THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY,

AUGUST 24,

AN INTERESTING FARMER.

A MILLIONARE HUMBLED.

"Ah, indeed," replied Alley as he shook hands. "You are a farmer, are you. I am always glad to meet farmers, for I am some-thing of a farmer myself. I have a farm in

Texas consisting of 40,000 acres."

"You have," muttered out Harpster,
"and where is it."

"It is in such a county," said Alley,
naming the county, "in the central part of

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Harpster, "it must be good land, for I own the whole county next to it."

next to it."

This surprised Alley and took the wind out of his sails. He said little more about his farms, but his actions showed that his respect for Mr. David Harpster, the Ohio farmer, had perceptibly risen.

There is no man in Washington who enjoys a good dinner more than Senator Evarts. He is one of the highest livers in Washington and notwithstanding that he

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

SERMS LIKE SUICIDE.

That Bunts Food in the Water.

Owing to their peculiar habits and the isolated spots they select to build their nests

no one but the most ardent sportsmen and naturalists succeed in finding them. Hence a water ousel's nest with two of their eggs

deliberate habit in which they appear to commit suicide. They will start slowly,

very slowly, to wade right down into th

eye, you can still see their little dark forms

clinging to the bottom in search of their morning repast, which consists of peri-

SHE'S WORTH FOUR MILLIONS.

Pretty Florence Blythe, Whom the Courts

Have Made an Heiress.

Florence Blythe, who is now to be placed

in possession of the four-million-dollar

estate of the late eccentric millionaire

Thomas H. Blythe, is quite a handsom

الأولا والمعطور

Florence Blythe, the Heiress.

BITE OF THE MOSQUITO.

Fill You Are All Right.

The cause of the irritation from a mo

closkie, "by the observation of fine droplets of a yellow, oily looking fluid escaping from the apex of the hypopharynx."
"It has been demonstrated in many in-

stances," comments Mrs. Aaron, "that if the female be allowed to drink her fill and

to fiv away unmolested the effect of the poison is very much reduced; in some cases entirely so. It is the interrupted perform-

ance which produces the greatest itching. This seems to prove that, if allowed to finish

her meal undisturbed, the mosquito will pump back the venimo salivary secretion,

Baron Rothschild's Clock.

way.

make you smile to see it.

Is One of Nature's Choicest Blessings in the Eyes of the Sick Person in Summer's Heat.

HOW HOSPITALS ARE KEPT COOL.

The Homeopathic Constructed So a Lower Temperature Can be Maintained With Closed Windows.

GETTING RID OF THE VITIATED AIR.

"Changes in Disease That Can be Predicted From the Thermometer's Becords.

(WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.)



have looked on of the palm-leaf He hid the breath of heaven. No more gentle, soothing or

effective gift goes into the large city hospitals than a cheap, triffing and homely-looking paim-leaf fan. In the last annual report of the trustees of the Homeopathic Hospital on Second avenue several pages are filled with the printed list of donations made by charitable men and women. There you will read ofjellies, that were given to entice back the weak appetite; of flowers and books to make irksome hours pleasant; clothes to fit out the convalescent for his coming departure; provisions and other hospital supplies in every variety. LUXURY OF A PAN.

And opposite the name of the wife of a well-known wholesale grocer may be found this donation accredited: "Bunch of Fans." It don't sound very important, but in that bundle of palm-leafs there was as much solid comfort and luxury as in all the jellies, cordials and flowers that could be placed be-

fore a sick man. A gentleman who had recovered from a long iliness once told me the most horrible experience he had during his siege. I asked him what the most pleasant thing was he could recall of those weary months in bed. He smiled as he said: "As I think over it all now, nothing is more pleasant to recall than the days and nights when, with my face brilliant with fever, eves restless, head never still, every muscle strained and rigid, my brain a living hell—when, through all these agonies, I suddenly saw a hand reach out over me, and a great, big palm-leaf fan wave slowly to and fro over

HOT WEATHER IN HOSPITALS.

"Steady, lingering, cool, delicious, heav-euly draughts of air played around me. They dried the beads of sweat from my flesh, stilled the torment within my head, and carried me gradually into a state of languor that was on the next half acre Paradise. The regular motion of the fan became a lullaby to my distorted eyes, and I remember how I used to get fearful that it should suddenly stop, and the hand of the nurse be withdrawn, while I was yet una-ble to speak. But as I stealthfully watched for any cessation of the motion, I would invariably fall asleep. The fanning would go on all the time, and I could yet write some of the sweet dreams I had under the influence of its soothing effects."

Pittsburg has had some exceedingly hot days this summer. When the mercury was up in the 90s, and people on the streets or in their shaded homes were actually suf-fering from the heat, did you ever think of what that day must be to the hundreds of sick patients in crowded hospitals?

