...NE LUCK IN THE DIGGINGS.

...es of Sudden Ups and Downs in the Fortunes of Miners.

...impossible for any one at all familiar ...ing adventures in the Rockies from ...e 1870 to deny the existence of that ...ous and capricious influence on men's ...s and fortunes known as luck, and it ...d to attach itself mainly to those who ...e the least and were accepted as the ...of the camp, thus illustrating the old ...of the "fool's luck." Old and experi... ...miners quit locations in disgust after ...of labor, and these were afterward ...by men who scarcely knew the differ... ...between a shaft and a level. After a ...scrambling work the latter became ...men. One instance I can give:

...man named Relf, a forty-niner, opened ...prospect hole on Goose Creek, within a ...of the Idaho border. It seemed to pan ...at first, and he spent $6,000—all he ...in the world—in development; but the ...began to pinch out, and Relf gave it ...Another man took it with the same ...Then one of the best miners in the ...put in $3,000, and after months ...work shot himself in despair at his ...The location was thereafter ...the "Last Chance" by neighbors. ...a year, when a man named Gadsen ...to Silver City. He was looked on as ...and decidedly weak-minded fel... ...and he annoyed Col. James Fisher, a ...known mine owner, by constantly ...his advice about locating, until Fisher ...him to try the "Last Chance," adding: ...were just fool enough to have nigger ...luck."

...Gadsen started off to get a team and ...plies, and amid the jeers of the camp ...for "Last Chance." Four days after... ...his team was seen coming into camp ...dead run, and it stopped at Col. Fisher's ...Gadsen, with a bag on his back, ...and drawing a chunk of rock, laid ...before Fisher, who examined it and said: "Well, Gadsen, you have the proverbial ...luck. That will assay $3,000 a ton. ...you've struck it rich this time." An ex...ation of his mine showed that only a foot ...rock lay between the last owner and ...untold wealth, and this Gadsen broke ...through the first day.

...A syndicate was formed and Gadsen sold ...for $55,000. The new owners took out ...$2,000 in three weeks and then struck a ...of porphyry rock that it would have ...all the money in San Francisco to ...move. No trace of the lost treasure was ...found, and the "Last Chance" was ...permanently abandoned. Gadsen's good ...followed him. He left the mountains, ...a home in Missouri, and saved his ...money.

The history of the firm of Bower & White ...of the romances of the mining camps. ...Bowers came into the Washo district ...1860. He cooked for a party of ...miners, and his wife, a tall, bony woman, ...fortunes, sold lucky numbers, and ...interpreted dreams for the credulous miners. ...with some of the money made in this way ...husband took up a claim and made ...money, and for the next ten years had con...ed good fortune. He was grossly ...temperate and no business man, but still he ...prospered. He broke all the gamblers in ...the Territory, and no one cared to play ...with him.

...His partner, Lorenzo D. White, was a dif...ent kind of a man. He neither drank nor ...gambled, but was mad as a hatter on the ...subject of religion, believing himself to be ...John the Baptist. In business matters, how...ever, he was shrewd and enterprising, and ...his luck was phenomenal. Whatever he ...touched turned into gold. It was noted that ...whatever Bowers sold turned out well for ...his customers, while it was reversed in ...White's dealings, although he was believed ...to be an honest man. The mystery was as to ...what he did with his gains. He depleted his ...bank account every now and then, drawing ...large sums in coin and then disappear... ...for a time. It was believed that he buri... ...his wealth in the mountains, and he was ...followed and dogged by the camp ruffians, ...who would have taken his life for a dollar, ...but it was part of his good fortune to escape.

The end came at last. Sandy Bowers got ...involved with a party of Eastern adventur...ers and lost $300,000. After this he went ...down hill rapidly. He had at one time half a ...million in the Bank of California, but this ...all went. He became a drunkard, and one ...day got together a few dollars to buy an ...outfit. With a borrowed mule he started for ...Nevada, and was, no doubt, killed by the ...Ute Indians, as he was never heard or ...again.

White was not known to have any serious ...losses, but he, too, disappeared. He was ...supposed to have gone back to Maine, his ...native State. Inside of a year he came in... ...the little mining town of Mercedes, on ...the Rio Grande River, Colorado, in rags and ...exhausted from hunger and fatigue. He ...was followed by a shaggy Mexican burro, ...about as big as a Newfoundland dog. This ...carried his miner's outfit—a pick, pan, and ...shovel. He was at once recognized and re...covered. He went to an assayer and showed ...a large mass that looked like burned limes...tone, but which evidently contained gold. ...The assay astonished the expert, and he ...declared that the specimen showed 80 per ...cent of gold.

