UNDER AN AFRIC SUN.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Let us join them now," said Helen, trying to draw away the guitar.

"No, no; not yet," cried Digby. "One more song—will you?—may I ask you? the little Spanish song I heard you singing that day you were gathering flowers."

Helen drew her breath so sharply that there was a sound in the darkening room as of a painful sob. Then there was silence as Digby sank back in his chair with a feeling of misery crushing down upon him such as he had never felt before.

"I'm an idiot!" he said to himself. "What business had I ever to harbor such thoughts? But if it had been another, I should not have cared."

He knew he was thinking a lie as he seemed to start back into consciousness, for the chords of the guitar rang out in a wild, half-minor refrain, and before him he could dimly see Helen on the other side of the room, seated opposite the window, while the sweet pure notes thrilled him through and through.

But the song seemed different now. In place of the vivid greenery of the wood, and the face of the singer looking bright, happy, and surprised in the encounter, everything was dark and oppressive; even the song seemed sad, while it was as if a blow had been struck as the last note rang out and a voice from the window cried "Brava! brava!" with the addition of hearty plaudits.

Digby sprang to his feet with the hot blood in his cheeks.

"Ah, my dear Senor Digby, I did not know you were there.—Is not Helen's voice delicious?"

Digby tried to speak, but he bit his lip with rage, for the words would not come; and Ramon continued: "Come, senor, confess she sings our Spanish songs in a way which throws yours in the shade!"

"Miss Redgrave's singing is a pleasure to hear," said Digby coldly.—"Shall we join your father in the garden?"

"Thank you, Mr. Digby; not this evening," said Helen, her voice sounding as if it had caught the inflection of his.

"But you will come, my dear senor," said Ramon. "I have brought you a few of my latest made cigars."

In the meantime, Redgrave had led the way up a path through his grounds, followed unwillingly by Fraser, to a seat cut in the steep stone, from which they could gaze right away to sea and over the sleeping town.

"Peak looks well to-night," said Redgrave, pointing to what seemed like a faint cloud where the last rays of the departed day still lingered. "It's a beautiful world this—a bad world."

"Paradoxical," said Fraser dryly.

"Yes, sir. We spoil it and make it bad."

There was a long silence, during which they sat and smoked; and from time to time, faintly heard, came the tinkle of Helen's guitar.

"You have been so friendly to us, Mr. Redgrave," said Fraser at last, "and you seem [illegible]

"Can [illegible] countryman, he you?"

"No," said Redgrave shortly.

"I beg you pardon, I meant well."

"Of course you did, my dear sir, and I thank you; but you can't help me.—I have two great troubles—debt, and my daughter."

"A curse—and a blessing," said Fraser dryly.

"Call it so if you like, sir," cried Redgrave almost fiercely; "but I owe that Spanish dog more than I can ever pay him. He has led me on in my foolish desire to speculate, tempting me to borrow of him, as if he were my best friend, and I could not see it. I have no means of proving it; but I feel morally certain that he has used his great influence as the richest man in the island to undermine me in my sales. And now he demands paymennt in full.

"Well, sir; pay him."

"I cannot."

"You have not the means?"

"Yes, I have; but I cannot pay him."

"May I ask why?"

"Because he will not take money."

"What do you mean?"

"What did old Shylock insist upon having?"

"His pound of flesh?"

"Yes. I might borrow and pay him; but he insists upon my daughter's hand."

"Ha! ejaculated Fraser, as they sat there in the dark.

"And she hates him"—

There was a pause.

"As much as you, sir."

"Ha!" ejaculated Fraser again.

"There; come back, and join the young folks, Fraser. I feel better, now some one knows my trouble.—Humph! there he is again." For Ramon's voice was heard speaking loud enough, and directly after the four men encountered.

That night Ramon and Redgrave walked part of the way back with the two visitors; and after they had parted, Ramon stopped short.

"Good-night," said Redgrave.

"No, senor; it is not good-night," said the Spaniard haughtily. "How long do these English stay here?"

"I don't know; they are their own masters."

"Yes Senor Redgrave; and I am yours.—Their presence here displeases me. Let them go."

He strode away; and as Redgrave walked slowly back he struck the palm of his left hand a tremendous blow with his fist and said something English—only one word, but it was very English indeed.

CHAPTER IV.

Another fortnight had passed. Excursions had been made along the shore to where the huge billows thundered in. Digby had mastered his antipathy so far as to allow himself to be let down by a rope in company with Fraser to inspect the mummy caves, where, in the most inaccessible spots, the ancient inhabitants of the island buried their dead; and here Fraser had descanted upon facial angles, prognathic jaws, width of cheekbones, height of forehead and the like, as he stood before Digby, Hamlet-like, holding an antique skull. Botanical specimens had been procured; geological examples collected, and packed in boxes for transit home; insects had been captured, and duly stuck; and the troglodytes of the island visited in their cavern villages where they dwelt dirtily and securely in caves, which were similar to those used in the past by the Guanches as catacombs, being really huge ruptured bubbles formed by volcanic gases in the molten stone, when the great mountain of the interior poured forth in eruption the rock-formed fluid of the interior of the earth. While ever, night after night as if drawn by a magnet, the two visitors found their way to Redgrave's house, where the master was gravely friendly as he noted how his child's sad countenance lit up as the familiar footsteps were heard upon the silvery pumice-pave.