VENTILATING A BIG HOSPITAL "How do you keep your patients cool?" ! asked Superintendent Slack, of the Homeo-pathic Hospital, one sultry day this sum-

'Principally with the fan," he replied. "A palm leaf is the nurse's most constant companion this kind of weather, but, of the hospital wards as cool as possible. At

up to the highest degree of perfection, would form a clammy deposit on the furniture and walls, and by putrefying, become organic

poisons.

A lack of heat in winter decreases the vitality of sick people. They must be kept warm. And in summer, sick people are more sensitive to the heat than well people, becoming restless, losing sleep, and suffering from enervation. So that the same hospitas wards, used alike for the same disease in winter and summer, have to be suitable for the different seasons.

LARGE AND AIRY WARDS.

These demands have been most admirably kept in the ventlating arrangements of the Homeopathic Hospital. The wards are large and have high ceilings. They are well-lighted, thus leaving many windows to be utilized for air as well as light. Besides the upper and lower sashes in these windows, there is in each frame a small panel of blue-glass at the top which was put there purposely for ventilating purposes. It is so operated as to shield the patients on the beds underneath from both draughts and light.

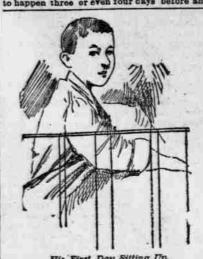
light.
On the inside of each window-sill is ent On the inside of each window-sull is cut a long, narrow hole in which is inserted a sheet-iron vent. Up through this vent comes hot air in winter, and cold air in summer. It is connected with pipes which lead up from the cellur. In the cellar these pipes converge in an immense double-chamber, which is probably 80 feet long, 30 wide, and 15 feet high. All doors leading into it are kept tightly closed.

A VAST AIR CHAMBER. with an approving eye. He foresaw the needs of a sick room, and created a blessing in reserve. So me where a specific man opening in the building's walls 40 feet high. Then it enters these pipes and is distributed in the various wards through the vents which you saw. If all windows

which, unless the apartment was ventilated up to the highest degree of perfection, would form a clammy deposit on the furniture and

Iton of our patient this way:

In ague, the temperature of the body begins to rise several hours before the beginning of the paroxysm, and after the disease seems to have disappeared, a periodic increase of the temperature may still be detected, and as long as this continues, the patient is not really cured. In typhoid fever, the rise of temperature, or its abnormal fall, will indicate what is to happen three or even four days before any



AMONG THE CONVALESCENTS.

"We have tried it this summer, and succeeded in lowering the temperature of the whole building considerably below what it is when the windows are open, but the trouble is that we cannot satisfy the patients that they are going to be cooler with the windows closed than they will with them open. They want to see the windows well

interfere with the draught that can be secured from this air chamber." CARRYING OFF FOUL AIR.

up because it is summer. Open windows

In the same air chamber in winter the air from above is heated by a huge battery of boilers, and this hot air ascends throughout the building, finding egress through the window-sill vents. So successful has it been in beating the great, seven-story structure that not for four years has a fire been maintained in any of the open grates that are in all the wards. These grates, therefore, serve only as ornaments.

In the floor of each ward of the Homeo-

pathic Hospital there are a number of irongrated openings, exactly similar to heat registers. Through these all the foul air escapes. It is drawn into them by suction, which is created in the cellar by means of a draught. From each of these register openings a zine conduit, shaped like a box-sewer, extends along under the floor. It empties into a huge brick smokestack which runs up through the center of the building. This stack is about six feet in diameter. my hand into it at the opening on the third floor, and the suction I felt was remarkable.

DARK AND BRIGHT PICTURES. This cadaverous chimney is something swinl to contemplate. Into it passes all the foul air of the big hospital. It roars

in the wards could be kept closed this system will make the house cooler than the draughts from the windows themselves.

"We have tried it this summer and end."

"We have tried it this summer and end."

"The have tried it this summer and end."

"We have tried it this summer and end."

and below, in the morning, indicates a very lesence. In pneumonia, a temperature of 104° and upward indicates a severe attack. In acute and upward indicates a severe attack. In acute rheumatism a temperature of 104° is always an alarming symptom. In a case of jaundice otherwise mild, an increase of temperature indicates a pernicious turn. In tuberculosis, an increase of temperature shows that the discase is advancing, and "that untoward complications are setting in. In short, a fever temperature of 104° to 105° in any disease indicates that its progress is not checked, and that complications may still occur.

All the hospitals in Pittsburg and Allegheny have admirable arrangements for ventilation. In fact few cities in the country can compare with them. L. E. STOFIEL.

