

There's a little mischief-maker  
That is stealing half our bliss,  
Sketching pictures of a dreamland,  
Which are never seen in this;  
Dashing from our lips the pleasure  
Of the present while we sigh—  
You may know this mischief-maker,  
For his name is, "By and By."

He is sitting by our hearthstones,  
With his sly, bewitching glance,  
Whispering of the coming morn,  
As the social hours advance;  
Lingerer mid our calm reflections,  
Hiding form of beauty nigh—  
He's a smooth deceitful fellow,  
This enchanter, "By and By."

When the calls of duty haunt us,  
And the present seems to be  
All of time that ever mortal  
Snatch from long eternity;  
Then a fairy hand seems painting  
Pictures on a distant sky—  
For a cunning little artist  
Is this fairy, "By and By."

By and By, the wind is singing;  
By and By, the heart replies;  
But the phantom just before us,  
Ere we grasp it, ever flies.  
List not to the idle charmer,  
Scorn the very specious lie;  
This deceiver, "By and By."  
New Orleans Picayune.

## A Temporary Substitute's Permanent Place.

Felix Livingstone was not in a good temper.

He had a fortnight's leave, which duty required him to spend with his maiden aunt in the country, while inclination strongly urged him to go up to town in order to see the girl he loved. But on this occasion duty had to be considered, for Miss Drury, the aunt in question, was a wealthy old lady, and he was practically dependent upon her.

All things considered, however, Fate had not been so very unkind to Felix. Left an orphan at an early age, he had been adopted by his mother's elder sister, who had done her duty nobly by him. Now at the age of twenty-five he found himself a subaltern in one of the line regiments, with a handsome allowance from his aunt, and every prospect of becoming her heir. But—there is always a "but" in most people's lives—although Miss Drury had been more than liberal to her nephew and forebore to exercise any but a very nominal restraint over his actions, yet she had given him to understand that she meant to exert her authority in one important matter, namely, the question of his marriage.

In due course of time she intended Felix to become master of Woodlands, her beautiful old house, and since his wife would occupy her place as mistress, Miss Drury meant to limit, if not direct, her nephew's choice of a bride.

She did not approve of the modern woman, the up-to-date girl, with her cigarette and her slang, her talk of golf and bridge, her contempt for needwork, and all things pertaining to domesticity. Felix could see in his mind's eye the wife his aunt destined for him—a meek and modest young woman of ultra-refined speech and appearance, and always with a piece of fancy work between her fingers—and he shuddered at the picture. Then he thought, with a sudden tightening of his heart, of Kitty Bellairs, as he had seen her last summer at the house of a brother officer—beautiful, mischievous, high-spirited, a keen tennis player, a brilliant horsewoman, full of life and laughter. She had charmed the young man's heart out of him, and though Felix tried desperately hard to banish her from his memory, absence, in this case, had certainly made the heart grow fonder.

"I daren't tell Aunt Minnie about Kitty," thought the young man disconsolately. "Of course if she knew her as I do she couldn't help but love her although she isn't quite her style, but I don't see how ever they are to meet, since my little darling knows no one in this neighborhood, and Aunt Min never will come up to town."

In the depths of his heart Felix was genuinely fond of the old lady, who had so generously mothered him all his life, and he was therefore rather disconcerted to find when he reached Woodlands that Miss Drury was very much perturbed and upset about something. Generally his aunt was a very dainty looking little old lady, exquisitely dressed, and the perfection of a hostess. But on this particular afternoon she greeted her nephew in an absent-minded fashion, her cap slightly awry, her cheeks flushed, and her beautiful old hands trembling.

"Why, Aunt Minnie," said the young man anxiously, "whatever is the matter?"

"Oh, my dear Felix," replied the old lady, looking into his handsome face with troubled blue eyes, "I have had such a dreadful upset. Two of the housemaids are down with influenza, and now Parkins, who is quite invaluable, has declared she can hold up no longer, and has gone to bed seriously ill, I fear."

Felix gave a whistle of dismay. Parkins was cook-housekeeper at Woodlands, and the pivot upon which the rest of the household turned. She was an exceptionally good cook, and he knew that his aunt prided herself that her dinners were unsurpassed in the neighborhood.

"I would not have minded had we been alone," continued Miss Drury, "but the house is full of people, and I have a large dinner party tomorrow."