Ramon raged and stormed. Redgrave forgot his Canary Spanish, education and grew mere English displaying a bull-dog obstinacy.

Then Ramon threatened as he showed his white teeth. "Mischief may come, my dear Redgrave," he whispered.

In an instant Redgrave's strong hand gripped him by the shoulder, and his gray eyes flashed fire into the Spaniard's dark orbs. "Don't try it," he said fiercely. "You have an Englishman and a Scot to deal with, sir, and those two together can beat the world, let alone Spain. Read your history, sir, if you don't believe. You Spaniards fight with knives; we Englishmen with our fists. Knives break, fists break too, but they break people's heads. That's metaphorical, Senor Ramon, but there's a good deal of truth in it, all the same. Don't threaten, sir. You've got me down, but I might be dangerous if you tempted me to kick."

"My dear Redgrave, this is absurd," said Ramon. "You misunderstand me. We are the best of friends. I will say no more. We two cannot afford to quarrel. I look upon you as my father, yet to be."

From that moment Ramon was smiles and good-humour combined. Placid as one of the volcanoes of the island sleeping and covered by time with grass and flowers, with nothing to tell that they were not pleasant mounds, till a stick was thrust in deeply, and then a quaint vapour arose, invisible to the eye, but diffusing an odor of sulphur that was strangely suggestive of heat far down below.

Redgrave was always friendly to the two men, but he made no proposals for trips in the island; he never invited them to come.

"I'll do nothing," he used to mutter to himself. "My attempts always fail. I'll leave everything to fate."

"When are we to have the long-talked-of-trip to your works?" said Fraser one evening, when he had been watching angrily the looks which Digby directed at Helen.

"Eh? Ah, when you like," said Redgrave.

"To-morrow be it then," said Fraser.

"A trip—a walk? said Ramon, turning sharply.

"Yes; only to the works."

"Ah, yes; very interesting.—You will take them to-morrow, Redgrave?"

The latter nodded.

"I wish you a pleasant day.—You will start early, as it is far?"

"Yes. Soon after sunrise.—I shall have everything ready, gentlemen, so be here in good time."

Ramon smiled to himself as he went away in the best of humor that night, but he smiled too soon.

Redgrave saw it, and he was very thoughtful as he bade his other visitors good-night.

"Nelly, my darling," he said as they re-entered the house, "it is very cold up the mountain, and the way there is scorching and dusty; but if I had the side-saddles clapped on one of the mules, you could go with us."

The sad aspect fled from Helen's face on the instant. "Ah yes," she cried.

"That's right," said her father. "Then be ready. Thick boots and cloak ready for the cold."

Helen flung her arms about his neck, and hid her face for a moment in his breast before kissing him and saying, "Good-night."

"I've seen him smile before," said Redgrave to himself; "and it means mischief. As soon as we were out of the way, he would be here pestering my poor girl. Checkmate there."

"Treacherous enemy at least," said Ramon, as he returned home.

"Tom," said Fraser suddenly, as they two walked together down the steep slope.

"Eh? Yes?" said Digby with a start.

"What do you say to getting back to Santa Cruz and trying to catch one of the Castle boats home?"

[illegible] do it properly while you are here; and don't bother. Why, you are always wanting to go home."

Fraser's countenance grew more sad as he gazed sideways at his companion's happy face, and he sighed gently. "Young—hands me—volatile, he said to himself; "and he loves her dearly; while she?—" He seemed to have come upon a confused mental tanglement, and it was some minutes after blindly blundering on through a maze of thought, that he said softly: "Matters are getting in a knot."

CHAPTER V.

"Going with us—you?" cried Digby as he entered the pretty room at Redgrave's the next morning, to find a delicious breakfast spread and Helen standing ready to receive him in a riding-habit especially adapted to the place.

"You will not think me in the way?" she said playfully.

Fraser's countenance looked more sombre as he took the hand extended to him, and smiled sadly as he followed Digby's example and expressed his delight.

To both men that day was a dream of a wondrous journey upward along a flower-strown track towards a dense cloud, which soon after enveloped them, and through which they laboriously climbed to find themselves in a new region, where the air was cooler, and fragrant with the odour of the resinous pines through which they passed; and as Digby led Helen's mule, they talked little, but listened to the music of the birds and gurgle of water, and caught from time to time among the tree-tops glimpses of the dazzling blue sky. They spoke but seldom but went on with their eyes fixed upon Fraser and Redgrave, who led the the way some fifty yards ahead, but stopped from time to time, for the laggards to overtake them, and admire some fresh view.

