

THE DELATED VIOLET.

All summer long, upon a bare hill-side, a tiny violet plant had tried to bloom. But tried in vain; it seemed to be its doom. A useless thing forever to abide. But when the passing summer heat had dried the plant's life-blood had gone, and in its room September's breezes freshened, then the womb long closed with beautiful fruitage opened wide. When life came again, and when we curse our fate, because hard labor brings us no reward, it may be we are being forced to wait. Until some kinder influence breathed abroad; shall come our thirty sprits to dilate into a fuller fellowship with God. —Heath and Hall.

MILLIE'S RELATIVES.

"Poor old uncle, he has dropped to sleep at last."

The speaker arranged a wrap about the invalid's shoulders with a touch as gentle as a woman's, and the tenderness of a great, good heart lingered in his eyes. Then with the intention of getting the "kinks out of his legs" he walked away for the purpose of taking a turn or two on the platform of a dingy little station at a dilapidated Western village, where the west-bound train had stopped for the trainmen's noon-time lunch, which was served at a rude counter in the station.

The buildings within the range of Richard Wakeman's vision had a discouraged, unhappy look as if the effort to keep up a respectable appearance had long since been abandoned. The wild prairie winds had snatched away a shingle here, and a clapboard there, and several of the chimneys and fences seemed to be tottering on the verge of destruction which was certain to follow the next wind storm. That severe wind storms were common was quite evident from the fact that the debris of a recent storm was strewn throughout the village. It was also evident that the inhabitants considered it "labor lost" to gather in their belongings, since the next storm would, in all probability, send them broadcast again.

The canine population of the place was arranged in an expectant row at the side of the track, just under the coach windows, where they had stationed themselves on the arrival of the train, and were begging, with upturned eyes, for contributions from the Eastern bakershops. This circumstance led one to conclude that these half-famished creatures subsisted mostly on the generosity of travelers, a supposition which was partially verified by a crust of bread descending from one of the windows in front of the hungry pack, at which a confused scramble, accompanied by vicious snarlings, took place, and the largest, least miserable dog among them, captured the prize.

Richard Wakeman glanced above the station house door in hopes of being able to learn the name of the forlorn villager; but the late storm had torn the board upon which the name was recorded, from its fastenings, and it now stood propped up against the station house, with its letters inverted. The name might have been Hardscrabble. Young Wakeman decided that it looked as nearly like that as anything, and being a most appropriate appellation, he accepted it without further investigation.

There was a great commotion at the station. It seemed to Richard Wakeman that the entire village must have turned out for some special purpose. He was not long kept in ignorance of its nature, for the loud-voiced conversation informed him that Millie Marks was taking her invalid mother to California, for the benefit of its recuperative climate.

"The hull passed o' relatives on both sides, he turned out to see 'em off, ez was our duty, seen' that there ain't much prospects o' Marthy's livin' to get home ag'in," one of the dutiful "relatives" was remarking in a high-pitched falsetto voice, that cut the air like a knife.

"It's a clean waste o' money, an' I told Abner so, last night," I said, says I, "this sending a half dead woman, an' a young, giddy girl off alone is a temptin' o' Providence, to say the very least, an' the extravagance o' it is simply dreadful." But Abner slapped one o' his high an' mighty looks on to his face, an' said "at he reckoned he could afford to give Marthy a chance for her life, at any rate, 'n' he didn't count the cost o' it nuther. Marthy's allers been a savin' woman, an' I wonder that she consented to such extravagance."

"It's all Millie's doin's," volunteered a third. "That girl has carried things pretty much her own way since she came back from that Eastern school. I s'picioned 't would be the ruination o' her when they were a-plannin' to send her. They heard all I had to say on the subject, an' then went right on just as if I hadn't spoke my mind at all. I had a talk with Millie last night, an' gave her heaps o' good advice about properly conductin' o' herself amongst strangers, an' the spendin' o' money, an' so forth, an' whether she takes it to heart or not, is neither here nor there. I done my duty, an' my conscience is clear o' any responsibility in the matter. I told Millie herself her poor mother jest worked her way to school, an' she has big notions crammed into her head, so that she'd look down on her folks an' relatives."

"What did she say to that?"

