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A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART.

"God bless you lass!" once more they kissed,
And straight aboard he sprung:
The sails shook out, the glad waves hissed,
The quivering cordage sung.

She watched the vessel round the pier,
And waved her last good-byes,
And turned away with spirit drear,
And hard, unmoistened eyes.

She sat within, forlorn and weak—
There came not any sound,
And yet his kiss was on her cheek,
His strong arms clasped her round.

"Ah, little heart I love thee best,
No more we part for aye!"
She leant her head upon his breast,
And let the tears have way.

—*Good Words.*

IF!

(AN ALMOST PATRIOTIC SONG.)

If skies were bluer,
And fogs were fewer,
And fewer the storms on land and sea;
Were shiny summers
Perpetual comers—
What a Utopia this would be!
If Life were longer,
And Faith were stronger,
If Pleasure would bide, if Care would flee;
If each were brother
To all the other—
What an Arcadia this would be!
Were Greed abolish'd,
And Gain demolish'd,
Were Slavery chain'd, and Freedom free;
If all earth's troubles
Collapsed like bubbles—
What an Elysium this would be!

[*H. S. Leigh.*]

IN THE WOOD.

Pretty, saucy Kitty sat on a fallen tree, her light muslin dress waving and fluttering in the breeze.

"Glorious, Rupert, isn't it?" she cried, calling to her pet and companion, a huge, shaggy dog. "But where are you? Why don't you answer, sir?" And, turning, she looked everywhere around her.

Suddenly a merry voice cried out, "Here!" and a young man leaped the low fence, and advanced towards her, laughing merrily and doffing his hat.

Kitty's eyes flashed.

"I beg your pardon," said the intruder, bowing half-mockingly; "but I was taking a short cut across the field when I heard you call me."

"Call you?"

Kitty looked as if she would annihilate him.

"Certainly," with the utmost coolness. "You called 'Rupert' didn't you?"

"I was calling my dog, sir," said Kitty, with infinite hauteur.

"Well, I'm not exactly a dog," was the laughing answer; "but I've often been called 'an impudent puppy'—at your service, Miss."

He bowed again, profoundly.

"I should think so," replied Kitty. And she muttered to herself, not expecting to be heard, "Impudence!"

The stranger heard the word, nevertheless. His manner changed. He became as serious and deferential as the most chivalrous knight of old in the presence of his mistress.

"I beg pardon; I'm afraid I'm trespassing. But the path through the field was trodden as if one had the right-of-way there, and I heard you call—well, I made a mistake." Again the mirthful look danced in his eyes. "Good morning."

He swept the very ground with his hat, as he executed another profound bow, and then turned, and, putting his hand on the top of the fence, vaulted over, and the next moment was out of sight.

Kitty went back to the house muttering, "The impudent fellow!" while the real Rupert, who had started off chasing a rabbit, reappeared at this juncture and accompanied her. But this was not the Rupert she meant when she said "the impudent fellow."

A week passed. Kitty saw no more of the stranger, though she often wondered who he could be, and if he were staying in the neighborhood. At the end of that time she attended an evening party at Squire Stacey's. Almost the first person she saw on entering the room was the handsome stranger.

"I wish to introduce you to my nephew," said the squire, leading that personage up to Kitty. "His name, by baptism, is Rupert Mortimer, but he is such a saucy fellow that he is best known among his friends as 'that impudent puppy.'"

The eyes of the young people met. Young Mr. Mortimer's were dancing with fun. For the life of her Kitty could not help laughing. So they laughed in concert, and he said, bowing low, and repeating the same words he had used in the woods:

"Yes, that impudent puppy—at your service, Miss."

"He is making sport of me," said Kitty to herself and drew herself up haughtily; and for the rest of the interview she was cold and reserved, confining herself to monosyllabic replies. Very soon, at the appearance of one of her many admirers, she excused herself, and went off to dance.

"A bit of a Tartar, I'm afraid," soliloquized Rupert Mortimer. "But how pretty she is. She looks, too, as though she had a noble character; and she can take her own part, as I have found to my cost. But I'm afraid she has been spoilt by admiration. To get into her good graces one must go on his very knees to her; and, faith! it is almost worth while to do it. But no Rupert Mortimer, my boy, keep your self respect." Then, with a laugh, "'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?'"