ATRICTIC GROSTS.

After Abandoning Table-Tipping They Have Taken to Stone-Throwing. Paris Edition New York Herald.]

There has been for some years an obvious neglect of athletic sports among ghosts Formerly the ghosts' favorite amusement consisted in upsetting beds containing timid people and in throwing heavy articles, including bricks and stones. Of late years the ghosts have wholly abandoned these sports, and have devoted themselves to literature, public speaking and quiet, social games of table-tipping and levitation.

But now we are apparently about to wit-ness a great athletic revival among the ghosts. They have begun by establishing a range for throwing stones at a mark in the grounds of Mr. Piddock, of Clapham. The mark is rather a large one, being Mr. Pid-dock's house, but they are rapidly acquiring so much skill that they seldom tail to hit it and frequently make the bull's-eyes on th drawing room windows. In time they will choose a smaller mark, and will doubtless strive to hit Mr. Piddock as he moves across

Every intelligent man, so long as som other man's house is selected as a mark will be pleased at this revival of ghostly athletics. It is much better than table-tipping and infinitely superior to ghostly

his lawn.

EXPANDING THE BRAIN.

A Paris Doctor Has Found a Way to Make Statesmen ot Idiota.

Paris Edition New York Herald.1 A Parisian surgeon has discovered a new method of developing the brain. Noticing that the head of an idiotic little girl was extremely small he removed part of the skull in order to give the brain room to expand It duly expanded, and the girl is now quite as intelligent as there is any real necessity that a girl should be. This successful experiment not only shows how idiocy may be cured, but it also seems to establish the fact that a man's intelligence varies as the size

If, therefore, any man wishes to increase his brain power all he has to do is to have, say, half of his skull removed. General Boulances might be of his brain. Boulanger might be converted into a new Napoleon by simply removing his skull and by expanding the brain artificially. The discovery is one which promises to be of great utility, and can hardly fail to make the discoverer wonderfully popular in "idiotic" circles.

A Lady Newspaper Artist. West Shore. 1

Bose Maury, who illustrates for five of the best Parisian journals, is the daugh station master in France. Sh of M. Durny, Minister of I tion, who happened to see when she was 7 years old

ONSTITUENTS HEARD FROM.

'This statement was telegraphed to Denver, and I got 100 telegrams next day ying me to accept the position. In the time Don Cameron telegraphed Chaffee, was in Florids, to come to Washing-taying that while he could not have appointed Secretary of the Interior, resident would make an appointment a would be perfectly satisfactory to He came and he also urged me to ache position.

first time that a Cabinet office had been offered to a man from Colorado, and the peo-ple of my State would have considered it an honor to have a man in the President's Cab-

How the Colorado Senator Was Forced Into the Cabinet in '82.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. WASHINGTON, August 22,-The Colo-His father was in ordinarily good circumstances and young Teller got a good education, studied law and went by stage to Den-

town and Teller moved there and practiced law. He is one of the brightest lawyers in Colorado and he has made several fortunes in his practice. He has lost as well as made, and he is now a comparatively poor man. He left his law office in 1876 to be one of Colorado's first Senators and he left the Senate for the Cabinet in 1882.

to be. He never got over his disgust at Teller's appointment, and he is now opposing Teller's election to the Senate.

The story of Senator Teller's appointment as one of President Arthur's Cabinet Ministers has never been published, and the in-

My wife did not want me to take it, and I refused to accept it as long as I dared. Ex-Senator Chaffee was a candidate for the the place and so was Senator Logan. Don Cameron and myself were pushing Chaffee

secretary, Mr. Phillips, who told me that President Arthur would like me to come to on about Senator Chaffee, President Arthur

"There is no use of talking of Mr. Chaffee's appointment. I have decided that I shall not have a man for my Secretary of the Interior who is not a lawyer, and who is not fresh from a good practice. Ex-Senator Chaffee has not the qualities that I want for my Secretary of the Interior." "I was rather nettled at this," Senator

Teller went on, "And I referred to the fact that a number of the past secretaries had not been lawyers when the President said: "I will tell you the elements that I want in my Secretary of the Interior and the kind of man I propose to appoint. The Secretary of the Interior has to settle more important cases during the year than the Supreme Court, and he investigates twice the number of legal questions as the Department of Justice. Hence the man must be a good lawyer. He must have some experience with public affairs and with public men. He must come from the West, and Presi-dent Arthur went on to tell me the other ualities which he wanted his Secretary

"As he went on I saw that he had some-one in his mind, and I racked my brain to ofigure out who he was driving at. I ran over man after man from my locality, but I could find none who had the qualities he mentioned. His talk grew hazier to me as he went on, and at last he concluded, leaning over and putting his hand on my knee, and saying: 'Now, Senator Teller, I have decided that you come the nearest to filling

you must not offer me the place, for I cannot accept it. Besides, I am here to push the claims of Mr. Chaffee.'

talk over the matter. I complied with his request, though I said there was no use in talking about it, and our conversation lasted until 2 A. M. As I left I begged the President not to tell anyone he had offered me the position, and reiterated my statement that I could not take it.

accept the place and I am for you.' "I gave Senator Cameron my reasons for not wanting it. He said: 'You cannot help yourself. You will have to take it,' and with that he left to go to the White House. The next day when I came out of the Senate Senator Allison met me with a sly wink in his eye and asked me if the Governor of my State was a Republican and whether he would appoint a Republican successor to my place in the Senate. I saw from this that the story was out, and the next there was a line in a New York newspaper saying it was rumored that I had been offered the

whereas a quick withdrawal of the tube re-sults in the consequent abandonment of this irritating fluid to be a source of annoyance in the flesh." CONSTITUENTS HEARD FROM.

Jewelers! Weekly. Baron Alphonse Rothschild has lately bought a clock made by that royal and most luckless clock maker, Louis XVI., with his own hands. It is not particularly beautiful, but being unique and the object of much competition among collectors, it brought the remarkable price of \$168,000.

IN THE POSTAL CAR.

honor to have a man in the President's Cabinet. The pressure became so great that I could not refuse it and I went to the White House and told the President that I would accept the position. I found the office a very pleasant one and my relations with President Arthur were of the most pleasant nature. I found that what he said as to the legal requirements of the office was true and I don't believe there is a more important position in the appointing power of the President from a legal standpoint than that of the Secretary of the Interior." Busy and Hard Life Led by the Clerks Who Handle the Mail.

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL STRAIN.

How the Men Are Tested as to Their Fitness for Their Important Work.

THE NEW YORK SLEEPING APARTMENT

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. NEW YORK, August 23 -Amid the rush and roar of Park Row, Broadway, Fulton street and all of that maelstrom of metropolitan business life focused on the city buildings very few people think of the complex machinery in operation in the granite building known as the Postoffice. If they do think of it the subject is too yast in all its ramifications for even the best-posted human mind to grasp. The Government official who works in the building probably knows as little about it as a whole as a departmen clerk at Washington knows about the workings of the department in which he is employed. He knows his own branch, or narrow routine-no more. He is a good clerk if he knows that thoroughly.

The operations of the railway mail service in the New York division alone are enough to tax the executive abilities of the best men the meager Government pay will buy. Even the small army of railway postal clerks have daily tasks more difficult than the trials of

HANDLING DUMMY MAILS.

The unhappy probationer is given several thousand cards addressed to all of these offices, stood on end in front of this memory machine and told to fire away. The accuracy and speed with which he can do this will determine his efficiency. His dummy mail represents just what he will be called upon to bandle in a railway car running from 40 to 50 miles an hour.

The real mail has been first assorted by routes and through mail in the big distributing room of the New York Postoffice. In this mail car distribution he is handling only

ing room of the New York Postoffice. In this mail car distribution he is handling only his share and doing what is being done night and day on every postal car in the country. It never stops. The day shift is succeeded by the night shift, and day again follows night. The rest of the world sleeps, sits down to breakfast, works, comes home to dinner, plays and sleeps again. The postal world sleeps and eats in wayside gangs—its work goes on ungeasingly, on a Washington, and notwithstanding that he is six feet tall and does not weigh more than 125 pounds, he can eat all around Philetus Sawyer, who weighs 300 and has a stomach so large you could roll Evarts up like a watch spring and coil him within it gangs—its work goes on unceasingly, on a thousand cars rushing through sunshine and darkness, hither and thither, and the steady chuck, chuck, of the swaying clerks among the railway pouches is never

POSTAL CLERK REQUIREMENTS.

and have room to spare. He shows in fact no sign of his epicurean tastes, and once while speaking in New York a Yankee who had arrived after the meeting had begun, asked the name of the man on the platform. He was told it was Eyarts. There are 4,544 postoffices in Pennsylva-nia, for instance. Think of the job of a postal clerk between New York and Pitts-burg, who must be so familiar with these (only a part of his route work) that he can "What!" said he. "You don't mean to say that that lean little thing is E-varts! Why, he looks as if he boarded." instantly tell into what pouch a letter must go in order to reach anyone of these offices by the shortest branch lines. The severe civil service examination that he goes through to get his place on the probationary list is but the stepping stone, as it were, to harder mental work. The first test a man The Frenk of a Peculiar Mountain Bird who has passed the civil service examina-tion for the railway mail service is subjected to is that of reading quickly and clearly the addresses on 100 envelopes, all in different handwriting, and the addresses taking in Away up on the mountain side is the natural home of the water ousel, the

every portion of the country.

Probationary men, the stage of the first he referred to Mr. Chaffee's candidacy, and when I saw him I again presented Mr. Chaffee's case. We were discussing the matter in the little private room which Arthur reserved for himself, in one corner of the Presidental Mansion. As I was going on about Senator Chaffee President Arthur reserved for himself, and as they flit from rock to rock they are continually bobbing up and down, performing offices along the route, and each make you smile to see it. one of these distributing offices represents from 5 to 20 subordinate offices.

WONDERFULLY ACCUBATE. The accuracy of these human machines is something wonderful. Let but a single in-competent man get in a mail car and the

in it has a commercial value among nest collectors of \$25. They always build their nests just back of some waterfall or under some overhanging bank, where they have to go through or under the water to get to it.

Another strange habit of this bird is the peace of mind of the whole business world is broken. Therefore this ceaseless drill. And when this clerk has mastered that one route he must master the distributing offices of in grade and salary.
When a postal clerk has boarded a westwater until they disappear from view, but if the water is clear, and you have a sharp

ern-bound train, say at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, has gone into his traveling postoffice and worked till he gets to Pittsburg, about 9 o'clock next morning, without even having a chance to sit down, and all this time under the mental strain of several hundred postoffices, to say nothing of the ardu-ous physical labor of eatching, sorting and throwing off, it may be fairly presumed that he earns his salary. But the railway mail service man may not yet be through. He may possibly have three or four hours "rest" in Pittsburg. Then he gets on his car again to go through the same labor on the return

When he arrives here in the night he directs his footsteps to the postoffice. He takes the elevator up to the top floor where a rice, clean bed awaits him. He enters a small reception room where hotel keeper C. D. Turner awaits him. There is a register here, similar to the ordinary hotel register. In this register he writes his name, the name of the postal route with which he is connected and the hour at which he wishes

connected and the hour at which he wishes to be called in the morning. Opposite this entry the keeper places the number of his bed, just as the hotel clerk assigns a room. There is but one room in this hotel and no discrimination as to accommodations.

He is then conducted across the way over a marble-tiled floor to the dormitory. This is a large room containing 65 beds. These beds are substantial cots with springs, matterssee and pillows, and sport the snowjest tresses and pillows, and sport the snowiest of linen. The windows of the room are heavily shaded to keep daylight out—for many of the men must sleep during the day. The greatest quietude is observed. It is as if you were entering the critical ward of a

young woman. This, together with the gold she now commands, ought to bring her a first class foreign lord, if she inclines that KEEP THE BEDS FILLED. Every minute of sleep is valuable to the man who works at night and especially to one of irregular hours. Here, come in when you will, nearly every bed is full day and night. For the moment you may think in the same wan but these tired sleepers are the same men, but they are not. There are 350 railway mail service men who use this room. There are but 65 beds. But then there are always some getting up and always some going to If You Lie Still and Let the Beast Have Its

quito's bite was for a long time a subject of discussion and frequently of dispute. "The Every hour of day and night they pass up secret was first discovered," says Prof. Ma- and down—a set of fired, or refreshed, homeless railway wanderers.

It is to enable the men to catch these few hours of much needed rest that the system has sprung up. For the privilege they pay the nominal sum of 75 cents a month. linen of each bed is changed as soon as the present occupant is through with it—which opens to the newcomer a more inviting prospect than he could get anywhere else at 75

cents a night. A NICE PLACE TO SLEEP. Here, high above the noisy traffic of the streets, he can lie down in a clean, fresh bed in a shaded room where every sound is ex-cluded, as tree from disturbed clumbers as if he were camping in the piny woods of the

Adirondacks.
Superintendent Jackson, of the second division, is a hard worker and an untiring irill master, but he takes a lively personal drill master, but he takes a lively personal interest in the welfare of his men and for that reason is very much liked by them. His employes are paid by check on the Sub-Treasury, but these checks are usually cashed by the proprietor of an all-night house on Park Row, where the men often get their first or last meal of the day's run. CHARLES T. MURRAY.



IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

PART L In the year 1840 I sailed in a fine brig named the Laughing Creole for a passage to Kingston, Jamaica, where lived an uncle of mine who had been for many years estab-lished there as a merchant. I had not set eyes on him since I was 6 years old, but in writing to ask me to visit him he talked as though he intended I should be his heir, and in this there lay encouragement enough to me to attempt the voyage.

