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THE MAYOR OF SAWMILL.

CHAPTER II.

The reader doubtless inferred, when he discovered an Englishman of talent and refinement in the wildest frontier Territory of the United States, that such a man had his reasons for being there. The information was good reason for one. John Lee was a man with a history—an unpleasant history and he went to South-western Arizona to begin life over again, and to "grow up with the country." The day after the town meeting, the remarks of the new settler were all-birds and the subsequent conversation throughout the settlement. At about an hour several miners and others in John Lee's store. Jim Hawkins, whose wife in Lee was still unshaken, was there long as long as he could the generally make remarks which fell upon his ear.

"Well, sez he, at last, 'you don't give the Doctor a fair shake. You've knowed him for longer a good deal than you've knowed this feller Cadwell, and yet just because Cadwell gets up and makes some fine remarks which ain't proven, not by a long jump on the Doctor with both feet. Wait and see what Lee has to say afterwards. I'll just bet any of you lads a thousand that Cadwell is a liar, and I'll show it from his perch. Here's a man—who wants to cover it? Put up your money!'"

The men felt somewhat ashamed of themselves, and no one cared to accept Hawkins' challenge. The old man continued: "There's one thing I'll promise you, boys, if Cadwell can't make good his words, Lee is going to lick him clear out of Arizona. Yes, sir, that's what I'm a-betting on. Reeve or no Reeve; and if anyone wants to have one arrested for what I'll pay a good round fine with him."

Jim Hawkins' blood was hot and his temper was quick. He was an old Westerner, and had seen most of his life in the country where law and order were only a name. But the old Anglo-Saxon comes to the surface in Western men, and a game of fair play was as keen as his love for a slanderer or a coward. He knew he could not wait a week to thrash Cadwell on his way home he stopped at the Doctor's and told the Doctor was busy with a patient in the room that he called his surgery. There was a blank dull look upon the face of Dr. Lee, which did not brighten as usual at the sight of his friend, and neither of the two had any greeting to the other.

"Jim," said Hawkins shortly and excitedly, "you never in jail?"

"No, Hawkins, I was."

Two words cost John Lee his best friend, and when he needed him the most. If he had explained his reply, or if Hawkins had pressed his inquiry a little further with a view to learning particulars, the result would have been different. But no more words were spoken and Jim Hawkins, sadden and disappointed, walked away to his home with a faltering step. For if there was a Sawmill Flat that day a man with a more honest than John Lee carried, that man was honest Jim Hawkins.

That same night John Lee lay down as upon his rather hard couch, but he did not sleep. He lay awake, ruminating on the mysterious ways of Providence and mankind. He had never in his whole life done a deed of which he need be ashamed, and yet he had been incarcerated for years in a prison, had been put upon his trial for murder, and acquitted only because the argument disagreement in three different juries which had been impanelled to try him. He had left his native land with the shadow of suspicion resting upon his reputation which he and his friends were utterly powerless to dispel. He had never ever regaining his old standing in the English community, John Lee, had kept that he might be justified in the eyes of his fellow-men before God, and then, emigrated to the Western wilds to work up his absolution by good citizenship. And as he lay upon his sleepless pillow, he could not but think to any shame, after all, the world is. For he had travelled six thousand miles to escape the sneers and black looks of those who had mistrusted him, only, when Time was beginning to heal his wound, to find himself confronted once of the men who had believed him guilty of a foul crime.

He believed this man Cadwell several times during the six months' residence of the latter at Sawmill Flat; and yet, although something about the man had always seemed familiar to him, he had, strange enough, never made Darius Cadwell's acquaintance. But when, at the town meeting, the man arose and in hard but very cool of feeling asked the assembly if they wished to elect a jail-bird and murderer for their Mayor, Lee in a minute recognized him as a member of one of the juries that had tried him at the York Assizes.

In a sleepless night the doctor lay thinking over the cruelty of his fate. It was about perhaps when he fell into a troubled sleep, only to be awakened by a pounding upon the door of his shanty. He dressed up but half awake, and went to the door, almost expecting to see the old Bailey judge.

"Are you the Doctor?" he asked, loudly and roughly for John Lee.

"Yes," he answer now open, and by the moonlight he could see a rough man, haggard and covered with dust. In the rear he led the rein of a saddle horse, and he could see that both horse and rider had ridden a long distance.

"Are you Doc Lee?"

"I am."

