Master Johnny's Next Door Neighbor.

It was spring the first time I saw her,
for her papa and mamma moved in
Next door, just as skating was over, and marbles about to begin.
For the fence in our back yard was broken,
and I saw as I peeped through the slat,
There were 'Johnny Jump-ups' all around her,
and I knew it was spring just by that.

I never knew whether she saw me—for she
didn't say nothing to me,
But 'Ma! here's a slat in the fence broke, and
the boy that is next door can see.'
But the next day I climbed on our wood shed,
as you know, mamma says I've a right,
And she calls out, 'Well, peekin' is manners!'
and I answered her, 'Sass is perlite!'

"But I wasn't a bit mad, no, papa, and to
prove it the very next day,
When she ran past our fence in the morning I
happened to get in her way,
For you know I am 'chunked' and clumsy, as
she says are all boys of my size,
And she nearly upset me, she did, pa, and
laughed till tears came in her eyes.

"And then we were friends from that moment,
for I knew that she told Kitty Sage,
And she wasn't a girl that would flatter, 'that
she thought I was tall for my age.'
And I gave her four apples that evening, and
took her to ride on my sled,
And—'What am I telling you this for?' Why
papa, my neighbor is dead!

You don't hear one-half I am saying—I really
do think it's too bad!
Why, you might have seen crape on her door-
knob, and noticed to-day I've been sad.
And they've got her a coffin of rosewood, and
they say they have dressed her in white,
And I've never once looked through the fence,
pa, since she died—at eleven last night.

"And ma says it's decent and proper, as I was
her neighbor and friend,
That I should go there to the funeral, and she
thinks that you ought to attend;
But I am so clumsy and awkward, I know I
shall be in the way,
And suppose they should speak to me, papa, I
wouldn't know just what to say.

"So I think I will get up quite early, I know I
sleep late, but I know
I'll be sure to wake up if our Bridget pulls
the string that I'll tie to my toe.
And I'll crawl through the fence and I'll
gather the 'Johnny Jump-ups' as they
grew
Round her feet the first day that I saw her,
and, papa, I'll give them to you.

For you're a big man, and you know, pa,
can come and go just where you choose
And you'll take the flowers in to her, and sure
they'll never refuse;
But, papa, don't say they're from Johnny.
They won't understand, don't you see,
But just lay them down on her bosom, and,
papa, she'll know they're from me."

—*Bret Harte.*

IN LOVE AND IN DEBT.

"Who is that, Carrie?"

"Dionysius Harrington. Is he not handsome?"

"Handsome! I should think he is. What a partner for the Lancers! or to take one sleigh-riding, or down to supper, or, in fact, anywhere where a *tete-a-tete* was a possible contingent."

"He is sure to be at the Nevilles' ball to-night. Perhaps you may be able to test your opinion on that subject."

"If he is there, I certainly shall."

"Provided you have an opportunity. Handsome Dion is in great request; but then yours is quite a new face, and a debutante is always sure of a certain amount of attention."

Carrie's tone was a little piqued, and pretty Margery Heywood felt that it was just as well to drop the subject. Fortunately Broadway affords plenty of conversational resources, and some imported costumes in a window supplied a topic of interest quite equal to handsome Dionysius Harrington.

Perhaps in Margery's mind there was an unacknowledged connection between the two. Dion and dress were not so very far apart; for a man who attired himself so elegantly was not likely to be indifferent to the toilets of the women whom he delighted—or condescended—to honor.

This point settled in her own mind, Margery was full of confidence. She had been brought up in a world where the milliner and tailor

"Are throned powers, and share the general state."

Her own dress was always perfect; her ribbons never *chiffonne*, her gloves new, her general costume like a morning-glory before twelve o'clock—it had no yesterday. Indeed, she considered negligence in dress one of the deadly sins among respectable people. So that, under any circumstances, she would have prepared carefully for the Neville ball; but it was certainly worth extra trouble when she was hopeful of eyes that could appreciate colors and combinations. Her reward was with her, for she had a great success that night. Her toilet was the rarest and richest in the room, and Dion Harrington signified his approval by the honor of three waltzes. After such a mark of distinction, Margery could repose, as it were, upon the sense of her own perfections.