And all through that temperate summer zone the birds sung around them; and to Digby they sang only of love, and to Helen of what might be.

But the sadness in her heart suffused her eyes with tears. There was a black shadow always before her; and when, after riding her mule through some rougher part, Digby turned to seek her gaze, she averted it with a sigh, but to own to herself that all this was very sweet, and she knew that she had never before enjoyed a day like this.

The fir-tree zone came to an end; the cool darkness and soft silence of the shady glade gave place to a rugged pumice-strown desert, where fine dust rose at every step, and the sun poured down with blinding power. A weary, weary tramp to some; but to those two who hung behind, a dreamy time of bliss, through which they journeyed on hour after hour, till a wooden hut was reached, where the mule was tethered; and Fraser now, at Redgrave's suggestion, offered his arm to help Helen up a cindery slope to the edge of the mountain crater, the party then descending a hundred feet or so into a hollow, where Fraser forgot everything but the delight he found in gathering specimens of sulphur crystals—pale straw color, rich yellow, and brilliant scarlet.

"Yes, this is my last venture," said Redgrave suddenly. "My men come up here to dig the sulphur, of which there is no end, store it for me in the tent below, and we ship it off home. But you had not better stay long; the sulphur gas comes up strong to-day."

"What would happen if there was to be an eruption now, Mr. Redgrave?" said Digby.

"This party would never know," was the serious reply.

"Then I wish to goodness Senor Ramon were here, and this party safe at home, if it did blow up," said Digby in a half-whisper as he glanced at Helen, who shook her head at him sadly; and he saw her eyes fill with tears.

Fraser was a dozen yards away, stooping to pick up yet another crystal, while Redgrave was walking towards him.

"Forgive me," whispered Digby. "They were the words of a thoughtless boy."

Her look said so much that he caught her hand and raised it to his lips, but only got it to be drawn timidly drawn away.

"Well, Fraser, when you're ready," said Redgrave. "It's a long way back; the wind's high; the gases bad, and the dust blows. It's very cold too.—Shall we go back?"

Fraser assented; and Digby gave way to him as he came forward to help Helen climb up the side of the crater to the edge, whence, after a brief gaze round at the glorious view, they all descended to the hut, and partook of the luncheon they had brought. Helen remounted the mule, and Digby took the bridle once more as her father and Fraser went on.

The first part of the descent took place in silence, both Digby and Helen wondering how it was that they had not noticed that it was bitterly cold, the wind boisterous, and the dust that rose painful and wearying to a degree. They were conscious of nothing save that they were together in an idyllic dream, with a world of beauty spread out below.

Eight thousand feet, they had been told, was the height of the quiescent volcano; but the words had fallen upon deaf ears, for there was a question asking itself at the portals of their hearts: "How is this to end?"

The sun was getting low in the west as the pine zone upon the mountain was reached; and once more in the obscurity they penetrated, everything seemed more dreamy and sweet than ever.

Fraser and Redgrave were well on ahead; the track wound here and there; but dim as the woodland became, the mule was familiar with the way, and paced slowly on with its bridle upon its neck, and Digby walking now with his hand upon the saddle-bow.

Darker and darker it grew, save where the ruddy light of the westering sun pierced the garden pine-boughs, and cast strangly lurid rays through the dense forest. And still darker and darker, till a gurgling stream was reached; the mule stopped of its own accord to bend down and drink, and Digby's hand took that which was near his on the pommel of the saddle.

"Helen!" he said, and his voice was a whisper among the pines.

She did not speak; but her hand was timidly resigned to his grasp, and the next moment his arms were about her. "My darling!" were his words; "I love you with all a man's first true love!"

There was no reply, a timid shrinking, and with a sob Helen let her head rest upon his shoulder, as if that were the place where she might find safety from the fate that seemed to her worse than death.

There was a strange grating noise, such as might have been made by a frightened bird, but it was caused by ivory gritting and grinding upon ivory.

Digby started round to see dimly, half-a-dozen yards away, Ramon standing by the bole of one of the thickest pines, while a cheery voice ahead shouted back; "Come, you people; don't lose your way."

(To Be Continued.)

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Among all the illustrious names of which this century boasts, probably none is of greater prominence or more worthy of its liberty than that of Miss Florence Nightingale. In these times when fame may be attained in a day, and almost as soon forgotten in the steady march of time and the progress of life and thought, notoriety is of short duration, and a name seldo[illegible] in the hearts an[illegible] forty years there has been enshrined in the hearts of her countrymen the English, one [illegible] gale.