"I can't say ez she said much with her tongue, but her eyes was full o' talk, an' her face turned pink and chalky-like all in a minute. She knows too much for her own good, Millie does."

"I've said so to Abner an' Marthy time an' time ag'in, but I might ez well talk to the wind for any good it does. Seems if some folks don't have proper respect for their relatives. When a body gets to be so high headed they're sure to be took down, an' the Markses'll come to it, you jest see if they don't. Millie's by far too pretty to be trapisin' off to strange lands with no one but a sick man to look after her. But dear s'uz, we'll have to say good-by to Marthy ez we're goin' to."

Before Richard had time to make his escape, four gaunt, hard-featured

women had crowded against him in their efforts to enter the tourist car, upon the lower tier of which he had stationed himself, the better to see over the heads of "Millie's relatives." The movement was so sudden that he had no recourse but to enter the car in advance of them, which he did intending to pass through it, to the Pullman coach beyond, where his charge was sleeping; but when he had reached the center of the car he discovered that the objectionable relatives quite blocked the passage in either direction, and there was nothing left for him but to find a seat and wait their exit.

As he seated himself, a stalwart man—a typical western settler—placed a slender little woman in the compartment next to the one he had entered.

"There you be, maw, ez com'f'able ez if you be home on your best feather bed," he said, with a gigantic effort to steady his voice. After swallowing two or three times in quick succession, he added: "You'r Millie'll have a real nice time, an' you'll come home ez chirr ez a creeket, er my name ain't Abner Marks."

He tucked her shawl about her as he spoke with awkward tenderness, and his great brown hand paused in passing to clasp her slender one, while his lips twitched tremulously. This man whose continual battle for a living had crowded all possible opportunity for self-improvement out of his narrow, over-burdened life; uncouth and uncultivated but great-hearted in the extreme was Abner Marks.

"It's com'f'able you a great deal, Abner," sighed the little woman, wearily, "I'm afraid we can't afford it. The relatives say—"

"Darn the relatives!" wish the hull pack on 'em was in Jericho. They've pestered the life ez a most out'n' you. I've got my opinion that it's more relatives than malaria what's ailin' o' you."

Richard noticed that this was said in subdued tones.

"An' as fer th' cost, don't you go to frettin' 'bout thet, an' spile all the good effects o' th' Californy climate." He continued in a much louder voice. "I've had a big streak o' luck lately, an' can afford a sight more'n your trip 'll cost. Now say good-by to your folks while I give Millie a word o' advice."

He drew Millie to one side where the little woman could not hear the "word o' advice" he was about to give her, and in getting her beyond her mother's vicinity, as well as away from the clamorous relatives, he paused quite close to the solitary young man whom fate seemed to have destined as a receptacle for the confidences of this family. He could not have changed his position without attracting considerable attention and occupying much of the precious time needed for the farewells.

"Here's the purse with ev'ry dime I could rake an' scrape together, arter buyin' your tickets," he began. "I'll get some more to you 'fore this is gone, an' mind you're not to crimp maw ez long's the money holds out, nor let her know that I'm a-sellin' 'n' garden tools to eke out, nor thet the red heifer's sold nor th' white horse—"

"No, no, father: surely you can trust me," interrupted Millie, earnestly. "Mother shall never know, and if this trip cures her, we will be too happy to care for anything else. I mean to earn something to help along with just as soon as we get to California."

The conductor shouted "all aboard," which in this case meant for those already aboard to leave the train. There was a hurried hand-shaking, followed by a general scramble for the door, and a moment later distance had begun to lengthen out between brave Millie Marks and her prairie home.

Having had so much of the family history forced upon him, Richard Wakeman regarded the two women in the next compartment with more interest than he was accustomed to bestow on traveling companions.

The girl's face was completely hidden by a thick veil which she now proceeded to remove. Richard was just a trifle curious to see the face of this girl whose relatives, with the single exception of the little sick mother, were such loud-voiced, ungainly creatures. He expected a slight improvement, perhaps, but not much. How could she, having spent the greater part of her life among them, be other than slightly refined copy of those terribly offensive people?

With an upward movement of her hand she removed the veil and he then busied herself making her dear invalid comfortable. Richard came near exclaiming with surprise at the sweet, unconscious beauty of the fair, flower-like face looking out from its frame of soft brown hair. Every curve and outline of it was as delicately chiseled as he could hope to behold in the face of a queen.

The year's schooling abroad, which the relatives so emphatically disapproved, had accomplished wonders for Millie Marks, and Richard Wakeman dimly comprehended what her later life among them must have been.

"To a girl like her it must have been a night-mare of horror," he thought, as she caressed the little mother, while the cadences of her sweet, low voice were wafted back to him. "I don't wonder that she wanted to get the mother away from them, and God helping me they shall never go back again, but the way shall open up for that piebald nobleman to come to them."

Millie had already spread the evening lunch for herself and mother when the train came to a stop at railway lunch station, and she was about to go in quest of a cup of coffee for her mother when a courteous voice at her side requested the privilege of doing the errand for her.

"It will be no trouble at all," he said, "as I am doing a like errand for my invalid uncle in the next car." Millie blushed. She had meant to spend but ten cents, and the pitcher full would cost much more, she feared.

"You are very kind," she said, gratefully, handing him the dish and a dime. "Just one cup, please. I do not drink coffee. Mother takes cream and sugar in hers."

He understood, bowed gravely, and in a very short time returned with a brimming pitcher of delicious coffee, in which the magic of money had dis-

solved the best of sugar and the richness of cream.

"They are very liberal at this station," he remarked as he handed her the pitcher and hastened away.

And from that time Richard Wakeman appeared regularly at each lunch station, and purchased whatever they needed in the way of supplies for the lunch-basket. It was simply marvelous to innocent, unsuspecting Millie, how far the money went, and how many necessities, to say nothing of luxuries in the way of fruit, etc., the dimes and quarters handed to him for this purpose purchased.

Millie and her mother were going to San Diego, and though Mr. Wakeman had started with his uncle for Los Angeles, upon hearing their plans he came to a sudden conclusion that San Diego's equable climate would be more desirable for the cure or his uncle's complaint. This decision would have been carried into effect but for the fact that Mr. Wakeman, Sr., became so very ill that his nephew was obliged to stop with him at San Bernardino. Reluctantly he bade Millie and her mother good bye, promising to come on to San Diego just as soon as "Uncle Phil" was able to continue the journey.

It was several weeks before Richard Wakeman was permitted to follow Mrs. Marks and her daughter to San Diego, when he called upon them at the pretty sea-side cottage where they had found comfortable lodgings. Mrs. Marks presently entered the room, and he scarcely recognized the bright little woman who came to welcome him with such a rosy flush on her oval face.

"It's just-like meetin' a dear old friend," she exclaimed gladly, "an' Millie'll be so happy to see you."

Millie came into the room at that moment with the happiness of meeting him shining in her truthful eyes. She had never appeared so sweet and altogether lovable before, and Richard Wakeman secretly acknowledged that this girl with objectionable relatives was the fairest woman he had ever known.

He informed them that his uncle had died at San Bernardino, and that he was now utterly alone in the world.

"We shall be returning home soon," Millie said, with the shadow of regret in her fine eyes. "Mother thinks that she has quite recovered."

"But she will not remain well if she returns to that dreadful place," Mr. Wakeman affirmed decidedly.

"I know it, and this lovely house is for sale at such a very low price just now," Millie began. "If father could only sell the Missouri farm to good advantage he could make a payment on this, and we could be so—so happy here. But it isn't possible," she added, cheerfully. "Missouri property can't be disposed of at any price now, and we must return in about three weeks."

Mr. Wakeman said that he would be very sorry to have them go, and after asking permission to call often while they remained, he drew his visit to an abrupt conclusion.

That afternoon he was closeted for some time with a lawyer in the city, who, as soon as the conference was ended made hasty preparations for a journey to a certain dilapidated village in Missouri.

About three weeks later, as Mrs. Marks and her daughter Millie were resting from the sorrowful task of packing their trunk preparatory to taking leave of the pretty cottage they had learned to love so dearly, sitting on the rose-embowered porch they discovered a familiar form coming rapidly towards them, and both women sprang to their feet in joyous expectancy.

"Father!" exclaimed Millie.

"Oh, Abner!" cried the little woman.

And the next instant his great, strong arms were about them both.

"Talk about luck!" he exclaimed as soon as the kissing process was over. "I've had such a streak o' luck ez you never hearn tell on afore. A likely sort o' chap came to our place th' fust o' last week, an' fell desprits in love with my farm the minute he slapped eyes onto it. An' would you believe it, Marthy, he offered me \$1,500, hard cash, right down in my fist, fer the hull turnout."

"Oh, father, cry!" Millie tremulous with happiness, "this pretty cottage can be bought for that furniture and all."

"Ev'ry last one o' the relatives on both sides called on him, an' offered their farms for sale," continued Mr. Mark, not heeding Millie's interruption, "but he reckoned as how one Missouri farm was enough for him, an' I ain't sorry nuther," a sly twinkle creeping into his eyes. "Yes, Millie, girl, we'll buy this house an' stay in this country where maw found her purty red cheeks ag'in."

That all happened more than two years ago, and though Millie has been twelve months, she has never learned the truth concerning the sale of her father's undesirable Missouri farm—Yankee Blade.

Witch Hunting in Africa.

Natal advices describe the termination of a celebrated case in which seven natives were charged with "smelling out" and killing an alleged witch. It appears from the evidence that the victim was accused of causing the death of a chief, the idea being prevalent that no chief can die from natural causes. Three of the prisoners were convicted, and one of these, on being asked if he had anything to say, declared that they had consulted a witch doctor in the matter and only did what they were told. All three were sentenced to death. The Natal Mercury, referring to this case, says that smelling out and witch murder are life among the Pondoland border are being infected. The writer says that it is just as necessary to put down witchcraft as witch hunting, for natives often seek to "bewitch" the victims of their hate and jealousy and to kill them by poison or other subtle agency.—London Times.

A CINCINNATI teacher was offered fifteen dollars in gold to learn the lessons she set for a 12-year-old girl in a given time, and she tried it and failed.

When a man is discharged, his wife thinks it was because he was too honest to suit his employer.

A MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

The Strange Affliction Which Has Befallen a Stranger in Melbourne.

The Melbourne Argus states that on February 9, a young man about 30 years of age called at the police barracks, Russell street, Melbourne, and asked the officer in charge if he could tell him who he was. At first it was thought that the man was a lunatic, but it soon became evident that his statement as to his memory having quite failed him was a genuine one. He was taken into custody, kept in the Melbourne jail, where numerous persons have called in the hope of recognizing him, but so far without success. His status that he does not remember anything before the day on which he visited the police barracks, and several medical men who have seen him express their belief in this statement, attributing his lack of memory to masked epilepsy. The man being unidentified, in default of his right name, is referred to as "Edward Bellamy," the appellation bestowed upon him by the warders and prisoners who have read Bellamy's well-known work, "Looking Backward."

While the church service was being proceeded with "Bellamy" was noticed listening intently to the music. He was questioned about it, and said: "I seem to have heard that before somewhere. What is it?" He did not seem to understand when told it was music, but at the conclusion of the service Dr. Shields took him up to the organ, and having shown him that the sounds he had heard were produced by fingering the keys, seated him in front of the instrument. "Bellamy" struck several notes unintelligently, and then a chord or two in harmony, and in an instant, with a look of pleasure, he commenced a selection from "The Great on," which he played correctly and well. He used the stops and showed that he was familiar with the instrument. When the jail organist whistled a bar or two of the hymn, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," "Bellamy" smiled again, and without music or any further assistance, played the hymn through. As soon as he had done so he said:

"Something else has come into my mind, and I want you to list to it and see if it has anything to do with what I have just played." He then played "Awake, My Soul," an old and favorite hymn of his time. The organist had evidently been suggested to him by the other. He played a number of secular airs after the first, few bars had been whistled.

All Cried "Hansom."

Not long since a bride and groom from the State of Michigan are visiting Washington, D. C., as is the custom of young people in the honeymoon condition. Just where they came from cannot be stated, as a Saginaw man residing at the national capital says they were from Bay City, and a Bay City man in one of the departments says they were from Saginaw, says the Detroit Free Press.