They were sitting chatting together; and there was a look on Dion's face which absolutely indicated that he had forgotten himself, and was admiring some one else. Margery was certainly doing her best to charm him, and she was making Dion talk in a manner that really amazed himself. Among men he was a sensible fellow, with plenty of his own opinions; but among ladies he generally relied on his personal advantages.

Besides, his object was to conquer women rather than to amuse them, and he had generally found a few sighs and glances a very effective method of subjugation. But this night he was actually talking to Margery on every kind of topic, and feeling, also, an obligation on himself to say the cleverest thing he could think of at the time. After their first waltz he began his usual routine of remarks:

"We have had very bad weather lately, have we not?"

Margery did not assent according to rule and precedent, but said, "Really, I wonder you should think so. It is always changing. What more would you have? There was once an old lady who used to tell her grumbling nephew that he ought to be thankful for any weather at all."

"I think nearly every one grumbles at the weather."

"I have noticed that. If men are not satisfied with a party, or if anything goes wrong in their business or in their view of politics, they grumble at the weather. I don't believe that any two years, or any form of government could stand six weeks of settled sunshine."

Dion looked at this strange girl. She had a metaphysical, dreamy look in her eyes; there was no telling how she might turn the commonest subject. He remembered that he had another engagement, and made his most graceful apologies. Still he was wondering, all the time he was away from Margery, what she was thinking about him, and tormenting himself with the memory of several good things that he might have said, and did not say.

Perhaps that was the reason that he called upon Margery the next day, and the next, and so on indefinitely. In a month the handsome Dionysius was no longer at the general service; he was devoted to Miss Heywood. Then people began to talk. Some very good people, professedly anxious to repress malicious rumors, propagated them; and though they declared them to be incredible, still, unfortunately, they believed them to be only too true.

It was easy to profess indifference to such ill-natured talk, but people cannot be indifferent to the results of it. In this case the rumors reached Margery's aunt at Heywood, and she sent a preemptory order for her niece's return home immediately.

At this order Margery was very cross. She did not want to go back into the country, and she did think that, in some way or other, Dion might have prevented people's remarks. And his little effort to talk the matter over with her only made her more angry; for her loving, anxious heart was waiting to hear something more sweetly personal than:

"I cannot imagine, Miss Heywood, what pleasure people find in gossip."

"You cannot?" snapped Margery. "Well, then, let me tell you that all pleasures are short-lived except that of watching the mistakes of our friends, and comparing them with our own virtues."

"Where shall we meet again?"

"I am no diviner." She was pale and angry, but the tears were in her eyes. She knew that he loved her. Why could he not—why would he not—say so?

"Why?" She asked herself this question all during the next summer. For Dion, having discovered that Miss Heywood was with her invalid aunt in a small village in the Pennsylvania mountains, abandoned at once the delights of fashionable hops and drives, and devoted himself to Miss Heywood and Miss Heywood's aunt.

It was a summer to date from all of life afterward. Such glorious mornings by the trout streams! Such evenings in the moon-lit hills! Such walks, and talks, and rides! "A young man so handsome—so very handsome—a young man so clever and polite, and so respectful to age," Aunt Heywood had never seen. Forty years before, she had had a lover, who went to sea and never came back again, and she believed Dion to be exactly like him. Yes, she was certain that if ever she had been married, and had children, all her sons would have been just like Dion. The old woman loved him, in her way, quite as much as the young one.

This fair and happy summer at length came to a close. Dion found the ladies one morning in the midst of trunks and toilets. A sudden frost had set in, and Aunt Heywood missed the comforts of her own home. Dion lingered, silent and sorrowful, till after lunch, and then he asked Margery to go into the woods for a walk with him. He had a confession to make, he said, if Miss Heywood permitted it.

