

THE BATTLE WON.

CHAPTER LII.

THE IDEAL.

To shield herself, Nessa had declared that Anderson was her brother, not knowing that he actually possessed a sister, believing that the disease which had deprived him of memory would be a safeguard against the discovery of her falsehood. By her own consent to the operation she had abandoned her safeguard; and now that memory was restored, Anderson had asked to see his sister and she was called upon to face him.

Overwhelmed by shame, remorse, and despair she was powerless to make any effort of self-defence. She felt that the end was come, her last resource gone, and that there was no alternative but to submit to the current of events and to be swept helplessly and hopelessly into the wide sea where lost souls sink.

Almost without consciousness she accompanied Sweeney into the room where the two doctors waited with Anderson to test the extent of his recovery by this experiment. She stood before them cold and white and motionless as a statue, with the dead feeling in her heart of the criminal brought up for judgment who knows the fate awaiting him.

The two doctors rose. It was the first time they had met Nessa. Sweeney, with deep anxiety in his face, hurried through the door of introducing her.

"My wife, Dr. Hewet, Dr. Channing," he said, taking Nessa's hand and keeping it in his.

Her cold hand did not respond to his pressure; she made no sign of understanding, but stood immovable before Anderson, waiting for him to recognize her as his wife.

"Is this your sister?" Sweeney asked, anxious to get the scene over and relieve Nessa. Anderson took time to consider, and then, shaking his head said:

"No, that is not my sister. Elsie is fair; not dark; she is shorter and not handsome. This is not my sister."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Remember, it is some time since you saw your sister—she may have altered," suggested Dr. Hewet.

"It is impossible that she could alter like that. She is older than I am; that lady is younger; she is not my sister."

"Then you do not know this lady?"

"I am not sure," Anderson said, slowly. And yet I think—" he paused.

Dr. Channing interposed, seeing the intense anxiety in Sweeney's face as he watched Nessa.

"We are taxing Mrs. Meredith too much—" he began. But Nessa stopped him with an impatient movement of her hand.

"If you remember me," she said to Anderson, in a clear low voice, "tell all you know."

"I cannot remember all," Anderson said; "yet something floats in my mind as I look at you—"

"Is it not possible that you had two sisters—another besides Elsie?" suggested Dr. Hewet.

"Ah, that must be it!" Anderson said, quickly. "Let me think." He was silent a moment; then with awakening recollection, he continued, "Yes, I remember: before I went to sea, a lad, my mother gave birth to a child. I see the little one in its nurse's arms—before I ran away from home—a long while ago—in the time that is most clear to me."

"The time before your accident?" said Channing; that is ten years ago. Then Mrs. Meredith could not have been more than eight or nine—quite a child."

"Then she must be my sister."

Turning to Nessa, the doctor explained that most of the events that had occurred since his accident had failed to leave any impression on Anderson's mind and would probably never be recalled. Then, as Nessa was seized with a sudden tremor on hearing this, he cast a glance at Sweeney signifying the advisability of terminating the painful scene.

Sweeney led her back to her room, making no comment on what had passed—saying, indeed, scarcely half a dozen words. In her room Nessa sank into a chair—she drew her head, speechless with conflicting emotions. Sweeney stood by the door a moment, looking back at her in pity, and then left the room without speaking.

Almost before the door closed, Nessa started to her feet, resolved to take the course shaped by her conscience. The interview had for a while restored her hope of evasion. It had been recognized that she might be Anderson's sister; the danger of his recognizing her as his wife was removed by the fact that he could never recall the events of the late past. But though the opening of escape was offered her, she could not accept it. She could not live a life of falsehood with the man she loved. She had thought it possible; the agony of these past days had proved to her that it was impossible. She must tell him all and go her way.

From her wardrobe she took down the plain black dress, the plain bonnet and jacket she had worn in her situation at the Palace when Sweeney found her there, and which she had kept for the sake of dear associations. She laid aside her afternoon gown and put these on. Then she drew off the bracelets from her wrists and the rings from her fingers—all save her wedding ring—and put them in the jewel case Sweeney had given her. At the bottom of the box were the pages on which she had written her "Confession" to Sweeney. Should she leave them there with her trinkets for him to read one day when she was no more? No. She would do nothing now to retain the love she had forfeited. She would take them away with her that he might the sooner forget her. When all her preparations were made, she looked around the room once more and biting her quivering lips to choke down the passionate grief that rose from her soul, she turned hastily away.