Yet often that evening Rupert found himself, as if by some magnetic attraction, drawn to Kitty's side. Kitty, too, could not help occasionally glancing admiringly at his handsome face and graceful figure. She saw, very soon, that he was the best dancer in the room So, when a waltz was struck up, and he asked her to join in it, she could not resist the invitation.

"If I don't dance with him," she said to herself, "the other girls will say that he didn't ask me; and that would never do."

Kitty had never enjoyed a waltz so much. She forgot the ridiculous episode in the wood—forgot the stranger's cool effrontery—forgot everything but the dreamy music and the rhythmical movement of her companion. When the band stopped she sighed involuntarily, wishing it was all to go over again.

Balls, picnics, and croquet parties followed each other in rapid succession, for the summer was a gay one. Kitty and young Mr. Mortimer were together almost constantly. Somehow Kitty fell into the habit of expecting Rupert always as her special escort; and he began to feel that no one but he had a right to Kitty, and to be very jealous when others attempted to pay her attentions. As yet, however, no words of love had passed between them; for Rupert, now thoroughly enamored, feared to ruin all by a too premature avowal; especially, as once or twice, when he ventured to approach the subject, Kitty had suddenly grown haughty and cold.

A final picnic had been planned to close the season. It proved a great success. The day passed merrily on until luncheon-time. Rupert had made up his mind to have a quiet ramble with Kitty after this meal, and if things went well, to speak of his love. But he had counted without his host, for when luncheon was over, and he had got rid of his aunt, Mrs. Stacey, who had called him to her side to wait on her, lo! Kitty had disappeared. Full of jealous fears, and determined to find out who was his rival, he set forth through the woods to discover Kitty.

He had not gone far before her favorite dog came bounding towards him, jumping and barking, and manifesting the greatest delight at seeing him. But when Rupert stooped to pat his namesake, the dog darted ahead; then stopped and looked wistfully at Rupert, and then rushed on again.

"What can he mean?" said Rupert.

A sudden fear seized him that something was wrong, and he hurried on, the dog rapidly leading the way.

At last, in an opening of the woods, on a moss-covered rock, he saw Kitty, pale, breathless and apparently in pain. In a moment he was at her side. All his jealousy was gone. Love was uppermost now.

"Oh, darling!" he cried, "what is it? Thank heaven, I have found you."

"Oh! Mr. Mortimer," she cried, with a little sob, "how glad I am to see you. I began to think I should have to stay here all night alone. I've sprained my ankle and I can't walk. What shall I do?" And she burst into tears.

Our hero took both the little hands, and held them tightly in his own, while he questioned her anxiously as to the accident, relating meantime how he came to find her.

"But how," exclaimed Kitty, ruefully, when he had done—"how am I ever to get back? I don't believe I can walk a step."

"Of course, you can't. Who said you could?" cried Rupert. "But you'll get back right, all the same, for I intend to carry you."

"Carry me!" Kitty gave a little scream and shrank back, and covered her face with both hands; for she felt the hot blood in her cheeks. "Oh, no! that will never do;" and she blundered out, unthinkingly, "what will people say?"

But Rupert did not stop to reply to this question. Very little cared he what people said. Without a word he put his arms about Kitty, and, lifting her bodily from her feet, walked off with her as if she had been a feather-weight.

At first Kitty struggled a little; but the strong, manful arms held her closely, and soon she began rather to like it, and to think it all very delightful.

"At any rate," she said to herself, "I can't help it; he is too masterful to resist."

With this comforting conclusion, and fair head sank on his shoulder, her for the first time in her short life, Kitty knew what it was to be supremely happy.

Rupert carried his lovely burden to his own carriage, which stood apart from the crowd, and carefully placed Kitty in it.

"There now," said he, "I shall take you home immediately, and stop for a doctor on the way. Nobody can drive you with so little pain as I can," he added, seeing she was about to object. "Besides, you must begin to obey me, so as to get your hand in, for sometime you are going to be my wife, you know."

"Your wife?" cried Kitty.

She gave a pout and a toss of her head, but she blushed, and not with anger, either. Yes; blushed to the tips of her dainty ears.

"Of course," retorted Rupert, as he stepped softly into the carriage, and took his seat beside her, looking half-saucily, half-fondly into her eyes which fell before his. "I have meant it all along. Didn't you, dearest?"

"Really, you are the most 'impudent puppy' I ever saw," retorted Kitty, bursting into laughter in spite of herself.