"What a catastrophe," exclaimed her nephew, sympathetically, who knew how vexed was Miss Drury's orderly mind when any household affairs went wrong. "Can't you get a woman from the village to help?"

"Of course I can, but you don't know what these village women are like, my dear Felix; dirty incompetent creatures, and as incapable of sending up a dinner as you are. No, I must just leave Susan, the kitchen-maid, to do her best; but I know I shall be disgraced tomorrow, and I do not mind so much, if my guests don't have the best of everything. And to make matters worse, that greedy old Sir Gregory is coming, and he always says he never dines so well anywhere as here. You don't know of

a cook that you can recommend by any chance, do you, Felix?" she asked, desperately.

This wistful appeal touched the young man's heart. As a rule, a substitute home on leave is not the person one would naturally apply to for a cook, but Miss Drury was at her wits' end. Felix knitted his brows and thought hard for a minute, at the end of which time a brilliant inspiration came to him.

"Look here, Aunt Minnie," he exclaimed suddenly, "don't you worry any more. I'll go straight up to town first thing tomorrow, and I'll find you a cook somehow, and bring her back with me in the afternoon."

Miss Drury looked at her nephew with tears in her eyes. "Felix," she said solemnly, "if you get me out of this difficulty you may ask me for anything in the world."

Felix was as good as his word. He departed for town directly after breakfast next morning, smiling good-humoredly at the chaff of his fellow-guests, and reappeared triumphant in the afternoon proudly escorting the new cook.

"I've brought her, Aunt Min," he announced, rushing excitedly into Miss Drury's boudoir. "She was at the Rawson's last summer, and an uncommonly good cook she is. Blair is her name, it's a great piece of luck that she was disengaged, you know."

Miss Drury went hurriedly downstairs to inspect the new arrival and to explain to her the arrangements for the evening's dinner.

"I was a little taken aback at first," she said latter on to her nephew. "Blair looks so young and so pretty, and so—er—refined, but she seems very capable and fully qualified to send up an excellent dinner."

"Yes," replied Felix, eagerly, "she has had a course of cooking lessons at South Kensington. I believe she is no end of a swell at it."

"Really, my dear boy," said Miss Drury, looking affectionately at her nephew. "I am most touched by the interest you have shown in this domestic difficulty and the trouble you have taken. If only Blair does not falsify our expectations I shall owe you a debt of gratitude."

The dinner proved an immense success, and even Miss Drury had to confess that Parkins could not have done better. As for Sir Gregory, he chuckled with delight and went steadily through the menu from beginning to end.

"Really, my dear Miss Drury," he said when at length he was obliged to desist, "that cook of yours has surpassed herself. I don't know when I have eaten a better dinner; that soufflé was simply a work of art."

Only one contretemps marred the harmony of the evening, and fortunately Miss Drury did not witness this little incident, as it occurred when the ladies had retired to the drawing-room.

Felix was doing the honors of his aunt's table when the sound of a scuffle arrested his attention, and with a hasty excuse to his guests he left the room and rushed into the passage, where he found an ardent young footman trying vainly to embrace a very angry but bewitchingly pretty young woman in a white cap and apron.

"You impudent wretch!" she was saying, "how dare you try and kiss me?" Mr. Livingstone, help!"

Felix turned on the man in a perfect fury and dragged him away.

"John," he said, looking as if he could have killed him with pleasure, "leave that lady alone at once and clear out. Here are your wages. Go!" The man gazed at him, dumb with surprise.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Felix," he stammered at length, "I meant no harm. I often used to kiss Mrs. Parkins. I didn't know as 'ow Miss Blair would mind."

The cook's angry face relaxed, and she burst into a peal of laughter, in which, after some hesitation, Felix joined.

"Never mind, John," she said, "I'll forgive you this once, only don't try it again. I dare say Mr. Felix will allow you to stay if you behave yourself."

Felix nodded impatiently, and the man fled to the lower regions, but it was some minutes before "Miss Blair" took her place at the servants' hall supper looking rather flushed, or before Felix rejoined the men in the dining-room.