"Well, I've been Rosario, near the Mexican line, seventy miles from here. We've got a yellow fever—get it bad. The Doctor died, and I'm the last man out. We hitched you down Louisiany, two years ago. I have seen a good deal of fever in my time, but never in his whole life I ever seed a man so scared as the Doctor. The man gasped his words out so fast that he half-choked, and he realized the importance of the men and women.

"I will start off," replied Lee, as he dressed himself. "How long when you left—and when did it begin?"

"Two days and eight deaths already. I left at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, and it's been raging ever since, and my men have deserted on us."

"Come in to the wash and then lie down on the lounge. Here is water and there is a couple of good ponies in the stable. I'll bring them round in a few minutes."

He was awake by this time, and his mind was aroused. He had thought of now besides his own and that suited John Lee. He set his mouth a little harder contained before the door, and gave him a glass of water.

"Is it a bad doubling?" Lee asked as he drank it after his arrival.

"Bad, sez I. The man's done over. I've been a hundred miles—Why the hell you're the stuff, you are. I know you are sure, that once you're in the room you can get out?"

"Never mind that. Let's be off."

They stopped outside where the pony was waiting. Lee locked the door, and with a piece of chalk wrote upon it: "Gone to Rosario. Yellow Fever." They then sprang into their saddles and cantered away.

The inhabitant or town of Rosario was a more larger place than Sawmill Flat, although its outskirts were by no means so populous as those of the Flat. Rosario was too visited by that fearful scourge from which none of Uncle Sam's territory south of the Gulf and the Mexican line seemed to be exempt. The terrible summer fever, the morasses and swamps, and the stagnant standing water, all lend their aid to the plague, which, when it once breaks out, sweeps before nothing but the winter frost.

It was noon when Lee and his companion reached the "dead" line of pickets, posted for quarantine purposes around the afflicted place by the people of the adjacent districts, and there the physician parted with his guide.

Lee was not at all fearful. He had himself escaped from the "yellow jack" in a mild form, and he had afterwards been one of the most active and successful doctors when the scourge had visited New Orleans two years before. Of course he incurred some risks, but not so many as those who had never been attacked by the disease, or who knew nothing of the correct method for treating it.

He was a welcome arrival in that miserable community of dead and dying, and he plunged right into his work. Before dark he had visited every case, and had enrolled a corps of assistants to nurse the sick and to enforce the rules which he drew up to minimize the spread of the plague. By nightfall, too, he had forgotten for the time being his personal troubles and the existence of Darius Cadwell.

Besides Jim Hawkins, whose good-will he had now lost, John Lee had at least one other staunch friend in Sawmill Flat. This was none other than Jennie Dunbar, the belle of the settlement, and only child of the wealthy storekeeper and trader, Andy Dunbar. Perchance she loved the handsome and interesting young doctor; at all events, she much admired him, and, with a woman's instinct, believed that he was innocent of any such fearful crime as had been indirectly charged to him by Cadwell. Her acquaintance with Lee was very slight and superficial. Of course, in so limited a community they had met often; but Lee, for good reasons, which he had partially explained to Hawkins, had steadily and constantly refrained from paying any particular attention to the girl, who was very handsome, and, though spoiled by her father, possessed of much good commonsense. Now, this girl of twenty years knew well the value and good moral effect of an expression of sympathy and confidence; and she judged rightly that such an expression from herself to Dr. Lee at this time would have an immense influence with "the boys" of Sawmill Flat, who one and all admired the girl and esteemed her father.

Upon ordinary occasions, Jennie would have been the last to make any overtures to Lee or any other man for a closer acquaintance, but the present was not an ordinary occasion. Her father had just bought her a spirited horse, and on the very day of the town meeting a spick and span new buggy had arrived from St Louis. She resolved to make this an excuse for inviting Lee to drive with her, knowing that if her overtures were seen riding together it would be a tacit but unmistakable intimation that she believed in Lee and counted him her friend. So, immediately after breakfast, on the morning that John Lee was riding hard and fast to fever-stricken Rosario, Jennie Dunbar drove out to the Doctor's shanty, and was the first to read the notice written in chalk upon the door.

The girl was not only surprised and disappointed; she was thunderstruck. She sat down upon the bench where the Doctor often smoked his pipe, and remained there some moments lost in thought. Then she looked at her watch. It was just seven o'clock. She sprang into the buggy and drove to her father's house, which she entered. In ten minutes she came out again with a small bundle in her hand, and behind her she had left a note for her father and mother. The bundle contained one cotton dress and a change of underwear. The note ran as follows:

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—I have gone to Rosario to nurse the yellow-fever cases. I knew it was no use to ask your permission. But do not be angry; I want to do something useful. I feel sure that I shall come back soon and well; so don't worry.