But, for all that, she did not repulse the kiss with which, before starting, Rupert thought it necessary to fortify himself for the journey.

What more is there to tell? Very little. For Kitty and Rupert were married early in the autumn, and were superlatively happy.

"Do you know," said Rupert, one day, "that it was by the merest accident we ever met each other? I had come down to my uncle's for a single night only, when I saw you in the wood, and my whole life was changed. I fell in love at first sight, and resolved to stay and make your acquaintance, even if it took all the summer."

"So I owe my happiness," answered Kitty, archly, "to my faithful dog—dear old fellow—being off guard that afternoon."

"And to an 'impudent puppy' coming along," retorted Rupert, with a kiss, "just in the nick of time, and taking his place."

EARLY STEAM NAVIGATION ON THE ATLANTIC.

There exists a general impression that steam navigation across the Atlantic is of quite modern date, and that the enterprise was not dreamt of by the first-builders of steamships. It is a belief which arose, no doubt, from the fact that the establishment of regular steam routes between this country and America, with hours of departure and arrival as punctual, or nearly so, as railway trains, is within the memory of middle-aged men, and all the more strongly impressed on account of the opposition it encountered, and the ridicule its predicted success met with on the part of many persons, even scientific authorities. However, the belief is altogether erroneous. The idea of crossing the broad Atlantic in steam-propelled vessels is as old as the steamers themselves, and the first inventor entertained it most distinctly. Poor John Fitch, of Philadelphia, already referred to as "the inventor of what really was the first practical steamer," expressed, in the clearest possible manner, his belief that mercantile ships, as well as men-of-war, propelled by steam power, could run between Europe and America, and, in fact, over all the seas of the globe. In a remarkable letter addressed to a friend, one David Ritten house, of whom he had to beg now and then the loan of a five pound note to carry on his steamboat experiments, he said, on one occasion, "This, sir, whether I bring it to perfection or not, will be the mode of crossing the Atlantic, in time, for packets and armed vessels." It is lamentable to think of the fate of this true mechanical genius, falling in the end into despair through the most abject poverty. "Often have I seen him," relates a Philadelphia acquaintance, Mr. Thomas Cope, "stalking about like a troubled spectre, with downcast eyes and lowered countenance, his coarse soiled linen peeping through the elbows of a tattered garment." The way in which his friends and contemporaries looked upon the dreamer of universal steam communication is graphically told by the same writer. Speaking of a visit he once paid to John Wilson, his boat builder, and Peter Brown, a blacksmith, who forged the rough engines of the little steamer which actually ran on the Delaware for eighteen months, at the rate of eighty miles a day, without being appreciated, Mr. Cope tells this story of his friend John Fitch: "After indulging himself for some time in his never-failing topic of deep excitement, he concluded with the memorable words, 'Well, gentlemen, although I shall not live to see it, you will see the time when steamboats will be preferred to all other means of conveyance, especially for passengers.' He then retired, on which Brown, turning to Wilson, exclaimed in a tone of deep sympathy, 'Poor fellow! what a pity he is crazy.'" Poor John Fitch fled from contumely and starvation by a midnight jump into the Alleghany in 1798, just at the time when the first successful English steamer, the Charlotte Dundas, was beginning to earn fame and money on the Fourth and Clyde Canal.