Parkins's illness lasted a week, and throughout that time Blair continued to charm the palates of the inmates of Woodlands. All the same, Miss Drury was rather relieved when the last day of the temporary cook's stay came, for try as she would to disbelieve the evidence of her senses, there was no disguising the fact that Felix was always hanging about the kitchen on some pretext or another. That her nephew could so far forget what was due both to himself and to her, as to even carry on a mild flirtation with a

servant, Miss Drury would not allow for a moment. Her horror can therefore be better imagined than described when, on descending to the kitchen the last afternoon for the purpose of paying Blair her wages, she saw on opening the door, a pretty, white-capped head reposing on her nephew's shoulder, while his arm was tenderly clasping an aproned waist.

"Kitty, darling," she heard him say tenderly, "I couldn't let you go away without telling you I loved you. I know I ought not to have done so, for goodness only knows when I shall be able to marry you."

"Do you think Miss Drury will be very angry?" asked the girl.

Miss Drury coughed, and at the ominous sound the guilty couple started apart and looked with dismay at the intruder.

The old lady's face had turned very white, and Felix, cut to the quick by her piteous expression, crossed the room hastily and took her hand.

"Don't look so shocked, Aunt Minnie," he said; "this is not a cook really; it is the lady I love—Miss Kitty Bellairs. I met her at the Rawson's last summer and fell in love with her and I knew she could cook beautifully, so when you were in such a fix I asked her to come and help. We—well I thought, perhaps, you might take a fancy to her and ask her to stop."

"Are you Archie Bellairs's daughter?" asked Miss Drury, in astonishment.

"Yes," said the girl gently, "he is dead, you know, and I am an orphan and very poor—but I love Felix."

The old lady's eyes grew very wistful and tender as she remembered the far-off days of her youth when poverty had stood between her and the one whom she loved—Archie Bellairs. She took the girl's hand and smilingly put it into that of her nephew.

"So do I, my dear," she said, "and I am sure you will make him an excellent wife. I shall be exceedingly glad to offer the temporary substitute a permanent place in my household."—New York News.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

There is one United States mail carrier who is paid \$35,000 a year by Uncle Sam. He carries mail between Eagle and Valdez, Alaska, 414 miles, and, although his experiences are hair-raising, he thinks well enough of his job to renew the contract.

Floods in the Amur river in East Siberia have swept bare a burial ground of remarkable interest, containing many skeletons in curious chain armor, and with iron battle axes and sword hilts of bronze, which are supposed to be the remains of an ancient Tartar horde.

The working of coal in China dates from a very ancient period. The earliest notice is by the celebrated traveler, Marco Polo, toward the close of the thirteenth century. The laborious researches of Baron von Richthofen leave no doubt that there are large deposits of coal. These vast resources are not utilized by the Chinese, owing to their unskillfulness in mining and to the absence of roads.

A London justice has just made an important decision regarding dress-makers' disputes. He will not have dresses tried on in court because "he had long since come to the conclusion that with ordinary dresses any lady could wear a dress to make it look as if it did not fit," and he was also perfectly satisfied that "any milliner or dressmaker could pull it about and make it fit when it did not do so."

Among the antique tribes of primeval Canaan and Phoenicia the mythology of the lower regions named Beelzebub as the patron demon of the fly, which has been so grievous a pest from primitive times to the present. Was there ever a protective fiend for the flea in any ancient mythology? However that may have been, London the world's capital, has been anathematizing countless hosts of fleas in recent weeks, while the annoying insects of Beelzebub have been unusually and amazingly few and feeble. Odd, isn't it? The wicked flea—but why pursue the subject?

"Odd resemblances to various objects, which can only be regarded as accidental coincidences, are presented by a number of fungi," says Rev. A. S. Wilson, in Knowledge. "There is the Jew's ear fungus, which grows on stumps of the elder, and is so named from its unmistakable likeness to a human ear. The Gensters are curiously like starfish; Aseroe has an extraordinary resemblance both in form and color to a set-anemone; equally remarkable is the likeness to a bird's nest seen in species of Crucibulum, Cyathus, and Nidularia. The most of these are too small to impose on one, the resemblance is singularly exact, and a large specimen might almost pass for the nest of some small bird, the eggs being admirably represented by the little oval fruits of the fungus. Even in such cases we must not too rashly conclude that the resemblance confers no advantage. The existence of attractive characters in so many fungi points to the conclusion that the same principles are in operation among them as among flowering plants. Numerous facts indicate a tendency in fungi to assume a guise which helps either to protect the plant or to promote the fertilization, germination, or dispersion of its spores. If, as some mycologists believe, spores of animals, it is easy to understand how a fungus might profit by being mistaken even for a bird's nest containing eggs."