In those days there were no great steam-boats trading in the Antilles. The West India merchantman was still afloat, but her sailings were at intervals not always convenient, and people who were unwilling to lose time were glad to take the first vessel that offered. Thus it happened that I was passenger aboard the Laughing Creolehe only passenger, as it chanced, though there was accommodation for three or four

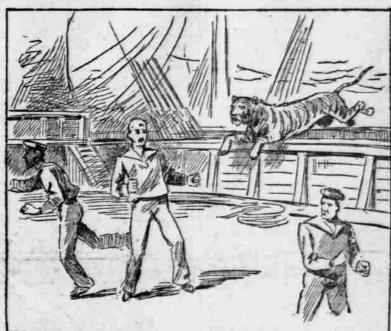
The captain was a square, mahogany faced man of the true deep sea type; his large, damp, blue eyes seemed to strain in their sockets as he rolled them along the horizon or directed them at his sails; his teeth were black with the tobacco he incessantly chewed, and his attire was always the same—wet or dry, hot or coid—a long pilot cloth coat, a rusty beaver, very large at the crown and the sides dandily curled up; an immense cravat or neckcloth, wound round and round his throat, and so stiffening him about the neck that he was unable to move his head without turning the rest of his body with it. He had built the Laughing Crecle and owned her, and I had not been long on board before he informed me that the cargo in her was entirely his own venture. With him was what is called an Only Mate—a slow and heavy man belonging to South Shields, but as fine a sailor as the coul trade could breed or as could hail from a part of the coast which for generations has produced the noblest race of seamen that ever bled under the white flag or toiled nuder the red.

The captain's name was Larkins; his mate's Wharrier. The carpenter of the brig acted as second mate and relieved Wharrier black with the tobacco he incessantly

acted as second mate and relieved Wharrier ading, as stunning and confounding to every

to be reefed or furled, as the weighty canvas slapped the mast to the staggering and helpless rolls of the brig upon the oil smooth

Before two hours had passed the gloom had so deepened that the like of it should have held impossible in the daytime. It light and night. The mastheads were scarcely to be seen; the sailors moved in shadows, blending easily with the obscure details, until you could not tell a man from a coil of rope hanging by a belaying pin. There was a deathlike hush upon the ocean that put a new element of horror into this blind, dark, eclipsed morning. Every sound, the noise of straining timbers, the beat of such pinions of canvas as were left unfurled, the sudden, fierce tension of the jerked shrouds smote and startled the hearing as though a pistol were discharged close to though a pistol were discharged close to one's head. A coil of brown vapor of as sonty a complexion as the smoke that over-hangs a manufacturing town lay poised upon the near horizon, so narrowing the diameter of the circle of swelling, sulky, lead colored waters, in the heart of which the brig wallowed, that one was sensible of an oppression in looking at it, as though it were some hell born, imprisoning girdle, pestiferous and suffocating, through which



A LARGE TIGER LEAPED FROM THE STRANGE CRAFT.

round. There were six or seven of a crew-at this distance of time I forget the number, but I recollect that they were very smart fellows, hairy and tarry, nimble as monkeys in the rigging, swift as blue ackets in reefhook, every hair a rope yarn.

THE LAUGHING CREOLE.

The brig was a clipper of the old school, sharp as a knife at the forefoot, with a sturdy round of bow over it, coppered high and painted black with a white line. She needed but a brass gun forward or the muzzles of a few carronades projected through her high bulwarks to give her a genuine no wind. The air was aflame with lightpiratical aspect. She carried skysall poles, which topping masts usually lofty for a craft of her dimensions, litted her canvas to the very stars, as I would sometimes think when I looked on high on a fine night, and marked the dim spaces of her cloths sway-ing under the brilliance of the heavens, with flat in their fall, lay in a hideous litter over here and there an expiring scar of meteoric dust, that seemed within reach of the arm from her little skysail yard.

Nothing whatever noteworthy happened until we were well within the tropies. The northeast trade wind had swept us smartly along, and for several days and nights the cheerful humming in the rigging, the seething and washing noises over the side had gladdened me as an assurance of a swift passage. But one morning when I the desperate promptings of my terror, that came on deck I found the wind gone. There this was not the time to bother the captain was a troubled swell running, as though the heave of the waters were from two distinct way sheltering my sight with my hands, points of the compass. The sea was of the and very shortly after I had emerged some color of lead; there was not the least order was delivered by the captain, where draught of air to freckle or tarnish the folds, and they swept along soundlessly, polished as liquid glass, without a break of the way of the falling spars came tumbling foam the wide sea over.

The sky had a strange, wild, ugly look; there were layers of clouds down in the west which made one think of matting formed of twisted horsehair; then breaks of sickly blue that merely accentuated the storm dark face of a spread of cloud bending the storm of the st ing down into the north, where the rim of it turned into a huddle of sulphur colored stuff which looked like volumes of smoke, that having steamed out of a color hill there, now hung motionless in the stagnated atmosphere.

