

THE STORM.

VESSELS WRECKED AT THE BREAKWATER.
ABOUT \$200,000 DAMAGE AT ATLANTIC CITY.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., Sept. 10.—A terrible storm prevailed along the coast last night, and the wind is now blowing a gale from the northeast. The surf is the heaviest ever seen here. The railing and floor of Lillagore's large bathing pavilion has been torn away, and the surf is now running over the boardwalk on the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association grounds in several places.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Sept. 11.—Telegraphic communication is now open, and railroad connections will probably be restored to-day. No lives were lost in Atlantic City, nor was any serious destruction wrought there by the storm, except along the beach. The greater portion of the boardwalk and most of the structures along it were damaged or destroyed, and at one time nearly the whole of the city was flooded by the high tides. Early yesterday morning Lee's Ocean Terrace property, already damaged by the waves, was destroyed by fire. The restoration of railroad communication will bring great relief to the people at the seaside, as provisions are beginning to run short. A number of yachts are reported to have been wrecked in the thoroughfares and creeks at Atlantic City. It is learned that at Sea Isle City two hotels and about a dozen cottages were swept away, and some of the cottages were flooded to their third stories. Efforts are being made to repair the railroad so as to get provisions and supplies to the place. Reports of destruction and damage to property come from all portions of the New Jersey and Long Island Coasts, but the only serious loss of life is reported in Delaware Bay. Three schooners have been wrecked on Fourteen Foot Bank, and it is feared that 21 lives have been lost. The ship W. R. Grace is ashore on the point of the Capes, and has had her masts cut away. Sixteen vessels are aground at Lewes.

ASBURY PARK, Sep. 11.—The destructive wind and rain storm continues to rage, and with increased fury. All along this section of the coast, from Deal Life Saving Station to Shark river, the damage caused by the excessive high tides and angry waves is very great. At Deal Lake the sea has washed across the narrow strip of land that separates the lake and ocean, and the waters of the lake are now running out to sea. At Sixth avenue, in the Park, where so much of the board walk was torn away and had washouts cut into the beach last spring, a gang of men were kept at work taking up the new plankings as a precautionary measure and much damage was averted.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Sept. 11.—This is the most severe and damaging storm which has visited this section of the New Jersey coast in the last 50 years. Here the surf ran so high that it washed the outer end of the great ocean pier, and tossed its foam and spray 200 feet inland. The bluff has again been badly damaged, and it will cost fully \$170,000 to repair it. The worst cut in the bluff is opposite the site of the old East End Hotel, north of the Hotel Brighton.

Here the surf has eaten half through Ocean avenue, and every assault of the angry waves made the gap bigger. Down in front of the United States Hotel there is a cut that extends into the roadway. There is a third one at North Bath avenue. All along the ocean front the surf has undermined the bluff, and to-night big mounds of dirt are falling down and being swallowed up by the boiling waters.

WILMINGTON, DEL. Sept. 12.—Lewes specialists to *Every Evening* state that no language can picture the terrible scene along the coast. The wind is blowing with almost hurricane fierceness, driving the rain with a force that cuts like hail. The half-mile reach of sand between town and coast is a tossing billowy ocean, bearing wreckage on every wave. Through the mist of spray and storm tattered sails and naked masts of scores of deserted and dismantled vessels can be dimly seen. Since Monday night the storm has raged without abatement. Yesterday's dawn showed a hundred vessels which had sought the refuge of the Breakwater. The refuge was insufficient. By 11 o'clock the sea broke over the Breakwater, wrecked the telegraph station, carried away the big fog bell and rushed shoreward, sweeping away the steamboat pier and dashing the Italian bark "Il Salvatore" against the iron Government pier. The piers of Brown & Co., and Lence Bros., gave way and were swept to sea. The United States Marine Hospital was dashed from its moorings and sent spinning down the beach. The Lewes Life-saving Station, 40 feet above high water mark, was flooded and its foundation undermined. Hugheyville, a suburb between the town and beach, was submerged, and its 200 inhabitants fled for life, leaving all their possessions behind. The first boat came ashore at 9 A. M. Then came another and another. The life-saving crew, reinforced by the Hanloper and Rehoboth crews, went to work, and have labored almost unceasingly ever since. The crew of every vessel that struck was taken off by these daring men, and not a life was lost among the scores of men they handled.

