

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

News and Notes for Women

Chicago wants a big asylum for female inmates.

Twenty more Indian girls are to be sent to Hampton College.

The Queen of England has twenty-five grand-children living.

A Louisville woman wearing \$4,000 worth of diamonds, was arrested for drunkenness.

Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, has grown so large in person as to find locomotion extremely difficult. She lives in grand style at Paris.

A Miss Louisa Lock, who has been preaching in Wales, has been arrested for blocking the roads, and sent to Cardiff gaol to pick oakum.

Dr. Franklin's advice to a young man was: "If you admire a young lady, and wish to know her as she really is, call upon her in the morning."

So great have been the changes since the establishment of the republic in France that many ladies of high family are studying in convents to qualify themselves for governesses.

The Emperor William still cherishes the memory of his mother, Queen Louise, and the rooms which she occupied at Konigsberg are retained in the same order in which she left them.

A Miss Whitten, now at Damariscotta, Me., has probably the longest hair of any woman in the world. It is eight feet long, and when dressed in a French twist it passes six times around her head. The growth is perfectly natural.

The crown princess of Germany has been visiting Agram, where she expressed a wish to sketch a peasant girl in Sunday dress. One was sent for, but ran away as soon as the princess had commenced. A second did the same, but a third was induced to give a sitting.

There is a colored woman here who was raised as a boy; does not recollect when she began male clothing; still dresses and acts like a man; does a man's work and bears a man's name. She has an aversion to being with women, or doing their kind of work, and she says she would go to the penitentiary before she would wear a bonnet.—*Tarboro (N. C.) Southerner.*

Fashion Notes.

It is said that short waists are to be fashionable.

Fringes of cashmere beads cost as much as fine lace.

Children's stockings should exactly match their dresses.

Dotted muslin is imported to accompany the dotted lace.

White embroidery will be more used than ever this winter.

Indianshaws are cut up into mantles as well as into jackets.

Satin grows more and more fashionable as a dress material.

New round hats are of fur beaver of the softest and finest kind.

Lace elbow sleeves in black and white can be bought ready-made.

Small caps of foulard edged with gathered lace are worn by young and old women.

Some new sleeves have puffs at the top of the arm and elbow sleeves of muslin or lace.

Sealskin fringe, which has smooth strands looking like fur, is one of the novelties of the season.

Handkerchiefs with borders of foulard in cashmere and Pompadour colors are pretty and effective.

Nearly all the new bonnets are made so that they can be worn with the hair dressed either high or low.

The designs in new satin brocades are very large. The larger the flower, the more expensive the material.

Fur-lined garments will be less fashionable this winter than those which are lined with quilted satin.

The dresses trimmed across the front with narrow flounces have appeared in the patterns and are very ugly.

The new materials for combination costumes have exactly the coloring and designs seen on Japanese bronzes.

Shirring is seen on nearly all the new dresses, on the waist and on the skirt, and even on the sleeves sometimes.

Flounces are not so deep as formerly, the fashion being to show part of the plain underskirt below the overskirt.

The wide white belts have almost vanished from street costumes. They were ugly enough to be long remembered.

Many of the New York milliners have already given up the wide bonnet ties, and have replaced them by narrow strings.

A novel absurdity is the hand-painted lace that is seen in late importations. It is in both black and white web, and is delicately tinted by hand painting.

Old-fashioned sateen is seen in many of the lately imported costumes; but it will not find much favor here as it is not very handsome nor durable.

Russia leather belts ornamented with brocade silk, having solid silver clasps, are the latest importation. They are certainly much prettier than the horse articles worn this last summer.

The newest freak in the manufacture of artificial flowers is the introduction of a few velvet leaves into large silk roses. Sometimes these leaves are of the same color as the other petals, and sometimes they are of a contrasting tint.

Several novel ways of plaiting the skirts of walking costumes appear this winter. Some have alternate kilt plaitings and plain spaces; others have a kilt plaiting at the bottom of the skirt, then a shirring and then a series of cross-wise plaits.

Black cashmere costumes for common wear will be trimmed with colored cashmere this winter, or else with black embroidery in openwork designs. The underskirt will be composed of cashmere only and the trimming will appear on the polonaise.

Husbands.