She is the organizer of the [illegible] hospital system, and during that terrible campaign in the Crimea, in which her country was involved, her indefatigable efforts in relieving the physical sufferings of the soldiers can never be forgotten. Miss Nightingale was thoroughly conversant with the work she undertook before she started for the Crimea. She had devoted much study and time to hospital work and had been in one of the best training schools for nurses which at that time existed—the institution of Protestant Sisters of Mercy, in Kaiserwerth, Germany. When she departed with her assistants for the scene of war it was without any thought of remuneration, for she had wealth at her command and could happily do so. The War Office in London, almost panic-stricken with the multifarious disasters demands and criticisms, which were heaped upon it, invested Miss Nightingale with almost absolute control of the undertaking, and how well she succeeded is best told in the words of one of the soldiers who lay wounded under her care: "She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more, but she could not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell on the wall at night, and lay our heads on our pillows again content."

Another story is told which well illustrates the honor and love bestowed upon her. There was a dinner given to the officers of the British army and navy on their return from the East, where Lord Stratford suggested that each guest should write upon a piece of paper the name of the person whose deeds in the Crimean war would engrave themselves most indelibly in the history of the British people. When the papers were examined, everyone had written the name of Florence Nightingale.

She returned to England at the end of the struggle with broken health, and has since been a constant sufferer. No victorious army was ever welcomed more joyously than Miss Nightingale, and Queen Victoria presented her with a jeweled decoration, especially designed for her by the Prince Consort. In spite of her poor health Miss Nightingale contributes frequently to the press, and is the author of several books, dealing chiefly with nursing and hospital work. She is very devout and is a great reader. Her own home is in London, but much of her time is spent with her sister, Lady Verney, in Buckinghamshire. Miss Nightingale's services to humanity are legion, especially those concerning hospital work and sanitation, and hers is a name worthy of the honor it has received.

OLDEST CRAFT AFLOAT.

An accident on the English Coast, near Gravesend, between the coal barge True Love and schooner Gravesend, brought to light the fact that the former vessel was built in Philadelphia in 1764, and is probably the oldest vessel afloat. She was formerly the bark Ture Love and was built in Kensington 133 years ago. Her timbers are of live oak, and she is believed to have been sound and stanch until she was run down by the Gravesend. No vessel has been afloat so many years as the True Love and probably none ever will be.

WELCOME MONEY.

Money is ever welcome in these days. A man who had to leave his office and was expecting a caller to pay him some money, left this notice on the door: "I have gone out for half an hour. Will be back soon. Have been gone twenty minutes already."

WHAT HE THOUGHT.

She—Do you think I would marry a man who has no money?

He—Well, I didn't know but you wanted to get married.

YOUNG FOLKS.

"IN A MINUTE."

Bobbie Brown was a bright, active little boy and a general favorite with all who knew him. His schoolmates did not think a game complete without him, and he was always sure to be the first one chosen. You might think that such a little boy would ever be on the alert for something to do that would help his mamma, but I am sorry to say Bobbie was not.

When he was enjoying an exciting game, or when at the most interesting part of a favorite book, his mamma often called him to run errands for her, and "in a minute" was sure to be the cheery response. But it was an easy matter to let that minute go by, and a number of other for company, before Bobbie put in his appearance.

One day in early summer Bobbie rushed into the sitting-room and gave his school books a triumphant fling into one corner and his hat into another. His face and manner would indicate that something unusual had happened.

"No more school for three whole months!" he exclaimed. "Oh, won't that be jolly?"

"How will you spend your vacation?" asked his mamma looking up from her sewing.

"I mean to have just as good a time as I possibly can," said Robbie. And then, as his mamma made no reply to this, he broached a subject which had been occupying his mind for the last three months.

"Really, mamma," he began, "can't I go to grandpa's this summer?"

"I'll see," said mamma quietly.

This satisfied Robbie, for he knew that was almost as good as "yes."

That evening when the postman came with the mail he brought a letter for Robbie from his cousin Fred.

"Nellie and I came to grandpa's last week," he wrote, "and Ben and Daisy are coming to-morrow. Then we will have some gay times, but it will not be complete without you. Grandpa has promised to take us to the woods next Tuesday. We will take our dinner and stay all day. If you are coming at all this summer we want you to be here by that time. The strawberries are just getting ripe and grandma thinks it is wonderful how many we can eat. Now don't fail to come."

Fred.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Robbie when he had finished reading this letter; "can't I go?"

"Yes, I guess you may go," said his mamma.

"Oh, goody, goody!" exclaimed Robbie. "That's most too good to be true!" And he danced about the room, clapping his hands in delight. Two years before he had spent the summer at his grandpa's farm; and he remembered everything so well.

Robbie and his mamma were to start early Tuesday morning and it seemed to him as though that time would never come.

Shortly after breakfast Robbie thought it must be time to get ready, and going up to his mamma's room he opened the door saying, "Isn't it time to get ready?"

"In a minute, dear," she quietly said, and then went on with her reading.