JENNIE.

That night Jennie Dunbar left her new horse and buggy with one of the quarantine guards, and passed through the dead line into Rosario to report at Dr. Lee's headquarters as a volunteer nurse.

Jennie Dunbar was an impulsive girl; and as is the case with most young women of a similar nature, her impulses were usually good. Do not let it be supposed for a moment that her sudden trip to Rosario was a foolish escapade, nor yet merely a girl's tribute of love to the man who had well-nigh—if not quite—won her heart. She had longed over and over for such an opportunity as this; for Jennie Dunbar was not the sort of a girl to remain contentedly the spoiled favourite of a small frontier settlement. She wanted work, and work of a nature wherein she could display her sound judgment and her fearless spirit. Such work was now before her.

Lee shook hands with the girl, and cordially welcomed her. He was not an effusive man but he was just as glad to see the familiar face of a woman whom he knew he might fully trust with his most critical cases.

"Your father and mother know of your coming of course?" remarked Lee.

"Yes," replied the girl—which she believed, rightly, to be true enough by that time.

"Well, you take a rest, and I will assign you to work at daylight," he added, as he looked at his watch, "it is now ten o'clock."

It is not necessary here to detail the hard and weary life, full of both discouragement and cheer, which the Doctor and his nurses led during the next few weeks in that pest-smitten town. At first the number of patients increased steadily, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of Lee, each night found Death reaping a rich harvest. But in three weeks the climax was reached and fresh cases became fewer.

When October arrived, the worn-out watchers at Rosario began to look eagerly for the first night-frost of autumn, however slight; for frost and yellow fever never dwell together.

During the long weeks the Doctor had become acquainted with well-nigh every man, woman, and child in Rosario; but there was one man who had carefully avoided Lee. This was an Englishman, who was taken down with the fever on the 1st day of October, and in forty-eight hours he was a doomed man. His tongue was swollen badly, but he managed to ask the Doctor how long he might expect to live.

"The chances are, my poor fellow, that you will have exactly twenty-four hours of life. Is there anything you wish done—any message to send to any one?"

"Yes, Doctor, I've got a message for the whole world, but most of all for you. Can't you guess who I am?"

A curious gleam played upon John Lee's face, and mingled feelings crowded his bosom as the truth dawned upon him. "Good God!" he exclaimed. "Yes, you are—you are Richard Dent!"

The dying man nodded assent. After a pause, in which to gain strength, the doomed victim asked: "Did you ever suspect—er—er—anything, Doctor?"

"Suspect? Suspect? Why, Dent—I know beyond the shadow of a doubt that you murdered the father of my betrothed bride."

Again the man nodded. "Yes that's right. I didn't mean to, but I did, and I let you shoulder it all. I wasn't man enough to toe the mark and let you out, Doctor. You came mighty near, yes, you did—mighty near swinging for it. But I'll pay it all up pretty soon, Doc. Twenty-four hours you said that's all."

There was another pause, during which Lee gave Dent some medicine to relieve him a little.

"Why don't you tell the boys, Doctor? There's time to hang me yet. Those fellows would hang me or burn me, or a dozen like me, if you only say the word. There's time enough—twenty-four hours."

"Bah!" replied Lee. "I wouldn't hurt you. You've probably paid a big price already. Don't think about me, Dent; a dying man should make peace with God—not with men."

"There ain't a notary or a magistrate you could get, is there? I could make a—you know—yes, a deposition."

"No; there's no one, and if there was one, I wouldn't bother. I must leave you for a while; but I will return soon. Your nurse is on the veranda."

When John Lee left, by the front door, the house in which Richard Dent lay dying, Jennie Dunbar, who, unseen, had heard all, ran out at the back. As fast as she could go, she hastened to the picket line, which she reached at a spot where mounted messengers waited to do errands for the imprisoned people of Rosario.

"Two of you," she said, quietly but quickly, "start at once for Sawmill Flat. One of you find Jim Hawkins, and the other look for Darius Cadwell. Tell them that I, Jennie Dunbar, and Dr. Lee both demand their presence on a matter of more than life and death. The yellow fever is not to stop them. Hurry, for God's sake, men! One thousand dollars apiece if you bring them here within twelve hours; and one hundred dollars extra for every hour saved from twelve. You know me—you know the Doctor: our promise is good."