A clergyman, a few solemn words, a prayer, a blessing, and behold husbands those crowning joys or fatal curses of women, those potentates of the fair ones, claiming some absolute sway, others wishing to gently guide; those superior beings, charming additions to houses, beautiful adornments of homes when not enticed away by Miss Polly Toot's hardy plants that, if well cared for, will thrive in any climate, provided the soil be o'ke, and though oftentimes reputed to be wild are susceptible of kindness and seldom attempt to escape from the cages

of matrimony that are encircled by th wires of affection.

Husbands have peculiarities to be sure, little faults, though these little faults are not always visible unless viewed through the microscope of suspicion, requiring the angels of forbearance in the guise of wives to minister to them. They possess sufficient vanity to preserve their full state of inflation, are wise diplomats in their families, usually striving to maintain peace therein, while sly they will be (if they can) and stories they do tell (when they can.) Yet despite all these creatures are, many of them, kind, devoted and tender, sought after and desired by damsels (though none so wonderful that feminines need pine for the lack of them.) Beloved partners through earth's pilgrimage, serving as broad wings under which may nestle life's brood of troubles. Yes, surely husbands are invaluable, if indeed there be no mortgages of old loves attached to them! and wise are they who, being in complete possession of these dear mortals, seek to retain them by loving them, cherishing them and forever twinkling in their hearts as do the stars in the firmament above. *CARRIE RABREZ.*

Girls Don't "Shing Slang."

Girls should be careful never to sully their lips by the use of slang phrases, for though they may be innocently uttered they are apt to have a double meaning, and originate with a class of people who do not hesitate to make use of the lowest and vilest language. Some girls use slang because they think it makes their words more expressive and interesting, but this is a very much mistaken idea, for there is nothing more displeasing than to hear words of slang fall from the lips of girls who should be pure and free from any expressions not calculated to impress their hearers with a sense of their refinement and culture. The use of slang is becoming so common that ladies use it when conversing with gentlemen. With what degree of respect does a gentleman regard a lady who in his presence makes use of language such as is used in the very lowest class of society? He certainly cannot accord her the same respect which would be her's if her ideas were expressed in chaste, ladylike terms. It is true she may not mean to use words that will make her seem unbecomingly, but she cannot use slang in any way without saying something never intended for the lips of a true pure woman. A gentleman owes more respect to a lady than to use slang in his presence, and if she refrains from its use he will be more careful of his own language. It is bad enough for him to use it any time, but how much more it is for him to do so when with ladies! He is to some extent excusable, though, when its use is encouraged by hearing it from his lady companions. Remember, girls, you owe it to yourselves and to your own self-respect never to use language which will have a tendency to lessen a man's respect for you.

Concerning Lizards.

The common lizards of the West Indies are extremely fond of music. In a listening attitude they will approach the open window of a room in which music is played, coming nearer and nearer, with heads elevated, intently listening. In a somewhat rare book, entitled "Barbados and Other Poems," by M. J. Chapman (London, 1835), this habit of the lizard is thus referred to:

"Gay sounds are heard within the lighted hall;
The listening lizard the melody enthalls,
The charmed zephyr pauses as he flies
And mingles with his strains the softest sighs;
The weakened lizard leaves his bushy bed,
Climbs to the lattice and erects his head."

A lizard, so engaged, had its tail accidentally cut off by the sudden closing of the window on the sill of which it was stationed. This curtailed lizard, however, continued to visit the spot, charmed by the music. After a short time it was noticed that the lost appendage was gradually replaced by two. This occurred at the house of a friend in Barbados. Mr. H. S. Moseley, in his charming work, "Notes by a Naturalist on the Challenger," (London, 1879), remarks: "It is curious how little animals seem to be frightened by a long wand, like a fishing-rod. I have seen Mr. Thwaites in Ceylon put a noose of palm fibre, fastened at the top of a rod of this kind, over the heads of numbers of lizards, and carry them off thus snaggled to put them into spirit for Dr. Gunther. The lizards sat quietly to receive the noose, though if we had moved a foot nearer to them they would have ran off at once."—*Science News.*

A Curious Astronomical Fact.