In an hour's time the camp was wild with ...excitement, and this was the beginning of the ...craze known as "White's Cement Mine." At ...first the old man refused to tell the location, ...and some of the ruder spirits advocated ...hanging, but, after much persuasion, he ...agreed to pilot a party to the ...spot. The next day Mercedes was ...deserted. Everybody joined the procession. ...After eight days' rugged travel they reached ...Green River Valley, in Utah. While as...cending a narrow ravine a volley of rifle balls, ...fired from the chapparal, killed three of the ...foremost of the gold hunters and stampeded ...all the animals. The Ute Indians had been ...awaiting them. In the confusion White es...caped and the party broke up. From time ...to time White would reappear in mining ...camps with a fresh supply of his gold-bearing ...cement, but his mind was clearly gone and ...he could give no information that was of the ...slightest use.

About 1870 a party of prospectors on their ...way through the Colorado River Valley, in ...Southern Utah, found in the wildest part of ...the mountains the body of an old man with ...a beard reaching to his waist. Around him ...were a number of specimens of his gold cement ...and a quantity of gold coin. He had evident...ly died of starvation, as there were no in...dications of food to be seen. By means of a ...large diary on his person he was identified ...as the once millionaire, Lorenzo D. White. ...This diary contained numerous directions to find landmarks, but these were unintelligible to the readers, and his mine and buried gold may still reward some fortunate seeker.

Mr. James Titus of Sacramento, Cal., who is now head of the great hydraulic mining companies in that State, owes his fortune to the following circumstances: In 1864 he was working at his trade as stone mason in St. Paul, Minn., when a man named Eldridge failed, owing him $175 in wages. This debtor left the city, and a year after Mr. Titus went to Carson City, Nev., where he met Eldridge, who told him that he had not prospered and had no money, but could get some mining stock for money due him, and this he would give Titus in satisfaction of the debt.

Mr. Titus took 100 shares of Comstock Mine, valued at about a dollar a share. It was original stock, aud in a few months the great depcsit of silver that was to make the fortune of Flood, O'Brien, Fair, and John Mackay was discovered. The stock began to go up and Mr. Titus sold out for $3,000 per share. In two years he was a millionaire by fortunate investments in Crown Point.

But success of this kind was demoralizing to most of the pioneers. Johnny Skey died as Sandy Bowers did, a broken-down prospector, after rioting away five millions, and Comstock, the original discoverer of the Virginia City Eldorada, died a poor man. If America is ever to produce a distinct and national school of fiction, the inspiration can be best found in the wonder-working history of the Western mining camps of years back.

"Love is Enough."

[A TRAGEDY.]

The groom was loving, the bride was fair,
Her eyes met his with a witching air;
She was tender and meek as a maid could be,
And she had no more sense than a babe of three.

"Youngster, beware!" the old man said,
"We've tried the pass"—but he shook his head,
He shook that head oracularly:
"In marriage, 'Love is enough,'" quoth he.

. . . . . .

Breakfast at home. How strange and sweet!
But something was wrong with the things to eat:
Something was queer in coffee and tea—
"Nay, give me a kiss instead," said he.

Dinner at home—but he could not eat,
O rawish potatoes! O kiln-dried meat!
"You've left out the taste from the soup," moaned he.
"I'll make it all right with a kiss," smiled she.

Supper at home, and he could not eat
O bread like putty! O mush of wheat!
O slimy pickles! O tea of tan!
He rose from the table a starving man.

Alack, what aileth the bridegroom now?
He stamps and roars as he knots his brow,
"Go home to your mother and say from me
That love is not nearly enough," quoth he.

A Short Way with Wives.