Before the last word was spoken, the two men were in the saddle galloping toward Sawmill Flat, and Jennie Dunbar began to count the minutes until their return. She had not intended to deceive them when she gave her order in Lee's name; she only did it to add weight, for scarcely a man in Rosario but would have deemed it an honour to make some sacrifice for the brave physician who had served them so well.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when the two messengers departed from Rosario; at five o'clock in the morning they were back with Hawkins and Cadwell—the former of whom had come willingly enough; the latter after some demur.

The anxious girl was waiting for them, and at once conducted them to the cottage where Richard Dent, in all the throes of the last stages of the fever, awaited his rapidly approaching end. They were none too soon, for the power of speech had al-

Swing Away, Baby.

Swing away, Baby, in the tree top;
Though the wind blows, I've no fear that you'll drop;
Should the bough break it won't matter at all;
Others below you can catch in your fall.

Swing away, Baby; your little fist
Shows how your forefathers used to exist;
In your wee fingers a Robinson sees
Proof that your ancestors lived up in trees.

Swing away, Baby; if your hand grows
Tired, you can rest it by using your toes.
Evo boots and shoes have distorted the shape,
Due to the ancient quadrumanous ape.

Swing away, Baby, Monkey and man,
Both have been made upon one common plan,
One missing feature you'll live to bewail:
Only a rudiment's left of your tail.

Swing away, Baby, swing! You have not
Need of a cradle, a crib, or a cot.
Mansion or cottage, or lodgings or flat;
Trees, only trees, are your true habit at.

Do Not Hide the Bible.

"Oh, don't do that, please!" said Mabel Coy to her chum Rose King, as they were arranging their room at the Oak Knoll Seminary at the beginning of the school year.

"Don't do what, prdy?" asked Rose, opening her large black eyes very wide.

"Excuse me, please. I must seem very abrupt, but I thought you were about to put your Bible at the bottom of that pile of books."

"And what if I do? it is my own Bible."

"I did not think of that; it was simply that I have been brought up to never put anything on the top of a Bible."

"You look too sensible to indulge in such superstitions."

"It is not superstition; it is reverence. The Bible is only a book."

"The Bible is God's only book. It should never be hidden or put out of sight or wedged into a case. It should be in plain view, unobstructed, ready to be opened by any person at any time."

"I never heard of any such thing. Where did you get such ideas?"

"It is one of our most cherished family traditions. Papa is a minister and an editor. His study table may be piled high with papers, but the Bible will be free, on its own particular corner. The habit was taught him in his childhood. He says that early love and reverence for God's book made him anxious to read it, and resulted in making a minister of him."

"And I think it has helped to make a preacher or a lecturer out of you," said Rose, laughing.

"Am I lecturing you? I beg your pardon. I was only attempting to excuse my seeming rudeness and to defend my position. Please allow me to say further that this thought-lesson about the Bible has awakened a reverence and love for it that have stimulated me to read it, and I love God and His Son our Saviour better on account of knowing Him better than I should had I not a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures."

Mabel spoke with such serious sweetness that Rose could not forget her words. Moreover, the sight of Mabel's Bible on a dainty little tripod stand in a corner was a constant reminder.

Hanging on one side of the stand was a small portfolio-shaped basket containing a Sabbath-school quarterly and a Christian Endeavor topic card. "So that I may know just where to find them," said Mabel.

So much valuable time may be wasted in hunting for things."

Rose's Bible was on her study table with her other books, and was not open in requisition, for she usually read a story or wrote letters during the time Mabel spent daily over her Bible.

Presently, from evening there came to Rose by express a tiny old-fashioned claw-footed candle-stand, and as she finished reading the note that accompanied it, she exclaimed:—

"O, Mabel, I shall have to tell you how I happened to receive this pretty gift. I do not in the least deserve it. You see I wrote home all about your reverence for the Bible." Mabel noticed with pleasure that she did not say superstition—"and grandma writes in reply that the idea is such a beautiful one she is sure it cannot help being a benefit to any person who will follow it out in practice, and so she sends me this little old stand that came from England, and has been in our family for generations and she hopes it will help to remind me how much the Bible meant to our Puritan ancestors, and that I shall not lose sight of the fact that this government, founded on scriptural precepts, can only be sustained by a Bible-reading and Bible-loving people." Now, isn't that quite a preachment for one's sweet little old grandma? and wasn't it lovely in her to rob her room of its greatest treasure for poor little unworthy me?"

"Indeed it was," replied Mabel, assisting to remove the wrappings from the little stand. "What a beauty it is! Now, in appreciation, you must make yourself her greatest treasure. You can do it by making yourself a Bible-reader and a Bible-lover."