Two persons were born at the same place, at the same moment of time. After an interval of fifty years both died, also at the same place and at the same instant—yet one had lived one hundred days more than the other. How was this possible? Not to keep our friends in suspense, the solution turns on a curious—but, with a little reflection, a very obvious point in circumnavigation. A person going around the world toward the west loses a day, and toward the east he gains one. Supposing, then, two persons are born together at the Cape of Good Hope, whence a voyage around the world may be performed in a year; if one performs this constantly toward the west, in fifty years he will be fifty days behind the stationary inhabitants; and if the other sails exactly toward the east, he will be fifty days in advance of them. One therefore will have seen one hundred days more than the other, though they were born, and died, in the same place and at the same moment, and even lived continually in the same latitude, and reckoned time by the same calendar.

A Woman's Terrible Death.

As Mrs. Josiah Walter, aged forty-nine years, living in Easton, Pa., was preparing to retire, she was seized with an epileptic fit, to which she was subject. She carried a coal oil lamp in her hand, and as she fell to the floor, her clothing caught fire. She gave a scream as she fell, and her little six-year-old son, Lewis, who was upstairs, ran down to assist her. He endeavored to smother the flames with his pants, but finding it useless he ran to the door and gave the alarm. By the time assistance arrived, Mrs. Walter had managed to crawl to the door, and the light of the flames as they consumed her clothing could be seen a great way off. The wood work of the house caught from the flames, but the fire was soon extinguished. Mrs. Walter was burned frightfully, and after intense suffering died before midnight. She had been subject to spasms since the birth of her first child. She was the mother of nine children, three of whom are living.

An Arkansas Romance.

Mr. J. M. Hallett, of Pike county, gives us the facts of a very interesting "auld lang syne" affair, with a sentimental terminus of recent date. Just about the time that war was declared with Mexico, a young man named Henry Loring, and a young neighboring lady, Miss Vena Waldron, became engaged. When the trumpet of war sounded, young, fiery, impetuous Loring, conceiving it to be a duty owed to his country, bade his affianced good-bye, and became a soldier. They were devoted to each other, and when the young man left the young lady vowed that she would never marry if he did not return. After the fall of the City of Mexico, a man named Ralph Mitchell approached Loring and stated that he had left Pike county subsequent to Loring's departure, and that Miss Waldron had died a few days before his departure. The young soldier was desperate, and when the troops, "came home with glad and gallant tread," he was not with them. Having, in a moment, been transformed from an ardent soldier to a reckless man, he left the army, and embarking went to Cuba. From there he went to Spain, to Austria, Prussia and to France. When the late Franco-Prussian war broke out he entered the French ranks, and at Metz was almost fatally wounded. When he recovered the war was over, and remaining in France until the Russian war with Turkey he repaired to Russia and joined the army though an old man. With a detachment of troops, while attempting to cross the Danube, he was shot through the lungs. For a long time he languished in a hospital and finally recovered. After the Mexican war, and when Ralph Mitchell returned to Pike county, he called on Miss Waldron, sympathetically told her that her lover, Loring, was dead, that he stayed from the camp one night and was killed by a band of scouts. The girl fell speechless to the floor. When she regained consciousness a high fever sprang up, and for months she tossed on a bed, caring nothing for her surroundings, and leading a recovery worse than death. After a long illness she recovered. Mitchell, who was very attentive to her in her sickness, called frequently in health. One night Mitchell told her of his devotion. "We have known each other from childhood," he said; "we have lived as neighbors. You know me, my father and mother. I love you with a depth only known to a burning soul. Will you be my wife?" "Mr. Mitchell," the girl replied, "I respect you highly, but I am engaged to another." "But he is dead." "The engagement is not. It will be consummated in heaven." "Is there no appeal from your decision?" "None." "Then I will tantalize you the more. Loring is not dead. My love for you caused me to deceive him. I told him that you were dead, and with despair he left the army. I did this through love. When a strong constitution again came to the rescue of a life, Mitchell had married a neighboring girl. Years went on, as years inevitably do. The girl's father and mother sank beneath the clay. The girl lived with her brother. The civil war came on. The girl's brother's children grew up and married. Not the girl, for she was advanced in years. In a small house they lived. There were vines in the yard, and among them the vine of matrimony was entwined; and once beautiful woman sat and mused. Summer and winter came and went. The love-killed woman had read every book in the neighborhood. The birds sang, and the rabbit sprang from his damp, snow-sprinkled bed. But old songs and old memories still swept the harp-strings of a heart once young and ardent. One evening last week Miss Waldron sat among the vines in the yard. Her brother was gone to the mill. An old man, with long beard and with tottering walk, stopped at the gate and asked if Mr. Waldron lived there. Miss Waldron invited him in. He approached, and when he had reached the vine-covered porch, sank down on a chair, and the one Miss Waldron had vacated, and buried his face in his wrinkled hands. "Old gentleman," Miss Waldron said, "can I do anything for you? You look so weary." "That voice!" the man exclaimed. "Vena, don't you know me? Henry has—" A shriek, and the old man stooped and lifted the form of an old woman from the floor. When the brother had returned a couple of old lovers walked out into the beautiful peace of night. The party walked along the road, each hand clasped within the other. Opening a gate they turned into an enclosure. They stopped at a mound. "Bend over, Henry, and see if you can read the inscription." Henry leaned over, and straightened up, said: "It is the grave of Ralph Mitchell." In a little long church not far away a pleased minister pronounced Henry and Vena man and wife. Nature says that their lives will continue but a few years longer; true sentiment says the few years will be happy ones.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

A Dog's Implacable Hatred.

Among some reminiscences of dogs, given by a writer in *Forest and Stream* the following appears: In my early youth I recall a dog owned by my grandfather who afforded an instance of a temper resentful and implacable. Marquis was half hound, half mastiff as we believed, but we only knew her mother, and she was a fair type of the well-bred southern hound. He grew larger, heavier and handsomer than the average hound is with us, and was so fierce that he had to be chained during the day. Once a cousin and I were amusing ourselves with our bows and arrows about the yard, both of us about six or seven years old. In fun I proposed to have a shot at Marquis, who was chained about twenty yards off. Cousin John was wiser than I, and would not shoot; but I let fly an arrow, which only grazed, and surely did not hurt him. He flew at me, and breaking loose, would doubtless have handled me roughly had I not darted up the piazza steps, and thus escaped his rage. Months elapsed ere I saw this dog again, and then it was at our summer house, a seaside village twenty miles away from where I had shot at him. I tried in vain to overcome his animosity to me by feeding him twice a day. It was agreed, in fact, that no one else should feed him while I remained. He would not attempt to molest me till he had done his breakfast or dinner, and then only the length of his chain limited his angry spring at me. He seemed to love and respect my grandfather, father, sister and cousin, and the butler and coachman; the other members of the household, white and black, he tolerated; but me he hated to the bitter end. Six years after my childish insult to him he would gladly have torn me to pieces, if opportunity had offered. When the tidings of Marquis' death were brought, I believe me, I rejoiced that he had been gathered to his fathers.

CROPS.

Some Interesting Statistics About the Great Product.—A Review of the Situation.—European Wants, and American Surplus.

In the *Grain and Provision Review*, Mr. J. O. Mellen, of Chicago, writes as follows: I give below a remodeled estimate of the wheat production of 1879, partly official and partly approximate, of the United States, which I am confident will be found very near correct, as they are in the main official. I shall, however, use even figures, giving production the "odd change," in order to be sure that the figures are enough:

	Bushels
New England States.....	1,300,000
New York.....	15,000,000
New Jersey and Delaware.....	3,500,000
Pennsylvania.....	25,000,000
Maryland.....	7,000,000
Virginia.....	8,000,000
North and South Carolina.....	4,000,000
Georgia.....	3,500,000
Mississippi and Alabama.....	2,000,000
Texas (largely short in some sections).....	8,000,000
Arkansas and Indian Territory.....	2,000,000
Tennessee and Kentucky.....	15,000,000
West Virginia.....	4,000,000
Ohio.....	40,000,000
Indiana.....	45,000,000
Illinois.....	45,000,000
Michigan.....	32,000,000
Iowa (crop partially short).....	24,000,000
Missouri (partially failure in some sections).....	17,000,000
Minnesota (crop largely short in southern half).....	35,000,000
Wisconsin (partially short in south half).....	21,000,000
Kansas (winter wheat materially short).....	15,000,000
Nebraska.....	15,000,000
Dakota.....	7,000,000
California and Oregon.....	40,000,000
Other Territories.....	7,000,000
Total.....	141,000,000

The reports concerning the European harvests are of so unfavorable a nature as to be really alarming, and, if the estimates quoted in the various wheat producing countries of that continent are even approximately correct, the total wheat production of the world will fall very considerably short of the usual average consumption, and to one acquainted with the magnitude of this deficiency the unprecedented exportations of the past six weeks will create no surprise.