The prediction of John Fitch that steamers would one day cross the Atlantic, received its first fulfillment in 1819. It was in the summer of this year that an American vessel, the Savannah, arrived at Liverpool from Savannah, Georgia, having traversed the Atlantic Ocean in thirty days, partly sailing and partly steaming. The event created very little attention at that time, the Savannah being a small boat of 300 tons, and rigged as a sailing vessel, while her steam power was regarded as purely auxiliary; so much so, that the engines, and even the paddles, were removable. Her passage being of the same duration as that of the fine "liners" which had been built to carry on intercourse between Great Britain and the growing population of the United States, it was but natural that slight interest should have been taken in the first voyage of the first Atlantic steamer, and, having repeated it once or twice without proving commercially successful, the Savannah was withdrawn from the route to seek better fortune on the Mississippi. No less than nine years elapsed before another ship furnished with steam power followed the example of the Savannah in attempting an Atlantic voyage. This time the venture came from the Netherlands. It seems highly probable that the sight of the Caledonia, which Mr James Watt, junior, brought in the spring of 1817 from the Clyde, to take up the Rhine, staying for a little while at Rotterdam, had a considerable effect in stimulating the interest of the Dutch in steam navigation; at any rate they ordered several small steamers soon after from Scotland, and in 1827 a number of merchants in Amsterdam and Rotterdam united together for the hazardous experiment of running steamships between the Netherlands and the West Indies. Accordingly, they had a steamer built on the Clyde, named the Curacoa, of 350 tons and 100 horse power, and despatched her, in the summer of 1829, for a first trip from Amsterdam to the Dutch West Indies. The voyage to and from was repeated several times, with great commercial success; but, nevertheless, the enterprise soon came to an end. It did so chiefly on account of the soundings of alarm that arose on all sides against steam navigation. It was decried by almost all persons deemed to be competent to have a judgment in the matter, as an undertaking utterly foolish in itself, and beyond hope of practical attainment. The majority of so-called men of science were foremost in denouncing Atlantic steam navigation, showing, by elaborate arrays of figures and of arguments, the impossibility of such a feeble thing as a "whiff of steam" to combat the tremendous power of wind, waves and tides, and predicting dire calamities if such attempts were persevered in. The effect of these evil forebodings became visible in the temporary cessation of further Atlantic steam trips. While nine years had elapsed from the first voyage of the Savannah to that of the Curacoa, full ten years were to go by till another steamer was sent across the broad Atlantic. For the first time the start was on the British side. At ten o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, the 4th of April, 1838, the steamship Sirius, Lieutenant Roberts, R. N., commander, left London for New York, with ninety-four passengers on board. An immense crowd on shore greeted with their hurrahs the departure of the first English steamer for America as she slowly glided down the Thames.

The Sirius, a vessel of 700 tons register, with engines of 320 horse-power, built by Thomas Wingate, of Glasgow, was not destined originally for Atlantic navigation. Her construction was due to a small joint stock association, called the St. George Steam Navigation Company, with the intention of establishing a line between London and Cork. On this route the Sirius was first placed, with excellent effect, her performances being so good as to create the delighted surprise of all persons interested in steamships. This led to an important consequence. Among the few persons in England who had faith at that time in ocean steam navigation was Mr. M'Gregor Laird, of Liverpool, brother of the late Mr. John Laird, M. P., for Birkenhead, who had become known as the leader of a stout controversy on the subject, maintaining his ground well against a host of would-be scientific antagonists. Among the latter was Dr. Dionysius Lardner, the well-known compiler of a number of scientific treaties. He laid it down, in his great "Encyclopædia," as an absolute rule, perfectly indisputable, that the project of building steamers to cross the Atlantic was quite absurd, and, the more to enforce this dogma, the learned doctor took the trouble of running down to Liverpool and lecturing an audience, when hearing that a company, projecting to build Atlantic steamships, was about to be established in the growing town on the Mersey. A part of the curious lecture of the distinguished encyclopædist has been preserved in the Liverpool *Albion* of December 14, 1835, which gave a report of it. After dwelling on storms, trade winds and all kinds of "natural phenomena" on sea, earth and sky, Dr. Lardner thus pithily expressed himself about Atlantic steam navigation: "As to the project," he exclaimed, "which is announced in the newspapers, of making the voyage directly from New York to Liverpool, it is, I have no hesitation of saying, perfectly chimerical, and you might as well talk of making a voyage from New York or Liverpool to the moon.' This was as decided as strong; but Mr. M'Gregor Laird, a doughty Scot, had nevertheless no fear to attack the great authority. He did so in a remarkable letter to the Liverpool *Albion*, signed "Chimera,' in which he demolished, one by one, all the arguments of Dr. Lardner against ocean steam navigation. The principle of these, aside of "natural phenomena' fancies, was that, even if steamers could be constructed to brave the dangers of the Atlantic, their whole space would have to be filled with coal, to the exclusion of any other cargo, as well as of passengers. Being a practical shipbuilder and engineer, it was easy for Mr. Laird to prove that all that Dr. Lardner had said about the necessity of filling steamers entirely with coal was absolutely nonsense; he told him so most distinctly, though in the politest form. The letter of "Chimera" created a great impression, gaining over not a few influential men in Liverpool previously prejudiced against ocean steam navigation. One of the immediate consequences was the establishment of a company for starting a line of steamers from the Mersey to New York. It received the title of the "British and North American Steam Navigation Company." The formation of the undertaking was somewhat sudden, owing to the ancient rivalry between Liverpool and Bristol. The city on the Avon, ancient home of the American trade, had been bestirring itself for some time to get steam navigation with the United States, and a number of wealthy merchants, it was known, were constructing a ship of extraordinary dimensions to be the pioneers of the new line. It was this which fired the Liverpool ship-owners with sudden energy, and, headed by Mr. M'Gregor Laird, they decided to take the field before their Bristol rivals. There was no time to build a steamer in any way like the one constructing for Bristol, and they therefore decided to purchase the best existing one. This was, by unanimous consent, the Sirius, belonging to the St. George Steam Navigation Company. Negotiations concluded quickly, the price asked being at once accepted, and so it came that the steamer Sirius left London, at the shortest notice, on the Wednesday morning of April 4th, 1838, bound for New York, but touching on the way at her old destination, Cork. Liverpool had beaten Bristol in sending the first English steamer across the Atlantic.