In a paper on Tangier in the New Review, "Vernon Lee" reports a chat she had with a Moorish gentleman, one Hasan: "He related to me the history of his three marriages and descanted on the perfection of his present wife. The first, he said, was his cousin. He bought her beautiful clothes and furniture, but, after some time, she gave him words. Instantly he sent her back, with all he had given her, and took another wife: remark that she had given him three girls, dead, and a boy who still survives. The second wife went all right till one day she took it into her head to go to the vapor bath without his permission. 'Who gave you leave to go to the vapor bath without me!' he asked. 'I don't require anybody's leave,' answered she. 'And immediately,' he added, with that energetic downward pointing gesture, 'I sent her home with all the things I had ever given her.' As regards the present wife, he was quite delighted with her. She made all the children's clothes and her own; she could sew with the machine; she cooked; she never required to buy a bottle of orange or rosewater, so excellently did she prepare it herself—above all, she never wanted to go out! 'Never once,' he said 'has she asked leave to go out—not from one year's end to another! Never wants to leave the house or to see any one—never even crosses the street. Ah,' he said, 'she is a woman of excellent reputation!'"

Treatment of the Hair.

No woman need expect to have her hair look beautiful who goes to bed without taking it down and giving it its night dressing. A woman who has wonderfully beautiful hair says: "I take out all the pins, brush my hair well, and then plait it carefully but loosely, so that in the morniug it is not in a snarl. I usually try to brush it ten minutes, but when I can get somebody else to do it for me the sensation is so delicious that I almost wish they could keep on forever. Of course, I sit down to brush it, because standing taxes the strength too much. I am oue of the people who believe in learning the easiest way to do everything, for really the same ends may be gained with less exertion. The foolish woman is the one who rushes about her room in dressing, paces the floor while buttoning her gloves, stands while she is arranging her hair, and the result of her folly shows itself in her weariness when the time for recreation arrives." Think over all this, you nervous women. Try to recognize the wastefulness of misapplied endeavor, and while you strive in every legitimate way to make yourself look as pretty as possible, save your strength for something for which it will absolutely be required.

Romance and Reality.

Romantic Miss—"Do you love me well enough to do battle for me?"

Ardent Suitor—"Ay, against a thousand."

"Well, Mr. Bigfish is paying me a good deal of attention. Would you fight him for me?"

"Yes, I would."

"Could you defeat him?"

"N-o, he'd probably thrash the life out of me."

"Mercy! Well, never mind. I'll take you without any fighting; and, oh, do please remember, my darling, promise me on your honor, that if you ever see Mr. Bigfish coming, you'll run."

FUNNIGRAMS.

How do you like your beau, Jennie?" "He's a fellow after my own heart."

"We say mouse, and we say mice. Now, why isn't the plural of spouse spice?"

Why are rats better than tomatoes? Because tomatoes make only catsup, while rats make a cat supper.

The man who threatens to commit suicide when he is in low spirits is a safe enough venture for a life insurance company.

When a man is fortunate in business he attributes the fact to his ability. When he is unfortunate he bewails his bad luck.

City Girl (pointing to the starry sky)—"That cluster of stars is the dipper." Country Cousin—"Is that so? Which cluster is the pail?"

Lake—"What did I tell you? The bustle has gone and now the corset has got to go!" Squeers—"You mistake. The corset has got to stay!"

"I seem very popular with your father's dog," said Herbert to Mabel. "Indeed?" "Yes; the last time I tried to take my leave he did his best to detain me."

Proprietor (firmly)—"Your account, Mr. Weeks, has now been running for six months." Weeks (blandly)—"Well, suppose we let it rest for a year or two!"

Popinjay (passing store)—"Good gracious What is the matter with that man leaning over the counter in there?" Blobson—"Got a counterfeit, I guess."

A little boy who had to rock the cradle for his baby sister astonished his mother thus: "Mamma, if the Lord has any more babies to give away don't you take 'em."

Jack (leaving the lodge with Jem)—"Does your wife wait up for you when you are out late, Jem?" Jem (with a melancholy shake of the head)—"She does, Jack, she does, I'm sorry to say."

She (just gone into housekeeping)—"How did you like the shirt I ironed for you, Alfred? Didn't I do it beautifully?" He—"You do nothing by halves, my dear. You did it up brown, of course."

Millionaire's Daughter (entering photograph gallery and posing gracefully)—"Will you take me, sir, just as I am?" Photographer (who can hardly make both ends meet)—"I'll be glad to—without one plea."

The Rev. Mr. Slim—"You must remember, my young friend, 'that the soul is the body's guest.'" Young Friend (looking him over)—"Well, it must sometimes make very impolite reflections on the accommodations."

He (at breakfast)—"I shall never ask you again what you do with your pin money, my dear." She—"Why not, Henry?" He—"I have found out. I stepped on about six hundred of the darned things when I got home last night."