Miss Heywood thought he might have spoken without her permission. "Too much courtesy, too much courtesy," she whispered her own heart; but she signified her assent by a little nod of her head and a set, steadfast look in the water.

"Miss Heywood—Margery—I want to confess to you what a foolish waste I have made of my life and fortune. Hitherto I have squandered them in the silliest of pursuits."

Margery began to tap her foot restlessly.

"I have been so vain of my good looks."

She looked half slyly and half admiringly through her eyelashes at him.

"And I am sorry to say that, in order to do them justice, I have been very unjust to others. I am very deeply in debt, and—"

"Deeply in debt?" Was that what he had to confess? She colored violently, and rose. "Mr. Harrington, your debts do not concern me, unless—unless—"

"I expect you to pay them? I suppose that is what you think I mean, Miss Heywood. How can you misjudge me so cruelly? I beg pardon for presuming to imagine that you could feel any interest either in the past or future of so worthless a life as mine has hitherto been."

He rose to go, and some dumb, evil spirit possessed the girl. She longed to smile, to speak, to detain him; but she could not permit herself to do it.

"Good-bye, Margery—dear Margery. When I venture to speak to you again, I hope to be more deserving of a hearing." He put out his hand, and she would not see it. Oh, it was that that he could not understand the love and longing and disappointment in her heart! She had a right to be angry with a man so blind; and as she could not for very shame go into a good, womanly passion, she gave vent to her feelings in a very unwomanly exhibition of sarcastic indifference.

But when Dion had really gone, she fell with passionate sobbing upon the ground, until the pines talked soughfully among themselves, and wailed back to her those melancholy tones they learn I know not where.

Aunt Heywood was as broken-hearted as her niece. She brooded on the loss of the gay, beautiful youth, with something of both a mother's and a lover's anguish; and when, a week later, they heard that he had sailed for the coast of Africa as supercargo of a friend's ship, all the sunshine died out of the two lives at Heywood Park.

A year later old Miss Heywood died, and Margery was left sole mistress of her person and fortune. There were some rumors of a strange will made by Miss Heywood in her last hour, which it was thought Margery would dispute. But the rumor died, and the young heiress apparently settled down to a monotonous life, in which nothing seemed left her but the "having loved."

In the second year a little ripple was made in Heywood by the advent of Harry Lake. Harry had been Dion's great friend, and was probably even then in correspondence with him. Margery had always avoided Harry's uncle hitherto; but now, with a sweetness he could not resist, she inquired after his health, his crops, and whatever other subject seemed of importance to him.

In fact, she quite won the old bachelor's heart. It was a great grief to him that he could not hope to wed her for himself; and he half disliked his nephew for his chances. But at any rate he determined that such a nice girl—and such a rich girl—should not go out of the family; and he soon let Harry know that the prospects of inheriting the Lake estate rested very much upon his marriage with Margery.

"But suppose the young lady will not have me, uncle?"

"You are not to suppose failure, sir, in anything. You have no rivals here—but me," the old man grumbled, not very pleasantly.

Harry was in a dilemma, and he sat thinking long over it that night. But he was endowed with a nature singularly honest, and at this juncture it helped him better than intrigue. He simply wrote a little note to Margery, asking permission to see her next day at noon. He received, as he expected, a cordial assent; and so, putting Dion's last letter in his pocket, he went almost confidently over to Heywood Park.

It was a very pleasant meeting, but Harry was determined not to let their conversation drift into generalities. "Miss Heywood," he said, "I am going to ask from you a very singular favor. I—I want you. In short, I want you to refuse to marry me."

Margery could not help a smile at Harry's awkwardness. She readily divined that he had something important to say to her, and that he had, in his eagerness to be perfectly plain about it, begun at the end instead of the beginning. So she said, "I shall certainly refuse you—when you ask me, Mr. Lake."

"Oh, that of course! No fellow like me expects to get a hearing, after poor Dion could not succeed. But the truth is just this: my uncle admires you so much that he threatens to leave me nothing unless I marry you."

"And you prefer to be disinherited, of course?"