Robbie was very much disappointed, and in order to while away the time he went into the yard to play with his dog Rover. But he soon grew tired of this sport and he again went up to his mamma's room.

"Oh! mamma!" he exclaimed a little impatiently, "do hurry, for it's most train time now!"

She did not raise her eyes from her book when she said: "As soon as I finish the chapter I am reading."

During the next few minutes Robbie made frequent journeys to his mamma's room. Each time he found her reading, but she always said she would "in a minute." The last time, coming down the stairs [illegible] in the [illegible] approaching train. He [illegible] dow, and sure enough, there was the morning train at the station. He stood by the window watching it until it disappeared around the curve, and then he went slowly up the stairs. He kept bravely up until he reached his mamma's room, and then throwing himself upon the couch, he burst into tears.

"Oh, mam-ma!" he sobbed, "the train's gone, and now we can't go to-day at all. It's all your fault, too."

Mrs. Brown was no longer interested in her book, and laying it upon the table she drew her chair to Robbie's side and said: "I am very sorry I have disappointed you, but it had to be done. Listen now, and I will tell you all about it."

For a long time she talked to the forlorn little fellow lying so still upon the couch. When she had finished and Robbie had dried his tears, he threw his arms around her neck, saying:

"I s'pose I haven't done right and I am sorry, but I will do better, I really and truly will."

Mrs. Brown did not wish the punishment to be too severe, so the next morning she and Robbie started to the country. When Robbie stepped from the car he saw his grandpa there waiting for them.

"Why, mamma!" he exclaimed, "how do you s'pose grandpa knew that we were coming to-day? Didn't you write to them that we were coming yesterday."

Before she could make any reply grandpa came up and said:

"Come on and get into the buggy. Be spry about it, too, for I must be back in time to take the children to the woods."

"Why, I s'posed they were going yesterday," said Robbie, "for that was what Fred told me in his letter."

"They did intend to," said grandpa, "but when they got your mamma's letter saying that you could not come until to-day, they decided to wait."

Robbie was so much interested in something that he saw along the road just then that he forgot to ask anything more about it until that evening.

"Mamma," he said, when he was almost asleep, "how did they know we were not coming yesterday?"

"When papa and I decided upon a plan to break you of that habit, I wrote and told them all about it."

"Well," said Robbie, "I guess you won't have to do that any more, for I'll never say 'in a minute' again as long as I live."

I think we are safe in saying he never did.

DAUGHTERS DRESS ALIKE.

In Yucatan, Central America, sisters dress precisely alike, even to the tying of a bow, the turn of a button, or the flower in the hair. In the tropics large families are the rule, and any day you may see in that country girls in groups of from three to a baker's dozen, who belong to the same family, as their clothes will show. It is thus easy to distinguish the members of a family anywhere; and not infrequently sisters are called by their favorite flower or color. In Annam men and women wear their hair in the same way, and dress almost alike; ear rings and finger rings are worn by women only. Lapp men and women dress alike. The men and women of the Crete tribe of America dress alike, but can be distinguished by the ornamentation of their leggings, that of the men being vertical and that of the women horizontal.

SOLDIERS KILLED IN BATTLE.

Only 9 per cent of the soldiers actually engaged in war are killed on the field of battle.

Legal disputes in Borneo are curiously decided. The two litigants are each given a lump of salt of the same size to drop simultaneously into water. The one whose lump first dissolves is deemed to be in the wrong.

CHINESE MIGRATIONS.

The Celestial Finds Ways and Means to Get Into the United States.

The stream of Chinese emigration to the United States, Canada, the West Indies and South America constantly increases in volume. Almost every incoming vessel of the C. P. R. on the Pacific route is crowded with Chinese. The steamers of this company have afforded an opportunity which manifestly vast numbers were awaiting. In spite of the severity of the United States law it is not to be doubted that large numbers obtain admission by devices whose subtlety puzzles the inspectors stationed along the boundary line. These devices, though they have been in part exposed, have never really been fully understood. The conspiracy to evade the law is widespread in its ramifications. The Oriental intellect is especially adapted for intrigue, but owing to ignorance of occidental ways, it had to ally itself with western minds for the purpose of evading the law. Indeed, it has been said that a way was found of making friends with the officers who were sworn to see the law carried out in all its severity. Be that as it may the Chinese still obtain admission into United States territory in express violation of the statute in that case made and provided.

Almost every day the Windsor street depot of the C. P. R. at Montreal is crowded with Chinese, either on their way to the United States or the West Indies. Sometimes it will be a batch going home to see their friends. Those who have lived for years in the United States make the most heroic exertions to speak English, while in the case of the young, the public schools are availed of.

Speaking to a number of Chinamen who were taking a holiday, and about to proceed to Vancouver on the C. P. R., the Chinese emigration question was broached.

"Why," said one, who had stated that he had been educated at the public schools of Boston, "why should there e bany objection either on the part of the United States or Canada to the incoming of the Chinese? Are they not the most peaceable people in the world? Are they not industrious? Do they not obey the laws? Do they not serve many useful purposes? The Chinese cannot be kept out. We multiply so fast at home that we must find an outlet for our surplus population. We have come at last to understand the opportunity which this new world affords to our people. In spite of legislation we shall continue to make use of this opportunity. I expect, however, that in time the prejudice against us will be conquered by a feeling of human brotherhood. Have we sought to exclude European or western peoples? Have we not, on the contrary, invited your people to open up our country to trade and commerce? Have we not looked to you for examples of energy and progress? Suppose we should retaliate upon your missionaries, upon your trading classes? Suppose we raised a great wall against you? Would there not be an outcry? Well, why not treat us as we treat you? Any way we manage—how, I know not" (this with a slow smile) "to get in and this should show the uselessness of restrictive legislation, of which the chief effect is that it sets certain people to defeat it."

ANTITOXIN FOR LOCKJAW

A NOTABLE CURE EFFECTED IN A NEW YORK HOSPITAL.

It is the Second Similar Cure on Record in That City, and the First at Bellevue Hospital—Treated With Virsus Furnished By the Health Board.

The cure of a case of lockjaw, after fifteen days' treatment with the tetanus antitoxin prepared by the Board of Health, is reported at Bellevue Hospital, New York. It is the first cure of tetanus by this treatment at Bellevue, and the second in New York, the first having been effected at the Presbyterian Hospital, last June.

The second week in January P. Cash, 10 years old, a laborer, stepped on a nail that entered his right foot at the ball of the great toe. Three weeks later he manifested symptoms of lockjaw, and was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, whence, on Feb. 2, he was removed to Bellevue as a private patient of Dr. Frederick S. Dennis. The diagnosis of tetanus or lockjaw was confirmed by Dr. H. M. Biggs, Chief Bacteriologist of the Health Department.

An injection of twenty cubic centimetres of the anti-toxin was given at 10.45 on the night of Feb. 2, at which time there was perceptible rigor in certain muscles of the throat, back, and legs. The chest, abdomen and arms were not affected. The patient could open his mouth about one-quarter of an inch, and there was a slight tremor at times in the left thigh.

Early in the morning of Feb. 3, the patient complained of pain in both hips, and later of pain in the chest. At 10.30 o'clock ten cubic centimetres more of the antitoxin were injected, which was repeated at 5 in the afternoon. From Feb. 3, doses of twenty cubic centimetres were given every eight hours.

With the exception of the arms and chest muscles the whole body exhibited at times a rigidity and arching backward so pronounced that when the shoulders were raised the weight of the body rested on the heels; the patient

PERSPIRED FREELY

and a tremor could be produced by friction.

The first noticeable improvement was on Feb. 7, when the tremors disappeared and the patient was able to separate his teeth a trifle. On Feb 9, a papillary eruption appeared over the areas in which the injections were being made—the outer surfaces of the thighs and the anterior abdominal surface.

By Feb. 15 there was marked improvement; the eruption was disappearing and there was less rigidity. The patient began to have high fevers at night. On Feb 17 the injections were stopped, and since Feb 18 the muscles have almost completely relaxed. Complications from other causes may occur, but no relapse is now expected.

Tetanus results from the absorption by the system of a poison that is developed in the growth of the tetanus germ in a wound. These germs exist in the form of spores in all kinds of dirt; in garden earth, dust in the air, and in various other places.

They are extremely resistent, remaining undestroyed after heating to 80 degrees centigrade for an hour, and withstanding the action of carbolic acid and the other ordinary antiseptic solutions. Iodine has the greatest effect upon them, and is used in cauterizing wounds to destroy tetanus germs.

Tetanus germ spores are found in zones or localities to a certain extent, and the environs of New York are especially rich in them. There are fields of which it is said that an animal hurt in them is pretty sure to die of tetanus. A French specialist is quoted as having said in Paris some years ago: "There is an island on the coast of North America called Long, in which it is said tetanus is very common, but reports coming so far from the confines of civilization must be taken with a grain of salt."

The report in this case was well founded, however. As a rule, tetanus is more common in tropical than in temperate countries. In Central America and the West Indies it is common, and is frequently noticed to result from

MACHETE WOUNDS.

The treatment for tetanus consists in insuring absolute quiet and rest, and giving the patient plenty of nourishment, which must be introduced by artificial channels.

A tetanus antitoxin was first obtained in Italy from the blood of rabbits and dogs, and was first used successfully on a human being at a hospital in Padua, in September, 1891. In that case the patient was out of danger after five days' treatment.

Twelve cures were reported in Italy in a short time, and the treatment was soon taken up in France, Germany, and other countries.

The mortality from tetanus has been from 80 to 90 per cent. in cases developed in the shortest period, and from 50 to 75 per cent. in cases developing in not less than fourteen days.

