus *Lawsonia*. The shrub is from eight to ten feet high and bears abundantly white and very fragrant flowers; the leaves are smooth and oval. It is cultivated in India, Egypt and other Eastern countries, where it has been in use as a cosmetic from very early times, the yellow color on the nails of the Egyptian mummies being supposed to be derived from henna.

It is used by the women to color their fingers and toe nails, the tips of their fingers, the palms of their hands and soles of their feet; the men use it to color their beards, and the manes and tails of their horses. Women also apply it to their hair. It produces a reddish-orange color, which, it is said, the subsequent application of indigo will turn to black. The leaves and young twigs are reduced to a fine powder, made into a paste with hot water, and spread upon the part to be dyed, where it is usually left over night. The shrub has been naturalized in the West Indies, and is called there the Jamaica mignonette.—*Courier-Journal*.

Raised His Own Salary.

The President of Venezuela enjoys a comfortable prerogative, which many of the office holders of this country would like very much to have. He has the right to say how much salary he shall receive. A few days ago he issued a decree raising his salary from \$18,000 to \$24,000 a year. He also raised the salaries of his cabinet ministers to \$8000, and to make things even, reduced the salaries of members of the federal council and judges of the supreme and superior courts. Judges do not count alongside of executives in that country. It is said that Crespo has absorbed the Bank of Venezuela, so that it is now practically an administration institution. This change, strange to say, has not had a favorable effect on the standing of the bank in commercial circles, and the stock has fallen off four points.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

THE IMITATIVE DISEASE.

A CURIOUS AFFLICTION THAT IS COMMON AMONG MALAYS.

A Form of Nervous Excitement Peculiar to a Single Race—Symptoms of the "Latah."

It seldom happens that any form of disease presents an aspect as purely ludicrous in its ordinary manifestations as to be a fit subject for lay discussion. Such, however, is the singular and as yet unexplained affection known by the Malay name of "latah." As might be inferred from its title, it is, although not unknown amongst other nationalities, an almost purely Malay disease, and has naturally attracted the attention of Europeans residing in the countries peopled by the race in question. It is at the same time questionable, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whether one person in ten thousand in Great Britain has ever heard the word, or known that such a curious affliction prevails amongst any portion of the human race.

How to define latah is somewhat puzzling. If any short equivalent be desired, it may be described as an irresistible impulse to imitate the words or actions of those around them. Another form of the disease, very often not less startling to the onlooker, is the exhibition of intense nervous excitement when some particular word is mentioned—usually in the form of a most abrupt fear. A third and less noticeable form is the exhibition of alarm at some unusual but not ordinarily terrifying sight or sound, much as a child will start at the sound of a gun, or a grown person on suddenly discovering a corpse.

The two first-named manifestations are, of course, those which strike the spectators and auditors as most strange and inexplicable. The nervous impressionability of the Malays in other ways is well known to all who have lived among them. A very slight cause will change an ordinarily placid and inoffensive native into a very demon of rage, the extreme illustration of such a mental condition being known as "running amok"—or, as foreigners usually call it, "amuck."

Over and above a readiness to take offense at unjust blame, or what he considers disrespectful treatment, native public opinion considers a Malay dishonored who does not avenge a blow by taking the life of the party giving it, not at the moment, but on some subsequent occasion when the intended victim is off his guard. It would be going too far to say that a tendency to suik and take revenge accounts for the Malay liability to latah, as many other peoples among whom the disease is unknown develop the same disposition, while almost destitute of the child-like good temper and unaffected good manners of the Malayan tribes. All that can be asserted is that such a disease would never exist among a phlegmatic race. Nor, again, must it be imagined that latah is of everyday occurrence. Many people have lived in the Straits Settlements for over twenty years without ever seeing a single case of it.

Let us then describe its peculiar features. The impulse to imitate the words or actions of others is sometimes evinced in not merely a ludicrous but a most distressing way. In some cases it should be premised the attack occurred only at long intervals; in others the patients are habitually subjected to the disease, and can at almost any time be compelled to exhibit it. When this results in any unpleasant consequence the latah (it is customary to apply the word both to the disease and to the patient), while quite unable to resist the strange influence exerted will keenly resist the practical joke.

An absurd manifestation of the disease was provided by a Malay woman, who, on seeing her master tear up a letter and throw it out of the window, at once followed suit with a basket of clean clothes she was carrying. No great harm, of course, resulted in this case, but tragical effects have more than once followed practical jokes with latah. The following instance, related by Mr. O'Brien, happened while the writer was residing at the place where it occurred.

The ship's cook of one of the local coasting steamers happened to be a pronounced sufferer from the disease, and, as but too commonly happens in such cases, was continually victimized by his shipmates. As a rule the effects were simply ludicrous, and hugely amused the crew, who shared the fondness for horseplay proverbial among European sailors. On the occasion in question the cook was dundling the baby on the forward deck. One of the men, noticing this, picked up a billet of wood, and, standing in front of the latah, commenced nursing it in the same way as the latter was dundling the baby. Presently he began tossing the billet up to the awning, the cook imitating his motions with the baby. Suddenly the sailor opened his arms and the billet fell to the deck. The unfortunate latah did the same, and the child, falling on the planking, was instantly killed.