But the victory was not one of many days. No sooner became the Brito lmerchants aware of the Liverpool project, when the utmost haste was made to start their own steamer, named the Great Western. They were duly proud of their own achievement, for it was, beyond dispute, not only by far the most splendid steamer yet constructed, but the only one designed, with all scientific appliances, for Atlantic navigation. The Great Western was built by Mr. Paterson, of Bristol, after his own designs, but assisted by Mr. Brunel, the registered burthen being of 1340 tons, and the power of the engines—made by Messrs. Maudslay, Sons & Field, London—of 440 horses. The new steamer was 212 feet in length between the perpendiculars, 35½ feet in breadth of beam, and 23 feet deep in the hold. To enable the Great Western to resist the action of the heavy Atlantic waves, special pains were taken to give her great longitudinal strength. The ribs were of oak, on the model of those of line-of-battle ships, and fastened together with iron bolts 24 feet in length. Being of such great strength, and of the most symmetrical proportions, the Great Western was prepared for her first voyage across with the highest hopes of success, and she more than surpassed all the expectations set upon her. By working day and night, she was made ready for the start about the same time the Sirius set out on her voyage. Still a few days elapsed in taking in cargo, as well as passengers, thus giving the rival steamer a good start. It was on the morning of Saturday, the 7th of April, 1838, that the Great Western, commanded by Captain Hosken, finally lifted her anchors, steaming down the Channel, bound for New York, amid the enthusiastic acclamation of the Bristol populace.

There was now a race across the Atlantic—the first ocean race by steamships which the world ever saw. Close upon twenty years had elapsed since the first steamer had ploughed her way through the Atlantic waves, and, in the meanwhile, the public seemed as if asleep on the subject of Atlantic steam navigation, disliking it, or in common with the learned Dr. Lardner, looking upon it as a voyage to the moon—lunatic, in fact. Now, all at once, suddenly as by enchantment, the public heard that two rival steamers were going from England to America at the same time, and great was the anxiety to know which of them would be the first to arrive. For a week or more nothing else was talked of in all England but the steam race across the Atlantic, and huge bets were entered upon as to which of the two ships would arrive first at New York; with modifications as to whether either or any of them would arrive at all. The race was altogether not an uneven one. Although the Sirius had left her moorings on the Wednesday, and the Great Western on Saturday morning, the former was under the disadvantage of going round the whole coast of southern England, and also of stopping at Cork, before actually starting on her Atlantic voyage, while a still greater drawback, on her part, was that of being a much smaller vessel than the Great Western, with far less engine power, and not specially constructed for her new duties. The public excitement rose to the highest pitch when a week had elapsed after the starting of the two steamers from Cork and Bristol respectively, without their having been spoken with. The captains of both steamers, it was found afterwards, had taken new routes across the Atlantic, somewhat out of the track of easterly-bound sailing vessels, in order to get quickest to their destination. But this was not known at the time, and the gloomiest forebodings became rife, with high wagers at Lloyd's upon the total loss of the two Atlantic steamers, when at last the happy news came of the safe arrival of both at New York within twenty-four hours of each other. Liverpool had started first, and Liverpool had won the race.