The sailors were aloft reducing canvas. Old Wharrier paced the deck athwartship to and fro, occasionally bawling an order. The captain stood near the wheel with his beaver hat pulled well down over his brow and his hands clasped behind him, and the energy with which he chewed the hunk of tobacco that made a lump in his cheek under his car satisfied me that his mind was

But, wortex or no wortex, it's going to blow."

blow."

Even as he spoke the scowl of the sky darkened, the dim breaks of the heavens grew yet more filmed, if I may use the expression, like to the blue eye of a dying woman, and there was a sharp, brassy glare of lightning down in the southwest, but no note of thunder as yet, save what came from the lofty hoist of maintopenii, that was still

sense as the fire of a hundred parks of artil-

On a sudden there was a flash-crimsoned, spiral! It seemed to leap in 20 corkscrew shapes of fire out of the deck and sides and ceiling of the cabinet in which I sat. I thought I could catch a splintering timber penetrating the blast and shock of thunder that followed. The atmosphere was full of sulphur. I could scarcely breathe, and, convinced that the brig had been struck and

might be on fire even as I sat thinking of it, I fied to the companion steps. THE BOLT STRIKES. ning. A single glance sufficed to assure me that the brig had been struck, and struck with a vengeance! Forward she was completely wrecked. Her foremast was gone some feet under the top, and the spars, which had crushed the length of bulwarks

the side. The jibbooms were torn off the bowsprit and on the main everything from the crosstrees upward had vanished—snapped off as a clay pine stem is broken—by the drag upon it of the lightning blasted fabric forward. The crew had vanished, but a seaman stoutly clung to the wheel, and side by side near him stood Captain Larkins and old Wharrier. My good sense told me, spite of with questions. I stood at the companie out on to the deck on hearing the mate's eries, and with a sort of fury in their manto free the brig of the wreckage that was grinding alongside and threatening to open her seams for her, the captain meanwhile stimulating them by bawling out that a hurricane of wind was coming along; that it would be down upon us in a breath; that

we were lost men, and the like. THE CYCLONE.

if it caught us with all that raffle alongside

There was nothing else, I suppose, to be done in the face of the lightning and the lowering sky, black with the menace of the cyclone. Certainly if old Larkins could have saved his masts by hoisting them in-board he would have done so. There was time to cut the wreckage clear before the wind came; time for that, I say, but nothing else. The lightning ceased; the swell miraculously flattened; it grew brighter in a phantasmal sort of a way in the west, and

signs of A storm.

"What's going to happen?" said L

"Looks like a revolving storm a-brewing," said he. Captain Larkins was not a highly educated man, and having made his way from the forecastle to the quarter deck way from the forecastle to the qualible he had brought with him many of the qualible he had brought with him many of the qualible he had brought with him many of the qualible he had brought with him many of the qualible her was not a breath of air where the brig was. Down lay the vessel to the flash of the tempest and I could hardly see her for the white thickness of the flying spray. It caught her right abeam, and in a breath caught her right abeam, and in a breath

storms," said I, sending a concerned eye round the sea. "They have a center, and the job is to know how to head so as to keep clear of the vortex."

"Here it is!" said he, with a not of grumbling in his voice. "Wortex. How is a plain sailor man to deal with such meanings as lay locked up in words of that kind?

But wortex or no wortex, it's going to of wind that made by its own in the sky as ing as wild a noise of thunder in the sky as ever had attended the electric play that was But our sations were all fine felever had attended the electric play that was passed. But our sailors were all fine fellows—able, cool and daring. Old Larkins reared at them through a speaking trumpet, and Wharrier was everywhere, yelling encouragement, flourishing a hatchet, knowing exactly what to do and setting the most inspiriting example that could be imagined.

I could be of ne use on deck, and presently

C IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD,

any season of the year good ventilation is with an artificial wind. It fairly reck most important in a large hospital, but par-ticularly so in summer. In the erection of this building care was taken along sanitary lines, and our fine system of warming, cooling and ventilating was copied from the best hospitals of London."

The superintendent then showed me through the building, and explained the ventilating apparatus. Ventilation consists

ing the air of an illy-ventilated bedroom are well known. It poisons the lungs. It has been estimated that the respiration one human being vitiates hourly about 500 | seemed to bring quiet easier, and make the cable feet of air. How much worse is it in the ward of a hospital where 25 or 30 persons are prostrated with disease? Their breath is almost poisonous itself. Every exhalation contains an undue amount of watery vapor, and minute quantities of animal matter,

the dead room, or operating hall.