In consequence of the unusually disastrous outturn in Bulgaria and Hungary, the export of grain has been stopped by court decree. The estimate of deficiency to the Russian crop is twenty-eight per cent. on a crop of about 325,000,000 of bushels—shortage equal to more bushels than was ever exported from that country. In Southern Italy, Spain and Portugal the wheat harvest was nearly a total failure. The French deficiency is reported as fully equal to, if not greater than last year. The German provinces show variable returns as to wheat, a full average in some, but large deficiencies in others; while the rye crop of which the consumption is much larger than wheat, and equals about 240,000,000 bushels, is twenty-five per cent. below the usual result—a very important item if the deficiency is to be made up with (or even partially so, of) wheat imports. H. Kains Jackson estimates the shortage for the British islands to be about 17,000,000 quarters or the enormous amount of 136,000,000 bushels; and not only is the wheat deficient, but the barley and oat crops are largely below an average, and last, but of still greater importance in food statistics, the potato crop is also woefully below an average yield, equal to 75,000,000 bushels shortage, which shortage must be supplied mainly by increased imports of wheat. I therefore make the following new estimates of European requirements of wheat according to last advice (some official and others approximate), as follows:

	Bushels
British islands.....	136,000,000
France and dependencies.....	80,000,000
Germany and North Sea ports.....	120,000,000
Holland and Belgium.....	10,000,000
Spain and Portugal.....	15,000,000
Italy and Mediterranean ports.....	15,000,000
South America and West Indies (mainly flour).....	6,000,000
China, flour.....	1,000,000
Total.....	283,000,000

According to the deficiencies reported, these estimates are rather under than above the probable actual figures. Accepting an estimate of about 270,000,000 as the food and seed requirements of the United States, this country will have for export 165,000,000 to 170,000,000 bushels, leaving 113,000,000 to be supplied from the surplus of other countries than the United States, which result is simply impossible to obtain. Russia, from her most favorable crop of wheat, exports something over 70,000,000 bushels, and should the shortage on this year's crop be only twenty per cent., instead of twenty-eight per cent., as estimated, her surplus for export will be simply nil; but, allowing the damage to be over-estimated, and that Russia can furnish, say, 20,000,000 bushels, the following figures result after making the largest approximate estimate for supplies from the remainder of the wheat-producing countries of the globe than the United States. My estimate is as follows:

	Bushels
Russia.....	20,000,000
India.....	10,000,000
Australia.....	12,000,000
Chile.....	3,000,000
Canada.....	6,000,000
Total.....	51,000,000

This estimate exhausts the wheat-producing countries of the world and indicates an absolute deficiency of supply under average consumption of at least 62,000,000 of bushels.

These figures would be alarming were it not that to a considerable extent wheat can be supplemented by corn and probably will to a great extent, should the value of wheat increase in proportion to the apparent shortage and the general market runs its usual course—when the facts of supply and demand are considered.

Miss Minnie F. Austin, for many years teacher in Chicago and San Francisco high schools, also principal of Clarke Institute in San Francisco, from failing health turned her attention to an outdoor life. She now owns a fruit farm of eighty acres in Fresno, Cal., and last spring set in the ground, by the aid of one man, over 600 fruit trees. Miss A. conducts her farm with as much system as she did her school. She has twenty-eight acres of the best raisin-grapes, from which the yield will be between thirty and fifty tons of fruit; about 300 apricot trees, 100 nectarines, 400 figs, 400 prunes, and all ordinary fruit trees. She has this year nearly two tons of peaches alone, which she has dried for the market.

In Alabama 96,000 white and 53,000 colored children have been enrolled in the public schools.

Indians in Full Dress.