The Age of Reason.

Mr. Chevy Chase—"I think I'll take that copy of the Society Scorpion home with me. I want to square myself with my wife."

Mr. Harry Hounds—"But why will that square you, as you put it, with Mrs. Chase?"

"Because there's an article in it pitching into Mrs Busby."

"But is she down on Mrs Busby?"

"Certainly she is. It was at Mrs. Busby's house that I met Mrs. Crasher."

"And what's the matter with Mrs Crasher?"

"Why, it was Mrs. Crasher who committed the unpardonable sin. She told somebody, who told my wife, that it was a wonder to her that such a fascinating, agreeable man as Mr. Chase, meaning your humble servant, had remained single. Somehow, I never told her I was married. That's the reason Mrs. Chase will be glad to see Mrs. Busby roasted. If you were married, my boy, you'd know something about the subtleties of a woman's logic."

The Spread of Leprosy.

According to Dr. Morell Mackenzie, leprosy, the scourge of the Middle Ages, has not become practically extinct among Europeans, but is really spreading. It has between ten and twelve hundred victims in Norway, is found also in Portugal, Greece and Italy, and is rapidly spreading in Sicily, in the Baltic provinces of Russia and in France, while the British Islands are not exempt from it. In the United States cases have been found in California, in some of the States of the Northwest, in Utah and Louisiana. Many cases exist in New Brunswick. In the Sandwich Islands the disease first broke out in 1853, and there are now 1,100 lepers in the Molokai settlement alone. The disease is extending in the West Indies.

The Old, Old Story.

Bashful Rustic Lover (trying to work himself up to the sticking poiilt)—"Sally, does your ma like me?"

"Sally—"Ma says you are a splendid feller!"

B. R. L.—"And does your pa like me, Sally?"

Sally encouragingly)—"Pa said the other day he wished he had a son exactly like you."

B. R. L.—"And—d—do you like me, Sally?"

Sally (leaning her head on his manly breast)—"La, Tom, you know I do!"

One minute later Sally was engaged to Tom, and the disagreeable job that he had dreaded for five years was a thing of the past.

A Cheerful Explanation.

Passenger—"C-c-o-o-n-ductor, why have you let the fires go out? We are almost frozen to death."

Conductor—"Well, you see, gents, we soon come to a very rotten bridge, and if there should be an accident the Company don't wish the newspapers to lay the blame against the car-stoves."

Not Such a Very Lovely Creature.

This is the way a Western chap publishes the girl who went back on him:

"She is five feet eleven in her stocking feet. Her backbone is as straight as a poplar. She is forty-five years old. She never was married and never will be. There isn't enough fat on her to grease the hinges of a butterfly's wings, and she sits amid the fermentation of humanity and the crash of thermometers and laughs the boiling mercury to scorn."

Customer—"What's the charge?" Barber—"Twenty cents." C.—"Twenty cents! Why, I thought you charged only ten cents for a shave. D.—"Yes, sir, but you see you have a double chin."

SOUTH AFRICAN SNAKES.

Their Deadly Bite and the Remedies There for.

It would, we presume, be safe to assert that in spite of all modern appliances and helps to scientific methods of research, man has hitherto lamentably failed to discover an infallible cure for snake-poison. As in the cases of hydrophobia and other diseases of a like mysterious nature, the public are from time to time startled by the wide promulgation and unstinted praise of some new so-called specific for snake-bites; but this only lasts for a season, when, lo! the too hastily summed-up verdict is reversed, and the once loudly extrolled remedy is allowed quietly to pass into the limbo of exploded ideas, the knacker's yard of used-up fads.

We will for the present confine ourselves to a few remarks regarding the treatment of snake-bites at the Cape. It is noteworthy that the typical fresh arrival, or "new chum," as our Australian cousins designate him, sets his foot on African soil with ludicrously exaggerated ideas as to the prevalence of venomous reptiles. He fully expects, for instance, if he goes up country, especially if he camps out, that the monotony of his journey will occasionally be relieved by

SUCH STARTLING INCIDENTS,

of travel as waking up in the morning to find a snake confidingly secreted in the folds of his blanket, with a further consignment of one in each boot, to make his hair stand on end when he attempts to pull on those humble though useful peripatetic appendages. As it would be superfluous to dwell on the absurdity of such ridiculous notions, we will pass on to state briefly what are the ordinary specifics used in the colony.