The second form of latah mentioned above, in which intense nervous excitement is caused by the mention of some particular word, is scarcely less curious to onlookers than that already illustrated. The patient in this case will exhibit uncontrollable fear, evinced by running away at full speed or plunging into a jungle if on shore, or by jumping overboard if in a ship or boat, at the mention of some animal or reptile. Some are thus affected if a companion shouts *Ular!* (a snake), others at the words *Riman* (tiger), or *Buaya* (crocodile). The strangest fact in this connection is that such patients seem to have little or no fear of the animals themselves, or certainly not more than any prudent native exhibits when meet-

ing them in the river or jungle. Thus a man who will jump overboard in hot fear at the shout of "crocodile!" will readily stalk, and when it is disabled approach one of these reptiles. The Malay, it should be added, is an exceptionally plucky and expert hunter and woodsman, so that this particular form of nervous fright is the more remarkable.

WISE WORDS.

A bad habit is a chain.

Birds with bright feathers are not always fat.

Your most deadly sin is the one you love the most.

Love never has to go to school to learn how to speak.

If our eyes were better the stars would give us more light.

The wounds made by a friend are the ones that smart the most.

The trouble with the man who knows nothing is that it takes him so long to find it out.

The glory of love is that it delights in doing for nothing what nobody else will do for money.

There are communities in which Solomon would not have received any credit for his wisdom.

If sunshine had to be paid for, there are people who would declare that candle light could beat it.

Every sinner reasons that if there is happiness in the heart there ought to be some sunshine in the face.

The man has to fight for his life who undertakes to tell other men great truths that they do not know.

The sin that shines has as much death in it as the one that does not.—*Ram's Horn*.

Breathing for Health.

Of all the cures which have emerged into public notice from time to time, the simplest and the most easy is that which Major-General Drayson describes in the Nineteenth Century. He calls it the art of breathing, and he seems to have hit upon it by mere accident when he was climbing a very high mountain. The rarefaction of the air at that altitude rendered it necessary for him to breathe twice as fast as he would have done at a lower level. All inconvenience caused by the rarefaction of the air disappeared when he doubled the rate of his breathing. Reflecting upon this he stumbled upon the great discovery which should immortalize him if there is anything in it. Breathing in the ordinary way he pumps fourteen pints of air into his lungs per minute, containing three pints of oxygen, with which he can sufficiently oxygenate his blood. But on ascending to 7000 feet the pumping of fourteen pints of air into his lungs per minute would only take in a pint and a half of oxygen, and as it requires three pints to oxygenate the blood, he became almost suffocated. His heart palpitated and he was in danger of his life, but by suddenly doubling the rate by which he had been breathing he found instant relief. He has tried it under a great many circumstances. Whenever he was in a vitiated atmosphere he was able to get rid of his headache and incipient palpitation of the heart by taking long breaths twice as rapidly as he would on ordinary occasions. He maintains that in a very great many cases pain, sleeplessness, headache and many other ills which flesh is heir to could be almost instantly relieved by this simple practice. Moderate exercise in the open air, upon which all doctors insist, he asserts is quite unnecessary. All that you need to do is to breathe as rapidly as if you were taking moderate exercise.

A Curious Snake.

A curious serpent has been seen on Mount Hamilton. It is represented to be twelve or thirteen feet long, with red eyes that shine like stars in the night out of a head as long as a man's fist. This curious reptile was seen by a stock ranger named Jack Wandall the other day when he was out after cattle. Wandall had only a long rope with a ring in the end. He was on a horse, and when the beast saw the reptile it stopped and snorted and refused to proceed that way. The snake was lying almost in the trail, apparently asleep. Wandall backed his steed, swung the rope, and let go at the monster, hitting it upon the head, whereupon the reptile rolled down into a deep gully at the bottom of the mountain, where the chase ended.—*San Jose (Cal.) Record*.

"Cow's-Foot-in-the-Milk-Pail."

One of the curiosities of reflected light from a curved surface is the "caustic," popularly known as "the cow's-foot-in-the-milk-pail." It is a well-known property of light that its rays impinging upon a reflecting surface are thrown off so as to make the angle between the reflected rays and the normal equal to that between the incident rays and the normal. In consequence of this law, when the rays of any light which are practically parallel are reflected from a curved surface the intersections of the reflected rays take upon themselves the form of a cow's foot. This shadow, as reflected in the milk pail, is given the name used in the headline. Prove it by taking of your ring and laying it upon the table so that its inner surface will reflect the rays of the lamp.—*St. Louis Republic*.

The Creole Horse.

This is a diminutive horse, which originated during the war along the Gulf coast, when many planters allowed their thoroughbred mares to escape. The latter bred with the native horses, and the result is a breed that rarely reaches thirteen hands. These diminutive horses are quite spirited, and their good blood shows in their symmetry, style and action. Their gait is a long gallop.—*New York World*.