The three doctors went down stairs, and sat talking about the case for ten minutes; then Hewet and Channing left, and Sweeney, going into his study, threw himself in his chair and waited.

It was not long before the door opened and Nessa came, as he expected she would.

"I want to speak to you, Sweeney, if you can give me a little time," she said, standing half way between the door and him.

"All my time is yours," he answered, setting a chair for her.

She sat down, fearing her strength would fail, and after a moment's silence, said:

"I have done you a grievous wrong, and I have come here to make what reparation remains possible to me. I have been selfish and ungenerous to you who have given me so much," she faltered.

An irresistible impulse led Sweeney to lay his hand upon her arm. She had not the force to resist his touch.

"You would not touch me if you knew all," she continued in faltering tones. "You will shrink from me, you must despise me, when I tell you what I am."

"I am waiting to hear; tell me quickly," he said.

"Sweeney, I am not that man's sister! I am not your wife! I am his!"

"God be praised for this!" murmured Sweeney, fervently. "I have been waiting to hear you tell me this; waiting with the sure conviction that your dear soul would triumph in the end. Without that conviction I could not have let you suffer in secret through the long hours of night and day that have passed since I learnt all. But I would not rob you, darling, of your triumph; I would not deprive myself of this great joy." He rose to his feet and in pride, "Now I can say my wife is honest: she cannot wrong me."

"I do not understand," Nessa exclaimed, in perplexity.

"Now that my tongue is free to speak, you shall know quickly, my dear love. I know all. I have seen Anderson's keeper, Hexham. In tracing Anderson with the help of the police, the villainous plot against you was discovered. This morning the whole case was laid before me by the man employed by Hexham—aman named Griffiths, who already knew something of your history."

"But if you know so much, you must know that I am not your wife!"

"I know that you are my wife. You are mine and not Anderson's. That was no marriage. If he had been free to make you his wife, such a marriage as that could be annulled. But he was not free. He was already married, and his wife still lives!"

"Oh, this mercy is more than I deserve!" cried Nessa in trembling gratitude as she sank to her knees.

Sweeney raised her in his arms and folding her to his breast, said:

"More than you deserve, beloved darling no! You have fallen into error and made atonement—sinned and repented. You have triumphed over yourself, and there should be joy in heaven now over your victory!"

[THE END.]

Colonial Relations to the Empire.

It is certainly a very curious spectacle to see the mother country submitting the interpretation of one of her treaties and the defining of the Government duties under it to the Supreme Court of a British colony. This is exactly what is now being done in the case of Baird against Walker before the Supreme Court of Newfoundland. James Baird sues Sir Baldwin Walker, commander of the squadron of the British navy in Newfoundland waters, for damages, because Sir Baldwin last summer took possession of and closed Mr. Baird's lobster canning factory. Sir Baldwin was acting under instructions from the Home Government to carry out to the letter the terms of the *modus vivendi* between France and England, which had been established, pending a full settlement of the disputed claims of France to exclusive fishing and canning rights on the coast of St. George's Bay. Mr. Baird's canning factory was on this French shore, and was closed by Sir Baldwin, because it was contrary to the terms of the *modus vivendi* to keep it in operation.

But Newfoundland has never accepted this *modus vivendi*, and has all along refused to admit the French rights which it recognizes. Accordingly the first question before the Court will be whether or no any such temporary arrangement between France and England is binding upon citizens of an autonomous colony having a constitution of its own, in the absence of any parliamentary legislation enforcing such arrangement. This is an exceedingly interesting question in itself, because it involves a judicial definition of the amount of independence possessed by the colonies. How far do the alliances and agreements of the Home Government bind the provinces? If Lord Salisbury chooses to agree with any of his neighbours upon a course of action in any matter are the colonies bound by that agreement before the Imperial Parliament ratifies it? The Colonial Secretary, who is the real defendant in this suit against Sir Baldwin, says, "yes," in answer to Mr. Baird's suit, while the colonists and Mr. Baird say no, and a colonial court is to decide.

Further, the Colonial Secretary says, through Sir Baldwin, that the original treaty of Versailles makes Mr. Baird's factory illegal, in that it exists in contravention to the rights granted to the French under this treaty. But here the question just alluded to again arises. There is no statute of Parliament enforcing this treaty of Versailles in 1763, since Act 28 of George III was repealed. The treaty, therefore, stands as an agreement between England and France, which may or may not be binding upon Newfoundland and her inhabitants.

A decision of the Court in favor of Mr. Baird will thus mean that the colony is not bound by agreements of the Home Government, and is therefore not bound to admit the rights of the French under the treaty of Versailles. Such a decision would be entirely in accord with the popular feeling, and would confirm the expressed intention to resist the French claims, in which event the Home Government would be forced to choose between the alternative of applying some measure of coercion to the colonies or buying off France upon the best terms possible. In view of this possible outcome, it is rather surprising that this case of Mr. Baird was not settled in its early stages, as seemed likely, in which case these awkward complications would have been avoided.

For reasons of its own, however, the Home Government seems to prefer to bring the matter to a final issue. Accordingly Sir Baldwin puts in an answer which must be entirely satisfactory to the French, because it practically contradicts the former English position. It asserts that Mr. Baird's factory existed in violation of French rights under this treaty of Versailles. If the French claim that this treaty gave them exclusive rights upon this "French shore" he admitted, Mr. Baird was an interloper, and was, properly enough, removed. If, however, as the English have always claimed, the French had only concurrent rights with the inhabitants of the coast, then this defence of Sir Baldwin must fail. What the reason is for this surrender of the traditional English position is not plain, but possibly later developments will explain everything.

Mr. Callows—"Is the report true that you are married?" Miss Three Stars—"No such luck! I'm even out of an engagement."

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.

Experience of the Steamship *Corean* in a Great Storm.

The recent experiment of the steamship *Corean*, when threatened with destruction obtained relief by pouring oil upon the troubled waters, is almost certain to arouse a deeper and more practical interest in this important matter. In all about sixty gallons of fish-oil were used for the purpose, thirty gallons being used on the single day on which the storm raged most violently. The result was most gratifying. Indeed, it is the opinion of the officers in charge, that had it not been for the relief thus obtained the vessel must have foundered. They state that as soon as the oil reached the surface of the water there was tranquility around the steamer. The big rolling waves would come on toward the brave ship, bearing down on her with threatening attitude, but were repulsed and broken up before doing any damage. The captain is quite enthusiastic over the grand effect of the oil in quelling the raging of the sea, and thinks it an example that all steamers should emulate, especially at this season of the year. That oil should have such a tranquilizing effect is not a new discovery. From the very earliest ages its soothing influence when poured upon disturbed waters appears to have been widely known. Aristotle speaks of the phenomenon and assays to give an explanation of it. Pliny, too, observes that among the officers of his fleet the soothing influence of oil was a matter of common knowledge and that the Assyrian divers were in the habit of sprinkling the surface of water with oil when they wished to smooth down ripples, and to obtain a better light for prosecuting the work below. Even the North American Esquimaux has long been aware of this physical fact, and in transporting his family from place to place, always insures a smooth passage for the omiak, or women's boat, by trailing a punctured skin filled with oil from the stern of his kayak, which he propels at some distance ahead of the boat containing his wife and children. Among civilized nations, however, the practice, which was never universal, early fell into desuetude, and for centuries little or no use was made of this means of contending with the angry waves. But within the last twenty years a number of well-authenticated instances have been placed on record as to the potency of oil as a water smoother, and it is safe to say that many vessels through its agency have, like the *Corean*, ridden out gales when others not employing it have either been forced to seek port until the weather moderated, or have suffered great damage.

As to the best kind of oil for the purpose, it has been found that animal or the heavier vegetable oils are used with greatest benefit. Mineral or fossil oils, which possess less viscosity and are less oleaginous in their mechanical properties, exert much less influence upon the water. The benefit of the oil is not that it reduces perceptibly the size of the waves but that it prevents them from breaking, thus enabling the ship to ride upon them instead of being washed by them. The explanation of the phenomenon, as given by a commission of scientists who were appointed by the governments of the United States and Germany to enquire into the matter, is that the oil acts as a lubricant, thus lessening the friction between the wind and the water, to which friction, it is well known, the waves are due. This anti-frictional force of oil can hardly be over-estimated. The pressure of the storm waves often reaches the average of 6,983 pounds per square foot, yet the thin blanket of oil is sufficient, when applied under certain conditions, to enable a vessel to navigate through them in perfect safety, their oiled summits raising themselves in sullen grandeur, but never breaking aboard. One of these conditions is that the water shall be deep and the wave motion merely undulatory. When a shore-approaching wave ceases to find enough depth to impart to its neighbor its peculiar undulatory motion it is no longer a wave pure and simple, but becomes an actual moving body of water, which moves rapidly forward until it breaks with great violence upon the shore; upon such waves as these oil has little or no effect. This fact has been pretty thoroughly established by numerous experiments that have been made in recent years with a view to testing the utility of oil in smoothing the approaches of exposed harbors in rough weather. In every case the result has gone to prove that the power of oil to subdue the force of the waves in shoal water, or to prevent the waves breaking in the surf is very small indeed. As to its beneficial effects in deep water, however, there can be no doubt. Here it is simply invaluable, as the experience of the *Corean* goes to prove. How many disasters at sea might have been averted, and lives saved had this means of reducing the violence of the waves been employed, can never be certainly known. But no doubt the saving would have been great. And now that its power for good has been demonstrated in a manner so convincing it is to be hoped that oil for use in case of storms will soon be considered as indispensable to a ship's equipment as life-preservers or even the anchor itself.

Extent and Resources of Canada.

Citizens of the United States, remarks an able contemporary, are gradually acquiring a more adequate view than formerly of the extent and resources of the Dominion of Canada. A recently issued map of West Canada and British Columbia, published in the new edition of Stieler's Hand Atlas, makes an interesting and suggestive exhibit of the numerous and valuable surveys and discoveries which we Canadians have been making during the last few years in their truly wonderful country. Upon it there appear lines stretching from near the mouth of the Mackenzie river southeast to the regions of Cape Churchill and Port Nelson on Hudson Bay, which indicate the northern limit of timber, potatoes, barley and wheat. Perhaps an even more telling way of stating it, is to say that by putting one leg of a pair of dividers down upon the city of Duluth, in Northern Minnesota, and swinging the other leg to the Northernmost point where wheat ripens, and then continue the swinging of that leg around to the Southwards, it would make its path 500 miles out at sea beyond New York and like miles beyond the Southern point of Florida. The graineries of the Saskatchewan, Athabasca and Peace Valleys are going to play a very important part in the history of the Great Northwest at no distant day. It is thought that *via* Winnipeg and Duluth they will find water transit *via* the Great Lakes to the ocean. The traffic of those lakes is already growing so rapidly that a sober view of the actualities of the immediate future almost staggers present belief.

HEALTH.

Treatment of Fever.

For some years back the idea has prevailed that the great danger in fever is a high temperature, and the remedies at present most popular in the treatment of the various forms of febrile diseases, are known as anti-pyretics, among which are anti-pyrene, anti-fibrine, and a great variety of similar drugs. We have, from the first announcement of these remedies, opposed their use, for the reason that they have no hand in removing the causes of the disease for which they are administered. Prof. Cantanni, of Naples, whose authority as an experienced and observing physician is second to no contemporary, has recently brought forward a very interesting theory respecting the relation of heat to fevers. It is not generally known that the high temperature connected with febrile disease is the result of the poisonous matters developed but the germ causes of the disease. The cure of the disease necessitates the destruction of the germs. Prof. Cantanni holds that the elevation of temperature is one of nature's methods of destroying the germs to which the fever is due, and that any medicinal agent, the administration of which has the effect to simply lower the temperature, is a direct damage, since it paralyzes the efforts of nature to antagonize the disease. This theory is one of great interest, and if generally adopted, will greatly revolutionize the treatment of fevers. Dr. Cantanni recommends the use of water as the only safe and proper method of lowering the temperature in fever. The method of treating typhoid fever by means of baths, is obligatory in the French army. As the result, the mortality, which was 24 per cent in 1865, had fallen to 11 per cent in 1876, and to 9 per cent in 1883.

Disinfection by Sulphur.