The most common practice with the natives in cases of snake-bite is to kill a black fowl, divide it lengthwise, and apply the separated portions alternately to the wound for the space of about fifteen minutes, or until such time as they think the poison has been absorbed into the body of the fowl. Some tribes use a decoction of the *melk bosch* (wild-cotton plant). This bush exudes a nauseous, viscous, and extremely repellent fluid, which acts as a powerful emetic. It is, however, by no means a reliable remedy; and it appears to be more resorted to from the fact of its being highly offensive and revolting to the taste, than for any other particular reason.

The Namaquas, Bushmen, and Damaras have a singular and implicit belief in the all-potent efficacy of the snake-charmer's or doctor's night-cap, a decoction of which is made and given to the patient to drink! This horribly loathsome specific is made by dipping the cap into boiling water; or it is put in a pan of cold water and allowed to remain on the fire until all its virtues are extracted. The more grimy and saturated with perspiration the filthy head-covering is, so in proportion are the virtues of the decoction enhanced. The cap must be that of a snake-doctor—none other will do—one who has obtained his diplomas by a long and arduous novitiate, and has himself become poison-proof. This immunity he obtains by gradually increasing the

VIRULENCE OF THE POISON

inoculations which from time to time he inflicts upon his person. One of the methods adopted by the novice to obtain the desired immunity is to collect a goodly number of scorpions and place them on a bullock hide. He then goes and lies down, and rolls and tumbles about amongst the infuriated insects, which, acting as it is "their nature to" are not slow to wreak their vengeance on his nude body. Instances are known of embryo medicos who have actually succumbed to this barbarous method of "walking the hospitals."

To come to the European's or white man's remedy: the most popular and widely used is a preparation called "Croft's Tincture of Life." Croft was one of the original British settlers of 1820. He had been to India, whence he was said to have brought the recipe to the Cape. During his lifetime he stoutly maintained that its preparation was a profound secret, known only to himself, and discovered by him when resident in India. When he died, he bequeathed the secret

TO AN ONLY DAUGHTER,

with the most solem injunctions to keep it inviolate; and further, that she was to "will" it with the same proviso to her descendants; or in default of the latter, to her next of kin. Croft made immense profits out of the sale of his "Tincture of Life," as he used to charge fifteen shillings for a small bottleful, the ingredients of which did not propably cost him so many halfpence. Of its sterling curative properties there can be no question if used externally and also internally, within a reasonable period following the infliction of the bite. Time, of course, is everything. If the poison be absorbed for any lengthened period before the application of, indeed, any remedy the chances of cure are almost nil. As regards the absorption of poisons into the system, Sir. Joseph Fayrer, in his work on the *Thanatophidia of India*, says: "That any drug or substance, solid or fluid, that is either swallowed or inoculated, can counteract or neutralise the poison once absorbed and acting on the nerve-centres, I do not believe."—[Chambers, Journal.]

Silver-Gilt Insignia Instead of Gold.

The insignia of the Bath, which has hitherto been made of gold, is in future to be merely silver-gilt. The representatives of deceased Knights of the Bath always returned their insignia until the Crimean War period, when, for some reason or other, it was ordered by the House of Commons to be retained, which thus proved a costly piece of nonsense for the country. In most cases the representative of a deceased Knight took his insignia to the Queen's jeweler and sold it to him, the result being that it was later on supplied to another Knight; the same insignia might serve for several, each one being given it to keep, but the heirs invariably preferred to convert it into cash. It was a very nice arrangement for the Knights, and not unprofitable to the jeweler, but expensive for the taxpayers. In future the insignia will be made by a Birmingham firm, in scores, by contract.

More Important to the Readers.

Foreman (whistling down the tube to the editor)—"One of these articles must be left out. There isn't room for both."

Editor—"What are they?"

Foreman—"Earthquake in Europe, fifty lives lost, and a piece about selling more papers in Quohosh than all the other dailies combined."

Editor—"Leave out the earthquake."

THE GRIM MONSTER.

A Thrilling Struggle With Death Under the Operator's Knife.

A Hospital Incident.