"No, no, no; but, Miss Heywood, I am dead in love with the dearest little girl, and I am over head and ears in debt also; and if I vex uncle, he will give me no money—and don't you see how the thing is?"

"Not exactly. Now what am I to do? Tell me plainly."

"Well, I shall write you a letter to-morrow—a real, old-fashioned Sir Charles Grandison letter—and ask your permission, etc., etc., to pay my devoted duty, etc., etc., to you. And I shall show this letter to uncle, and get his suggestions and approbation."

"Yes; and then I am to—"

"To answer it, just in your loftiest style, Miss Heywood. If you say a few words a little down on the Lakes, I don't mind it at all, and it will finish the matter. Of course I shall be cut up and all that. If my poor Dion was here he would find some clever way out of the scrape; but I can never think of anything but just going to headquarters, as I have come to you."

"It is the best way. A straight line is just as good in love as in geometry."

Then the affair was talked over, and Margery brought all her woman's tact and delicacy to its arrangement. Things were planned so as to proceed more leisurely; for the climax, instead of coming the next day, as Harry proposed, was indefinitely put off. But Margery thought herself well paid for her complaisance; for in a very short time Harry knew as well as possible the true state of her heart, and many a precious bit of news he brought her concerning Dion, and one day he managed to forget a photograph of him and never afterward to remember its loss.

So, with this fresh interest in life, time did not seem so heavy to poor Margery. She had Dion's pictured face, and every now and then a few words of information about him, or else a long talk with Harry concerning the manifold perfections of one so dear to both.

But though the final letter was delayed as long as possible, Uncle Lake at last got impatient. "Harry had spent part of every day at Heywood for four months; if boys and girls did not know their own minds in that time, they never would." So the old gentleman wrote the proposal himself, stated frankly what lands and money he intended to give Harry, and solicited for the young man the hand of his fair neighbor.

The answer had been carefully prepared by the two young people. It was exquisitely polite, but yet it contrived to hit delicately several points on which Uncle Lake was very sensitive; and, in fine, it absolutely declined any alliance with his house.

The effect was better than they had dared to hope. Uncle Lake was greatly offended, and for Margery's sake recalled the very worst of the stereotyped flings at women and women's ways so generally familiar to bachelors young and old.

"However, he was sorry for me, Margery," said Harry, one day, a week afterward, "and he has shown it in a way that I thoroughly appreciate."

"A check?"

"Yes, for ten thousand dollars."

"Did you pine much, Harry?"

"No, I could not manage it; and, do you know, that pleased uncle. He praised my spirited behavior, and said that was just the way he took a saucy woman's No thirty years ago; and then he gave me the check, and told me to go to Paris for a season."

"And you go, I suppose?"

"Just as soon as the dearest little girl is ready to go with me."

"Will you have enough, after paying your debts?"

"I shall naturally consider my wife's comfort before my creditors'."

"Oh, Harry! Harry!"

"Well, Margery, I never could keep out of debt and out of love. The men I trade with and the girl I love always have a lien on me."

After Harry left letters were long delayed. Addresses were lost or changed, and week after week and month after month passed without bringing any word from Dion, about whom he had promised to write. In the third summer Margery was so lonely that she determined to join some friends in a European trip; for she was sure by this time that Dion had quite forgotten her.

So she wandered all summer in the sunniest places of the earth, and was so charmed and happy that she really believed her love and her regrets were buried deeper than any memory could reach for them.

She was sitting, one lovely afternoon, on the top of Richmond Hill. As she sat musing some one suddenly stood between her and the sunshine. She looked up, and instantly put out her two hands with a joyful cry to Dion.

"Oh, Margery! Margery! Margery! Oh, my own love! my dear love! my darling!" while in a minor tone Margery was sobbing: "Dion! Dion! Dion! You have nearly killed me! How could you, Dion? You don't know that you have nearly broken my heart. Yes, you have, sir."

Then there was such an explanation to be gone through that at ten o'clock that night they had only got as far as their unfortunate parting. And this seemed to remind Dion of something, for he said: "Oh, Margery darling, I am afraid I must tell you the same old story. I have worked very hard, and all that, but I am still in debt."

