ESCAPES FROM DEATH IN MID AIR.

Professor King, the Æronaut, Gives Thrilling Accounts of Dangerous Adventures.

Flying Seventy Miles an Hour.

That I am not so enthusiastic over air sailing as to consider it an unalloyed pleasure I freely admit; but I have been somewhat astonished upon taking a retrospective view of my own doings in that line to find that my marvelous escapes from "moving accidents of flood and fire," which at the time were looked upon simply as exceptional cases, when grouped together, form a very startling series of fortuitous events where fate might often have turned the tables. I do not mean to say that balloon voyaging depends entirely upon chance for its safety, but rather, that while skill is a constant requirement, good luck is a frequent necessity.

Captive ascensions, in which the balloon is held by a rope, are considered much safer than free ones, but I had one of my narrowest escapes during one of these short excursions over the city of Boston. The day was quiet and windy by turns, the still times being made available for trips of 1000 feet with from six to eight passengers in the car. During the last ascension made that day the balloon was caught in one of the squalls, and all the power that could be applied would not take the rope in a single inch.

Tight as a bow string it was drawn, while it was borne off at an angle of 45 degrees. The wind howled through the rigging and the powerful balloon shook in a furious manner. Every face was blanched with a dread of impending danger. I sat in a hoop above the passengers, literally holding their lives in my hand. The wind was blowing seaward at a rate that would have carried us into it in double quick time, yet I had my keen-edged knife close to the rope and ready to cut at the first snap of any cord; for there was a tremendous strain upon the netting, which might give way at any point, and once started would not stop—unless instantly relieved of the strain—until the balloon went through it.

Fortunately it held intact until the squall was over, and in the following calm was drawn safely down. No more ascensions were to be made that day, nor until the netting had been carefully examined, and the balloon was moved for the time being to its heavy platform. Imagine my feelings when a little later, as I stood safely on the ground watching its restless motions under another heavy blow, and saw the overstrained netting part with a loud, "Ru-u-u-up" that let the unhampered glove go free. Had this occurred in the air instead of on the ground, we should all have been in eternity the next moment.

SPEEDING WITH THE WIND.

We rarely travel at the rate of seventy miles an hour, but when such a speed is reached the country slips away over land as fast as water down a cataract. It makes no difference up there but look out for breakers when trying to land. In an ascension from Boston Common, blowing more than a mile a minute, the balloon went to Ipswich a distance of thirty-two miles, in twenty-five minutes. Beyond Ipswich was a stretch of salt marsh of two miles in extent and beyond that the ocean. A landing within half an hour was of course imperative. I was on the lookout for chances but the fields were all too small; fences, trees and houses flew by in a most confusing manner, and although I had a collapsing cord in the balloon, it appeared an utter impossibility to effect a landing without a catastrophe.

Residents of Ipswich were expecting the balloon, and fired a cannon as soon as it came in sight, but were unable to load and fire again, before it had passed them. When the salt marsh came in sight, with its tall soft grass, and not a fence in the way, I knew the critical moment was at hand. As soon as the car had descended within reaching distance, the anchor was thrown on the sloping bank bordering the marsh, and in an instant had taken hold, but so suddenly that, as the car struck the ground the rope parted and the balloon went flying over the marsh. I congratulated myself on still having the collapsing cord, which could be used at any moment, but I soon found that the moment was needed as much as the cord, for the latter had its end fastened to the hoop over head, and the hustling wind gave me no opportunity to reach it.

Alternately tumbled topsy-turvey through the long grass, and snapped into the air like a cracker on a whip lash, it was enough to hold one's own, without bothering with collapsing cords. But this was not all. Salt marshes have some bad breaks in them, and this one had a silvery letter "S" drawn through it by a meandering blackwater creek. I took a hurried bath in each bend, which served to vary the monotony as well as to correct the unusually high temperature. The ocean was close by when I came to the creek for the last time. Striking cornerwise upon the bank, the balloon was thrown half way round, and I went into the water backward, my head going completely under, but, as I shook the water out of my eyes I saw the coveted collapsing cord hanging down in a loop from the neck of the ballon, and within reach of my hand.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

I knew that the creek must be fully half a mile wide at this point, and I seized the cord, intending to open the balloon in the stream and swim ashore. The gas was gone in an instant, but, instead of swimming, the empty balloon fell over on the opposite bank, and I stepped on the shore, drawing the basket up after me. My clothing was in shreds, but I was "none the worse for wear."

In order to start the balloon safely upon its journey, under all circumstances and in all sorts of weather, it is the rule to have an anchorage, to which a single rope is attached, so that while swinging by this rope the ballast may be adjusted to give the balloon the required ascensive power: then at the proper moment, the rope is cut or thrown off.

I was booked for an ascension from the base ball grounds, situated on the lake front in Chicago. A gale of wind was blowing from the lake and 100 men were required to move the balloon to the anchorage in the corner of the grounds farthest from the buildings, which had to be cleared. Some bags of sand were removed from the car to let it float lightly to its place, where an extra strong rope passed through the double loop fastened to a timber in the ground.

My only companion was already in the basket—which contained more than a ton of sand—and I stood upon the edge outside of the ropes ready to do the weighing.

The hundred men let go at my bidding, the basket raised above their heads and I saw at a glance that more ballast must be removed, but before I had time to give the order the wind came with renewed force and the cable parted. Instantly the balloon dashed toward a shattered flagstaff half-way between the anchorage and the high buildings. All was uncertainty; I knew, however, that if we stuck the pole our fate was sealed, for I had noticed that its top was in exact range with the roofs of the buildings. I stooped on one foot as low as possible, resolved to drop off if the car struck the pole and by thus lightening the balloon at least save my companion. But the pole was cleared by a few inches, the buildings by more, and stepping inside the car I felt like one who had taken a new lease of life. This was but the beginning of a voyage full of incidents.

UNMANAGEABLE BALOONS.

Our course at first was southwestward, but by midnight, it had changed to the northwestward, and by 10 o'clock when about forty miles from St. Paul, we had overtaken a rain storm. The rain coursed down the sides of the balloon into the car in a most uncomfortable way so we concluded to ascend above it. At the greater altitude the current changed our course to the northwest, though we were utterly ignorant of any variation. After some hours spent among the clouds we descended over a swift running river in the midst of a primitive forest. As all reckoning had been lost it was thought best to effect a landing near the river. This was done at the first opportunity, and was followed by a five days' fast while extricating ourselves from the wild wood tangle. But "all's well that ends well." We came out with greatly improved appetites, gave thanks and ate our first meal at a lumberman's ranch on the Flambeau River, Sixty-five miles above Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Sometimes, rather than disappoint an audience, the aeronaut makes some surprisingly close calculations. Here is an instance:—

Charleston, S. C., was having a "gala day," and the balloon was a prominent feature. The weather was lowering and blustery, but the people were out by the thousands, and as the buildings around Washington Park were a good protection from the wind, the inflation of the balloon went on. It was not half filled when rain began to fall; still it seemed to make no difference to the crowd, which continued to increase, bent on seeing the ascension. The clouds were flying seaward at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and James Island was the only intervening land. To make matters worse St. Michael's steeple stood in the way, just across the street, and the balloon would have to mount swiftly to clear it; the moment after it would disappear within the cloud veil, when preparations for a descent would be in order. But could it be made in time to catch the island? This was the momentous question. I decided that it could be done.

A wonderful leap from the ground and the steeple was cleared; then the valve was opened wide; still upward and far into the clouds dashed the balloon. Watch in hand I counted the minutes. Three had flown before there was a halt in the balloon's mad career. Four, five—the valve still open. Six—the clouds part; the island appears, with the sea just beyond; the anchor drags in a cotton field and the collapsing cord stops the balloon just in time. I did not mind the pouring rain as I stood upon the shore, looking out upon the briny deep and congratulating myself that there had been no mistake.

IN THE MIDST OF A THUNDERSTORM.

Of all imaginable balloon experiences the most terrific is to be found within the limits of a violent thunderstorm. Like most others, I believe that a balloon could easily rise above such a trifling thing as that; so one day when the good folks of Burlington, Ia., turned out and kissed their hands and fluttered their handkerchiefs as my balloon rose in the face of a fast approaching storm. I was not at all concerned as to the consequences.

The thunder growled, and vivid flashes of lightning showed plainly enough what was coming. It soon became apparent that the balloon was bound to meet the storm half way and yet it was rising so fast that it seemed sure to go clear. But somehow the higher clouds reached over and took the balloon in out of sight. The clouds flashed momentarily with crimson fire and the thunder's tones were booming like the cannon's roar. The barometer still showed increasing height, but I began to feel uneasy and kept looking upward for a break in the clouds, until at last it began to grow lighter, and I thought that in a moment more the balloon would be soaring high above the danger.

There was just then an ominous stillness in the air, followed by an appalling explosion that streaked the cloud with blinding electric fire, and snatched the balloon away at cannon-ball speed—strange that it was not torn to fragments. The air was rushing, tossing, and turning it about like a leaf; flirting the car from side to side so violently that there actually seemed to be danger of its being thrown clear over the balloon, and I hastily caught at a hanging rope and tied myself in.

To add to the misery of the situation, the gas had expanded at the very first to overflowing, and continued pouring down in volumes upon my head, I held the valve open constantly, but it seemed to have no effect, and for a while suffocation seemed almost certain. From the moment of the first seizure there was no respite; one explosion followed another in rapid succession; every moment the electric fluid was darting hither and thither, while escape from fire with such a body of inflammable gas seemed impossible. All efforts to escape proved fruitless, until a collapse of the cloud occurred immediately overhead, when the torrent of rain carried the balloon down with it.

A DANGEROUS PREDICAMENT.

From the scene of commotion to the earth was a distance of two miles, through which the balloon swiftly descended. The storm still raged above, but the rain cleaving the cloud in white lines all about me was the only apparent movement during the descent. It was a restfull lull after the frightful confusion, but I knew there was more to come. A raging tempest is not the gentlest conductor to a safe harbor, and as the clouds opened a sight met my eye that was not at all consoling. I was pitching pell mell into a forest that was threshing wildly in the storm of wind and rain.

There was no halting nor indecision about the matter. Right down into the woods the car went, and through the tops of half a dozen trees, then the collapsing cord had done its work. The netting caught in the branches, and the car fell by easy jerks to within a foot of the ground. Stepping out on terra firma, I caught a piece of the torn balloon that came floating down, and, drawing it over my head, sat upon a stump to wait till the rain was over. There was little left of the balloon, but the man was just as good as ever.

Another thunder-storm experience assumed a different form. The balloon did not penetrate the clouds, as in the former instance, but the effect came near being much more serious. The ascension was made from Denver. As a rule, the thunder-storms there are not very extensive, but at times they are apt to be quite vicious. They are mostly remnants of storms occurring in the mountains, and seem to be pretty regular visitors on Summer afternoons. At least that was my experience, for, out of six ascensions, four had more or less to do with them.

On this particular occasion I was accompanied by a lady and gentleman. We rose to the height of a mile and a half above Denver, and floated off some six miles before making a junction with the storm. I had no idea of entering, and had my hand on the valve cord, when a collapse in the cloud close by us so attenuated the air that our already overflowing balloon was burst completely from top to bottom with the sudden strain. Matters looked serious; the air was far less dense than at the sea level, and there was not a foot of surplus surface. There was, however, a parachute in the top of the net, and a rapid descent followed. Falling from such a height gave us time to prepare for the shock. My companions remained cool and followed my directions without hesitation. Our willow basket was nearly three feet high, oval shaped, and had sides of closely woven willow.

Astride of this, standing upon the upper edge, we braced ourselves as best we could. The car met the hard ground of the prairie with such suddenness that we rebounded and were shot through the ropes to a distance of twelve or fifteen feet. We had changed relative positions in our flight from the car, and must have crossed in the act. The fearful shock caused us all to roll upon the ground in agony for a while, but when we were able to speak it was found that not a bone was broken, and a sprained arm, which fell to my lot, was the only damage done.

MARVELOUS GOOD LUCK.

Fortune's favors partake of the marvelous at times. Few persons cognizant of the limits of balloon endurance would think it possible that one carrying only two persons and but three bags of ballast could be kept afloat for thirteen hours and have half the sand left, even though human life depended upon it. Here are the facts to prove it possible. A country fair in New Hampshire offered the occasion and a drizzly September day the time.

No one would have surmised, from the start made by the balloon, that it would take a northeast course immediately on entering the clouds, but it did, nevertheless. A descent for reconnoitering purposes an hour afterward revealed the fact that the White Mountains had been crossed in the interim, all vestige of civilization left behind, and that the great Maine and Canada wilderness was before us. It was a startling discovery, but we had many adventures together before, and naturally determined to make the best of the situation.

Night was upon us when the balloon hovered over Lake Umbagog, upon one of the bands of which gleamed some hunter's campfire. Unfortunately it was out of our reach, and the best that could be done was to bring the balloon down lower, in the hopes of finding others. The drag-ropes trailed over the trees, until the balloon dropped behind a small mountain, where it was becalmed. This was an excellent opportunity to make a landing, as the balloon might be moored to the trees, and we could slide down the rope. But what then?

Our little basket of provisions would have lasted scarcely a single day. It seemed like madness to go further, and yet it was death to stop here. Half our ballast was already gone. How, then, could we hope to get out of the great wilderness with what remained?

But we determined to experiment with possibilities, and by eking out the sand to the last degree, we hoped, if we did not believe, that a safer harbor might be reached. How grudgingly the sand was thrown away, and, in consequence, how slowly the balloon rose to the clouds; but above all with what astonishment we saw it halt in its ascent, and content to remain in company with the clouds, continue, poised, hour after hour, at one constant height. There was no overflowing gas, no more waste of sand and we knew that we were flying over the great woods with the velocity of the accompanying storm. Such a marvellous feat was this, so far outdoing any previous experience, that my comrade more than once expressed the belief that a supernatural power was specially aiding us.

WON BY WAITING.

Six hours had been passed over the inky bay after leaving our mountain shelter, when the warning sound of breakers reached our ears. A new dread was upon us, for even while we listened the sound of the surf began to die away in the distance, leaving the swelling sea as our only refuge. Some tugging at the valve turned the balloon downward and just then we rejoiced in the possession of a drag rope, which presently was heard swishing through the water, leaving the car high and dry above the waves. All hope was not lost, bad as was the prospect, but a solid footing on the land, even though it should have been in mid-wilderness would have been better appreciated. There were no regrets, however, at the course pursued, and we waited patiently for the next turn, whatever it might be.

The rope's length allowed the car to float on a level with a gray fog that hovered over the water. Leaning over the edge of the car, with heavy eyes we tried to keep watch but frequently fell asleep in spite of the threatening situation. How far the balloon would drift out to sea before daylight was all conjecture, and we had no idea of finding relief before seeing human beings or being seen by them. But suddenly, above the gray fog, a narrow black line appeared, which threatened to intercept the balloon. It puzzled us greatly for, while it seemed almost within reach, it still kept away; yet it was growing wider every moment, till at last its nature became apparent.

Then the gray mist slipped away from beneath our feet and the black wooded country, which we had seen, askance the fog, took its place. The drag-rope too seemed to trip merrily over the trees, responsive to our own feeling, and at last the balloon found a shelter, where it lay until daybreak. Upon rising again it was found that a counter current had brought the balloon back to the mainland. A road was soon discovered and a landing effected near it; when we found ourselves in the Province of Quebec, near the Gulf of St. Lawrence—from whose waters we had escaped—and on the only road running through the wilderness. It was a marvellous voyage from beginning to end.

S. A. King.

GREAT MAP OF THE WORLD.

A Production in Which all the Leading Nations are to Take Part.

At the Geographical Congress in Berne a year ago Prof. Penck proposed the publication of a map of the entire world on a uniform scale of one in 1,000,000 or about 16 statute miles to the inch, the various nations to take part in the production of the map.

The proposition was favorably entertained, and a committee was appointed to take steps for its realization. The geographers of various nations, on the whole, have received the idea with favor and there seems to be no doubt that the map will be produced.

Each sheet of the map up to 60° north latitude will embrace 5 in each direction. The more northern sheets will embrace 10 on longitude. The representation of the whole earth, including the sea, will require 936 of these sheets, while the land alone may be shown on 769 sheets.

It is proposed to give attention to physical and political features. Dr. Ravenstein, the English map maker, says the rivers will be in blue and the hills in brown. Contour lines will be drawn at elevations of 100, 300, 500 and 1200 metres and the areas enclosed by them are to be tinted.

It is expected that sheets which deal with countries already topographically surveyed will be engraved in copper. The remaining sheets will probably be lithographed.

Th Greenwich meridian will be accepted for the entire map, and all altitudes are to be marked in metres. The official spelling of all countries using the Latin alphabet is to be retained.

Other alphabets are to be translated in accordance with a system to be agreed upon, while names in unwritten languages will be spelled phonetically.

It is estimated that the cost of an edition of 1000 copies of this map, showing only the land surface, will be $957,190, and as the sale of the first edition at two shillings a sheet would produce only $478,595, the deficit would have to be made up by the governments concerned or by liberal private patrons.

Prof. Ravenstein says he sees nothing Utopian in the scheme. Difficulties may arise as to the spelling of the names and the introduction of the metre, but the essential thing, to his mind, is the production of a map on a uniform scale.

The French in Dahomey.

The past few days have brought rumors of the death of Col. Dodds, commander of the French troops in Dahomey, of heavy rains that are delaying the expeditionary forces, and of unexpected resistance to the French at the town of Canna, eight miles from Abomey, the capital. We do not know whether these reports are true, but it is certain that almost to the gates of Abomey the French have had a rapid march and brilliant success. King Behanzin fortified four lines of defence, three on the Wheme River and one in the little stretch of country between the river and his capital. Three of these lines fell easily into the hands of invaders whose loss was small, while that inflicted, upon the natives was severe. The Amazons, or women fighters, have, as usual, displayed the greatest bravery, and many of them have fallen, during their reckless charges, almost at the muzzles of the French guns. Canna, where the French are now reported to be, derives a sacred character from the fact that it contains the royal tombs. It is said that Behanzin has been very anxious to avoid a battle at Canna, for fear that such an event would involve the destruction of the funeral monuments. It is probable, however, that if the French get possession of this town it will be the signal for the complete collapse of Behanzin's power, as he now retains his throne chiefly by virtue of the religious prestige he enjoys. Abomey, however, is said to be strongly fortified, each house having been turned, as nearly as possible, into a fortress.

Why They Were all Late.

At one of the largest shipping offices, as most of the clerks reside in distant suburbs, says an English paper, a certain amount of grace is allowed them for arriving in the morning. They are, however, required to explain on a list specially provided for the purpose the cause of their unpunctuality.

The first to make his appearance always leads off with the words, "Train late," "Bus horses down," or as the case may be, and to this the other clerks invariably say, "Ditto." So accustomed have they become to the formal procedure that they hardly ever take the trouble to see what excuse heads the list; this is just where the joke comes in.

The other morning the first arrival conscientiously pencilled in the words, "Wife ill—twins," and, to the utter amazement of the chief, this extraordinary explanation was promptly "dittoed" all the way down. Nor was his astonishment diminished when he discovered the office boy's name included.

It will be a long time before the clerks hear the last of those twins.

The agricultural situation in Great Britain shows no improvement. In the last issue of the Mark Lane Express, Sir John Lawes, a noted authority, estimates the British wheat harvest at 7,428,483 quarters, one of the lowest ever published. The price of English wheat is slightly in favor of the seller in the provinces, but has ceased to be so in London owing to the fact that the pressure of the chief foreign wheat and the increased quantity in transit from both North and South America have discouraged holders and caused an increased readiness to sell. The best prices in London are 34s. for California, 34s. 6d. for Oregon and 35s. for Duluth. The receipts of foreign wheat since the harvest have been at a rate which, if continued for a year, would exceed the requirements by 4,500,000 quarters.

A FEW SMILES.

A Barbar-Cue—"Next!"

Clothes may not make the man, but suits make the lawyer.

"Workin' now, Pete?" "Naw, I've doin' a job aroun' de City Hall."

After all, the best amateur actor is the one who pretends to really enjoy a piano recital.

"Does she share her husband's burdens?" "Yes. Jack's loads are her chief trial."

"The only way to prevent what's past,' said Mrs. Muldoon, "is to put a stop to it before it happens."

"But, my dear, what has that old man to recommend himself aside from his riches?" "Heart disease."

How soon the millennium would come if the good things people intend to do to-morrow were only done to-day!

Visitor—"What a little bit of a thing your baby sister is!" Little Girl—"Yes'm it's a condensed milk baby."

Forrester—"How time does fly." Lancaster—"I don't blame it. Think how many people are trying to kill it."

"I am inclined to think," said the pig, which had been taken in off the pasture, "that the pen is far better than the sward."

He—"Should a girl get mad if you kiss her without asking her?" She—"Not so mad as if you asked her without kissing her?"