The strength of the toxin may be roughly calculated from the fact that one-thousandth of a gramme of it is fatal to a guinea pig; in about eight days or one five-thousandth to a mouse is about five days—the weight of a mouse is about 20 grammes and of a man about 60,000 grammes.

One ten-thousandth of a gramme of the anti-toxin injected at the same time with the toxin will neutralize its effect; but after twenty-four hours a thousand times that much is required, and longer delay necessitates a yet greater quantity.

The germ spores grow in the concurrent inflammation about the wound into which they have been introduced, and the poison is given off during their growth, which ceases after about seventy-two hours.

Thus it frequently happens that tetanus appears after the wound in which it started has healed and is forgotten.

The number of deaths from tetanus in the city shows a decrease since the introduction of antiseptic treatment about 1880, and a further decrease, especially in children's cases, since 1892.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Most Uncomfortable Situation for Him and How He Escaped from It.

"At the rear of a farmhouse that I was looking around one night," said the retired burglar, "I found an extension containing a single room that appeared to be used as a washroom. I thought if I went in through this extension I should be less likely to wake up the folks in the house, and so I got in at a rear window and started for a door at the other end opening into the main part, which I hoped to find unlocked; but I never really did find out whether it was unlocked or not, for when I had got about half way across the room I stepped through a hole in the floor and dropped into a cistern.

"I suppose that of all the uncomfortable places a man can get into one of the most uncomfortable is a cistern. It is a very difficult place to get out of, and it may be impossible to get out of it without help. The water in this cistern was just over my head, but I could swim, and the water wasn't very cold. I kept afloat and felt around the walls for something to climb out by. I did find something; the pipe from the pump; but it wasn't of any use to [illegible] just where the walls began to arch over to form the top. If it had run up under the arch a little it might have helped me to reach the edge of the opening, but it didn't; it started out from the top of

THE STRAIGHT WALL.

It was on the side toward the house, and I suppose this cistern must have been outdoors, and they built the extension over it.

"I kept paddling all the time to keep my head above water, and every now and then I looked up at the opening I had dropped through. I could make out the outline of it by the starlight in the washroom, and I wished they hadn't left the cover off. And how I did wish I could get my hands on that rim! But the nearest I could get to it was about two feet away. I found that by making a great effort I could reduce that distance to about a foot and a half, but that was all; and it might as well have been a mile and a half.

"Paddling around in the water one of my feet struck my tool bag, lying on the bottom where I had dropped it when I first went down. The little bound from that, instead of from the floor of the cistern, which I had touched a few times before, threw my head a little higher out of water than usual, and then I found the satchel with both feet and stood on it. That gave me the first rest I had had since I dropped into the cistern. It raised me up as that my head was clear of the water down to just below my mouth; and I could keep in that position without very much effort and breathe easily. It was a very great relief.

"Then, of course there was a chance to think things over with some kind of comfort. I had my jimmy in my bag, a useful tool in many ways; and no doubt I could have got out of the cistern by the aid of it; but the work would have been very difficult, and it would probably have taken too long; and as a matter of fact I had already thought of a very much simpler way of getting out. Standing on the bag not only raised my head above the water, but, of course, it raised me just so much nearer the opening at the top of the cistern. If I could get something a little higher, still to stand on

A FOOT HIGHER,

or even less than that, I could reach the rim, and, of course, the thing to do was to end this bag up and stand on that. This seemed so extremely simply that you may wonder I hadn't thought of it before; but the falling into the cistern had been in the nature of a surprise to me, and I hadn't got around to this idea yet; I would have thought of it in time, even if I hadn't happened to strike the bag with my feet.

"Well, I balanced myself on the bag as it was until I had got a good rest, and then I bent down in the water and ended the bag up and got one foot on it to hold it, and then I stood up in the water again and got the other foot on it. Then I found I could reach within six or eight inches of the rim of the cistern. But it was a mighty shaky support; rigid enough in itself, with the bones in it, but not fixed, it was wabby, and of no use unless I could get it right in line with my body when I jumped. But I steadied it up under my feet, and trued it up the best I could and made a spring from it. I caught the rim of the cistern with both hands, and then I raised myself up and chinned it. Then I got my right elbow up over onto the floor; and after that it wasn't very long before I had worked myself up over the edge and out, but I didn't try to do any more work that night."

POOR MAN.

Mr Hanover Squeer—I see our friend Morris Parke, poor fellow, is obliged to get along with a second-hand typewriter.

Mr. Bleecker Street—Indeed, what kind?

Mr. Hanover Squeer—Widow.

HEALTH.

PHYSICAL ENDURANCE.

Physical endurance is a quality which varies remarkably with different individuals. The performance of feats of great physical strength depends for the most part on the condition to which the muscles have been brought by previous exercise. The power of endurance, on the other hand, is largely a question of inherited constitution. Persons subjected to the same strain, such as a long walk, or a long boat-race, "play out" at greatly different stages though the course of training and manner of living may have been identical.