"No, you are not. I have something to tell you, also. Aunt Heywood left you all her money provided you claimed it within five years after her death; if not, it was to be mine."

"It will still be yours, Margery."

"No, I do not want both you and the money; I have enough of my own."

"Then I shall get out of debt at last."

"No, you will not, sir. You owe me the price of three years of my life. You will never be out of my debt, and you will never be out of my love."

"I don't want to, sweet Margery! and they who are deep in love can afford to spend twenty out of an income of nineteen; for you know the old proverb: 'There was a couple who loved one another, and they always took what they had, and they never wanted.'—*Harper's Weekly*.

Staining Our Floor.

"We'll stain the floor this summer," said Tombolina. "It's cooler for hot weather. Everybody's doing it."

"Who'll do the staining?" said Pumbingo.

"Oh, I'll do it. Mrs. Dye did hers, and ever so much cheaper than the painter. She's given me her recipe. Now, I'll tell you what you must get for me at the paint shop."

Pumbingo groaned internally.

"First coat: Half and half of burned umber and sienna. Also half and half linseed oil and turpentine, with a little Japanese dryer. That's the first coat. That must dry. Then fill all the cracks with red putty. The second coat is half and half burned sienna and umber to one-third oil and two-thirds turpentine, with a great deal of Japanese dryer. Then varnish. There!"

Pumbingo was next seen carrying many pint bottles from a paint shop and emitting in the street car a strong smell of turpentine and varnish. He was then required to search for sundry empty tomato cans, in which to mix the stain. At any other time hundreds of empty tomato cans would have been seen kicking about the street. He had for years been pursued and waylaid by vagrant tomato cans. Now, not a tomato can could be found. All gone. Not a neighbor or friend had an empty tomato can. A full day was required to hunt up two empty cans wherein to mix the floor stain. When these were found all the absent tomato cans again appeared. Now that they were not wanted, they lay insultingly about his door and got under his feet. The ashmen put everything in their carts but tomato cans. Pumbingo picked up half a dozen, determined never again to be out of tomato cans.

Then it was Tombolina's turn. She did the staining and varnishing. A friend loaned her a brush; it was a small brush, too small by half. A bigger brush would have painted twice as much in half the time.

There was a great deal of mixing the first day of burned umber, sienna, oil and turpentine. Tombolina stained first the floor, then herself, then the washboards in patches and blotches, then more of herself, and finally more or less of the hard-finished wall in spatters and blotches.

"Hulloa!" cried Pumbingo, breaking rudely in on the poor girl hard at work on her knees. "Who's been squirting tobacco juice on this wall?"

"It's the brush which spatters," said Tombolina.

"Makes you freckled, don't it?" says he.

"Oh, do shut up!" said she.

"But, see here," he continued, "the stain don't seem to equalize. 'Tisn't an equal thing. Here is part of your floor butternut color, part light yellow, part mahogany. How's that? Looks like a map of Europe."

"Well, you see the cans were so small I had to make so many separate mixings of the stuff, and every mixing somehow makes a different color. Oh! dear, how my knees do ache!" said Tombolina.

Tombolina stained all that day; the floor and herself, the washboards and the ceiling. Everything had to be taken out of the two rooms being stained. They dined in the kitchen wherein chairs, sofa, parlor table, extra coal scuttles, sewing machine, trunks, tubs, bedsteads, boxes and other furniture tried to mob the happy pair and get on their table.

The floor was not dry next day. At early morn, Tombolina going forth to inspect her work, discerned through the two rooms a double line of bare male foot tracks imprinted on the still sticky surface.

"I told you not to go in the rooms till they were dry," said she, reproachfully, to Pumbingo.

"'Twasn't me," he said, stubbornly.

"Who else could it have been? Do you mean that mine are those huge foot-marks?" said she.

"It was the cat!" said he. "Pshaw! I must have walked in my sleep."

On the third day she puttied the cracks with red putty. She had no idea before how much putty some cracks wanted. They seemed hungry for red putty. Pumbingo was kept on the trot after putty. Also more turpentine, oil, umber, sienna, Japanese dryer and varnish. Pumbingo smelled like a paint shop. So did she! So did the house.

The third coat is now going on. Pumbingo is buying extra pints of turpentine at the drug store at a high price. Tombolina's back feels as if it had broken in the middle. Her knees have spavined, and she can't get up without help, but she's resolved to stain or dye in the attempt.—*New York Graphic.*

Justice in Albania.

One of the curious facts related of Albanians is their strict adhesion to the *lex talionis*. An assassin is killed by the friends or relatives of the victim, and if they cannot find the criminal himself they have a right to kill his father, his son and brother or his cousin. A thief is forced to pay double the value of the stolen goods to the person robbed, and a fine besides to the tribunal of justice. Adultery entails the same punishment as assassination. If the betrothed girl refuses to keep her promise the deceived lover may kill a member of her family. A guest is sacred; and a man who violates the laws of hospitality and kills or wounds his guest is chased from his tribe, and no one is permitted to have any communication with his family. The same dishonor falls upon the man who kills a woman. All his relatives receive the surname of "Woman-slayer." The Albanians number about 2,000,000 souls, and in the portion of their territory claimed by Greece there are 650,000 inhabitants.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A Russian paper gives an account of a plague of locusts near Elisabethpol, which forced a detachment of troops on the march to retrace their steps. The insects settled so thick on the soldiers' faces, uniforms and muskets that the commander, driven to desperation, ordered firing at them. This was done for half an hour, but produced no effect, and the soldiers were obliged to march back. The swarm covered an area of twenty-two square miles.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* bundles together its advice to profane men in this wise: "To all who are afflicted with the habit of profanity, and who are desirous of curing themselves of it, we would suggest that, as a beginning, they resolve, and rigidly adhere to the resolution, that whenever they feel a disposition to swear they will take no other name in vain except that of the Aztec god of war, Huitzilopochtli. That will give their anger a chance to cool and to disappear before they get to the other end of the word, and they will not thus be guilty of the sin of a complete oath. And if Huitzilopochtli won't break them, then their cases are hopeless."

Sitting Bull has been interviewed by a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, who says of him: "There is something remarkable in his face. It is rather broad and fleshy, but the determined line around the mouth destroys the impression of flabbiness. His eyes are wide, and black, and piercing. The upper lids are heavy, and the outer corners hang over the eyes as if the brain had escaped into them. His shoulders and chest are broad and strong, and the arms muscular, and the hands awfully dirty. He was dressed in blue leggings, beaded moccasins, a shirt made of the same material, figured like the patterns of broche shawls, and his blanket was bound lightly around his waist, for the afternoon was intolerably hot."

That Mr. Edison is working at his electric light problem without stinting the expense is evident. He says it has cost him about thirteen thousand dollars to perfect his generator. He has spent about eight thousand dollars in experiments on his lamp. It cost about three thousand dollars to discover a new method of insulating his wires. The meter experiments ate up fully two thousand dollars, and the dynamometer three thousand dollars more. He estimates the total cost of his experiments thus far at forty-five thousand dollars. Such devotion to an idea is one of his characteristics, and, fortunately, he is in a position of pecuniary independence, and has at his command all the money that seems to be necessary.

Under the head of "Good Advice for the Dog Days," the New York *News* has an article making these suggestions: There are two provisions which should be made in all large cities, in this climate, to protect the public from exposure to and consequent prostration from sunstroke. In the first place every well-regulated city should be supplied with a sufficient number of shade trees of speedy growth and abundant foliage as a source of protection for pedestrians during the prevalence of the greatest solar heat; and in the second place there should be an entire cessation of out-door labor from eleven to four o'clock on the hottest days. A suitable regulation should be concurred in for that end by both employers and employed.

The trade in glass in the United States within the last few years has reached enormous proportions. Pittsburgh, Pa., is the great glass center of the country. More than half of all the glass produced is made there. The productions aggregate over $7,000,000 annually, employing a capital, which includes buildings, machinery and grounds, of nearly, if not quite, $3,500,000. There are seventy-three factories, containing in all 690 pots. Each year $3,000,000 is paid in wages to the hands employed, who number some 5,248. One can form some little idea of the magnitude of the business by ascertaining the amount of material consumed annually. Last year there were consumed 2,925 tons of German clay, 360 tons of lead, 250 tons of pearl ash, 2,760 barrels of salt, 6,055 tons of straw, 4,025 cords of wood, 4,525,760 bushels of coal, 793,500 bushels of coke, 1,218 tons of nitrate of soda, 48,340 tons of sand and 150,000 fire brick.

Of the successful pedestrian, E. P. Weston, the Rev. J. C. Fletcher, of Indianapolis, says that when a child Weston was the cleanest, sweetest little blonde boy he ever knew. He always had his Sunday-school lesson perfectly, and was well trained at home, in Providence, by his small, slender mother. "But," added Mr. Fletcher, "E. P. Weston was the most uneasy bright boy I ever saw. There was no keeping him still. His father was a man restless in his brain, and finally died insane. The mother of E. P. W. was a woman of intellectual parts, and at her husband's death, in order to support her family, she wrote a number of interesting books for children. These were printed and then, instead of being published, were hawked about Providence and elsewhere in the State of Rhode Island by Edward Payson, who walked from house to house all over the State, and thus early acquired the habit of walking."

Sergeant John P. Finley has investigated the cyclones that swept over Kansas in May. He traveled in a wagon and rode altogether five hundred miles, visiting thirty-five towns and villages. "I started out in making observations by first finding the center of the track of the storm, and then making corresponding observation on both sides to ascertain the effect of the wind on each. I found after a great deal of questioning that these tornadoes were always heralded by the appearance of hailstones and rain, which only ended when the funnel disappeared. The funnel, which resembles a water spout, was generally seen approaching from the northwest and southwest, and has the embodiment of the air currents coming from both the directions. The northwest clouds always resembled heavy rain-clouds, while those in the southwest were a light, fleecy color, indicating wind. After their appearance the inhabitants would notice between the two, near the apex, a terrible commotion, and in a few moments this would be followed by the funnel extending gradually from the clouds. It was this funnel-cloud that always did the damage. The majority of these storms travel about thirty miles an hour, and while they are on the ground their force is great enough to destroy everything within their reach."

While it is true that our means of making heat tolerable are infinitely less than those of India, it is equally certain that the heat which we are exposed to is, in the worst years, almost as nothing compared to what has to be endured there, where Europeans oftentimes are pursuing occupations fully as anxious and arduous as any performed here, where more than four or five days of excessive heat is extremely unusual. In Madras, for instance, there is a hot sun nearly every day in the year, which, after ten A. M., can scarcely be borne with safety, and the great part of the night is frequently as hot as the day. Madras has practically no cold weather, and Bombay but about two months, but Bengal has a distinct hot and cold season. In June the temperature there is 110 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, and the humidity goes down to twenty-five per cent. of saturation. By sitting behind a netted grass screen in a shady room, with a fanner blowing in damp air, the temperature can be reduced to eighty degrees. In Lower Bengal and the northwest provinces the periodical rains set in during June and bring relief from hot winds, but both the day and night temperature remains about ninety-two degrees. By the middle of October the cold weather has set in, but from eleven to three o'clock the sun is always uncomfortably hot. Still, the fact of this change of season has a very favorable effect on Europeans, who do not age in Bengal nearly as rapidly as in the other Presidencies. Constitution and their extraordinarily temperate diet enable the natives in India to work throughout the day.

The Champion Hot City.

Chicago will have its little joke on St. Louis. Here is the latest, from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean's* account of an interview with a par-boiled citizen: "I have been to Ceylon, Calcutta, up the Nile to Cairo, and to the Sandwiches and Brazil. At Ceylon one summer the tarred ropes hung like wet strings, and the ship 'sizzed' like hot iron as she went through the water. It's singular what a difference there is in the effect of heat in different climates. We were off Calcutta in mid-summer, and the planks of the 'Gad-fly' were warped like barrel staves, and she took water like a sponge. We threw overboard a valuable cargo of cotton and Sheffield hardware, and towed her into port, where we had her sheathed with Indian copper. We went back to Liverpool and then sailed for Rio. Just across the line we struck a calm and laid by for eight of the hottest days I ever experienced. The heat was terrific. The ropes got so soft we could not fasten them, and they ran down to the decks and laid around like snakes. The copper gradually melted from the sides and raised a cloud of stream around the ship as it dropped into the sea. The ship sprung a leak, and the men worked at the pumps bare naked, and you could almost see the flesh disappear from their bones. Finally we got a light 'norther' and went into Rio with a lot of skeletons. I have been where it is hot, messmates, or gentlemen—awful hot—but the all-firedest hottest weather I ever hauled to in was St. Louis. I took a contract there last summer to pick up sun-struck people off the streets. I went bankrupt in three days. Why, they laid around thicker than dead dogs in Chicago during the poisoning season. I have seen flagstones bend double, and whole blocks of pavement twisted all out of shape. The fire plugs were red hot, and the water in 'em boiling. The sun wa'n't more than a rod away, and looked as red as a furnace mouth. The air was all in a shimmer, and the heat came down with such force that you couldn't raise your hand. It was just as bad at night. Not a breath of air, and the heat crowded into the buildings and was packed in the streets. You couldn't get a breath. One night I went down on the levee and found a gang of men with snow shovels throwing the heat into the river in great chunks. I dropped off and swam across, and came to Chicago.

Poisonous Paper Collars.

It is, doubtless, in the first instance, as the cause of a local skin disease, that paper collars prepared with arsenic in some form are deleterious; but when once the cuticle has been removed the toxic effects may become general, because absorption is then very likely to take place, and the whole system may be poisoned. We make no specific allegation on the subject of these collars, but the information which has reached us, and is still being volunteered, is of a nature to render it indispensable to caution the public. No one desires, and nothing we have said or may say on the subject should be held to reflect on the sellers of articles of dress obtained from the manufacturers, and distributed, without the retail tradesman being aware of the pernicious properties. Meanwhile it is incumbent on all who manufacture goods for general use to take care that nothing calculated to injure the health of a wearer is contained in them. It is impossible that arsenious acid can be used unwittingly. As a matter of fact, we believe white paper is often prepared with this poison; and if it is brought into contact with any absorptive surface, evil consequences may ensue. It is certainly time that the process of manufacture should be placed under official inspection, if, for the sake of cheapness or to give artificial luster to their goods, makers will use dangerous dyes and dressings, regardless of everything but their own commercial success.—*London Lancet.*

A Ghastly Relic.

Mrs. W. F. Peterson, who resides at No. 727 Vallejo street, has in her possession a miniature of Abraham Lincoln, which, together with its setting, forms one of the most curious relics of the President now in existence. It will be remembered that after the tragedy at Ford's Theater, Washington, President Lincoln was carried to a house on Tenth street, between E and F streets, northwest, opposite the theater. The house was the residence of William Peterson, Sr. It was an ancient-looking house, built of brick. In a room of this house, noted as the only private residence in which a Cabinet meeting was ever held, Lincoln breathed his last. The bullet of Booth had entered his victim's head, and to staunch the wound a towel was wound about it. This towel was preserved by the Petersons as a precious relic. And when afterward a portrait of Lincoln, painted by Uhlrick, was added to Mr. Peterson's collection, a portion of the towel was employed as a setting for the picture. The portrait is an oval miniature, six by eight inches in size. The towel—stained with the blood of Lincoln—is stretched upon a square wooden frame. The portrait is spoken of by those familiar with the President's features as an extremely faithful likeness. In connection with its unique framing the portrait is of more than passing interest and possesses no slight historical value.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*