Among the most blessed of all the contrivances of Nature is that which prevents a man from being disturbed by his own snoring.

Milkman—"It's very strange. The milk is genuine, so is the water; but as soon as you mix 'em they charge you with adultery."

"I hope you will like my friend," he said. "He is a versatile fellow.' "I know I shall," she replied; "I simply adore poets."

"Named your boy John after yourself, Mr. Barrows?" "No, Mrs. Thomson. We have named him James after a prolonged family row."

There is a young man in Toronto so careful that in calling he always knocks for fear if he came with a ring she might consider it a proposal.

If the little consciences of some men can make cowards of them, think how a wild broom with a mad woman behind it must make them quake.

She (at the art exposition)—"What is the title of that picture of a boy being spanked by his mother?" He—"I would call it 'Whaling in Lapland.'"

Mrs. Hicks—"What possessed Columbus to go sailing about trying to find a new world?" Hicks—"I don't know; it seems he wasn't actually a married man."

"She—"So the Bishop has made Cholly Dudekin and Mabel man and wife?" He—"Well, Mabel is certainly Mrs. Dudekin, but I see no change in Cholly."

Blinks—"I hear the cabmen are going to strike for shorter hours." Minks (who sometimes rides)—"Why, goodness me, their hours are not over forty minutes long now."

Maud—"Now, when I am asked to sing, I never say 'Oh, I can't!' but I always sit right down at the piano." Mamie—"I presume you let the audience find that out for themselves?"

Prunella—"Do you let your beaus flirt with other girls?" Priscilla—"Oh, yes, unless they are good looking. I saw you and Jack together last night, but, as I told him this morning, I didn't mind."

Little Boy (with a bad tooth and a swollen face)—"Oh, dear! I wish I was grandpa, or else the baby." Mother—"Why?" Little Boy—"Grandpa's teeth are all gone and baby's hasn't come yet."

"Young man—"Tommy, do you think your father is pleased with me?" Tommy—"No, he thinks you are too long. He told sis that he was going to let you down several inches' the next time you called."

Mr. Fargone—"Oh, doctor, I would give half I'm worth if you could only tell what is the matter with me." Doctor—"My good man, don't worry about that. I shall make a post-mortem examination."

Williamson—"I hear Jagman was so drunk last night that several of you fellows had to take him home on a shutter. Did his wife think he was dead?" Henderson—"She must have. She was certainly laying him out when we left.

Jimson—"I tell you what it is, old boy. You ought to see Dr. Cureall about your case." Sick Friend—"To be frank with you, I am a little afraid of doctors." Jimson—"Oh, you needn't be afraid of Cureall; he isn't a regular doctor."

"Bridget," said Mrs. Hardcastle to her new maid-of-all-work, "there is a basketful of clothes in the closet which you must soak early in the morning." "Soaked, is it? Indade, mum, ef it is in sich straitened circumstances thot you be, it's a mighty schlim show that I hov fur me wages, so Oi'll bid you gude bye ma'm."

In a "Review of the Trade of India in 1891-2," published by the Finance and Commerce Department of the Government of India, Mr. J. E. O'Connor, C. I. E., pronounces a eulogy on whisky, rejoicing over the increase of its consumption by Anglo-India. Says Mr. O'Connor:—"The steady and continuous increase of whisky is due to its own merits. It is a clean liquid which makes a good combination with iced soda-water; it is cheap, and goes a long way with poor and sober men." A laudation of this character by a Government official is somewhat out of place. Notwithstanding, it is quite true that whisky drinking is enormously on the increase in India.

Some alarm has been caused in England by the reported death from pleuro-pneumonia of a Canadian cow on a Scotch farm in Fifeshire. The cow reached Dundee at the end of September. The Board of Agriculture has ordered the slaughter of a hundred animals within the area of possible contagion, but the order has been suspended. The case is undergoing further inquiry, and a final decision has not yet been reached. This incident, coupled with the pleuro-pneumonia case in the United States cattle, is specially unlucky at the present juncture. However, there is ample reason for believing that the conclusion that the cow had the dreaded disease was arrived at a little too hastily. The animal probably had nothing more serious than what is known to cattle shippers as "Canadian lung," a kind of pleurisy arising from a cold that is no more contagious or infectious than a broken finger.