The historical event of the arrival of the two first English steamers in the United States was thus chronicled in one of the New York papers:—"At three o'clock P. M, on Sunday, the 22d of April, the Sirius first descried the land, and early on Monday morning, the 23d, anchored in the North River, immediately off the Battery. The moment the intelligence was made known hundreds and thousands rushed, early in the morning, to the Battery. Nothing could exceed the excitement. The river was covered during the whole day with row-boats, skiffs and yawls, carrying the wondering people out to get a close view of this extraordinary vessel. And while people were yet wondering how the Sirius was so successfully made to cross the rude Atlantic, it was announced about eleven on Monday morning, from the telegraph, that a huge steamship was in the offing. The Great Western! the Great Western! was on everybody's tongue. About 2 o'clock P. M. the first curl of her ascending smoke fell on the eyes of the thousands of anxious spectators, and a shout of enthusiasm rose on the air." The reporter then goes on to tell how the Sirius had steamed at the rate of over eight knots, and the Great Western at nearly nine knots per hour during the greater part of her voyage, giving it as his opinion that "the grand experiment has now been fairly and fully settled, and has been completely successful." Only one question, he thought, was now left for solution; Can steam packets be made to pay? This was a question also occupying the deep attention of the enterprising traders of Liverpool and Bristol, originators of Atlantic steam navigation.—*Railway News* (*London*).

SCARLET FEVER.

SOME FACTS AS TO ITS ORIGIN.

The prevalence of scarlet fever in New York induced the *World* to interview Dr. Fordyce Barker concerning the disease. The following is the result:

"It was first described by Sydenham, in the seventeenth century," said Professor Barker, "as a distinct disease."

"Are there great differences in the severity of such epidemics?"

"Very great differences, some epidemics being mild, and some attended with severe and dangerous cases. But there are always mild cases during the most severe epidemics."

"What are the causes of scarlet fever?"

"The specific cause is infection by a specific poison which is communicated by direct contact, either with the exhalations from the lungs of patients, with their skin, or by means of clothing or various substances with which the patients have come in contact. Scarlet fever is said to have been communicated by milk, or even by a letter. Taylor, an eminent English writer, reports the beginning of one epidemic as being in the family of a milkman, who delivered milk to twelve families. Of these families six had scarlet fever as a consequence. A certain individual predisposition must exist, as it is frequently found that one child in a family may take the disease, while others of the children who have frequently been exposed in the same degree do not get it."

"Are individuals who have had the disease in a mild form more liable to the second attack?"

"I should say not. On the contrary, those who have a constitutional predilection to the disease are more liable to a second attack. Ordinarily, one attack secures immunity from a second, but there are many exceptions to this. It is very rare that patients die from a second attack. In fact, not more than three or four cases of this kind have been reported in medical literature."

"How long does the poison retain its activity in clothing, furniture, rooms, etc.?"

"This is very uncertain. There is conclusive evidence that it has been retained in clothing sometimes for months. For example, a lady assisted in nursing the children of a sister in the country, in the month of August. In the following February one of her own children was attacked with the disease, and, subsequently, two others. It was then found that this lady had put on a dressing-gown she had worn at her sister's the previous August, and had taken in her lap the first of her own children which was attacked at the time she put on this gown again for the first time. In another case, a nurse who had been in attendance on scarlet fever patients four months before seems to have communicated the disease to a lady whom she was attending, who had a young infant. Another case was that of a lady who had moved into a house where there had been scarlet fever some months before. Three of her children were attacked with the disease who had not been exposed to infection from any other source, and no other cases were prevailing at the time that could be heard of by the lady's physician."

"How soon is the disease developed after infection?"

Trosseau reports a case in which the disease was manifested in twenty-four hours after exposure, and other cases are reported; but usually the period of development is from three to ten or twelve days after exposure. This is probably due to the difference in the susceptibility of the patients."

"At what period of the disease, and how long, is it infectious?"

"It is infectious throughout its whole course. It is believed to be most intensely so during the period of desquamation, or when the skin is peeling off; but so long as there is evidence of disturbance of the system from the localization of the poison in any organ, it is not safe to assume that the disease is not communicable."

"What is the comparative susceptibility to the danger from the disease at different ages?"

"The most susceptible period of life is from 1 to 15 years. Murchison, a very high authority, states from the statistics of nearly 150,000 cases that about sixty-four per cent. of deaths from scarlet fever are under 5 years, and nearly ninety per cent. under 10 years, ninety-five and a half per cent. under 15 years, and only one and three-quarters per cent. over 25 years. Scarlet fever is very rare in young infants. Only one ninetieth of all the deaths are under one year, and one-fifteenth between 1 and 2 years."