There has been much discussion recently respecting the efficiency of sulphur as a disinfectant for various infectious diseases, the efficiency of this method of disinfection having been denied by some physicians whose opinions have been widely quoted in the newspapers. Confirmatory of the results obtained by the State Board of Health of Michigan, we are glad to be able to quote the following from a work by Dujardin-Beaumez, entitled "*Les Nouveaux Medicaments*":—"Twenty grammes of sulphur to a cubic meter (1.55 lbs. per 1,000 cubic feet of air space), destroy the different micro-organisms in a moist state, but it is necessary to increase this dose if one wishes to destroy some organisms in a dry state. In fact since the last communications to the Academy, M. Bardet and myself, aided by M. Chambou, have continued these experiments upon micro-organisms in a dry state, and particularly upon vaccine virus. We have taken from the pustules of vaccinia, scabs which we have reduced to fine powder, and placed in chambers where were variable quantities of flowers of sulphur. When a dose did not exceed 20 grammes per cubic meter, the vaccine powder did not lose its properties, and one could, by inoculating animals and infants, obtain a vaccine eruption.

"With 30 grammes per cubic meter (2.297 pounds per 1,000 cubic feet of air space), the results obtained were uncertain, sometimes the powder losing its properties; but when the dose is increased to 40 grammes per cubic meter (3.06 pounds per 1,000 cubic feet of air-space), the inoculations are always inactive. So, then, for vaccine, and probably for variola, if one desires to destroy the contagious 'germs' in a dry state, it is necessary to double the dose of 20 grammes which we have already fixed.

"According to the experiments of Vallin and of Legouest, 20 grammes are sufficient for typhoid fever, while, according to Vallin, 40 grammes are necessary for the microbe of tuberculosis."

Raw-Meat Diet.

Raw meat has so frequently been commended as an article of diet, especially useful in various conditions of the digestive organs in both adults and children, that it is important to call attention to the fact that the danger involved in the use of a diet of this sort is far greater than can be counterbalanced by any good likely to be developed by a diet of raw flesh. Uncooked flesh is very likely to contain the embryo of animal parasites of various sorts, such as tapeworm, trichina, etc. In addition, flesh which has not been subjected to a boiling temperature is certain to contain germs, some of which may be capable of producing the most dangerous symptoms when taken into the human stomach. In our opinion, uncooked flesh should be entirely discarded as an article of food by either sick or well. Raw flesh is less indigestible than flesh which has been properly cooked, beside being much more liable to produce disease.

The Domestic Doctor.

Physicians always order beef for invalids that is cooked very little, in order that none of the nourishment in the meat may be dried away. Lean beef ground in a machine, salted to taste, made into cakes, and broiled just enough to heat, is excellent for invalids to whom the doctor has forbidden vegetables. A person in health may suit his taste.

Eat all cold food slowly. Digestion will not begin till the temperature of the food has been raised by the heat of the stomach to ninety-eight degrees. Hence the more heat that can be imparted to it by slow mastication the better. The precipitation of a large quantity of cold in the stomach by fast eating, may, and often does, cause discomfort and indigestion, and every occasion of this kind results in a measurable injury to the digestive functions. Ice water drunk with cold food of course increases the mischief. Hot drinks—hot water, weak tea, coffee, chocolate, etc.—will, on the contrary, help to prevent it. But eat slowly, anyway.

A famous doctor says: "Eat a good bowl of mush and milk for your breakfast, and you will not need any medicine. Indian corn contains a large amount of nitrogen, has qualities anti-constipating, and is easily assimilated. It is cheap and has great nutritive properties. A course of Indian meal in the shape of Johnny-cake, hoe-cake, corn or pone bread and mush, relieved by copious draughts of pure cow's milk, to which, if inclined to dyspepsia, a little lime water may be added, will make a life now a burden well worth the living, and you need no other

treatment to correct your nervousness, brighten your vision, and give you sweet and peaceful sleep.

Rev. Mark Trafton says: "I am to-day as straight in my spinal column as a pine of my native state. At the age of 20 I was in the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and when I had been preaching two years a physician said to me: 'You must stop preaching or you will not live five years. He has been in his grave 40 years; after this busy and exciting life of 60 years, I am here writing a word to my coevals, and my eye is not dim, nor my natural force (much) abated.' Why? Because, with the blessing of God, I have watched the operation of nature's teaching and obeyed the teacher, and taken care of myself. For eight or nine years past I have eaten no flesh of dead animals. For many years I have eaten whole wheat or Graham bread. My breakfast is the principal meal for the day—two soft-boiled eggs, a saucer of oatmeal, mush, bread, and one cup of coffee. My dinner is bread, a slice or two, a cup of weak tea; at night, a half a pint of milk and a slice of bread. I hardly know, from any sensation, whether I have eaten or not. I have gained in weight, and suppose, unless some accident befall me, or I slip into some indiscretion, I shall be at last a centenarian."

