

When I got time—
I know not what I shall do;
I'll cut the leaves of all my books
And read them through and through.
When I get time—
I'll write some letters then
That I have owed for weeks and weeks
To many, many men.
When I get time—
I'll pay the easel I owe,
And with those bills, those countless bills,
I will not be so slow.
When I get time—
I'll regulate my life
In such a way that I may get
Acquainted with my wife.
When I get time—
Oh, glorious dream of bliss!
A month, a year, ten years from now—
But I can't finish this—
I have no time.

ONLY A PRESCRIPTION.

BY L. CRESWICK.

He was not my medical attendant; he was not even a friend. On the first day we met, and as we sat side by side in the Kensington Museum, he scrawled it on the yellowing paper which lies before me.

At that time I was very young, scarcely more than a child, but no one would have guessed it, my pale, attenuated face was lined with grief, and the eyes, which but a few months ago had been likened to velvet, had almost disappeared behind their swollen and discolored lids.

And the reason for the change was a grievous one. I had loved and been beloved again. A stern father had put his veto on all correspondence—he had forbidden us even to hope!

Certainly Leslie Blount's prospects were not good; his few years of soldiering had brought only debts and no promotion, and his expectations, such as they were, were shadowy in the extreme. On his departure for India three years back I had been but a child; I was startled therefore when, on his return, he rashly yet passionately declared he had loved me all along!

I could not own to loving him in return; I had not learnt what love was, but had a vague, indefinite feeling that it meant what the sunrises does to the flowers—color, light, expansion!

I hid nothing from my parent, but told him in shy and loving accents of the new experience which had dawned. He was furious; I had never seen him so before. He swore that no penniless infantry subaltern was fit for his daughter, and muttered something about "confounded cheek of the rascally sub. to propose," etc., etc. I wept and entreated—he ranted and raved, and finally wrote off to Leslie an infuriated command never to darken his doors again.

Then I, heartsore and wretched at this abrupt termination of love's young dream, timely retreated permission to write one last epistle. My request was granted, but only on condition that the communication should first be submitted to my enraged parent.

It seemed a terrible ordeal, but I determined to risk it. My dear unlucky lover should at least learn his love was returned and that my constancy should last "till death do us part." This I wrote and more still—pouring out all the feelings of my young awakening heart over four sheets of note paper, and begging him to work at anything which would bring riches, as dress seemed to be the only "open sesame" to paternal hearts.

With trembling hands I intrusted my first love letter to my father. It wrung my heart to watch his methodical mode of rubbing his glasses before adjusting them to read the contents of love. To my could not face him; but glanced away across the landscape till I imagined he had scanned the whole, and then I turned. Was it possible? Could it be? Did I, indeed, see a tear trickling down his venerable nose across which his spectacles looked dim and opaque.

I had not intended to be eloquent or even pathetic. I had written only as my soul prompted, and this crude history of my early grief had thus moved him. I rushed into his arms and implored him not to refuse to send the missive.

"I will give it to the impertinent young dog myself," he exclaimed, and bolted from the room. In an hour's time he returned, and I scarcely dared demand a reply.

"He'll bring his own answer," was all he ventured.

What was my astonishment as I dressed for dinner—weeping love-love tears the while—to hear Leslie's well-known knock at the door. Down the stairs fled I with winged feet. He might meet my father, words might end in blows, and then—
Terrible thoughts coursed like lightning through my brain. Yet another shock awaited me.
I found my father and Leslie hand-shaking, not formally, but with warmth and effusion, in the hall. In a short time all was explained. On receipt of a furious letter from my irate parent, warning him off the premises, Leslie, but just recovered from Indian fever, had taken to his bed with ague. In this state my father had found him when he had called to deliver my letter in person, and there and then had asked him to dinner.
There were, however, conditions attached to the invitation. Leslie might come and dine but once more—just to say "farewell," but on his honor he must promise never to attempt to see me or write unless some more promising change took place in his prospects. Should any stroke of luck bring him a reasonable sum to marry on then he might venture to correspond.
After all this state of things was preferable to the first, and Leslie parted from me with a heart full of hope which love made infectious.

Before very long my father received a letter informing him that having obtained the post of special war correspondent to a daily paper at a salary which seemed to me enormous, Leslie was on the eve of starting for Constantinople. The Russo-Turkish war was the theme in all mouths at the time, and my lover, who had long been panting for activity,

had determined to put his military education to some more practical use than loafing in garrison towns for mager pay and tardy promotion. My father was extremely pleased with what he called the "spontaneity of the young rascal," and agreed that at so safe a distance a correspondence might commence.