"But I don't know how to do that."

"Read the Bible with me a half-hour regularly every day. Try to read it prayerfully and understandingly."

"But, Mabel dear, I am not a praying girl."

"You ought to be. It is entirely your own fault that you are not, and it is a fault very easily overcome."

Just then the evening mail was brought to the door, and several letters fell to Rose's share.

After looking them over she said: "I think, Mabel, my conscience will not be quite clear until I have confessed that in every letter I have written this term I have indulged in some merriment about you and your Bible, and it has been the means of my finding out that my friends consider me a frivolous young person indeed. They all say how beautiful your spirit of reverence is, and that Bibles are so common in this day and generation that people fall into a habit of treating them with disrespect. They are all rejoicing that I have a roommate who is a Christian, and trust that my bad habits of turning all serious subjects into ridicule will not prevent you from influencing me for good. Now, is not that a fine record for a young woman of my age and advantages?"

"Is it true?" asked Mabel, softly.

"Oh, yes, you know it is, although you have made very few attempts to approach me on serious subjects. But, Mabel dear," she went on with some hesitation, "I was very much affected by hearing your prayer for me last night. You thought me sleeping and your voice was very low; but my hearing is acute, and I understood every word. Now I want to know if you believe that God was listening to your prayer."

The young girl looked astonished at the query, but she replied quickly:—

"He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that seek after Him."

"Is that in the Bible?"

"Certainly. It is in that beautiful eleventh chapter of Hebrews. It is all about faith, you know."

"I do not know anything in particular about the Bible I never cared to know before. Do you think, Mabel, that God would listen to me were I to pray to Him, asking to be one of His followers?"

Mabel turned to her little stand, opened her Bible, turned to the passage she wanted and read aloud:—

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

"Can everything be answ red out of the Bible, Mabel?"

"I do not think there can be any doubt about it."

"Well, from this time on I am resolved to be not ashamed, but to make the Bible the guide of my life, and not only to pray, but live also as it would have me. How strange it is that your exclamation begging me not to cover up my Bible should have led me to this decision?"

"Nothing in the providence of God is strange," replied Mabel.

Electricity in its various forms of application is said to give employment to 5,000,000 persons.

Quite a craze has come over the French gardeners. They have suddenly begun to bend all their energies to the creation of new flowers and the acclimatisation of such as have never before been cultivated in France. Among the latter is a flower from Central America (as yet unnamed in France) which changes its color three times a day. It is white in the morning, gets pink at noon and turns a lovely blue when the sun is setting.

The Falkland Islands produce no trees, but they do produce wood in a very remarkable shape. You will see, scattered here and there, singular blocks of what look like weather-beaten, mossy, grey stones, of various size. But if you attempt to roll over one of these rounded boulders, you will find yourself unable to accomplish it. In fact, the stone is tied down to the ground—tied down by the roots, or in other words, it is not a stone, but a block of living wood.

HEALTH.

Neuralgia of the Toe.

A neuralgic pain, more or less severe, at the base of the fourth toe is not uncommon but has attracted medical attention only within recent years. Doctor Morton, of Philadelphia, in 1876 was the first to describe it, and to report a number of cases. He had himself suffered greatly from it.

The attacks always came on suddenly. He was often obliged to remove his boot, sometimes when riding in his carriage, and sometimes even when in company. When on horseback he has been compelled to dismount, tie his horse to a tree, and lie on the grass, unable to proceed further.

He found the affection much more frequent in women than in men—a result, no doubt, of the greater delicacy of women's feet and of their wearing tight shoes.

Doctor Bradford, to whose paper on the subject, read before the Suffolk Medical Society, we are indebted for our facts, says that his own investigations in respect to this ailment accord exactly with those of Doctor Morton; that the symptoms were the same, and the proportion of male and female patients about the same.

One of Doctor Bradford's cases was that of a young lady obliged to stand all day. She was in excellent health, but for years had suffered from pain in her right foot, radiating from the base of the fourth toe. Her shoes were made with great care, but she suffered all the time, and sometimes the pain was so intolerable that she would willingly have submitted to any surgical operation for relief. She was relieved by treatment and properly constructed shoes.

The following is, in brief, an explanation of this "metatarsal neuralgia," or "Morton's disease of the foot." The base of the fifth, or little, toe is in a line with the neck of the fourth toe; corresponding joint and by becoming pressed against the nerves of the latter, it irritates and inflames them.