The whitecapped lady nurses who flit throughout the building everywhere appear like sentinel angels against the somber background of suffering that the somber background of suffering the somber background the somb that a hospital always presents. One spot, it is true, seemed bright enough without them. That was the children's of two operation—the removal of foul air, and the introduction of fresh air. To what micety this double operation must be brought in a hospital can be realized by reflecting a moment on the unhealthy surroundings of the average sick-room.

RICETY OF THE TASK.

The evil effects on a perfectly healthy man or woman of breathing and rebreathing the air of an illy-ventilated bedroom.

One spot, it is true, seemed oright enough without them. That was the children's ward. But everywhere else—in the fewer ward, the convalencents ward them. That was the children's ward. But everywhere else—in the fewer ward, the convalencents ward, the convalencents ward, the convalencents ward, the convalencents ward the convalencents ward, the convalencents ward, the convalencents ward the convalencents ward, the female ward—their presence was necessary to add anything like life among time, and I saw that of all their duties—administering medicines, smoothing rumpled beds, wetting wounds, washing feverish faces, or singing lullables to still some wild faney of de-

lirium-of all these THAT OF FANNING

rest of the sick person more gentle.
"Yet the fluctuations of temperature in a "Yet the fluctuations of temperature in a sick man or woman is one of our most valuable guides," said a hospital nurse to me on one occasion. And going to her library she took down a medical book and pointing to

His First Day Sitting Up. change in the pulse or other sign of mischles has been observed. A sudden fall of tempera-ture has thus denoted intestinal hemorrhage several days before it appeared.

DON CAMERON HELPED TO DO IT. A Story About the Biggest Sheep Owner in the United States. SENATOR EVARTS AS A BON VIVANT

ARTHUR AND TELLER

The question of the wool tariff has brought one of the most remarkable farmers in the United States to Washington. This is David Harpster, of Northern Ohio. He is one of the millionaire sheep raisers of the country. He has large estates scattered over other parts of the Union, and to look rado United States Senatorship will be settled within a few days. It is generally believed here that Senator Teller will sucbelieved here that Senator Teller will succeed himself. He is by all odds the cleanest and most able man that his State has ever sent to Washington, and I am told that his only opponent of any prominence is Tabor, who has to buy all the votes that he gets. Senator Teller is one of the most remarkable men in this country. He is the son of a farmer in Western New York, and he has the him plood of the Keinkarhockers. face.

Harpster is a great friend of Senator Sherman's. He was sitting the other day in Senator Sherman's committee room when John B. Alley, the ex-Congressman from Massachusetts, who was so prominent in the days of the Credit Mobilier scandal, came in. Alley is a millionaire. He is proud of his riches and he is, I am told, a little inclined to pose. When he entered Senator Sherman's room, Mr. Sherman introduced him to Dave Harpster, saying, "Mr. Alley, I want to make you acquainted with one of our representative farmers, Mr. Harpster." he has the blue blood of the Knickerbockers in his veins. His ancestors came to this country from Holland in 1639, and the present generation is the first that has not been able to speak the Dutch language.

ver in 1858. Central City was then a great mining

COULDN'T HARMONIZE. When Teller was a Senator, the millionaire, N. P. Hill, was also in the Senate, and the two did not get along well together. Hill was jealous of Teller and he was so angry with President Arthur when Teller was made Secretary of the Interior that he became Arthur's enemy as far as he dared

side history of it was known only to three or four statesmen. These were the President himself, Senator Teller, John A. Logan and Don Cameron. Now Arthur is dead, Logan is dead, and Senator Teller, at my request, gives the story through me to the public. The truth is the place was forced upon him. I had a chat with him regarding it the other night. Said he: "I had not the slightest desire for the position, and it was ten days after the place was offered to me that I consented to accept it, and I could not well afford the expenses of a Cabinet Minister.

"One Monday morning I was called out of the Senate by the President's private the White House at 10 o'clock that night and talk with him about the appointment of see more than one of them at a time. They

the Interior to possess. STRUCK ALL IN A HEAP.

these requirements of any other man I know, and I want to offer you the place.

"I was thunderstruck. I jumped to my feet and excitedly exclaimed: 'But I don't want it, Mr. President. I am in the Senate and I can't leave it. I cannot afford it, and

"The President begged me to sit down and

REFERRED TO CAMERON. "President Arthur replied: 'I don't want you to decide to night. Think over the matter until Thursday night.' On Thursday I met my appointment and upon my again refusing, the President asked me to go and see Don Cameron at the Senate and talk over the matter with him, and to tell Cameron to come and see him after he had had his conversation with me. I saw Sen-ator Cameron and Cameron urged me by all means to take the place. He said: 'If the President will not have Chaffee, you must