The total number of lives lost will probably exceed forty. Five of the eight men who composed the crew of the E. & L. Bryan perished where the vessel struck on Brandywine Shoals. The mate and two seamen caught a spar and drifted all night. At daybreak the others discovered that one of the sailors was dead, his body still lashed to the spar. The two survivors were picked up by a tug and brought to Lewes.

ATLANTIC CITY, Sept. 12.—Probably \$200,000 will cover all the damage done to property in Atlantic City. The people who have been imprisoned by

walls of water were today liberated, and many anxious and excited Philadelphians came here only to find that their loved ones had left for home, passing them en route. The provisions, especially the fresh beef and mutton, and the vegetables, but the shipments made and received to-day replenished the almost impoverished stores of the hotels and cottages.

Along the beach, from the Inlet down to the Excursion House, but little is left of the large number of pavilions, bath houses and booths that in the early part of the week lined the boardwalk. Nothing can be done as yet to repair the damages, the only work accomplished being the completion of trenches dug on the cross avenues from the beach westward toward Pacific avenue. This has proved of great benefit, draining the streets, some of which were flooded as far west as Pacific avenue.

The reports yesterday of the damage done at Sea Side Park was greatly exaggerated. The Sea Side Park Hotel is situated only about 50 yards from the surf, but although the sea swept over the boardwalk and at times during the highest of the tides even up to the piazzas, the hotel has sustained no damage whatever. A small pavilion under which the surf usually rolled at high tide was washed away, also portions of the boardwalk. The fierce wind blew off part of the tin roof of the Berkeley Hotel, and the piazza of a small cottage. Otherwise no injury to cottages, or even the bathing houses on the beach, has been done, nor the beach itself seriously cut.

SEA ISLE CITY, Sept. 12.—The storm, which has demolished buildings, washed away railroad beds, destroyed bridges and beat down telegraph wires in a way never before experienced here, shows no signs of abating.

The morning was ushered in cloudy, with the rain that fell all of Wednesday night continuing to pour down in torrents, that did not cease during the day. Heavy and fitful gusts of wind blew in from the ocean, carrying the breakers in over Marine place, up against such remnants of cottages and hotels as are left standing, and threatening to continue the destruction of the past two days.

The railroad track, which connects Sea Isle City with Ocean City, running from the northern part of the island, is broken about a mile and a half outside Corson's Inlet, and bent like a horseshoe up into the meadows.

The lighthouse at the north of the island is tilted, and has been abandoned by the keeper and his family, who were taken out of it from the upper floors; through a window, by the life-saving corps. The old lifesaving station was blown over, and crushed in the side of the new station, which stood back of it.

ELEVEN MINERS KILLED

THE DISASTER AT THE WHITE ASH COAL MINE IN COLORADO.

IT WILL REQUIRE DAYS, IF NOT WEEKS, OF HARD WORK TO REACH THEIR BODIES.

DENVER, Col., Sept. 10.—The special couriers sent out from here last night to the scene of the coal mine disaster, near Golden, Colorado, returned to this city at 2 o'clock this morning, and give the following account of the accident, which places the number killed at 11, instead of ten. Following are their names:

John Murphy, single.
William Collins, married, leaves a wife and four children.
Jack Collins, wife and four children.
Joseph Allen, married, one child.
Joseph Hutler, married, four children.
William Bowden, married.
David Lloyd, single.
John Morgan, single.

Henry Huseman, wife and children.
Richard Rowe and one other man, whose name has not yet been learned. The mine is situated one mile from Golden, and produces from 50 to 100 tons of coal per day. The men who lost their lives were at work in a drift from the bottom of the shaft, 730 feet down, and were 800 feet from the shaft. The drift runs alongside of what is known as the "old Loveland Mine."

Yesterday morning there was 30 feet of water in the old shaft. At 9 o'clock last evening it was visited by the manager of the White Ash to determine what connection it might have with a rush of water noticed in the White Ash mine, when it was found to be dry, the water having all passed into the shaft where the men were at work. There is not the slightest hope of rescuing any of the eleven men alive, and it will require days if not weeks of hard work to reach their bodies. All that could be done last night was to make arrangements to start the pumps this morning. Around the entrance of the mine are huddled together the widows and orphans of the victims.

AN EARTHQUAKE SHOCK.

BUILDINGS IN WILKESBARRE AND VICINITY TREMBLE FOR SEVERAL SECONDS.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Sept. 10.—People in this city to-night were considerably agitated by a sharp shock of earthquake, which occurred at 8.15 o'clock. Buildings here, in Ashley, Kingston, Pittston and surrounding country trembled for several seconds, vigorously enough to rattle glassware and crockery, and in some cases to throw it to the floor. A woman residing on Franklin street, in this city, was thrown from her chair. Telephone messages are pouring in from all parts of the country, inquiring for particulars as to the damage done. So far as can be heard from no property has been damaged or persons injured.