The pain which results is sometimes of a dull character, but sometimes is severe and throbbing, and may extend above the ankle As in other neuralgic pains, there is no inflammation to be seen, nor any swelling.

In most cases, protracted rest and the use for a while of quite broad-soled shoes will effect a cure; but sometimes the excision of the head of the fourth metatarsal bone is necessary.

Pure Air and Life.

Exercise and pure air sustain us in our constant struggle against the poisons that we manufacture within ourselves, by driving the blood charged with oxygen more thoroughly through the tissue, thus quickening the breaking down of dead tissue into its safe and final waste products which make their exit through the natural channels. From this fact we may infer that the man of sedentary life requires of necessity pure air.

Pure air and exercise are equal forces acting in the same direction. They both get rid of waste, and with it the poisons in the system which are depressing various organs. We need not, therefore, be surprised when we are told by Sir D. Galton that after barracks were better ventilated the rations of the men had to be increased; or by "the pathetic story" of certain seamstresses whose work room was ventilated, and who then begged that the old state of things might be restored, as their appetites had increased beyond their earnings.

The same author gives another experience, illustrating the depressing effects of these poisons upon the functions of life. A medical man rather cruelly shut up some flies without food, some in foul, others in pure air; the pure air being constantly changed. To his surprise, the flies in the pure air died first, these dying from simple starvation; while the flies in the foul air died from poison, and with the issues of their bodies inexhausted, indicating how the functions of life were carried on to the last where oxygen was available, but had been slowed and depressed by the presence of the poison, so that life was maintained longer in the foul than in the pure air.

To Cure Warts.

A very simple remedy for the cure of warts is the following: Pass a clean, bright new pin through the wart, and hold it so you can apply one end of the pin to the flame of a lamp; hold it here until the wart fries under the action of the heat. A wart so treated will take final leave. A wart with a slender root may be easily destroyed by fastening around it a silk thread or horse-hair. After it drops off the roots should be touched with caustic to prevent it growing again. Hard warts should be cut smoothly off with a knife or sharp scissors, and then caustic applied to their roots to destroy them. Warts also may be cured by touching repeatedly with lunar caustic, blue vitriol or chloride of zinc.

Our Fashion Talk.

The dress materials this season suggest draperies, not toilettes. There is a subtle distinction implied in this which cannot be explained. It must be felt, and the woman who cannot feel it should never attempt to order any gown whatever for herself. She should put herself in the hands of some experienced dressmaker, and, merely stating the nature of the occasion for which she desires the gown, leave all details to the woman whose experience has taught her to see at a glance what style of material and make will best suit every type and figure. One New York dressmaker will never fill an order where a customer insists on her ideas being carried out absolutely. She contends that women never know what really becomes them, and that she would prefer to lose the customer rather than to have an inconsistant or inartistic creation paraded as her work.

This may be an extreme view, but it is very certain that women do not often realize that it is the effect of a whole harmonious toilet that strikes the observer when a woman enters a room or is met upon the street. The face is the first thing noticed. The lines formed by a perfect drapery give pleasure. We see that there is no undue accentuation of any feature, that the short woman is not cut off by horizontal or the tall one exaggerated by perpendicular lines, and we involuntarily say: "What a handsome woman!" This is not intended to depreciate in any way the value of a lovely, well-cared-for face, but to emphasize the necessity of studying the effect of a dress as a whole, not as a bodice and skirt.

The woman who would be well dressed should first make a study of herself, should know every one of her good points and her imperfections, and should never let fashion or persuasion induce her to put on any garment that will not emphasize the one and as far as possible conceal the other. It is an incontestable fact that, given a woman's form, of the ungraceful, bunchy skirts, chemises and drawers to which she has so long and pertinaciously clung and clothed in the Jennes Miller undergarments which conceal no link of the human form, be she ever so ungracefully stout or painfully thin, it will be possible, nay, easy, to so drape her that she will present a graceful, attractive appearance.

The most hopelessly ineffectual thing a woman who is afflicted with superfluous flesh can do is to try and lace it down. There is just so much of it, and if it is not in one place it will be in another. So the small waist is gained at the expense of wide, fat hips, a protruding stomach, and a bust pushed way up under the chin—about as vulgar and unattractive a picture as can well be imagined.

A large and prominent bust becomes hideous when a tailor-made bodice is strained tightly over it, but when disguised in soft, long, graceful folds which conceal the overhanging effect and the abrupt line in to the waist, it entirely loses its hideousness. A basque should never be worn by a stout woman.