A White Earth Agency letter to the St. Paul (Minn.) *Vindicator* says: The Indians at White Earth have, as a rule, thrown aside their blankets and adopted the garb of civilized life, a necessary step in their moral and material progress, though, in looking at the wonderful picturesque costumes of the Indians from the distant reservation of Red Lake, one could not help feeling sorry that these dresses of strange barbaric splendor must soon be things of the past. Some of the younger bucks must have been engaged from early dawn in completing the elaborate toilets in which they appeared. One young chief, Hurricane, of Red Lake, was positively killing in a splendid otter skin war bonnet, ornamented with six eagles' feathers, symbols of a brave, at their tips tiny ribbon-pennants to which were attached ermine tips, symbols of a scalp. He had several bunches of feathers in his hair, and a whole bunch hanging on his pipe-stem; a bright streamer of feathers, known, I think, by young ladies as a "kiss-me-quick," completed his head-dress. He was highly rouged, and over each eye had painted a square of delicate white and red stripes. A checked red shirt, black blanket, and richly beaded gaiters and moccasins, completed his very effective costume. This fine, handsome fellow has a remarkable history. He is said to have taken no less than fifty Sioux scalps. At the time of the massacre of 1862 he followed the Sioux who had killed most of the whites in his neighborhood 500 miles up the country as far as Manitoba, killed and scalped him and his whole family, from the double motive of gratifying the whites with whom the Chippewas have always been friendly, and taking vengeance on his hereditary foe, the Sioux. Rouging and painting the face seems to be reduced to a fine art among the Chippewas. But the effect is, as a rule, hideous and grotesque. Here is a gentleman with one eye painted a brilliant blue; another with one dark blue square on each cheek, with white spots on the dark blue ground. I thought at first he had commenced with the intention of ornamenting himself with the stars and stripes, and had been compelled to leave out the stripes for want of room. One had his face painted bright, brick-dust color, over one cheek a stripe of red, over the other one of dark blue with white spots. Another had painted bright red spots all over the face, giving the effect of some skin disease. A third had produced an extraordinary effect by a green coloring under his eyes. One old gentleman had painted in a complete blue beard. On the whole, the Red Lake Indians were a decided attraction, and afforded great amusement both by their costumes and their national colors.

Jokes from Harper's "Drawer."

This shocking specimen of discourtesy occurred recently in North Adams, one of the leading manufacturing towns in Massachusetts. A colporteur entered one of the manufactories, and asked the gentleman who seemed to be the head man of the concern, "May I leave some tracts?"

"Certainly," replied the old gentleman; "but please to leave them with the heels toward the door."

The Drawer has the honor to present to the lovers of excessive humor the following, which is the twenty-first anecdote in Taylor's *Wit and Mirth*, edited by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt:

A country fellow, who had not walked much in streets that were paved, came to London, where a dog came suddenly out of a house, and furiously ran out at him. The fellow stooped to take up a stone to cast at the dog, and find them all fast rammed or paved in the ground, quoth he: "What a strange country am I in, where the people tie up the stones and let the dog loose!"

This comes to us as a fresh anecdote. Father Taylor, the famous saint, preacher of Boston. At one of his rayer-meetings an opulent merchant came in to honor the meeting. He spoke a few words extolling the kindness of the Boston people in aiding Mr. Taylor to build his chapel, and their consideration of poor sailors. As soon as the great man had finished, Mr. Taylor quietly asked: "Is there any other old sinner who would like to go with the meeting?" No other old sinner responded.

The following pleasant thing in the way of definition occurred a few days since in one of the public schools of a city in Massachusetts. A member of the committee, Captain —, was visiting the school, and the class having read from Webster's address at Plymouth, the captain asked the class, "Who was Webster?"

One boy said "a statesman," another "an orator."

"But what is a statesman?" asked the captain.

"A man who goes around making speeches," answered a boy.

"That is not quite right," replied the captain; "I go around sometimes making speeches, but I am not a statesman." A bright little fellow spoke up: "I know. It is a man who goes around making good speeches."

The Highest House in the World.