When a fellow handles counterfeit money it makes his feet "getter."

## FOLLOWING THE TRAIL.

### SOUTHWESTERN SCOUTS ARE KEEN-ER THAN BLOODHOUNDS.

Tracked Indians Over Rock—Soldiers Led Over Ground as Hard as Asphalt, Where No Signs of Fugitives Appeared—Awful Hardships That Must Be Endured.

One of the things of which humanity has long stood in wonder is the extraordinary smelling faculties of the bloodhound, and the manner in which he is able to trail criminals over ground of almost every character long after the scent has become cold. Few, however, realize that in New Mexico and Arizona, and also northern Mexico, there are men who far surpass the bloodhound when it comes to trailing.

Men who served during the campaign against Geronimo and the hostile Apaches, many of them expert trailers, were from day to day overwhelmed with astonishment at the almost superhuman instinct of the Mexican and Indian scouts, who on that memorable campaign followed the fleeing Apaches over sand deserts harder than asphalt and floors of solid rock upon which the pursuing soldiers were unable to see so much as a trace of passing horsemen.

One of the military organizations that performed meritorious service in that campaign was Troop B of the Fourth cavalry, which, in 1887, was by way of reward transferred to Fort Myer, Va., which from that time forth has been a cavalry post, this being the first body of cavalry that had been east of the Mississippi river since the civil war. In talking recently with a member of this body a Post reporter learned much of interest concerning the human sleuth hounds that were employed in the southwest in those days.

"Yes," said the sergeant, "I served all through the latter part of the Geronimo campaign under General Lawton, who was then a colonel. We were out six months, and during that entire period not one of us had a change of clothing. The campaigning was through one of the most mountainous countries in the world. Sometimes we would climb up the side of an almost perpendicular slope, and at other times the descent was so steep that we were obliged to let our horses down over ledges of rocks by lariats tied to their tails.

"Accompanying our command were about 100 friendly Indians, enlisted and used as scouts. Talk of trailing—why, I never until then dreamed that it was possible for human beings to do what these men did every day of the campaign. Frequently we would descend mountains, along the slope of which old scouts of my company were able to barely make out the trail of the Apaches, until we reached a valley about half or three-quarters of a mile in width, the surface of which was as hard as asphalt. Here we could see nothing, but the scouts ahead, on coming to such places, never hesitated one minute, but struck boldly across, following the trail up the mountain side again.

"As we crossed these valleys and mounted once again up the side of the high ridges, we could again catch traces of the Apaches in the softer and looser soil of the mountain side, and many a time we have wondered at how our Indian trailers were able to follow the track on ahead of us over the valleys, where the surface was as hard as asphalt and crossed by fresh trails of hundreds of cattle, horses and burros that had passed up or down the depression after the Indians.

"The most remarkable case of trailing that ever came under my notice, however, occurred in 1887, when the San Carlos Apaches broke out of their reservation and went on the warpath south into Mexico. This occurred shortly after the Geronimo campaign, at a time when the war department had discharged all the Indian scouts attached to the southwestern posts, thinking that the trouble was all over, and that there would be no longer any use for them. Consequently, when we received a hurry order at Fort Huachuca to go in pursuit of the San Carlos Apaches we were obliged to leave without taking any of these human bloodhounds with us.

"We soon began to feel the need of them, for although two-thirds of the men in the command were accomplished scouts they could not begin to do the work with the skill and certainty of the Indian scouts trained to the work from infancy.

"Along about the eighth day out we crossed a range of mountains into one of the most peculiar depressions I ever saw. It was surrounded on all sides by high mountains, but the singular feature was that the bottom rose up like an inverted bowl. This curious formation was solid rock that in some past period of time had been lifted up and tilted in such manner as to leave no hollows in which sand or soil could gather. Up to this time we had made slow progress tracking Indians, but when we reached this spot we gave up the task in disgust, as there were no earthly means, so far as we could see, of tracking them across such an expanse of naked stone.