"How can scarlet fever be prevented and alleviated?"

"To prevent scarlet fever complete isolation of the patients is absolutely essential, as well as the prevention of all contact with those in attendance on the diseased person. It is essential also that the house should be thoroughly ventilated, so that the poison which may escape may be as diluted as possible. All clothing should be thoroughly disinfected, and even the soiled linen of the sick should not be mingled with that of the other members of the household. The relief of the patients pertains to the medical treatment. After the disease is recovered from, the sick-room should be thoroughly disinfected, as well as the bedding, the furniture, the carpets, and even the walls. It is found that dry heat to the point of 212 degrees, kept up for some hours, effectually destroys the poison; and this, perhaps, is as good a method as any of disinfecting the bedding of those who cannot afford to have it destroyed."

When the reporter referred to the published statement that the household of the Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Darmstadt, were made more susceptible to the contagion of diphtheria by the habit of kissing among its inmates, and asked Prof. Barker whether inhaling the breath of a scarlet fever patient by kissing or otherwise, was dangerous, and should be avoided, the doctor replied: "Most assuredly, the disease might be communicated by a mother kissing her child, who has either scarlet fever or diphtheria."

"If diphtheria complicates a case of scarlet fever, does this necessarily make the case fatal?"

"It is a severe complication, but by no means necessarily fatal, as I've often known cases to recover in which both diseases existed. Last winter a young girl of 14 had diphtheria. After the diphtheria was palpably subsiding, the child continued to have a very high temperature, leading to the suspicion that some other poison was disturbing the system. Suddenly a very intense form of scarlet fever was manifested. The child was extremely ill for several days, and then, during desquamation, the diphtheria again appeared. But this young girl perfectly recovered. Diphtheria, therefore, while causing grave apprehension, should not be regarded as necessarily terminating fatally. A child sick with scarlet fever in a house which is exposed to sewage gas, or in which there is defective plumbing, would be likely to have the disease complicated with diphtheria."

"Does the term scarlatina mean a mild form of scarlet fever?"

"No; the two terms are precisely identical."

BALZAC.

The energy of will and patience expended upon twenty years of incessant composition exhausted a naturally robust constitution. At various periods of his life, he denied himself both food and sleep with a persistence which could not fail to tell fatally upon the strongest physical powers: and however fertile the brain which could produce, between the years 1827 and 1848, ninety-seven novels, and this without the assistance of a secretary or any help in the correction of proofs, it is a fact, although apparently a contradiction, that the work of composition was with De Balzac extremely difficult and laborious. It was not possible to him to unite literary industry with a normal and necessary amount of rest. For whole months together he would deprive himself of fresh air, writing steadily for sixteen or seventeen hours out of the twenty-four, his door closed to his most intimate friends, and every letter set aside unopened, until such time as the work upon which he was engaged should be completed.

His manner of composition was somewhat peculiar. Before writing a single line of his book he had arranged everything in his head—subject, plot, incidents, episodes. He had fixed everything in his mind with a tact peculiar to himself. It was his creation, solely his, and he would embellish it with exclusively jealous care. He had already drawn the likenesses of all the personages who lived in his imagination, and had endowed them with characteristic traits. He placed, dressed, adorned them—making them act according to the *role* which he had assigned to each. All this before he had taken up a pen. Doubtless the work was unformed, but it existed. The pen with him was only a tool, a mere agent employed for matters of detail. At last he wrote; his rapid hand flew over the paper, and all in a breath he arrived at the end of his work. It was not yet the work itself, but it was a highly-finished sketch. Upon this sketch he then began the toil of corrections and alterations, more laborious than it is possible to conceive. Not only erasures in words and sentences, but whole chapters changed or suppressed to make way for other chapters, or new ones supplied which he might judge necessary to lead up to a change of incident, or to explain a passage which might otherwise be obscure.

In this toil without end the pages would become a sort of shuffle at cards, which may be systematically arranged by a skillful hand while apparently mixing them together. A chapter, prepared originally for the middle or end of the work, would be transferred to the beginning; while various others would undergo a contrary arrangement. New passages would have to be written in order to adjust these alterations. Fragments of incontestable value would be put in the background to make room for others which had been primarily dismissed. Such and such a description or scene, traced with excessive labor and care, would be cut to pieces, or pared away like bits of marble—banished—recalled—then definitely abandoned.

Varieties.

