

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 28.

UNITE THE OFFICES.

When Portland and St. John were united, the influence of the officials thwarted to a considerable extent, the will of the people and the intention of the union. In many departments the expenses were not reduced from 50 to 75 per cent, as many good citizens who voted for the union thought and hoped they would be, but were just as large as the former expenses of both cities for the same service. The department of education was a striking example. Before the union, Mr. JOHN MARCH was secretary and nominal superintendent of the city schools while the late Mr. FRANK HAYES was superintendent of the Portland department. When the two cities became one, Mr. MARCH became secretary of the united department, and Mr. HAYES was appointed superintendent. It was a happy and pleasing arrangement whereby both gentlemen retained their positions and the taxpayer paid the bills with his usual equanimity. But the office of superintendent is vacant through the death of Mr. HAYES, and, though every teacher of any prominence in the vicinity appears to have applied for it, we suggest that the intention of the people be carried out now, and the secretary and superintendent's offices be again merged into one. If there was enough work for two heads of departments, such a suggestion would not be in order, but it is too plain that by far the greater portion of the work required to be done is purely of a clerical nature which should not demand high salaries officials.

The duties of the superintendent requires nothing more than an ordinary education; otherwise Mr. MARCH would be unable to assume them. But as it is he will do well enough.

JUSTICE FOR LETTER CARRIERS.

In a pathetic appeal to householders, signed by Postmaster HANINGTON, but issued by a man who had letter boxes to sell, the statement is made that a carrier often has from two hundred to three hundred letters for delivery and that great delay is caused by a want of boxes on the doors. This is interesting as showing that a very useful class of civil service employees have a great deal of work to do, and it is equally of interest to know that they are about as poorly paid as any class of men in the country. A petition setting forth this fact was sent to Ottawa months ago, but nothing was done about it, nor is there any immediate prospect that anything will be done. The carriers of Canada do not seem to have pull enough to get justice in the matter.

While the heads of departments in Canada, and many subordinates, are sometimes paid much larger salaries than they pretend to earn, the employees lower down are pinched to the utmost. This is especially true of the post office department, which is the meanest of all in its payments for actual service rendered. The letter carriers must be intelligent active and in every way reliable man. A great deal of efficiency is expected of them, and it must be said to their credit that, when all is considered, their work is far and away beyond their wages. The fidelity with which they do their duty is shown by the rare occurrence of complaints against them. Everybody looks on them as a trustworthy body, and their record proves them to be such.

For their zeal and fidelity a paternal government pays them salaries, of course. A carrier gets \$360 the first year, and each year afterwards up to the ninth year \$30 is added, so that at last, after nine years of service, a carrier whose head and feet remain unimpaired may expect \$600 a year so long as he stays in the service. He also gets one suit of uniform clothes and two pairs of Canadian brogans a year.

The people of the United States do not pay their president any more than we pay our governor-general, but they are a little more liberal with the letter carriers. These receive \$600 the first year, or just

what our carriers have to climb after for nine years. The second year the salary is advanced to \$800, while it reaches \$1,000 in the third and subsequent years. The carriers are also provided with boots and uniform, of a decidedly better style and fit than are seen in this part of the world. It will be seen that the American letter carrier has a good deal more to make him contented than has his Canadian brother.

The matter of letter-carriers' pay is one that interests only a limited number of people, but that is no reason why it is not worth the attention of the government. The carriers are faithful servants and should be paid more than starvation wages for their work.

THE EVILS WROUGHT BY BREAD

A good many people are of the opinion that cold water is a very dangerous drink and avoid it on all occasions where it is possible to procure another beverage. While admitting that whiskey has slain its thousands, some folks allege that the victims of water drinking would be numbered by the tens of thousands were it possible to show the true causes of death in individual cases. The loose practice of saying that a man has died from this or that disease, without telling what led to that disease, precludes more positive information as to the devastation that cold water is continually working by carrying the germs of death into the human system. The picture which an earnest opponent of cold water might draw can well be imagined as a sad one. Yet men have drunk water from the beginning, and no amount of moral suasion is likely to prevent them from continuing to drink it to the end of time. There can be little hope of any radical change in this respect so long as men of influence will countenance, and even encourage, the practice by asserting that "there is nothing so good for the health of the blood as the pure and sparkling water." So long as the poets continue to sing:

Cold water for me! Cold water for me! And wine for the treacherous debauchee, so long will men quaff the insidious cup, die and leave others to follow in their paths to death.

It would seem, however, that the danger to the human race at the dinner table is not confined to the transparent but treacherous glass of water without a stick in it. There are all sorts of dangers lurking within a loaf of bread under certain conditions. As men who drink water also eat bread, when they can get nothing better, it would seem that the lives of the greater portion of temperate citizens are constantly in danger. A man may not be disposed to quarrel with his bread and butter, but his bread at least has no compunction in quarrelling with him. One Dr. DARLINGTON, of New York, makes this very clear in an article he has recently written on the subject. The direct source of danger is found in the *saccharomyces*.

Many a good housewife has made bread all her life and is yet ignorant of what is meant by the *saccharomyces*. Even if it were explained that it is derived from *saccharum*, sugar—and *myces*, fungus—she would look bewildered when interrogated on the subject. It may be of value to her to learn, on the authority of Dr. DARLINGTON, that there exist both the *saccharomyces cerevisiae* and the *saccharomyces minor*, and that the former is brewer's yeast, while the latter is the yeast used by bakers. Yeast is a living organism containing sugar, water and oxygen. It reproduces itself, "lives and feeds on the sugar, and resolves and disintegrates it into alcohol, carbonic acid gas, glycerine and succinic acid."