In any event they were in Washington, and the young bride thought her husband was the loveliest man that ever did live; and, as nobody told her he wasn't, he must have been. One night they went to the theatre within two blocks of their hotel, and as she clung to him and gazed up into his good-looking face as they came out, the cabmen along the curb caught on and began calling their cabs.

"Hansom," shouted the nearest cabby.

The bride smiled at her husband.

"Hansom, lady?" sang the next one, seductively.

She smiled at the cabby, until he thought spring had come with a face full of sunshine.

"Hansom," called the next one, and, "hansom," "hansom," echoed along the line till they came to the last.

"Hansom," he said, appealing to her directly.

She looked again at her husband and then at the cabby.

"Of course he is," she replied; and clutching his arm convulsively she exclaimed:

"Oh, George, isn't it lovely to be so handsome that even the men in the street pay tribute to your beauty. And you are my husband, too! Oh, George," and George thought it was all right and hadn't a word to say.

Nursing Malarial Fever.

This begins, as many acute diseases do, with a chill followed by fever, which subsides after a time and is followed by a second chill, writes Elizabeth Robinson Scovill, in the second of her valuable articles on "Life in the Invalid's Room" in the Ladies' Home Journal. These regular intervals and give the fever one of its names, intermittent or remittent. The doctor usually precribes large doses of quinine, or smaller doses often repeated.

The nurse must try to promote a reaction during the chill, by hot bottles or hot water bags at the feet and under the arms, covering the patient with warm flannels and giving warm drinks, warm lemonade, hot milk, etc., but no stimulant without the doctor's permission. When the fever comes on ice and cold water may be given. A cooling laxative is usually ordered, as citrate of magnesia. The body may be sponged if the temperature is very high. A cloth wet in alcohol and bound on the forehead will help to relieve the headache, wetting it without removing it when it becomes dry. When the fever decreases the invalid begins to perspire profusely. The whole person should be gently dried from time to time a flannel night-dress put on, the room darkened and the sufferer allowed to sleep.

The doctor should be consulted, as proper treatment is necessary to prevent, if possible, a recurrence of the attack. In all forms of fever the efforts of both nurse and physician are directed to reducing the temperature and sustaining the strength of the patient.

An Omnipotent Newspaper Reader.

William R. Morrison is said to have but one vice—a very pardonable one. He is an inveterate newspaper reader. If anyone ever sees Mr. Morrison without one or two newspapers tucked under his arm it must be when he has on a dress suit. He still receives almost as large a newspaper mail as when he was a Congressman. Moreover, Mr. Morrison isn't afraid, as

Kate Field's Washington says some public men are, of buying a newspaper now and then, and he is one of the best patrons of the famous newspaper exchange. No matter whether it is from Kalamazoo or Sacramento, a newspaper is a newspaper to William R. Morrison, and he never goes home without a bundle of great girth in his arms. He doesn't hoard them up; they are carefully read and clipped and filed alphabetically by Mrs. Morrison, who does much of the reading for him.

Tipping the Snails.

In 1794 James Monroe became minister to France. Those were troublous times. The echoes of the French Revolution were yet in the air, and the various European nations were watching one another, as well as the United States to note the attitude taken by them in regard to the French government.

Monroe was received enthusiastically, and his after life, while in France, was full of stirring and dramatic incidents. One event in particular was not only interesting in itself, but had a grave bearing on public affairs.

The Marquis de Lafayette had been captured on the frontier, and was now lying in the dungeon of Olmutz. His wife, with her two little children, were confined in the prison of La Force, in daily dread of being ordered to the guillotine.

Her condition appealed strongly to the American minister, and at length he resolved on a course which might not only fail to do her any good, but which would probably involve him personally in trouble. For the government of the day was only too ready to take offence, in its present state of irritability from troubles past.

Without his wife he could do nothing, and she promptly seconded his determination with the pledge of her own aid. One afternoon the carriage of the American minister drew up before the prison of La Force, and Mrs. Monroe descended from it and asked permission to call upon the marchioness. She had assumed all the pomp and elegance to which her husband's position entitled her, and the prison authorities were evidently impressed by her courage and decision of bearing.