A actor writes to the *New York Sun* the following letter: "In your issue of the 8th, on the 15th, there is a paragraph which states 'that the highest inhabited house in the world is believed to be the one erected for the miners employed on Mount Lincoln, in the main range of the Rocky mountains, Park county, Col. It is 14,157 feet above sea level.' I would respectfully call your attention to the fact that there is on the Callao, Lima and Oroya railroad, Peru, ninety-four miles from Lima, on the summit of the Andes, a small town called Galera, or as the Peruvians style it, 'tunnel de la Cima.' This place is situated on the western slope of the dividing range of the great Andean chain, 15,945 feet above the line of perpetual snow. It was founded in 1873 by an engineering corps of the Oroya railroad, represented by Martin Van Brocklin, now superintendent of the Metropolitan elevated railroad, New York; his brother, Herman Van Brocklin, and H. J. Tobias of Illinois. It derives its name from a tunnel or gallery which is being bored through the summit from the Oroya railroad, and is 1,173 metres, or 3,847 feet in length. I make this statement from personal knowledge, having been in the employ of Henry Meigs, and compelled to live at that place for a period of ten months. These facts are given from actual measurement, taken from the records of the chief engineer at that time.

A WONDERFUL OPERATION.

How Nourishment was Introduced into a Little Girl's Stomach.

San Antonio, Texas, contains a wonder, the like of which cannot be found in the United States. It is nothing more nor less than a child, seven years old, that instead of masticating and swallowing its food in the usual manner, is fed through an aperture in the stomach made for that purpose. The child is gaining strength, can walk and play, and bids fair to soon be as stout and healthy as any other child. The facts are as follows: About two years ago Mr. S. T. Lumley, at this time living in Pennsylvania, had the misfortune to have his daughter Jessie drink a solution of ipe, which a colored woman had carelessly left on the table. A large quantity of the corrosive liquid was swallowed. Death is the certain result in such cases. The ipe destroyed the mucous membrane, and a stricture of the esophagus is formed, which means that the throat, or at least the channel through which the food goes into the stomach, is drawn together or contracted to such a degree that only liquids, and not much of them, can pass through.

Such was the condition of the little girl, Jessie Lumley, when she was brought to San Antonio for treatment. The child was very much emaciated, could not swallow even liquid food for days at a time. As it was the only possible chance she had for life, her parents consented that the operation of making an opening in the stomach should be attempted. The operation has been performed in England, but this is believed to be the first time it has been attempted in the United States. An incision four inches long was made a few inches to the left of the pit of the stomach, at the beginning of the short ribs, much stitching being required. Through this incision the stomach was reached. The next part of the operation requires the most delicate handling imaginable. It consists of sewing the stomach to the walls of the abdomen, but great care must be taken not to penetrate the stomach itself. The needle and stitches only penetrate the skin of the stomach. The result is that the stomach, as the wound gradually heals, grows to the wall of the abdomen.

The patient was put under the influence of chloroform and the operation successfully performed. Unfortunately, the child had an attack of cholera, and ever, which had to be cured, which gave it a set back. The operation described took place a few weeks ago. The stomach had grown on the sides of the abdomen, and in two weeks the operation of making incision in the stomach, through which the food was to pass, was performed, and twice a day thereafter a beefsteak, cut up fine, has been passed with the forceps into the stomach, and the child is steadily gaining strength.

The writer visited the child, in company with Dr. Herff, and saw it fed. We waited in front of a small, one-story house, which we entered. A little girl, with light hair and blue eyes, was sitting up in bed surrounded by playthings. Her mother, a young woman of thirty years of age, was busy in the room.

"Don't you want your supper, Jessie?" said the doctor. "I want steak. I don't want any bread," "cos it hurts," said the little girl, whose thin features and pale complexion showed the result of her long fast.

The mother brought in a rare beefsteak, which the doctor proceeded to cut up in small pieces, crumbling up some bread at the same time. The food being prepared, the child lay back on the bed, and the opening in the side was exposed, it was only an inch in length, and presented the appearance of a badly healed cut. It was a little inflamed. I stood by and saw the doctor take one piece after another and carefully introduce it with the forceps into the stomach, until the plate was nearly empty. The child complains a little at times, but did not appear to suffer any. She finally said "my stomach is full," and, as there was no more steak, the doctor desisted. Finally some cotton was placed in the opening, a bandage put on, and she sat up and was soon fondling her playthings.