A PECULIAR COMMUNITY.

Montreal People Who Sleep in Coffins.

There are five women and one man, says the Montreal correspondent of the *Empire* living at 162 Amherst street who sleep every night in their respective coffins. For some time past the correspondent had been told of a certain Dr. Jacques, a widower and graduate of the Victoria school of medicine, who, without obtaining permission from the ecclesiastical authorities, had founded a community at the number above mentioned, and in order to verify the reports as to the extraordinary character of the house in question, a visit was paid to the establishment. The correspondent was received most cordially by the doctor, and while leading the way through the different departments of his singular little monastery, he related the history of the work since its foundation. Dr. Jacques has the appearance of a very sincere man, but is evidently touched on the religious question, and, in fact, he admits that Archbishop Fabre is not pleased with the work he is carrying on. However, he believes God is with him, and the ecclesiastical approbation will sooner or later descend upon his head. "I made a bargain with the bon Dieu," began the zealous doctor, "the year the smallpox raged in Montreal. I visited no less than twelve hundred cases, and in return God greatly favored the mission I have had in hand, viz. the adoration of the Holy Face." Amongst these patients was a family from St. Jerome named Aubin, and the father and mother, five daughters, the eldest 24 years and the youngest 13, now live under the doctor's roof. The parents live like ordinary mortals, but the five children lead a life almost as severe as the terribly austere regime of a Carmelite nun. The house in question is not of modern construction by any means, and when the visitor was shown into the courtyard in the rear the elder Aubin was engaged washing the doctor's wagon, and his good wife was similarly occupied with the windows. As this worthy couple do not belong to the community proper, and consequently do not sleep in coffins, they were left at their work and the next floor was reached. The five sisters, as the doctor calls them, were found robed in red material, with a white head dress falling down over their shoulders. These girls have no education whatever, yet their medical protector says they are very learned in things pertaining to the celestial sphere. They retire at 8.30 and arise at 4, and although all work for the house, the greater part of the day is spent in adoration and prayer. By the side of a nicely decorated altar stands a post about six feet in height, and upon the latter hangs an ox chain ten feet long, the use of which was explained as follows by the good doctor: When Montreal is given over to carnivals, to balls and parties and when the devil finds it easy to tempt frail man and womankind, it is at these seasons that the five sisters devote themselves most intently to penitence and prayer. This heavy chain is hung around each sister's neck for an hour at a time, while they kneel in prayer for their sisters of the world whom destiny has thrown in temptation's way. The doctor now draws aside a curtain, and a large deep coffin, painted black and covered over with grey cotton, meets the astonished gaze of the reporter. The cloth being removed, the pillow is found to be made of soft wood, and not a single article of clothing is visible. The five sisters sleep upstairs, the second floor being divided into a half dozen small, cheerless rooms or cells. The furniture in each of these sleeping apartments consists of a black coffin, a table and a tin washbasin, the same absence of clothing being quite as marked as on the floor below. In reply to a question Dr. Jacques stated that the girls would rather die any time than leave the community, and he rattled off the most wonderful miracles that had been operated following a brief sojourn in his community. A brother from Oka had left his own establishment broken down with disease, and after a sojourn of 48 hours at 162 Amherst street had returned to his monastic home in the Otland weighing 60 pounds more than when he left, and being quite unrecognizable by his religious conferees. "In fact," concluded the doctor, "far more miracles are performed here than at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and everything has been done but bringing the dead to life again."

The only recognition of this famous community by the archbishop of Montreal is in the fact that Rev. E. Filiatrault, of St. James' church, is spiritual director of the five sisters in question, of whom three go to communion every morning and two three times a week.

Talk about women being flighty! Look at bank cashiers.

After being deluged with a phenomenal rainfall during the early part of the summer, California is now undergoing the most severe dry spell that has occurred in ten years. No rain has fallen since the month of June, and although the country has not suffered much as yet from the drought, it has led to an outbreak of diphtheria at San Francisco, where the sewers stand in need of being frequently flushed. The prevailing dryness is attributed to the fact that the storm belt has been deflected in a northerly direction, and that the rains which should have fallen in California have been monopolized by the British Columbians.