And the slender girls—what pictures they can make of themselves by swathing and draping their lissome figures in the soft, flowing materials to be had everywhere now, for there never has been a year when such poems and pictures have been sold by the yard.

Office "Kinder Foots Up."

"Well, you got the office?"

"Yes."

"What did it cost you?"

"That's a hard question. You see, I broke my leg running for it and that cost considerable; then, my brother-in-law was killed making a speech for me and I had to bury him; then I barbecued all my cattle, killed three mules ruin around the country, mortgaged the farm and got a divorce from the family; so, you see it kinder foots up!"

It is foolish to lay out money in the purchase of repentance.

By a typhoon, landslide and earthquake in Japan 450 people were drowned, 3,000 houses swept away and 2,000 houses submerged; while 25,000 people are being fed by the Government, assisted by charitable people. One hundred people were swallowed up by an earthquake.

A TOWN BUILT ON GOLD.

A Very Gilt-Edged Picture.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing at Johannesberg, says:—The town is neither beautiful nor impressive from an æsthetic point of view, but it might be set down as it stands in any part of the civilized world. It has a population of about 40,000. The buildings are good, the streets are broad; there are shops with plate-glass windows full of ball dresses and silver plate; the residential quarters are rapidly spreading themselves out into squares and boulevards; a train line connects them with the business centre; for 20 miles east and west you may see the funnels of mining works smoking against the sky; the sound of an engine whistle is in your ears, and you find that the train has been constructed which runs from one end of the Rand to the other. The town is lit with gas, water supplied to all its houses, every ordinary appliance of civilization is here; and when you remember that it has all been done in five years, and that every scrap of material has been carried up, and that the six places that I saw waiting at the frontier will presently be carried by on waggons, you begin to realise something of the extraordinary conditions which can have called so sudden a development into existence. "Johannesberg," says the correspondent, "stands upon gold." If the

MINES CONTINUE RICH

as they are near the surface, there will be no limit to the possible working until at some future time the entire gold reef has been removed. Boring and sinking operations have proved that the reefs are, as a general rule, both larger and richer in the lower levels than in the upper levels; and, more than this, it has been found that, overlying the known series, there are in the lower levels other conglomerate beds of a workable size and value which give no indication whatever of their existence at or near the surface. In one place, at a depth of 600ft, there are six lodes of payable size and value, three of which show no sign on the surface, and only begin to appear in their broken lines of conglomerate pebbles at a depth of 300ft. Indications of this kind open prospects of great speculative interest in the developments of the near future. There is an element of the unknown in it all, but it is of an unknown into which many incursions by way of experiment have been made, and the opinion of men who are in the best position to form well-founded conclusions appears to be practically unanimous that

THE PRODUCTIVE CAPACITY

of the deep levels will prove not less than that of the companies working on the outcrop itself which is not much greater. At this moment there are 53 companies working on the outcrop alone. They employ 3370 white men and 32,100 natives, and they are producing gold at the rate of 4½ millions sterling per annum. And these figures are only an approximation to the truth, gathered from existing sources. Very few of the mines have attained to more than half their full legitimate production. Many are working with inadequate machinery and development and on almost virgin property. Some are not at present contributing to the output at all, but are developing with a view to future results. Better methods of working, modern developments in the scientific treatment of ore, and cheapened transport, which will allow of the free use of machinery, must steadily increase the total of production. One particularly interesting element in the permanent sources of increase is the new departure which has lately been made in the chemical treatment of concentrates and tailings. Chlorination and cyanide works have been established in which, by an ingenious and simple process, gold is melted by solution out of the powdered ore just as sugar might be melted out of sawdust. A quantity of gold which used to be lost is in this way recovered, and goes to swell the average of production. The amount may be judged by the returns for May, which were the latest available to obtain. The ordinary mill returns gave 9,994wt of gold per ton of ore produced, while gold recovered

FROM ALL SOURCES

brought the average up to 12·34wt per ton. The cyanide of potassium process has been so lately adopted that tailings are being produced eight times faster than they can at present be dealt with. The mass of accumulated tailings has, therefore, to be reckoned in the assets of the future. The late depression in shares is another fact which is reckoned by the owners of mines as a cause of increase in the output. It has had the effect of sending under ground managers, mining engineers, and others employed in the mines away from the speculative markets and back to their work, where during the boom it was next door to an impossibility to keep them. The result has been a considerable development, which is now showing fruit. Year by year since the first returns were made upon the Rand, in the middle of 1887, the figures of the output have shown a steady increase. For the first half year up to the end of 1887 they were 23,155oz; in 1888, 203,12oz; in 1889, 369,557oz; in 1890, 491,817oz; in 1891, 729,338oz; and for the six months which have elapsed of 1892 the total returns have already reached 564,452oz. There seems to be little doubt in the minds of the best men of Johannesberg that this increase might be expected to grow steadily. The opening of the railway will further so cheapen transport as to render possible the working of a number of low-grade reefs which are at present considered unpayable; and if the views generally entertained with regard to the deep-level workings be correct, the basin of the Rand may be held to be only at the beginning of an unparalleled record of gold production. But profitable development may have to wait, like that of other industries, for the opening of the railway.

In Idle Moments.

SAMELIA R.

Here is a suggestion that might well be acted upon by all. How many of us have inwardly groaned over what to get for J. and L. and how many alas like myself have fallen back on the always appropriate "cup and saucer."

The little woman is swinging in the hammock, and you imagine she is building castles in Spain or some other far-off country, when suddenly she announces, "I must put that down."

To convince yourself she is awake you ask, "What?"

"Why, last night when Louise went to the garden party she had to carry a Jap paper fan—her others were broken—with her pretty dress, too." And the speaker looked thoughtful. Then turning to Charlie, who was stretched full length on the rug and intently reading, she asked: "What size shoe do you wear, Charlieboy?"

"Goodness, does it obstruct your view? I beg your pardon." And he sat up straight. Then looking carefully at first one shoe and then the other he said: "Thanks, but these are all right yet, dearie."

"Yes, but what size?"

"Six, B," promptly.

And being answered, the little woman went in to see if supper was ready. I followed, and found she had gone straight to her desk and taking out a new memorandum-book, wrote at the top of one page, "Louise!" and under that, "Fan." Turning over a leaf she wrote, "Charlie," and under that "Shoes; size 6, B." Seeing my curiosity she laughingly said: "This is the beginning of my Christmas list. I have so much more time in summer to look about and think over what each one needs and would like; and, too, I find it saves so much worry later on. If I only have some idea what to get."

"But shoes?" I said.

"Why, our young man, who is just entering society, has many demands on his purse and I thought as I lay there, 'Why not give him a pair of fine shoes for Christmas?' So, when Brother Will goes to New York in November I will have him get a pair of size, B—and oh, yes," turning to the book again, "while there he can just buy himself a fine clothes-brush, and he will think it is for me." And she laughingly closed the book and put it in her own particular drawer.

She Yearned for a Sphere.

"Charlie," she said, softly, "I often think what a noble thing it is to have a sphere and fill it as you orght."

"Have you?" returned Charlie, after some study.

"Yes; and I have often wondered what my particular work in life is."

"Indeed," replied Charlie, after some hesitation.

"Charlie, tell me, do you think I am fitted to make a home happy?"

"I dunno," said he, absently. "Can you cook?"

Newspaper advertisements were unknown until 1652.

The largest book ever known is owned by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. It is 18 inches thick and weighs 63 lbs., and contains the addresses of congratulation on the occasion of her Majesty's Jubilee.

TERRIBLE TALE OF SUFFERING.

Living on Human Flesh for Days.

Despatches received at Queen ... from Manzanilla, Mexico, state that one a Russian, Finn named Johnson, the other a native of the Gilbert Islands, who have arrived at that place, declare they are the sole survivors of close on four hundred persons who were lost in the Pacific by the capsizing of a large native canoe while on a voyage from the Gilbert Islands to Benito, Mexico, and they have come ashore on the coast of Mexico, two hundred miles above Manzanilla, after having spent sixteen days of terrible suffering in a small boat, being kept alive for nine days by eating the flesh of another passenger who had died of hunger and exposure after the fourth day. The brig according to the narrative of the two men, was conveying four hundred Gilbert Islanders, consisting of men, women, and children, who had been engaged by a New York lawyer named Leavitt to labour on the coffee plantations on the west coast of Mexico, and when the vessel got to within 200 miles of the Mexican coast she was struck by a cyclone and capsized. The boat in which Johansen claimed to have made his escape was placed on the top of the deckhouse, and when the brig capsized the other boat was lost. For a woman, all Gilbert Islanders, clinged to them. They had no food nor water and only two oars. When day light came the brig was out of sight. On the fourth day the woman died, and the two men were forced to eat a portion of her body to keep them alive. For the first few days after leaving the brig, the boat was in a gale, and the men had all their efforts to prevent the boat from being swamped. Several heavy showers fell but did little good, as what fell in the boat was caught in their clothing was mixed with the