In every-day life the same thing is observed. Men following the same occupation, and living in practically the same manner, perform the same work with decidedly differing degrees of ease. It is a matter of common observation that as a woodsman, a huntsman, or an every-day toiler, he who has the quality of physical endurance in greatest measure will excel. The same is true in professional life. Ordinarily it will be found that the man who outstrips his fellows has the ability to labor long hours together without exhaustion.

Most men who have been distinguished for great physical endurance have inherited or acquired a state of mind which is doubtless one secret of their ability, namely, freedom from worry. Worry distracts the mind so that its energies, instead of being concentrated, are divided between two or more trains of thought. To the extent of avoiding worry—needless dwelling upon matters that cannot be helped—the power of endurance may be acquired.

Every man's strength has a definite limit, a limit not determined by that of others. His physical endurance may be above the average; it may be below it. He should not go beyond it, whatever it is. Before the physical powers are exhausted, not afterward, he should rest and recuperate each. Each individual must of necessity learn his own limits.

The best work is perhaps accomplished by long continued application, but not to the point of exhaustion.

Exhaustion may often be avoided by changing one work for another; just as difficult, perhaps, but involving another set of faculties.

Mental labor consumes the vital properties of the blood just as muscular labor does, and hence it is as important to avoid exhaustion in mental as in physical employment.

Wonderful as the power of endurance appears to be in certain men, it must be remembered that every one is fettered by the law which rules all organized beings. Life moves in a series of circles, and part of each circle must be devoted to recuperation. Great powers of endurance are for the most part the gifts of a vigorous ancestry, to be used in reason and not abused.

TOBACCO.

Tobacco is classified in medical books among the depresso-motors, a term used to describe certain drugs which by reducing the activity of the nervous system tend to lower the general tone of the body. Its peculiar properties are due entirely to the well known substance, nicotine, which is present in a degree varying according to the form in which the plant is used.

Nicotine, when pure, is a colorless, transparent liquid of a strong tobacco-like odor and persistent burning taste. It is freely soluble in water and rapidly disappears on exposure to the air.

This active principle of tobacco is so powerful that the small dose of one thirty-second of a grain caused an intense burning in the throat, gullet and stomach, which was followed by giddiness, nausea, extreme muscular weakness, laborious respiration, and with icy extremities, partial loss of consciousness, a rapid, feeble pulse, and other indications of impending collapse.

In large amounts nicotine acts with lightning-like rapidity. In a case of suicide, in which the amount taken could not be ascertained, the man dropped instantly to the floor, gave a long-drawn sigh, and was dead in three minutes.

When nicotine is added to freshly drawn blood, the blood takes on a peculiar, dark hue, and upon examination with the microscope the minute vital particles in the blood are found to be rapidly breaking up and dying.

It is doubtful just how nearly this represents the inward condition of tobacco-users, since during life the poison which gains entrance to the body is constantly being eliminated by the various organs in the performance of their offices. It is certain, however, that abuse of tobacco will eventually lead to deterioration of the blood. And it is upon this influence of nicotine upon the circulation, as well as upon its effect upon the nervous system that advocates of total abstinence from the use of tobacco correctly base their arguments.

One cannot easily convince of his error a person who finds gentle solace to his nerves from an after-dinner cigar; but the almost continual employment of tobacco in some form, and especially the inhalation of the fumes from a cigarette, which has its own distinct and pernicious effect, is strongly to be discouraged.

The example of men who have been tobacco-users for a lifetime with impunity proves nothing save that there are many men with constitutions strong enough to withstand a test which is entirely unnecessary.

COOKING FOR THE KAISER.

Since great men must live, and live very much in the same way as do their more humble admirers, one cannot but get a glimpse now and again of those strictly personal matters that reveal the common every-day life of uncommon people. Such a glimpse is afforded by a peep at the culinary arrangements of the German court, as given by a German paper.

The German Kaiser is evidently not among the men who never trouble themselves about what they shall eat. Though the details of the royal meals are ordinarily arranged by the empress, yet on state occasions the emperor himself deigns to give the matter his attention. In this case menu is prepared a week in advance.

The actual cooking is done on iron stoves. The roasting room contains huge stoves of special construction let into the walls, and a great turnspit worked by machinery.

The department of the pastry-cook is one of immense importance, for the pastry must be embellished with all manner of elaborate designs found the edges of the dishes. They are made of dough, gilded or silvered over, and are strictly for ornament, for they are no intended to be eaten. All kinds of ornamentations, in the shape of figures, hunting scenes and castles, are to be seen on the dishes, most of them being made of dough or fat, and colored or gilded.

The emperor is evidently not extravagant for he pays only a stated sum for each cover at a dinner, so that strict carefulness must be observed. For ordinary meals the rate is about a dollar and a half a cover.