The writer was one of a small group of spectators some time ago who had one of the most thrilling experiences that ever occur around a surgeon's table. The story has been told once, but it is worth telling again. A man of about 40 years was placed in an operating chair in a hospital amphitheatre. The case was a desperate one, and the surgeon was to operate with a bare chance of success, which the patient had elected to take. It was a choice between a slow, agonizing death and the possibility that he might survive an operation which would probably kill him. A hard, cancerous tumor rather larger than a hen's egg had grown in the tissues on the right side of his neck beneath the ear and the corner of the jawbone. The growth had crowded upon the carotid artery, the larynx, and important nerves, and for days the man had lived

IN CONSTANT AGONY.

There was no possible relief for him except the knife, and the surgeon offered him no encouragement even as the result of his skill. To operate even upon a bare chance of success was the only merciful thing to do.

The neck is a dangerous location for an operation of any kind. It is full of great nerves, arteries, and veins which it is death to touch with a knife. In the present case some of the more important organs were probably directly involved by the tumor. The surgeon explained the situation to the students, and said he should attempt the complete extirpation of the tumor. If the patient survived that radical operation he would probably recover. The patient had borne the etherization well, and the surgeon went to work at once. By a slight incision he laid back the skin and thin tissues beneath covering the tumor. He began to work around it, dissecting the tissues with greatest care. It proved to be an extremely hard growth,

FIRM AND DEEPLY SEATED.

He had worked but a few minutes when the patient began to show signs of collapse. An assistant surgeon quickly injected a strong stimulant by means of a hypodermic syringe. The principal operator kept steadily on, working as rapidly as the delicate nature of the task would admit. But a moment or two later the collapse of the patient became complete. The breath grew fainter, and ceased altogether. The pulse at the wrist disappeared. The heart itself stopped beating. The features took on the strange gray look of death. The man was dead.

Instantly the scene among the doctors changed. There was no excitement. The expected had happened. But the surgeons did not surrender their patient to the grim messenger so easily. The operator withdrew his instruments and abandoned his work. The surgical chair in which the patient was seated was tipped back to a reclining position, and an assistant endeavored to restore breath to the empty lungs by the manipulation resorted to with persons rescued from drowning. Another doctor applied the full current of an electric battery at various points on the man's body. Nothing had any effect, but the efforts were not relaxed for an instant.

The situation was one of awful suspense for those who looked on. Every known restorative had been applied in vain and it seemed that

NOTHING LESS THAN A MIRACLE

could relight the spark which had utterly gone out. Ten full minutes passed. Finally there came a slight twitching of the muscles of the chest in response to the intense electric current there applied. A little later there was a flutter of breath from the lungs, aud slowly the gray look of death merged into a more natural pallor. Other signs of life came back, and finally the patient sufferer was called back from a merciful death to another space of pain. Then arose the question whether to pursue further the operation which had been undertaken. The chief surgeon explained that collapse of the patient thus early in the work proved that the tumor penetrated even deeper than he feared, and that it involved the pneumo-gastric nerve. To continue the original operation would result in immediate death, beyond possibility of reviving. The surgeon said he would content himself therefore with removing some of the outer portion of the tumor in the hope of thus relieving somewhat the pressure upon the vital organs of the neck. This was rapidly done, and the wound was closed up. The patient came back to consciousness, and to a lessened degree of suffering, but he lived only a few weeks.

Romance Reduced to Figures.

There is an English literary man who at the end of each year penetrates into the published fiction and extracts therefrom very often some exceedingly interesting figures. The results of his researches into last year's fiction are entertaining: Of the heroines portrayed in novels, he finds 372 were described as blondes, while 190 were brunettes. Of the 562 heroines, 437 were beautiful, 274 were married to the man of their choice, while 30 were unfortunate enough to be bound in wedlock to the wrong man. The heroines of fiction, this literary statistician claims, are greatly improving in health, and do not die as early as in previous years, although consumption is still in the lead among fatal maladies to which they succumb. Early marriages, however, are on the increase. The personal charms of the heroines included 980 "expressive eyes" and 792 "shell-like ears." Of the eyes, 543 had a dreamy look, 390 flashed fire, while the remainder had no special attributes. Eyes of brown and blue are in the ascendant. There was found to be a large increase in the number of heroines who possessed dimples. 502 were blessed with sisters, and 342 had brothers. In 47 cases, mothers figured as heroines, with 112 children between them. Of these, 71 children were rescued from watery graves. Eighteen of the husbands of these married heroines were discovered to be bigamists, while seven husbands had notes found in their pockets that exposed "everything." And thus is the romance of a year reduced to figures.

SPICE CAKE.—One pound of flour, one-half pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg.