FOURTH COUSINS.

(By Gordon Stables, M. D. R. N.)

In the early summer of 1860 I went upon a visit to a distant relative of mine, who lived in one of the Shetland islands. It was early summer with myself then; I was a medical student, with life all before me.

The steamboat landed me at Lerwick, and I completed my journey—with my boxes—next day in an open boat. It was a very cold morning, with a gray, cold, choppy sea on, the spray from which dashed over the boat, wetting me thoroughly, and making me feel pinched, blear-eyed, and miserable.

An opening in a wall of rock took us at length into a long, winding fiord or arm of the sea, with green, bare fields on every side, and wild, weird-like sheep, that gazed on us for a moment, then bleated and fled. Right at the end of this rock stood my friend's house, comfortable and solid-looking, but unsheltered by a single tree.

"I shan't stay long here," I said to myself, as I landed.

An hour or two afterward I had changed my mind entirely. I was seated in a charmingly and cozily furnished drawing-room, upstairs. The windows looked out to and away across the broad Atlantic. How strange it was! for the loch that had led me to the front of the house, and the waters of which rippled up to the very lawn, was part of the German Ocean, and here at the back, and not a stone's throw distant, was the Atlantic.

Beside the fire, in an easy chair, sat my gray-haired old relation and host, and, not far off, his wife. Presently Cousin Maggie entered, smiling to me as she did so; her left hand lingered fondly for a moment on her father's gray locks, then she sat down unbidden to the piano. On the strength of my blood-relationship, distant though it was, for we were really only third or fourth cousins, I was made a member of this family from the first, and Maggie treated me as a brother. I was not entirely pleased with the latter arrangement, because many days had not passed ere I concluded it would be a pleasant pastime for me to make love to Cousin Maggie. But weeks went by and my love-making was still postponed; it became a sine die kind of a probability. Maggie was constantly with me when out of doors—my companion in all my fishing and shooting trips. But she carried not only a rod but even a rifle herself; she could give me lessons in casting the fly—and did; she often shot dead the seals that I had merely wounded, and her prowess in rowing astonished me, and her daring in venturing so far out to sea in our broad, open boat often made me tremble for our safety.

One day Maggie and I were together in a cave close by the ocean—a favorite haunt of ours on hot afternoons. Our boat was drawn up close by. The day was bright, and the sea was calm, its tiny wavelets making drowsy, dreamy music on the yellow sands. She had been reading aloud, and I was gazing at her face.

"I begin to think you are beautiful," I said.

She looked down at me where I lay with those innocent eyes of hers, that always looked into mine as frankly as a child's would.

"I'm not sure," I continued, "that I shan't commence making love to you, and perhaps I might marry you. What would you think of that?"

"Love!" she laughed, as musically as a sea-nymph, "love? Love betwixt a cousin and a cousin? Preposterous!"

"I dare say," I resumed, pretending to pout, "you wouldn't marry me because I'm poor."

"Poor!" she repeated, looking very firm and earnest now; "if the man I loved were poor I'd carry a creel for him; I'd gather shells for his sake; but I don't love anybody, and don't mean to. Come!"

So that was the beginning and end of my love-making with Cousin Maggie.

And Maggie had said she never meant to love any one. Well, we can never tell what may be in our immediate future.

Hardly had we left the cave that day and put off from the shore ere cats'-paws began to ruffle the water. They came in from the west, and before we had got half-way to the distant headland a steady breeze was blowing. We had hoisted our sail and were running before it with the speed of a gull on the wing.

Once round the point, we had a beam wind till we entered the fiord, then we had to beat to windward all the way home, by which time it was blowing quite a gale.

It went round more to the north about sunset, and then for the first time we noticed a yacht of small dimensions on the distant horizon. Her intention appeared to be that of rounding the island and probably anchoring on the lee side of it. She was in an ugly position, however, and we all watched her anxiously till nightfall hid her from view.

I retired early, but sleep was out of the question, for the wind raged and howled around the house like wild wolves. About 12 o'clock the sound of a gun fell on my ears. I could not be mistaken, for the window rattled in sharp response.

I sprang from my couch and began to dress, and immediately after my aged relative entered the room. He looked very serious.

"The yacht is on the Ba," he said, solemnly.

They were words to me of fearful significance. The yacht, I knew, must soon break up and nothing could save the crew.

I quickly followed my relative into the back drawing-room, where Maggie was with her mother. We gazed out into the night, out and across the sea. At the same moment, out there on the terrible Ba, a blue light sprang up, revealing the yacht and even its people on board. She was leaning well over to one side, her masts gone, and the spray dashing over her.

"Come," cried Maggie, "there is no time to lose. We can guide their boat to the cave. Come, cousin!"

I felt dazed, thunderstruck. Was I to take an active part in a forlorn hope? Was Maggie—how beautiful and daring she looked now!—to assume the *role* of a modern Grace Darling? So it appeared.

We pulled out of the fiord, Maggie and I, and up under lee of the island, then, on rounding the point, we encountered the whole force of the sea and wind. There was a glimmering light on the wrecked yacht, and for that we rowed, or rather were borne along on the gale. No boat save a Shetland skiff could have been trusted in such a sea.

As we neared the Ba, steadying herself by leaning on my shoulder, Maggie stood up and waved the lantern, and it was answered from the wreck. Next moment it seemed to me we were on the lee side, and Maggie herself hailed the shipwrecked people.

"We cannot come nearer," she cried; "lower your boat and follow our light closely. Take the tiller, now," she continued, addressing me, "and steer for the light you see on the cliff. Keep her well up, though, or all will be lost."

We waited—and that with difficulty—for a few minutes, till we saw by the starlight that the yacht's boat was lowered, then away we went.

The light on the cliff-top moved slowly down the wind. I kept the boat's head a point or two above it and on she dashed. The rocks loomed black and high as we neared them, the waves breaking in terrible turmoil beneath. Suddenly the light was lowered over the cliff down to the very water's edge.

"Steady, now," cried my brave cousin, and next moment we were round a point and into smooth water, with the yacht's boat close beside us. The place was partly cave, partly "poss."

We beached our boats, and here we remained all night, and were rescued next morning by a fisherman's yacht. The yacht's people were the captain, his wife and one boy—Norwegians all, Brinster by name. What need to tell of the gratitude of those whom Maggie's heroism had saved from a watery grave?

But it came to pass that when, a few months afterward, a beautiful new yacht came round to the fiord to take those shipwrecked mariners away, Cousin Maggie went with them on a cruise. It came to pass also that when I paid my next visit to R——, in the following summer, I found living at my relative's house a Maj. Brinster and a Mrs. Brinster. Mrs. Brinster was my cousin Maggie, and Maj. Brinster was my cousin Maggie's "fate."

Mrs. Gladstone.

Mrs. Gladstone is the elderly incarnation of guileless naivete, the matronly essence of impulsive simplicity. She is to appearance all artlessness. I have heard persons who, I think, ought to know better, speak disparagingly of Mrs. Gladstone's sagacity because of those little peculiarities. Believe me, they make a great mistake or they commit a great injustice. Mrs. Gladstone is, in her way, one of the cleverest women living. * * * At the very worst she can be credited only with a few small ineptitudes which, if they really deserve that name, are in perfectly artistic keeping with her character. * * * I have heard of ladies and gentlemen, very astute in their own estimate of themselves, who have endeavored to extract early knowledge of public matters from Mrs. Gladstone; I have never heard of one who succeeded; and her aplomb is as remarkable as her discretion. Here is an instance: Two years ago, when Mr. W. E. Forster had resigned his portfolio in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, he was naturally anxious to hear how the Prime Minister would speak of the incident in the House of Commons, and not less naturally anxious to listen without being himself observed. He therefore did not take his ordinary place in the body of that assemblage, but made his way into the ladies' cage, or rather that portion of it which is set apart for the lady friends of the wife of the Speaker. Directly he had entered he perceived that the sole occupant of the department was no less a person than Mrs. Gladstone herself. She was the one person whom he would have avoided seeing. He felt a little discomposed, and was proceeding to evince his discomposure in the rugged, spasmodic way peculiar to that flower of Quaker subtlety. But Mrs. Gladstone was perfectly at ease. She held up her finger at him, and shaking her head with an air of gentle reproval, muttered in a low voice, "Naughty! naughty!"—*Oscar Wilde.*

Royalty Notes.

Prince Albert Victor, son of the Prince of Wales, is to be called to the bar in London on June 10th.

The Princess Beatrice is a tall, light-haired, slender girl, not at all like her mother, and much prettier than the other Royal children. She has (as many people have said) "an American look," small, delicate features, a nose a trifle "tip-tilted, like a flower," and very fine brown eyes, sweet red lips, and luxurious brown hair. Altogether I thought her adorable.—*Cor, Boston Traveller.*

The Princess of Wales, by accepting the degree of Doctor of Music conferred upon her by the Royal University of Ireland, and wearing the academical costume on the occasion, has sanctioned, once for all, the much discussed question of the propriety of lady graduates appearing in academical robes at their presentation to the Chancellor.

He Came for His Bride and Found Her Dead.

A Cleveland despatch says: William Skaley, a handsome young sailor, wrote Nellie Hoffman, his intended, that he would be in Cleveland on May 29th to claim her as his bride and take her to the little cottage he had rented.

"Where's Nellie?" asked Skaley, as he entered the house of Mr. Carpenter, on Canal street, where Nellie boarded. "I came a day sooner than I wrote her I would, but—"

"Why, didn't you know?" said Miss Carpenter, turning pale. "Nellie is dead. She was found drowned last Sunday in the foul water of the river."

When he learned that the girl had already been buried at the city's expense Skaley sank down overcome with grief. He learned that she went on Saturday after the expected letter from him, but it had not come. It was at first feared that disappointment caused her to commit suicide, but even that would have been less terrible news to the lover than the story that she had started home under escort of an old captain, and was never again seen alive, and that foul play is suspected.

Sitting Bull's new hat is 13 sizes larger than the average hat. It is 7¾ inches deep and has a brim of 10 inches and its greatest outside measurement is 30 inches, or larger than an ordinary umbrella. It was made of green porcupine straw, and is to be worn by Sitting Bull on his visit to the Great Father at Washington.

TORNADO WARNINGS.

A Canadian Storm Prophet on the Weather of Next Month.

Mr. Walter H. Smith, of Montreal, President of the Astro-Meteorological Association, has issued a tornado and storm warning for the last eight or ten days of June. His principal reasons for expecting disturbed conditions of the atmosphere at the above dates are primarily the perihelion passages of the planets Mercury and Venus on June 24th and 26th respectively. Past records have taught the Montreal astronomer—who, it will be remembered, succeeded the late Mr. Vennor, publishing the Vennor's Almanac for this year—that some of the worst tornadoes and cyclonic storms have occurred in summer seasons, even when but one of the inferior planets was nearest to the sun. These positions, he says, electrically influence the earth's atmosphere. With Mercury at perihelion on August 3rd, 1882, a cyclone wrecked Snowflake, Man.; a damaging waterspout fell at Shelby, Ohio, on the 3rd, and a heated term, with auroral displays, lasted from 4th to 7th, followed by high winds and a cool reaction. On July 21st, 1883, with Mercury again at summer perihelion, a terrible tornado wrecked Minnesota, doing $130 000 worth of damage in Dodge County alone, with tornadoes as far north as Sorel, Que., houses being wrecked near there on the 22nd. On August 22nd, 1883 (one month later), Venus came to her perihelion point, and great heat was felt over the Eastern States and Canada; sunstrokes were numerous on the 20th and 21st, with heavy storms west; great tornado on 21st at Rochester, Minn., which tore up 135 dwelling houses and killed twenty-six persons; 22nd, hurricane at Ottawa, Ont. July 7th, 1884, saw Mercury at perihelion, with intense heat prevailing on 5th and 6th; heavy storms broke over Iowa, Wisconsin and New York State; on the 7th a waterspout fell on Madison county, Ark., sweeping away houses and crops. Mr. Smith's "general forecast" for the last eight or ten days of June, 1885, reads as follows: "Oppressive heat, high winds, thunder showers and unsettled weather in Canada and the Northeastern United States; tornadoes probable in tornado sections, notably the Western and Southwestern States, near the Mississippi Valley, followed by a reactionery cool to very cool period of high barometric pressure, with local frosts in northern and middle sections, June ending cool. Tornadoes occur most frequently between the hours of 2 and 6 p. m." This correspondent's predictions have been singularly correct thus far, he having told to a day the lowest thermometer reading of the winter two months beforehand; forecast the great storms of January and February just as accurately, as well as the cold weather of April and the backwardness of the fore part of May.

KILLED FOR FORTY DOLLARS.

Atrocious Murder of a Night Clerk in a New York Drug Store.

A New York telegram says: When the day clerk entered Crawford's drug store, Hudson street, this morning, he found the door open and the dead body of the night clerk, Richard Hands, in a sitting posture on the floor of the sitting-room. He summoned the police and it was found that Hand's skull had been crushed with a heavy iron pestle which lay near by, his throat cut from ear to ear, and other marks of violence on his face. Thirty-five or forty dollars had been taken from the till. The crowd, attracted by the news of the murder, became so great in the vicinity that the entire police reserve of the precinct had to be called out to restrain the people until the coroner arrived. The doctor found three great gashes on the back of the head. The entire right side of the skull was crushed in. The gash in his throat presented a sickening sight. There is no clue to the murderer.

How Maxwell Was Caught.

The cablegram recently sent in pursuit of the alleged murderer Maxwell, from St. Louis to Auckland, New Zealand, which cost over $3 per word to send, was sent first from St. Louis to New York, and New York to North Sydney, Cape Breton, by land lines; cable to Valentia, Ireland; thence by land across Ireland and cable underneath St. George's Channel to London; by another cable, London to Lisbon, Portugal; thence by cable to the Island of Malta, where it was repeated through another cable to Alexandria, Egypt. Land lines conveyed it to Suez, whence it went by cable beneath the Red Sea to Aden, Arabia, on the Gulf of Aden; by cable again under the Arabian Sea to Bombay, India, and land wires from Bombay to Penang, on the Malay Peninsula; cable again to the Island of Java, where it was repeated through another cable to Port Darwin, North Australia. Land lines then took it to Sydney, whence it again took to the water by the South Pacific cable to reach Wellington, New Zealand. From Wellington it went by land to Auckland.

Must Take His Chances.

During a revival effort of "the boy preacher" in Chicago last week an invitation was extended to all in the congregation who wanted special prayers offered up for them to arise. An old chap stood up, and the revivalist asked:

"What shall we pray for, brother?"

"Well, I'm out $20,000 on wheat."

"Yes, but we can't pray for the price of wheat to go up."

"I don't want you to, I'm into hogs just now, and it's pork I want to see boomed!"

The revivalist passed on to "next."

The Palmetta regiment comes by Gen. Jackson's silver pitcher, on exhibition at New Orleans, through the terms of the General's directions to his executor. He left the pitcher to the bravest man in the next war in which this country should engage, and that war being with Mexico, the pitcher was given to the Palmetto regiment, which hold it collectively, being unable to decide which was the bravest of its members.

The extraordinary attendance at the Queen's drawing-room on the 13th gives point to the complaints of London tradesmen that her absenting herself is ruinous to trade. The crowd at the drawing-room was due to her personal presence. The opera has suffered very severely in consequence of her retirement.

THE CYCLADES.

Islands Still Abounding with Classic Customs—The Nymphs.

The Cyclades are the isles where every variety of human life has left its mark and its descendants. From the prehistoric villages, under the pumice and lava of Thera, to the historic Greek settlements, to the Venetian, Persian, Turkish and French settlers, all the various couches of humanity have deposited their traditions, material relics and superstitious fancies in Cycladean soil or Cycladean custom, says the *Saturday Review*. The ancient Greek religion is not extinct. The Nereids are in full force, and an extant "Mrs. Gamp" is known to have practiced on an interesting occasion in Nereid domestic life. The volcano is called the Hephæstus. Birds and goats are sacrificed when a new house is built. The old popular games are played, the old popular songs are chanted. The volcanic forces at Thera have raised a rock in the shape of a ship out of the sea; precisely what must have occurred in the harbor of Scheria, where the Phæacians explained the event by feigning that Poseidon turned one of their vessels into a stone. The offices of the church to drive out mice and rats, instead of trusting to Apollo Smintheus. At Seriphos the old coins with Medusa's head are still dug up, and the people explain Medusa as the first queen who dwelt in the ruined castle. It is a more modern faith that a basketful of good things is let down out of heaven on the day of our Lord's transfiguration. Still, when you sacrifice to the Nereids, you must leave the offering and hurry away without looking back, as in the Theocritean idyl on the first exploit of Hercules. Still, the Nereids kidnap children, fly in the currents of wind—though not to the cry of "horse and hattock"—still, like Peleus, a man may win a Nereid bride if he has skill and courage to hold her through all her transformations. In short, the Nereids retain all the qualities possessed by their kindred, the Scotch fairies, the Apsaras of India, the sky maidens of Maori and Red Indian fancy. The Siphniot spotters yet toil at their wheel in the very attitude of the craft as represented on Greek vases. The width of the people takes the classical form of riddles. "What sort of chicken is that which they scrape and cut, and then the shoemaker uses his feathers in his art?" Answer, no one need give it up; "A pig!" The rustics cut their own shoon out of rough pig's hide, like Eumæus whom Odysseus found thus employed; "Now he was fitting sandals to his feet; cutting a rough brown oxhide."

A Toronto Man Murdered in Texas.

The Paris (Texas) *Tribune* prints the story of the murder of Prof. J. W. Youmans at a boarding house in that place. The murder is alleged by the *Tribune* to be the act of a jealous husband named S. P. Homes, who was separated from his wife and was jealous of Youmans. Homes also stabbed his sister fatally and wounded his wife at the same time. Prof. Youmans was 65 years old, was a native of Toronto, and was a clever musician. For a number of years he lived in Belleville. He was born in Prince Edward county, Ont.

How Germs Get in the Lungs.

In the ordinary healthy lungs, perhaps even in persons who have a consumptive heredity, the germ which causes the breakdown of the lung may not be able to make an impression; but if the physical integrity is destroyed by poor food, or any debilitating influence, or by a cold, then the germ is able to get in its work, and to multiply and produce its kind, and fill the lungs with tubercles.—*Dr. Curtis.*

Burnt in a Church.

Marie Filitrault, while making her first communion in the Church of Ste. Cunegonde, near Montreal on Saturday, had her light clothes set on fire by some one dropping a candle. Her whole person was at once in a blaze, and before assistance could be rendered she was badly burned about the face and body. A panic occurred in the church, both men and women running out shrieking. The girl is expected to die.

A micro-membranous filter has been constructed by a German engineer, the pores of which are so fine that certain of the bacilli supposed to be a cause of zymotic diseases cannot pass him. The construction of the filter is based on the extreme fineness of asbestos fibres, which are precipitated upon a very fine brass wire sieve in such a way as to form a microlithic membrane. The number of pores per square millimetre is given at 2,500,000.

The Irish Artisans' Exhibition is to be opened in Dublin on June 24th.

There is a Justice of the Peace in Earlville who will make his mark in the world some day. A couple of over-zealous lawyers in his court got into an argument the other day. One offered to bet the other $60 to $10 on a point of law, and the bet was quickly taken. The Justice became the stakeholder, and when the money was put up he promptly fined both lawyers for contempt of court, and appropriated the fund to pay the fines.—*Yorkville (Ill.) Record.*

Powdered rice is said to have a great effect in stopping bleeding from fresh wounds. The rice powder is sprinkled upon lint, which is then applied as a compress.

The death rate of Dublin has jumped to 39 8 per 1,000, the highest since 1883. The report of five cases of typhus fever seems to show that the city is in an unsanitary condition.

A clergyman of Deptford, England, had for several years had his sermons written by the wife of a foreman in a manufactory of the place, for which service he paid nothing, simply promising that he would remember his sermon-writer in his will. The other day he died, leaving no will, and now the foreman's clever wife sues for $500, affirming in her charge that she "had to select the subjects and texts, and then out of five Bibles by different authors she collected the notes, references, and authorities, and set them in order."

The English walnut is said to be the most profitable of all the nut-bearing trees. When in full bearing, says a California paper, they will yield about 300 pounds of nuts to the tree. The nuts sell at 8 cents a pound, or $24 to the tree. If only 27 trees are planted on an acre, the income would be $549 per acre, or from 20 acres, $10,800 per year.

A SOAP MOUNTAIN.

The Strange Discovery Recently Made Near Corning, Ohio.

The most astounding, if not the most important discovery of the age, writes a Corning correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, has just been verified here within the last few days. The location of this great find is in the "Big Woods," consisting of some 3,000 acres of virgin forest about six miles southeast of Corning and on the line joining the counties of Perry and Morgan. These big woods have been the frequent resort of the rabbit hunters of this vicinity for several years, but more especially during the past winter of a certain party of huntsmen from the town of Corning, the most of whom are connected in some capacity with the Ohio Central Railroad Company. It has been noticed for some time that their visits to this "happy hunting ground" were made with great circumspection and secrecy. It now turns out that on a certain excursion to the forest aforesaid, in the early part of the past winter, the hunters became very hungry and sat down at the foot of one of the immensely high and rocky hills with which the big woods track is filled to eat lunch, having killed several rabbits and other small game on the hunt. They built a fire and prepared to roast them, the heat from the flames was so great as to dissolve or split off a large fragment from the solid stone, when a most astounding thing occurred. Immediately there began from the little perforations on the face of the rock the exudation of a slippery and dirty yellowish-colored substance of about the consistency of Orleans molasses in January.