About the time the shock was felt here an extensive cave-in took place at Plymouth, three miles from here. At 11.30 this evening it is reported from there that five acres or more of the Delaware and Hudson mine surface had gone down. There was no one at the mine at the time. The lateness of the hour prevents further particulars.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Secretary Windom said, on the 9th, that newspaper statements that during the months of July and August of this year the public debt had been increased over \$7,000,000 were erroneous. He says the fact is, as shown by the books of the Treasury, that on the 30th of June, 1899, the total amount of the public debt, including bonds of all kinds, was \$896,388,987, and on the 31st day of August it was only \$875,478,807, showing a reduction of \$20,910,180 during those two months.

Charles and Lizzie Atkins have been arrested in San Francisco for manufacturing and passing counterfeit five cent nickels. The officers also captured a complete outfit.

A boiler, used on the farm of John W. Snelder, near Carbondale, Illinois, exploded on the morning of the 9th, killing Mr. Snelder, W. Thomas Liggett, Andrew G. Liggett, John Biggs and Isaac Miller, colored.

An explosion of fire damp occurred in the Uffington coal mine, near Morgantown, West Virginia, on the morning of the 9th, immediately following the lighting of the miners' lamps. John Kinsey and William Kirby were killed and John Kirk fatally burned. Several others were severely injured. An Italian workman on the Midland Railroad, near Clarksville, West Virginia, picked up a dynamite cartridge on the 8th, and began tossing it to a companion, who let it fall, and it exploded. Two of the Italians were literally torn to pieces, while others were seriously injured. The names of the dead men were not learned.

Victor Antonio Russo was arrested in New York on the 9th on the charge of killing his father-in-law, an Italian named Avvidos, in Newark, New Jersey, on the morning of the 8th. Eugene Clark shot and killed Florence Clark in Tacoma, Washington Territory, on the 8th, and then took poison. John Koebel was hit with a brick and killed in Baltimore, on the evening of the 9th, by William Jones, colored. Sergeant Hogan, who attempted to arrest Jones, was knocked down, when he drew his revolver and shot Jones dead.

Rosemond Cormier, colored, and his daughter, Rosalie, aged 15 years, were murdered near Lafayette, Louisiana, on the evening of the 9th, by Regulators. Rosemond, who was over 60 years of age, was whipped and ordered to leave some months ago by a band of Regulators and, falling to obey, was killed. A party of masked men rode up to his house and demanded admittance, and on being refused broke down the door. The old man fired both barrels of a shotgun into the crowd, killing a white man named John Judice. Rosemond then fled, but was soon caught and killed. Before reaching Cormier's the Regulators severely whipped Lucien Montgomery and Joseph Cobb, negroes.

A cave-in occurred at Colliery No. 5, Pake Hollow, near Wilkesbarre, on the evening of the 11th. In some places the earth has gone down over 20 feet. The loss to the mine owners will exceed \$100,000. Luckily there were no dwellings on the tract. The cave-in affects about 30 acres of mining property belonging to the Delaware and Hudson Company. About 1500 men and boys will be thrown out of work, as it will take many months to put the mines in mining condition. Twenty-five men were at work in the mine when the crash came, but all of them escaped in safety. The bottom has fallen out of a number of cellars in the neighborhood.

A fight occurred on the afternoon of the 6th between three tramps and the crew of a local freight train on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Walls Station, 18 miles from Pittsburg. The tramps resisted an effort to get them out of the train, and shot and wounded Foster Cox and Jesse Nicholas, brakemen. Cox's wounds are fatal. The tramps escaped, but several arrests were made on suspicion.

J. L. Patterson, Superintendent of Runover Mine, at Daggett, California, was knocked off his horse between Daggett and Calico and robbed of \$5000 in gold coin by Farry Dodson on the 9th. The robber then took Patterson's horse and escaped with the money. Several parties, including the victim, started in pursuit, and on the evening of the 11th Dodson was overtaken by Patterson and J. McKernan near Coyote Hole. He was lying behind some brush when they came upon him, and he commenced shooting at them at once. They returned the fire, hitting Dodson nine times, killing him instantly. The stolen money was found on him.

Nicholas Strovolski, a Hungarian, was struck and killed by a train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, near Shenandoah, Penna., on the 12th. Shortly after a brakeman on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, named Benjamin Hoyles, fell from the train under the wheels and was crushed to death. Within an hour afterwards a boy named John Oswald tried to board a moving coal train and suffered the loss of both arms.

A counterfeit two dollar Treasury silver certificate has been found in circulation in Chattanooga, Tennessee. The engraving is fine, but the printing and paper are poor.

A Barbicore Breastpin.

A lady traveling in Brazil, a short time since, brought as a souvenir to her friend a pin, the curious design of which struck her fancy. It is the profile of a half-breed Indian done in oxidized silver. The hair is represented by cutting the silver in innumerable facets, which shine like jewels. Directly in the crown of the head is set the polished claw of a wildcat, the curve of which turns backward. The whole is barbaric in its beauty, but the workmanship is faultless.

To marry for money, beauty, home, or selfishness, is debasing. Character is of far more consequence than any of these.

A man's conscience is his most faithful friend.

Content.

Be not content. Contentment means inaction; the growing soul aches on its upward quest. Safety is twin to satisfaction. All great achievements spring from life's unrest.

The tiny roots, deep in the dark mold hiding, would never bless the earth with leaf and flower.

Were not an unborn restlessness abiding, in seed and germ, to stir them with its power.

Were man contented with his lot forever, He had not sought strange seas with sails unfurled;

And the vast wonder of our shores had never dawned on the gaze of an admiring world.

Prize what is yours, but be not quite contented. There is a healthful restlessness of soul. It is the upward reaching and the striving. Of the calm in you, to achieve, achieve! In urging men to reach a higher goal.

So when the restless impulse rises, driving Your calm content before it, do not grieve; It is the upward reaching and the striving Of the God in you, to achieve, achieve!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A PECULIAR GIFT.

There was on the steamer on which we were returning from Europe, an elderly gentleman, who freely told any one who would listen all his affairs. He was in business, it was true, but he traveled simply for pleasure—this time, simply for pleasure. He boasted a good deal of his money and always exhibited his possessions with the statement of their cost. He told us how "expensive" his house was, and also the sealskin cloak of madam, his wife, who was not with him; but he was always polite and anxious to do those civil things which people can do on shipboard.

I never saw him in any unpleasant mood, or uncivil to any one, but it appears that something about him irritated a passenger by the name of Barley, who had more than once shown signs of the fact that he had a furious temper and a private bottle. He had become the talk of the passengers when, one day, a lurch of the steamer threw Mr. May violently against Mr. Barley. It was, as every one saw, an entirely unavoidable accident, but Barley chose to look upon it as intentional. The result was a quarrel, nearly all on one side, and before any one was prepared for such an event, Mr. May lay on his back with a pistol at his victim's forehead.

The unoffending man seemed, though large and well developed, to have no power of helping himself. He had doubled his fists in a weak way just once during the quarrel; now his hands lay open at his sides and he gasped violently.

"I've always wanted to kill a man like you," roared Barley, with his finger on the trigger, "and now—"

But I had grasped his wrist, and the bullet buried itself in the flooring of the cabin. I dragged Barley to his feet and disarmed him, and others helped up Mr. May and led him out of harm's way.

Before many minutes the captain appeared upon the scene and exerted his authority. Barley was—first cabin passenger or not—safely locked up until he swore on the big Bible from the cabin, to keep the peace; and Mr. May remained in his room for two days. At the end of that time he reappeared, and came to sit with us on deck.

"Madam," he said to my wife, "your husband saved my life. I will not prove ungrateful. I was in danger. Moreover, the fact that it was prophesied by a fortune-teller that I should be murdered—shot dead—before I was fifty years old, took away my courage. It was an old nurse, old Miriam, who foretold the event, reading it in the cards. This is why I kept my room for two days. Yesterday was my fiftieth birthday; I am now safe from bullets; and he saved my life, and I desire to live. I have a handsome wife, obedient children, and a very expensive house, and a fine business. I am greatly respected by my friends, who think there is no one like me. Naturally, I wish to live. You, madam, think it quite natural, I hope."

My wife replied that indeed she did, and Mr. May added:

"Therefore my gratitude to you, sir, is eternal."

In the course of time we arrived at the port of New York. Our baggage was examined. Some of our purchases were dutiable. Mr. May had a few little things; a shawl for his wife, a watch for one daughter, and a musical box for another. He paid cheerfully, and laughed at the idea that a dozen shaving brushes would cost more money than he could have bought two dozen for at home.

"I have ten son," said Mr. May, "the eldest is beginning to shave. I shall give them a brush apiece. You see there is a portrait of a different opera singer on the end of each handle. They are of imitation ivory."

Finally we had lunch together, and said good-by.

"I am living in Cincinnati," said Mr. May, "so we shall not meet often. But before I go, let me show you a little of my generosity. You have saved my life, I am a most generous man, and where one is grateful, why—of course—"

He spread his hands abroad, and afterward put one of them in his pocket. "I have but ten sons," he said. "One brush for myself makes eleven, I offer you the twelfth. See, the portrait of Patti is upon the end. It is imitation ivory. Most ivory and bone shaving brushes have the handle screwed on, I think. It is thus convenient for packing in a short case, but

this does not unscrew, you understand. I do not think the gift repays you. It is not value received. Life is priceless. That is your own opinion, I am sure."

He thrust the brush into my hand, almost embraced me—no other man can quite embrace an American man—and was gone.

We laughed a little that night over Mr. May and the "example of his generosity," and my wife hung the brush up and fell into the habit of calling it my medal; and speaking of it as the reward of my life saving exertions. As I never shaved myself, but always confided my chin to a barber, I never used the brush.

Five years passed. They were trying years. I slid back two feet for every one I climbed. At last I did the maddest of all mad things—I endorsed a note for an acquaintance. The end was ruin.

I stood one day in an empty house, from which the auctioneer had just sold every stick of furniture. The house was mine no longer. My wife's mother had "asked us home." She was a widow, living—good soul!—on a tiny income just sufficient for herself, which she assured us, would stretch. I was in that condition of mind which leads some men to suicide. I owed no man a penny, but I knew not how to begin the world over again. Suddenly,—

"Papa," cried my little boy, "they didn't sell the shaving brush!"

He pointed to where it hung on the wall, overlooked or uncared for by any one; and one of those sudden attacks of fury which lead us to wreak our wrath on inanimate objects seized upon me.

I clutched the little brush, uttered what my little boy instantly described as a "naughty word," and dashed it furiously upon the marble hearth. As it fell it broke into twenty pieces, and my wife, with a little cry, stooped to pick it up.

"Look!" she cried, as she raised her head. "Look! Oh, what does it mean?"

She held in her hand a little leather bag that had been hidden in the handle of the brush, and a bit of paper, on which, as we strained our eyes over it in the twilight of the empty room, we read the words:

"MY PRESERVE:—I have in these twelve innocent shaving brushes, smuggled half a million in diamonds. Life is priceless. I am a generous man. These contained in this bag are worth ten thousand dollars. D— will deal fairly with you. Go to him if you wish to sell them; otherwise, wear them for my sake or let your wife wear them. It is not value received, it is a thank offering. Yours ever, ISAAC MAY.

"P. S. I had these brushes made to order, as you see, they do not, like most of the sort, unscrew from the handle. They invite no suspicion. The little pictures are welded in after the handles are filed. I am called very acute by my friends. I believe it myself. Those diamonds saved me. L. M."

An Expressive Epitaph.

Once a most charming and amiable young woman died, and every one of her schoolmates and intimate companions, with tears in their eyes had something pleasant to say of her; little things that came from the heart of the speakers and were deserved by the beloved dead. Finally the smallest girl in the room said: "It was easier to be good when she was with us." Those precious words made a line that was carved upon the headstone that marks a grave. No gifted preacher pronouncing a funeral eulogy could say better things. It was of one who not only had lived a blameless life, but of one who had made the virtues seem sweeter than vice, of one who had made the sunshine of life creep into all places.

Goodness with her became a joy, and all who met her wanted to share it. Here was a character to influence others for good. There are opposites to this. There are dangerous girls who make it seem easy for their companions to go wrong. They will make the best woman under environment that is for good, but they lack the natural beauties of mind and manner of the one who died. The little girl who spoke her epitaph was perhaps unconscious of its full meaning, but the thought had come honest to her, and every one knowing and thinking of the dead one felt that: "It was easier to be good when she was with them!"

It's Different.

Who doesn't remember when it was the received thing to send your sweetheart every evening an enormous breast-work of flowers, where the roses were stabbed into position by wires and the whole effect of which was stiff beyond expression? Mademoiselle had her corsage bouquet and she would have felt that the world was not quite right without it, that her beauty must be fading and that her sweetheart must be growing weary of her. But now! The young man gets down on his knees and gives thanks because these belongings are no longer demanded from him. If he sends any flowers at all they must come in a big box, loose, long stemmed and dripping with dew. They may be daisies plucked from some country meadow, they may be wild roses, or they may be the great, stiff, scentless ones that have been cultured in green houses. But few or many, they must not even be tied with a ribbon, or sent in a basket

THE GIRLS OF SPAIN.

How the Dark Eyed Beauties Make Themselves Look Fascinating.

The traveler through Spain sees the young girls, anywhere, as beautiful as angels. They are tall, straight as an arrow, with the most perfect figure, and with faces which for a dark, tender, sad beauty are unexampled. The magnificent hair always clean, always combed, always marvelously dressed, with the inevitable flower in it, is like the distinguishing mark of the poorest as well as the richest Spanish woman. In this respect the Spanish woman is unlike any other. Even Italy, the sister peninsula, so closely connected with Spain in the past—Italy has no such distinction. The Italian peasant does not take such care of her hair, nor does the Italian lady manifest the pride, the neatness, the coquetry of fresh flowers, as does the Spaniard. That beautiful undulating hair, so blue black, with a rose hidden in its tresses—it is the joy of Spanish travel to look at these heads.

In going into small shops and humble quarters one often sees the business of hair dressing in progress. One sister is dressing the hair of another, or the mother is arranging the coiffure, etc. They have little heated irons, with which they frizz the one side, and the other is allowed to go smooth. It is always becoming to the face beneath it. They wear it much over the face, avoiding the Chinese style. Little curls around the ears or pushing forward on the temples shows that the Spanish woman values the purpose of hair, which is to shade the eye and contrast with the complexion.

At the back of the head the nuptial is always carefully brushed up. The nuptial gives that character to the back of the head which is so essentially Spanish. It is a remnant of the high comb days and the mantilla. The high comb is now seldom worn, but the hair is always dressed high on the head—a natural crown which any queen might envy.

The Spanish eye, large, humid, tender, grand, languishing, furnished with lashes so long, so curling and so beautiful that the pencil of the artist fails to despair; the black pupil, the white sea, in which the lustrous orb sails—all is indescribable! Spanish eyes are sad. Spanish women, when they are not coqueting and laughing have a sad expression. Is there a little of the Orient left in their expression? Is it Moorish, and does it speak of the harem and the inevitable heartbreak?

Next to the beauty of hair and eye comes the beauty of the flashing teeth. These are so universally perfect that the student of dentistry should go to Spain and find out how they manage it. There is very little good eating in Spain. Perhaps these faultless teeth are not spoiled by cakes and pastry and sweets in childhood. But the careless traveler expects to be rewarded when the Spanish woman smiles with a row of pearls, and he is almost never disappointed.

The New Elixir of Life.

Despite the sarcasm, general and professional, with which the recent experiment made by M. Brown-Sequard were greeted there seems to be, after all, some efficacy in the ugly Elixir Vitæ invented by the aged and respected physiologist.

A young physician, Dr. Variot, who has already been successful in removing tattoo marks from the skins of several civilized savages, has been induced to test the efficacy of M. Brown-Sequard's "Life Mixture." He pestled together portions of the flesh tissues of rabbits and guinea pigs; diluted them with water, and injected the compound thus obtained into the bodies of three paupers, aged respectively fifty-four, fifty-six and fifty-eight. The men had never heard of M. Brown-Sequard's solution, and were merely told that they were to be injected with strengthening fluid. We have Dr. Variot's word for it that his three patients, who before being subjected to the wonderful remedy, were weak, worn, emaciated and melancholy, suddenly became strong, fresh and cheerful; took new views of life and altogether felt as if they had received a new lease of existence.

The experiments failed, however, on two other subjects; but the indefatigable M. Variot is not to be defeated, and he intends to continue his trials, which in time, will be communicated in all their precision of technical detail to the Biological Society.

Why Some People are Poor.

Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles.

Coffee, tea, pepper, and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength.

Potatoes in the cellar grow, and sprouts are not removed until the potatoes become worthless.

Brooms are never hung up, and are soon spoiled.

Nice-handled knives are thrown into hot water.

The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the bread-pan is left with the dough sticking to it.

Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Dried fruits are not taken care of in season and become wormy.

Rags, strings, and paper are thrown into the fire.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine waters scalding.

Bits of meat, vegetables, bread, and cold puddings are thrown away, when they might be warmed, steamed, and served as good as new.