A new happiness came into my life and when the travel-stained letters from my literary warrior arrived from the seat of war, full of animation, of anecdotes and sketches, and lastly of trusting affection, my joy knew no bounds. This added new zest to my education, for I was not yet "finished," according to the scholastic term—in fact, by comparison with my talented lover I often felt an ignoramus of the most hopeless kind.

In details of the war, however, I was quite au fait. I daily read every word which came from his brilliant pen, and in this way hoped to improve my acquaintance, not only with life, but with his suitor, of whom, perhaps, but for the opposition of my parent, I might never have thought again. Thus does the heat of paternal ire often expand into blossom the immature shoots of love which might otherwise know no development.

One morning, as usual, I opened the paper and at once commenced reading the columns headed "From Our Special Correspondent." The account was more exciting than usual—there was a description of Turkish artillery, of a march under trying circumstances without food or water, and many other adventures, graphically told. I forgot them now, for what I next read effaced the immediate past from my memory forever!

Under the head of "special telegrams" was one line: "Lieut. Blount, our special correspondent, died yesterday of enteric fever."

To a very young person the word death is but a sound—a thing associated with old age or infirmity if considered at all. I had never known any one who had died, and confess to have been utterly unmindful of such a possibility, when my lover started for the wars. The ominous line therefore conveyed no meaning to me, more especially as, in an adjacent column, the special correspondent's vigorous manhood displayed itself in every word. For all that, the room seemed misty as if enveloped in fog, through which I could not penetrate.

I was seated thus when some one—my father, I think—came in and snatched the paper from my hand. I had read it through, he was welcome to it.

I made no effort to regain it. He smoothed out the sheet several times, but read not a word, for great tears were rolling down his seamed old face.

Then he opened his arms and took me into them, and whispered many endearing terms, some of which I had not heard since babyhood.

What was the matter? Did he, too, think Leslie Blount was dead?
I pointed to the brilliantly written columns and smiled.

"That letter was sent by post days and days ago," he said in a broken voice, whose emotion I could scarcely understand. Then a light began to dawn, and it was darkness! Yes, a chaotic blackness that preceded the earthquake which buried all the innocence and hope of my young youth in oblivion.

For a whole month I lay occasionally frenzied, occasionally despairing, weeping and praying God would have pity on me, and save my taking up the thread of life again. But my prayers remained unanswered. Then I arose, as we all must, to face the dreary future. I had had no experience of lover's joys in the past, I would have none in the years to come. Art should be my only lover, work my only solace now.

A dreary little fire, ere clad in black, I trudged daily to the South Kensington schools, and in one month produced better work than others did in six. Then a letter came. It was from the seat of war, written by a Red Cross doctor, who offered to deliver up to me some relics of him who was no more. From the School of Art I wrote, "Come," and waited. When the campaign was over, he came.

The corridor was full of girls chatting and giggling and preparing to leave for the luncheon hour. The swing door facing me opened and an awful sight presented itself. It was the figure of a man. Such a figure! Hercules come down to earth, all bronzed and glorious from the eastern sun.

Though there were twenty girls about he extended a hand to me, with a look of recognition, two honest blue eyes as clear as the sky looked down upon me as I reassuredly smiled. I took the hand and followed him out of the building into the museum beyond.

"Did you know he loved me?" I questioned. He bowed his head.
"So well, that could I have laid down my life instead of his, that he might return to you, I would have done it."
"How good you are!"
"Not so. I had nothing to live for, and no one to care for me—that is why I lived!" laughed he rather bitterly.

"You will come and see me often," I implored. You are the last link between me and him.
"If you wish," was his curt reply.
"I must return to the class," I exclaimed lingeringly.

"And injure your eyes forever? Stay," said he, drawing a note from his pocket, from which he tore the spare half-sheet, "I will give you something for them."
He wrote some mystic lines premeditated but to himself and the chemist, I stuffed them heedlessly in my pocket and returned to work.

Many times after that we met, for my father took a fancy to him, and encouraged his coming. He imagined the doctor's visits cheered me. I scarcely liked to own they did. Looking into his gloriously handsome face, I regretted my pallid shrunken features for the first time.

I began to wish for the looks which had been so promising but a short while back, but they returned not. The glitter had gone from my eyes as the glint of love's gold from my heart. But had it? A red blush of shame overspread my features as I questioned with myself if the memory of the dear dead waxed fainter in the presence of the living.

A year crept slowly by, and I lost my father who had become dearer to me since my grief. Armand Daintry became my friend. He was more gentle, less abrupt than when we first had met.

By instinct rather than anything else, I felt I had brought peace into his life, as he had into mine. Of love I had never thought. It was a thing stillborn, buried before the breath of life could come to it. I believed my art was sufficient for me, and knew not it was glorified by the continued presence of one who had become a dear friend, an almost brother. Wherever I went, wherever I did, I felt that the thoughts of one being, like guardian angels, hovered round me.

Was I unhappy? he comforted—was I undecided, he advised—was I ambitious, he supported me!
Month after month passed. I was no longer a student, but an artist, and my first little picture, entitled "Outside Adrianople"—of a dead horse and his rider, had been commended on the Academy walls. But nothing endures here below, and a change came at last.

Armand Daintry called. His face was pale and grave.
"What ails you?" I inquired at once.
"Nothing, but that I must leave you. I shall volunteer for Egypt to-morrow."
"Ah!" A strange tightening of the throat hushed my words.

"It's no good hanging about in England doing nothing."
"Why not? Why not?" I asked impulsively. "Are you not happy here?"
"Happy! The first day I saw you I knew it would be all up with me. I had seen your photograph, and said to myself that is the girl I could have loved. I dared fate in venturing to meet you. I have dared fate in trying to continue a friendship with you while my heart was mad with love. That you have no thought of me I know. That is why I will not remain, but go where a man may do his duty and forget."

A flame-red blush caught my cheeks and lit up my eyes, then I turned icy cold. Could my pulses beat, my heart leap with joy, with rapture, while that dear dead man lay far away in a lonely grave 'neath the blistering Eastern sun? And Armand had been his friend! There seemed treachery in hearkening to words of love from him!

"And when you return?" I asked with unnatural calm.
He smiled bitterly.
"If I return I may be cured!"
"So easily!" I could not forbear exclaiming.
He grasped my hand.
"Would you not wish it so? Is it possible that if I live you would let me devote my life to giving you the happiness you have lost, that I might teach you the difference between a real love and the ideal one you pictured?"

His blue eyes shone like a sunlit heaven, and his hands, the hands which unflinchingly bled the wounds of the suffering amid shot and shell on the battlefield, trembled like those of a man drunk with wine.

With one great bound my heart's love went out to him, then I remembered. What would he think of a love so easily foresworn?
"Have you no answer for me? Will you try and forget the past?"
"Never!"

My voice was harsh and unnatural. I dared not show the emotion that almost mastered me.
"Good-bye then," he said, holding out his hand.
Something that was very like a sob rose in my throat, but I struggled it. Strangled it until he was gone. Then, oh, then I dared to weep, calling him back to love, to bless me, for he could not hear.

"Armand, my beloved, stay!" I moaned through the long days and nights which followed, but I heard no more of him. If only he had refused to go and waited, how different life might have been! I comforted myself with the hope that he would return, the campaign could not be of long duration. I would wait and hope, and should he love me still I would then let the dead past bury its dead.

If only I had let him write, but he never attempted it; he had forgotten I was a woman, and accepted my harsh decision as unchangeable. He made no effort to reverse it. The only scrap of his handwriting I possessed was the prescription he had given me at our first meeting.

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

USE STERILIZED MILK.—The New York Medical Record urges the disease altogether of unsterilized cow's milk as food for young children, insisting that more harm than good comes from such food.

The Record is of the opinion that cow's milk is a fruitful source of much of the tuberculosis that now curses humanity, that in the very young the tubercles do not attack the lungs as at a mature age, but the mesenteric and other lymph glands. The point is made that in Japan, where there are no cows, tuberculosis is unknown.

DEAR FOOD NOT THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.—The maxim that "the best is the cheapest" does not apply to food. The best food in the sense of that which is sold at the highest price is rarely the most economical for people's health.

The food that is best fitted to the real wants of the user may be the very kind which supplies the most nutriment at the lowest cost. Round steak at fifteen cents a pound contains as much protein and energy, is just as digestible, and is fully as nutritious as tenderloin at fifty. Mackerel has as high nutritive value as salmon, and costs from an eighth to half as much.

DISINFECTION AFTER CONSUMPTIVE CASES.—Both in France and America the risks incurred by the lack of antiseptic precautions in consumptive cases are receiving serious attention. Dr. Hopkins, of Thomaston, in stating that he has joined the growing army which placed tuberculosis in the category of contagious diseases, explains that his experience for 19 years with this disease in a consumptive resort has made him a willing subject of Koch. He does not doubt that all persons receive the tubercle bacilli at some time or other into their air passage, but fortunately the great majority possess the power of repelling them.

Indians in a state of nativity seem impervious to the germs of consumption, but are now dying by thousands on the reservations. The white and the black in prisons all the world over labor under similar conditions.

A report from the Illinois State Prison at Joliet says that there are 1,400 convicts, and that fully one-third of them have consumption in light or bad form; nearly all deaths in the penitentiary have been caused by consumption. Dr. Hopkins emphasizes the danger that lurks in sleeping cars, in carpets, bedding, clothing, and in the walls of apartments occupied by consumptives which have not been properly disinfected.

He considers that the time may be approaching when the resorts now soliciting the patronage of the consumptive will be quarantined against him. In Paris, it appears, the hospitals are increasingly over-charged with phthisical patients, so much so that the Society of Medicine and Professional Hygiene has lately issued a request for the founding of a special hospital devoted to the treatment of this disease, "which contaminates convalescents and ordinary patients in the general hospitals."—[Hospital.]

THE PROBLEM OF HEREDITY.—The scientific sibboleth of our time is heredity. The word is on every one's tongue. Viewing a fallen fellow-mortal, it is quite the fashion to shake one's head and say: "Oh, heredity accounts for him; blood will tell." And with this formula we are accustomed to measure our fellows, much as a clerk measures cloth.

And lest there should be any doubt about the method, the man of science comes to our aid. "Yes," he says, "you are quite right. Your formula expresses the universal principle of heredity. We word it a little differently, but the idea is the same. 'Like begets like' is the way we put it. It applies to every living thing in the world. Notice this bacillus, for example. Even as you observe it beneath the microscope it divides, and two bacilli are there in place of one. This process it will continue indefinitely, under proper conditions, until there are myriads of bacilli there, but every one will be precisely like the first.

The cholera bacillus never changes into the bacillus of consumption, nor that into the bacillus of diphtheria. Each produces its own kind and no other. 'Like begets like' it is beautifully simple, unequivocally true and of universal application." It is little wonder that so relatively simple, so true and so sweeping a proposition has proved alluring. All universal formulae are so. But it should not be forgotten that a seemingly simple principle may become very complex, indeed, in its application. So it is here, indeed, a stunning block of most alarming dimensions appears at the very outset if we attempt to apply the principle of heredity intelligently to any higher organism, in the fact that two parents are to be considered. These parents are not precisely like one another, hence, in the nature of the case, the offspring must be either identical with one parent and unlike the other, or else identical with neither. Here theory wavers, but experience proves that the offspring always combines in some measure the qualities of both parents; hence, that it never is precisely like either of them. What, then, becomes of the principle of heredity?—[Henry Smith William, M. D., in North American Review for September.]

Everybody knows that the French standard of measurement is the "meter," but how many correct answers do you think you could get should you put this question to the first hundred persons you meet? What is the basis of French measurement? What is the "meter" a part of? Should you be fortunate enough to get a single correct answer it would be something like this: The French standard measure of length is founded on the measurement of the earth from the pole to the equator on the meridian of Paris. This total distance is divided into 10,000,000 equal parts, each of which is a "meter." The meter is 1.094 English yards.—[St. Louis Republic.]

Acting Its Song.
The white-banded mocking bird of southern South America—the finest feathered melodist in the world—is one of the species that accompany music with appropriate motions. And just as its song is, so to speak, inspired and an improvisation, unlike any song the bird has ever uttered, so its motions all have the same character of spontaneity and follow no order, and yet have a grace and passion and a perfect harmony with the music unparalleled among birds possessing a similar habit.

While singing he passes from bush to bush, sometimes delaying a few moments on and at others just touching the summits, and at times sinking out of sight in the foliage, then in an excess of rapture soaring vertically to a height of a hundred feet, with measured wing beats like those of a heron, or mounting suddenly in a wild, hurried zigzag, then slowly circling downward to sit at last with tail outspread fanwise and vans, glistening white in the sunshine, expanded and vibrating, or waved languidly up and down, with a motion like that of some broad-winged butterfly at rest on a flower.—[Longman's Magazine.]

Orange Culture.
It is estimated by competent authorities that in Florida there are 10,000,000 orange trees, bearing and non-bearing. In Arizona, a new section as regards orange culture, there are about 1,000,000 trees that will come into bearing within a few years. In California there are 6,000,000 trees, part of which are bearing and part will produce in a few years. As each tree grows not less than two boxes, and sometimes reaches as high as ten, it can easily be seen that in ten years from to-day the production of oranges in the United States on the basis of the low average of two boxes a tree will be 34,000,000 boxes, or enough to supply the whole world. It is no wonder, therefore, that business men engaged in marketing the orange crops are casting about for favorable outlets, such as England and the Continent promise to be.—[Canadian Grocer.]

LOSS OF LIFE IN MANEUVERS

Thirty-one Casualties in the Late Annual Tactical Exhibitions.

The great danger to vessels and human life attending the annual tactical maneuvers of the navies of the world, so terribly emphasized by the disaster to the British ship Victoria through its collision with the Camperdown while executing a difficult movement in naval tactics, is prominently brought to notice by the office of naval intelligence in reports just issued under the direction of Lieut. F. Singer, chief intelligence officer of the United States.

During the past year or so maneuvers were held by the navies of Austria, England, France, Germany, Japan and Russia, and in this list may also be included the Columbian naval rendezvous at Hampton Roads and New York. It is somewhat startling to learn through an official source that no less than thirty-one casualties, exclusive of the Victoria affair attended these drillings of mobilized armed craft, and this number would be augmented considerably if certain admiralty offices, that of Russia in particular had not purposely concealed all information of such accidents from the public, and if reports of late occurrences had been received by the intelligence office. Considered in connection with the recent wreck of a Haitian cruiser, by which a number of prominent Haitian diplomats were drowned, and the loss of a Russian gunboat of the monitor type, with all on board, the figures of naval casualties given in Lieut. Singer's compilation, mark the last twelve or fifteen months as a tragic and grievous period for the navies of the world.

The thirty-one casualties mentioned all occurred during the progress of naval maneuvers, but it is in the interest of a correct understanding of the matter to know that a number of the accidents did not result from the execution of movements in obedience to tactical definitions but came about through disarrangements of machinery, the explosion of a boiler, or some such happening concerning only a single ship and the persons in it.

The English navy, for example, is credited with twenty-seven casualties occurring during the maneuvers, but the term "casualty" in many of these cases it applied to matters so trivial as to be hardly deserving of mention. The well-known liberality of the British admiralty office in making public the circumstances connected with every accident to naval vessels accounts for these somewhat startling figures, and it must also be remembered that fleets of an extraordinary size take part in the English maneuvers, and that several of the movements executed are attended with extreme danger, greater than vessels of other powers are allowed to incur.

VIC-FRANCOIST STEVENSON prefers the cable cars on Pennsylvania avenue to a carriage in going to the Capitol and returning to his home.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red	65 1/2	67 1/4
WHEAT—No. 3 White	55	54
OATS—Southern & Penna.	35	36 1/2
RYE—No. 2	12	12 1/2
RYE—Choice Timothy	15 5/8	16 00
Good to Prime	14 50	15 00
STRAW—Rye in car lots	12 5/8	13 0/8
Wheat Blocks	7 0/8	7 5/8
Oat Blocks	8 00	8 50

CANNED GOODS.

TOMATOES—Std. No. 2	65	68
No. 3	70	73
PEAS—Standards	120	126
Seconds	80	85
CORN—Dry Pack	58	58
Moist	58	58

HIDES.

CITY STEERS	5 3/4	5 1/2
City Cows	4	4 1/2
Southern No. 2	5 1/4	5 1/2

POTATOES & VEGETABLES.

POTATOES—Burbanks	70	75
ONIONS	160	175
Yams	160	175

PROVISIONS.

HOGS PRODUCTS—shld.	5 1/2	9
Clear ribside	9	10 1/2
Ham	13 1/2	14 1/2
Mess Pork per bar.	18	18 7/8
LARD—Crude	11 1/2	11 1/2
Best refined	11 1/2	11 1/2

BUTTER.

BUTTER—Fine Crmty	22	30
Under line	28	29
Roll	27	28

CHEESE.

CHEESE—N. Y. Factory	11 1/2	12
N. Y. state	12	12 1/2
Skim Cheese	6	8

EGGS.

EGGS—State	19 1/2	20
North Carolina	18	19

POULTRY.

CHICKENS—Hens	11	13
Ducks, per lb.	9	10

TOBACCO.

TOBACCO—Md. Infer's	130	130
Sound common	60	60
Middling	600	8 00
Fancy	1200	13 00

LIVE STOCK.

BEEF—Best Beeves	4 50	4 75
Good to Fair	4 00	4 25
SHREEP	2 00	3 25
Hogs	7 00	7 37

FURS AND SKINS.

MUSKRAT	10	11
Raccoon	40	45
Red Fox	—	1 00
Skunk Black	—	80
Opossum	23	38
Mink	—	80
Otter	—	60

NEW YORK.

Table with market prices for various commodities like flour, wheat, rye, corn, oats, butter, eggs, chickens, tobacco, live stock, and furs/skins.