In a few minutes several pounds of the unctuous mass had found its way to the outer world, and many tons would have been wasted in the ravine below had not the thunder-struck discoverers, by superhuman exertions, managed to roll back the detached bowlder and secure it in its original position. Then, after gathering up a quantity of the queer-looking stuff, they made their way back to town, keeping their mouths firmly closed in fear of being ridiculed to death. Forthwith, however, they despatched samples of the find to the leading chemists of the United States, and calmly awaited results. These have been beyond all expectations or even belief and dwarf the discovery of petroleum to insignificance. A critical analysis or assay of the queer substance found in the big woods shows it to be nothing more or less than a nearly pure article of soap. The learned professors, whose certificates were filed with the several analyses, suggest that this wonderful and almost miraculous combination of widespread, if not illimitable, lakes of potash, and rivers of essential oils within the subterranean caverns under the great coal measures of Southern Ohio. At any rate, a soap mine of this variety has been hitherto unknown, and will no doubt create quite a sensation throughout the scientific world at large.

The fortunate locators (all poor men) have already secured hundred year leases of the whole 3,000 acres of the big woods tract, and taken steps for incorporating a company with $200 000 capital, partly paid up. It is calculated that the mine, which is only a short mile from the Ohio Central Railroad, could easily furnish 200 cars of soap per day as soon as the proper works have been constructed for rectifying the crude product. An eastern syndicate, backed by Gould and Vanderbilt, have an option on the property at $5,000,000 any time between this date and April 1st, 1886.

Personal Points.

Mr. Gladstone is suffering from neuralgia.

Sir Peter Lumsden has arrived at Constantinople *en route* for London.

Sir Stafford Northcote is ill and is about to start on a sea voyage for his health.

Prince Robert Francois Louis Phillippe, eldest son of the Duc De Chartres is dead, aged 19.

President Cleveland made his first visit to New York since his inauguration on Saturday, and was tendered a grand ovation by 200,000 people.

Gen. Grant was much depressed after reviewing his old companions on Saturday, but brightened up towards evening. He continues very weak.

A complimentary banquet was tendered Edmund Yates, editor of the London *World*, at the Criterion on Saturday night. Lord Brabourne presided. There were 200 guests, including Henry M. Stanley, Henry Irving, J. L. Tool.

The election of Mr. Sinclair, a Presbyterian Liberal, for Antrim county, Ireland, has excited universal surprise. The idea of his being elected was specially scouted by the Parnellite party. He is the first Liberal returned for that county for a number of years, and defeated the eldest son of Lord O'Neill, a great Tory magnate of the North.

Paul, Duc de Noalles, died at Paris on Saturday, aged 83. He was a French academician and author of "Histoire de Madame de Maintenon." He will be succeeded by his son, Emmanuel Victurnian Henri, who is 55 years of age, is the author of several works and was French Minister at Washington July, 1872, to February, 1874, when he was transferred to Rome.

A Bordeaux newspaper published this account of the recent wedding of Lord de Grey and the Countess of Lonsdale: "Yesterday, at the church of St. Martin, in the environs of London, took place the marriage of Mme. Gladys, Duchess Dowager of Loudesal, to Milor Robinson, Count de Grey. The bride belongs to the highest and most ancient nobility of England, and is the sister of the Count of Pembroke-Wilton. The bridegroom, on the contrary, is the eldest son of that Marquess de Pipoy who was the first of the Nabobs to be ennobled by Her Britannic Majesty."

Dr. C. H. Hughes, the alienist, says that cholera is essentially a disease of the nervous system.

Chicago has time for little else than to brag of her magnificent temple for the Board of Trade. The building, with the land, cost about $1,800,000. Its length is 225 feet, its breadth 176 feet, its height 160 feet, the height of its tower 304 feet. The room in which the operations of the Board are to be carried on is 161 feet long, 141 wide, and 80 feet high. Around it are many elaborately finished offices, with every convenience known to science for the facilitating of trade.