They took her to a reception room instead of the cell where the marchioness was confined, and conducted thither the young and unhappy woman, who seemed, as well as she might, full of grief.

It was not safe to talk confidentially, and probably neither woman could trust herself to speak. The marchioness, who had been expecting a summons to her execution, could only sob, and when Mrs. Monroe left she promised, in the hearing of the guards, to return on the following day.

But the call was never repeated, for on the very next day the marchioness was at liberty, and on her way to join her husband. Her execution had really been fixed for the afternoon of Mrs. Monroe's visit, but the French authorities, having thus learned the attitude of the American minister, had decided on leniency.—Youth's Companion.

A Book Agent's Wit.

Ready wit and imperturbable good humor are essential portions of the successful book agent's stock in trade. This was strikingly illustrated the other day, when one of those much abused, but industrious and enterprising individuals contrived to gain access to an irascible and profane, but by no means bad hearted, bank president, who possessed the somewhat rare virtue of being able to appreciate a joke at his own expense.

"Get out of here, quick, and go to h—," he exclaimed to the book agent, before the latter had time to state his business.

"Thank you," replied the itinerant vender of literature, bowing and backing toward the door. "Then I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again."

Everybody in the room laughed, the banker included, and when the noise had subsided he promptly made atonement for his rudeness in his own peculiar fashion.

"That's one on me," he said. "I'll take five dollars' worth of whatever you are selling and will cry quits. And when we meet again I hope it will be where everybody sings hymns." —New York Herald.

Trees in Medicine.

The medicinal uses of trees are various, says the Independent. It is not only that cinchona in all its forms, from the crude bark to the delicate and tasty quinine, or the quassia made into a cup of bitterness, quassia the terrors of the dread malarial or help to give tone to impaired digestive organs. Through all the range of spices and bitters, of resins and gums, of leaves, of wood, of bark and root, there is a variety with which we could not easily part; while the buds and leaves and flowers are often salutary. Most of these are antiseptic, and the air probably owes much of its ozone and of its exhilarating quality to these substances. Thus it is that particles are wafted to and fro for our lungs and tonics are provided for our bodies. We therefore have reason to rejoice in the sanitary and medicinal properties and healthful influence of the trees, and hope this utilitarian view of them will not shock those who only associate with them ideas of the poetic and sublime.

Paper Barrels.

Among the many uses to which paper has been put in later years none seem more curious than the vessels made to hold fluids. And, remarks an exchange, just as one has grown accustomed to paper pails and basins, a new industry has started up, in the construction of paper barrels. By means of ingenious machinery the pulp is carried along on an endless blanket, which allows the water to drain off. As it thus goes on its way the pulp is deposited upon cylinders. In about four minutes there is enough collected upon one cylinder to make one barrel, upon which being the case, the cylinder is removed and the barrel body set away in a drying room, where it remains for one day. It is then dampened again, and under hydraulic pressure, is shaped into the regular form. Again it is dried and receives the finishing touches.

SNUFF-CHEWING.

A Filthy Habit Indulged in Largely by Poor Southern People.

Arkansas is the great home for chewing snuff these days, and whenever the typical native is met, with his pants tucked into his rough boots, his sleeves rolled up and his shirt bosom open, you cannot talk to him for a minute before he will dive his hand into his pocket and fish out his spoon or hardwood stick, which he will plunge into another pocket and dip up some snuff, which he will convey to his mouth and deposit with great relish along the lower gum, between it and the cheekbone. The tongue is then rolled from side to side until the snuff forms a tiny ball; then, in an instant, the juice is extracted, the saliva shot out and the operation resumed. This custom originated in Virginia, up in the mountains, spread through the South, corralled Texas, and is now great among the Swedes in the northwestern part of the city of Chicago and wherever else they may be found. The latter chew the snuff in a different way, taking a teaspoonful of snuff into the palm of the hand, making it into a ball with a little moisture, and then depositing it inside of the jaw. This will last an hour if he keeps quiet, but if he becomes excited and gets chewing on it the saliva disintegrates it, and between what he swallows in his excitement and what he expectorates there is not very much left in a very brief period. Many of the stores in this section of Chicago get through with 150 to 200 pounds of snuff.