"We sat down to think matters over, when Col. Lawton, in stirring about, ran across an old Mexican riding along on his burro. The colonel asked him if he would be our scout and whether he felt himself capable of taking up and following the trail of the Indians. The old fellow gave a grunt of assent, and two minutes later had found the trail, and, to our unspeakable astonishment, was leading us almost on a run across the barren spot, and up the mountain. It was then 2 o'clock p. m., and he led us in a trot from that

time on until 5 p. m., when we caught sight of the Indians camped in a hollow. We charged down upon them, but failed to make a capture, as they saw us in time to escape.

"This old Mexican served as our trailer for the rest of this brief campaign until we finally overtook and captured our recalcitrant Indians. In all that period he never once missed we frequently passed over places where no signs of tracks were apparent to us. This, to my mind, was the most wonderful piece of trailing I ever saw.

"One thing about the southwestern Indian is that he can endure what would kill three white men. In our pursuit of Geronimo we at one time went without water 48 hours. The rains in that country occur in the spring and winter, and all over the country are deep holes in the rock, in which water collects during the rainy season and stands all the year round until the next winter, and it was upon such places that we had to depend for our supply of water. You have no idea of what the water in these holes is like. It fairly swarms with tadpoles and wiggle-tails, but to us it tasted sweet enough. Whenever we reached these natural wells Gen. Lawton used to place a guard around them to prevent the men from wasting the water, which was doled out by a sergeant as long as it lasted. Sometimes when we would camp in the bed of a dried-up creek, the men would spend the whole night digging holes in the sand in which about a pint of water would collect in three or four hours.

"The vegetation of the southwestern country is peculiar in that nearly every growing thing has thorns on it. The result was that long before the six months of our campaign was ended over half of our command were partly naked. All I had was a pair of pants and shoes and a ragged hat, the rest of my clothing having been torn to shreds. It used to amuse me when passing through a Mexican village to hear Gen. Lawton shout: 'Boys, straighten up and try to appear as decent as you can.' Of course, all that we could do was to throw out our chests and look brave with what few worn and delapidated clothes we had on our backs.

"I accompanied Gen. Lawton as a member of the guard that took Geronimo and his band to St. Augustine, Fla. These Indians had never been on a railroad train in their lives, and it made them seasick. In fact, their illness became so serious that we had to stop 10 days at San Antonio to let them recover. In this the Indians showed up at the little end of the endurance question, but take them in their native mountains and they can stand anything. I think, though, that another six months of the kind of campaigning that we underwent on this trip would have made us harder than they.

"The hardships that we stood were something awful. On one occasion, when we had been without food for 48 hours, we found a cow that the Indians had killed, and the carcass of which had laid out in the sun for four days. We drove the buzzards away, and though the meat was decidedly 'ripe,' we ate it. Gen. Lawton saw what we were doing and sent an orderly to tell us to leave the meat alone, that it would make us sick. But we sent him a steak, which he ate that evening, saying that he had never tasted better in his life. On another occasion we lived on dried apples and beans, without salt, mind you, for 16 days."—Washington Post.

## THE DESTRUCTIVE WOLF.

Females Kill Seemingly from Pure Desire to Stay.

It has long been a question among the intelligent cattle breeders of New Mexico and Arizona, whether or not the black wolf of those regions and the white one that occasionally occurs are different species of the wolf tribe, or simply a natural variation in color in consequence of some unknown cause. The few white wolves the writer has seen, and these were observed away back in 1860, appeared to be larger than their fellows in gray and black, while the black wolf seemed taller than either of the others and swifter, but not so heavy. The Mexican sheep herders, who are very close observers in matters that personally interest them, say that in destructiveness the white and black wolves far exceed the ordinary big gray animals. How this may be or whether it is true or not is a matter that the writer has never been able to satisfactorily verify. The one thing he does know is that in a litter of five young wolves two were very much darker in hue than the others, and gave every indication of a determination to a deep black when they had attained to their full maturity in size.

One fact in wolf life is established beyond any doubt. The female wolf is more destructive than the male. She seems to kill out of a pure love of destructiveness. One female wolf, on the borders of New Mexico and Arizona killed in one night over 40 sheep belonging to a Mexican shepherd. It made no attempt to eat any portion of the sheep thus destroyed. Their throats were simply bitten half through, and this killing was accomplished within one hundred yards of the Mexican jacal or sleeping place, a clay built hut, with its owner reposing within it. It was a dark or rather a pitchy black night, with a heavy electric storm of thunder and lightning in progress, with an occasional fall of a few drops of rain. The language used by this shepherd next morning when he witnessed the destruction exhausted the Mexican-Spanish vocabulary in invective, which is not excelled by any tongue upon earth.—William Hugh Roberts in Shooting and Fishing.