—A barber shop in Church street, New York, advertises "Lady artists in attendance."

—Venetian glass is again in favor, and many handsome vases and ornaments are made of it.

—New Haven, Conn., residents employ about 500 telephones, connected by seventy miles of wire.

—The stock of grain in Boston elevators is only 200,000 bushels, against half a million bushels at the same time last year.

—The Chicago Court has decided that a divorce cannot be granted when the "desertion" is the result of an agreement to live apart.

—Mrs. Horace Broad died at Cambridge, Mass., at precisely the same instant at which her daughter expired on the same day at Boston.

—The Bordeaux Mint, the scene of the recent misappropriation of MM. Rothschild's silver, is to be closed and the staff transferred to Paris, which will now be the only French mint, Strasbourg having become German.

—The Trustees of Boston University have received notice of a cash gift of $12,000 to form the nucleus of a professorship in the college of Liberal Arts. A lady has also presented $2000 as a nucleus of a fund for the endowment of a Woman's Professorship in the same college.—*Boston Post.*

—American coal is sold in Switzerland, coming from Philadelphia by sailing ships to Marseilles and thence by rail to Geneva, where it costs about $10 a ton. The price is a little under that of German and French coal at the same point, and the quality is pronounced much better.

—The amount received for customs at the Boston Custom House during January was $890,407.04, a decrease of $185,146.40 compared with the corresponding month of last year. The total value of foreign merchandise entered during the month was $2,917,683, an increase of $239,259 over the amount entered in January, 1878.

—The Gothard Tunnel, is now the longest tunnel in the world, the length, bored from both sides, reaching a total of 13,481 yards—23 yards longer than the Mont Cenis. Very nearly 3000 yards remain to be excavated, and if the work goes on as rapidly this year as it went on last it may be finished in a twelvemonth.

—In Germany a man who wishes to become a medical practitioner has to pass, some time in the course of his third year's study, an examination in chemistry and physics, botany, zoology, anatomy and physiology, and at the close of his studies he has to spend sometimes as much as a five months' session in passing a final examination in the practical departments.

—London *Truth* tells this: "A marine insurance case came before a distinguished judge during the recent sittings, the scene of the disaster which led to the litigation being Tub Harbor Labrador. Lamentable to relate, his lordship was reduced to inquire of the learned counsel. 'Where is Labrador?' To which that gentleman replied, 'Labrador is the place where Tub Harbor is!' What do the Civil Service Commissioners say to this?"

—There are twenty-five Mennonite villages in Manitoba, with 480 dwellings and 2841 residents. The immigrants from Russia have 10,740 acres under cultivation, 362 horses and some 2500 cows and oxen, and have already large stores of grain and other produce. They are growing rich rapidly and prove the very best of citizens, settling all their disputes among themselves and having in their colony neither a constable nor a lock-up.

—A Child-stealer, said to be the widow of a Count and well educated, has been discovered in Paris, and is known as the "Ogresse des Lilas."—Her method was to stand at the entrance of a foundling hospital and induce those bringing children there to let her have them, on the ground that she would have them placed in families where they would have every advantage. In this way she obtained several children, but what has become of them is a mystery.

—It is asserted that from the summit of Mount Etna the circle of vision has the enormous radius of 150.7 miles. The habitable zone of the mountain is very fertile, and sustains a dense population—1424 to the square mile. Rodwell says the gigantic chestnut trees of Carpinelto are no myths, but sober realities. He asserts that the diameter of the trunk of one of them is twenty-five feet, and that a public road passes through the much-decayed trunk of the largest, the Castagno di Cento Cavalli.

—The Stratford-upon-Avon *Herald*, published at the birthplace of Shakspeare, says: "Considerable progress has been made toward the completion of the theatre portion of the Memorial, the handsome proportions of which are seen to great advantage now the greater part of the scaffolding has been removed. The Memorial, indeed, now forms one of the 'sights' of Stratford, and no pilgrim to the shrine of the great dramatist is content to leave the town until he has taken a glimpse at it."

—It is estimated that there are in the State of New York no less than 6400 ecclesiastical organizations of all denominations, occupying nearly as many edifices, which furnish seats for 2,600,000 persons and have an enrolled membership of 1,300,000 in round numbers. The total value of these church edifices and the lots which they occupy is about $101,110,000, to which should be added say $16,500,000, the value of the parsonages and other real estate belonging to the various denominations.

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