One large firm doing a heavy Southern snuff trade built it up in a curious way. The colored people are great snuff people, and on the cotton plantations down South are rarely lucky enough to get a piece of silver in their hands. Food and clothes they will get, and "orders" on the store to be taken out in goods, but actual coin was scarce indeed. So the manufacturer put up his snuff in small jars, to be sold at 81 each, and in each jar right at the top was packed a bright 10-cent piece. This fact was made known to the colored people, and from then on the Southern demand for that snuff was, in the choicest vernacular of the sport, "a lead pinch."

In New York City the trade is curiously distributed. Avenue A and B and East Houston street sell largely to the factory girls and tenement house population. Third avenue around Twenty-eighth street, sells principally to Germans, old settlers, and in the beer gardens and saloons patronized by this conservative race is continually handed around the birch-bark box or the smaller, deep black box filled with the deep black snuff, scented with rose and bergamot. On the same avenue, around Fourteenth street, the snuff trade is to the piano tuners, and also street musicians who live around here, who load up their boxes before starting out on their route. The bowery trade is principally to girls, and is universally condemned by the dealers as a nuisance, one well-known dealer broke through the back of their coming to his store by persisting in serving out Maccaboy when they wished for Scotch.

Cholera Cannot Be "Caught."

"One may eat cholera and drink cholera, and so contract the disease; but one can no more 'catch' cholera than one can 'catch' a broken leg." This is the axiom of Ernest Hart and Florence Nightingale, indorsed and promulgated at the recent international convention of health officers. For this reason, the first and chief precaution which is being taken by New York and Chicago to resist a cholera epidemic is to secure pure water at any cost. If the cholera scare will be the means of driving cities and families to pure water supplies and the adoption of a perfect system of sanitation, it may yet be a blessing in disguise.

The chief danger of the arrival of cholera-stricken immigrants is that one such person may be the means of imparting cholera germs to the sources of food and drink of hundreds of people. Given pure food and water, cleanly habits, and good sanitation, said a prominent member of the healthy convention, and there is less to be feared from cholera than from other diseases. These same provisions, moreover, will be effective preventives of other diseases and are wise and indispensable precautions under all circumstances. There is no necessity for alarm. That in itself is recognized as a potent predisposing cause of cholera. The family which is cleanly and temperate in its habits, possesses a filter and good sanitary conditions, avoids impure ice as well as bad water, and uses ordinary precautions in keeping up the consultation with good air, exercise, sleep and wholesome food, has no cause to take alarm at the approach of cholera.

The True Theory of Tornadoes.

M. Faye, the French scientist, has recently discussed a Harvard College official report of the tornado that ravaged the town of Lawrence, Mass., in July, 1891. In passing over a tract of country only seventeen miles long the tornado was observed to descend to the earth and rebound four times. While traveling above the earth it was harmless, but with each descent it became exceedingly violent and destructive.

M. Faye argues that these facts confirm his theory, which is that tornadoes and waterspouts have their origin, not in hot convection currents ascending from the soil, but in disturbances of the higher strata of the atmosphere. His contention is very forcible and probably would not be questioned were it not that the old convection theory has monopolized the attention of scientists.

The reopening of this interesting subject by M. Faye ought to awaken meteorologists to the importance of systematic observations of the upper atmospheric currents, with a view to the discovery of the causation of the timely prediction of tornadoes. Until such high level observations are undertaken tornadoes will continue to reap their annual harvest of death and destruction among communities which cannot by any means now known be duly forwarded of their approach.

A GREAT many people see themselves as others see them, but they don't believe what they see.

Dangerous Bathing.

General Panke, the author of a book of travels in lower Burma, says that the residents pointed out to him one particular spot on the sea-shore where bathing would be perfectly safe; it was a triangular area of water bounded by a ledge of rocks leading to the lighthouse and the sunken reef that joined it, at an angle with the shore. Men had bathed there three times without number, though a hand dangled in the water outside the reef would have been snapped off in a trice by a shark.

Provided with towels, we were soon on the beach, and I, more impatient than my companion, was the first to traverse the intervening strip of sand, and throw myself into the water. Rising again, I began to swim parallel with