There is not a moment without some duty.

Taste is ac. acquired thing. Courtesy is inherited.

As many vices come from things neglected as from things too highly esteemed.

There is no great achievement that is not the result of patient working and waiting.

Temperance is like a tree that has for its branches contentment, and for its fruit peace.

The more perfect a piece of work the more imperfections the imperfect mind can see in it.

Call no man or woman your friend to whom you cannot say, Let us both try to make this our beautiful friendship for life or death.

There are two sorts of content; one is connected with exertion, the other with habits of indolence; the first is a virtue, the other a vice.

Work in spite of yourself, and make a habit of work; and when the habit of work is formed it will be transfused into the love of work; and at last you will not only abhor idleness, but you will have no happiness out of the work which then you are constrained from love to do.

## THE "NOTAIRE'S NOSE" RECALLED.

French Scientist Reconstructs a Boy's Smiling Organ.

Scientific Paris is just now directing solemn attention to a recent paper read by Prof. Berger, the eminent surgeon, to the Academie de Medicine, relating an experiment he had made on a young boy who had lost his nose in an accident. The professor reconstructed the organ from flesh from the patient's arm and skin from his brow.

The experiment has been described as a daring surgical feat, and there is an evident impression that it is something new in the annals of surgery, but readers of Edmond About's amusing volume, "Le Nez d'un Notaire" will remember the disquisition it contains on "rhinoplastie," or the art of restoring lost noses, and will recollect that the notary who is the hero of the story had to remain for some days with his nose attached to the forearm of a brawny Auvergnat water carrier, from whose flesh his nasal organ was reconstructed.

Making a new nose is a very ancient operation in India, sagely affirms a Paris paper, and European science has adopted it almost without change from the immemorial practice there. There are now the Indian, French and Italian methods, varying only in details, but the processes were familiar to the Oriental operator an indefinite number of centuries ago. But it was not an open secret. A few families living in the mountainous district of Kangra, famous for tea nowadays, kept the "mystery" to themselves, and thither patients must journey, unless they were rich enough to send for a practitioner. These hereditary nose-makers are called Khangars; they still exist, and do perhaps a larger business than ever, for British justice has not yet succeeded in convicting the outraged Hindoo that he ought not to take vengeance by biting off his wife's nose.

## Reform of Criminals.

At a meeting of the National Prison congress, held recently in Philadelphia, the chairman of the committee on discharged prisoners said that the treatment of the criminal is by probation, confinement, reformation and readaptation. The first of these is recognized as of the highest value in the case of the first offender, especially if he is a juvenile. Confinement is generally practiced throughout all lands, and its visible sign is our prisons. Reformation is recognized as a theory by most of us, and its practice is attempted in a number of prisons. Readaptation, or readjustment to the conditions of the outside world is one of the most important parts of this work. Yet few states have recognized it, and in many individual effort for helping the discharged prisoner is not even organized. It appears that these efforts at reformation which have so far been made consist of separation of young men from older criminals, separate prisons for male and female offenders, and the indeterminate sentence. A strong plea was made, and we think correctly, for a more universal application of the indeterminate sentence. Particularly should this be applied to the one who has committed his first offense. How different is the probability of complete and permanent reformation in one who goes from prison repentant, and whose reformation is as it were, vouchsafed by the authorities, and the one who has sullenly completed his sentence, measured in months or years, and who goes forth to do battle with the world with every man's hand against him.—American Medicine.

## The Rise of Modern Rome.

Visitors who have not been in Rome for the last 20 years, writes the British consul there, can scarcely recognize it.

"Suburbs have risen over the vineyard's outside the city walls, old quarters have been superseded by large and commodious buildings; the Tiber is permanently imbedded all along its urban course between two gigantic embankments on which fine houses, overlooking the river, have been constructed; solid granite bridges, meant to defy the ravages of time and the impact of the once dangerous Tiber, have been thrown across the two embankments; new and wide thoroughfares have been opened; in one word, the city has been completely modernized and rendered in all respects quite sanitary, as shown by the returns of mortality."