This is a sufficiently formidable array of facts, but the conscientious doctor goes still further in his warning to imperilled humanity. He proceeds to assert that there is another and worse source of danger: The yeast that is used to produce bread is smaller than that found in beer and is more active, though it resembles closely beer yeast. Just as soon as fermentation is over or has become languid with either of these two forms another species of yeast called *saccharomyces mycoderma* makes its appearance and goes to work. Whether this is a form of its predecessor or some special species is as yet an open question, but it always comes after the others when the fermenting article is exposed to the atmosphere and produces acetic acid by its presence, the alcohol disappearing as the acetic acid is formed. So, after a time, the whole becomes sour. This latter germ grows with great rapidity and it is calculated that in forty-eight hours a single cell will produce 35,378 new ones.

Just think of that! *Saccharomyces mycoderma* is a hustler beside which the ordinary micro-organisms of commerce may pale with fear. The doctor goes on to say that in the baking of bread the spores of the various yeasts are not always killed by the temperature, and as a consequence the process of fermentation is renewed in the human stomach. Then he draws a yet more vivid picture when he adds:

But this alone is not the only effect; yeast under the conditions of starvation when it is kept from sugar becomes soft and converts a part of itself into soluble principles, producing not only alcohol and carbonic acid gas, but also other chemical substances (xanthine, hypo-xanthine, carmine and guanine), so when the food in the stomach has been absorbed and the yeast which is left in the stomach has nothing more to work on, it disintegrates itself, producing poisons for the system to absorb.

What is the remedy? Alas, it is one which only invalids will take the trouble to have carried out, and a great many of them may neglect the precaution. It [is to have the bread boiled—that is what the doctor says—or toasted, so as to fully destroy the effects of these ferments and] micro-organisms. Then the country and its people

will be safe, in the matter of bread, at least.

Despite of the warning, it is to be feared that a great many people will continue to eat unboiled and untoasted bread in the future as they have in the past. The world is slow to learn, and besides, just as soon as people try to be safe by avoiding this or that in food or drink, somebody is sure to come to the front with the proof that something else is even more dangerous. There really does not seem much of creature comfort in this world that a man of cautious and analytical mind ought to feel safe in taking into his system. The man who does not think of these things may not live as long, but life while it lasts will be less a burden to him than to the man of enquiring mind.

The alderman who moved that the chief of the fire department should give all his time to the duties of that position struck the right chord. There is no doubt of the wisdom of such a regulation. The head of the fire department should always be an experienced fireman with no other occupation. The salary is sufficient to admit of such a regulation and we would like to see it carried out not only in the fire department but in the public works and any other of the city services that require it.

With the undertakers as with the office holders, few die and none resign, yet when one of them has to depart this life there seems no more fitting way than to fall in the discharge of his duty. This happened in Cincinnati the other day, when an undertaker who was assisting to lower a coffin into a grave slipped and fell in, his head striking a bronze ornament on the coffin lid. The injury received proved fatal. The undertaker fell on the field of duty, in every sense of the word.

Speaking of "green-goods" letters the Halifax Critic remarks:

By a telegram from Fredericton we would judge that some one had taken advantage of some of these swindlers' offers, as bogus money is about there which has the appearance of green goods swindlers' stock.

Our innocent contemporary does not seem to be aware that if there is any one thing the green-goods man does not sell it is bogus money. Sawdust, blocks and bricks are more in his line.

Execution by electricity is getting reduced to more of a science than it was at the outset. There have been nine electrocutions in New York state, and the latest, last week, was much more successful than any of the previous ones. The condemned man died instantly and without pain. The execution lasted only two and one half minutes, which is only about a tenth of the time needed for the quickest rope execution on record in the state.

There seems to be two possible ways of stopping assaults by "gentlemen" on unprotected females in English railway carriages. One is by making the last the instrument of punishment, and the other is by adopting the American style of cars. The latter are likely to come in due time, but in the meanwhile the assaults are of altogether too frequent occurrence.

PERTINENT AND PERSONAL.

E. L. Skillings is in town with the illuminated cover of his summer book for New England and the Maritime provinces. It is attractive, highly colored, yet not gaudy. Tourist advertisers should note a good thing in it.

Mr. James H. Pattison of this city has joined the new force of the New York Life and will work for the short term payment policy holder. Mr. Pattison has an intimate acquaintance with the city and its people and should make a good agent.

Capt. A. W. Masters who was in town this week greeting and insuring old friends also, had some news for them, that after August 1st his headquarters will be in the bustling, godless metropolis of the West, Chicago, where he has accepted a good position with the London Guarantee Company.

Mr. English Brayley of Montreal, the representative of the well known house of that name is making a maritime province tour which is in some sense a personal farewell to his numerous customers and, at the same time, an introduction for his successor. Since the death of his brother Mr. Brayley has been forced to give his attention to the home office the affairs of which were conducted so promptly and efficiently by the late senior member of the firm.

Mr. Gross, representing Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, Mass. was in town a few days ago looking after the interests of his house. He has been through New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, including Cape Breton, taking about six months for his trip which he will finish in two or three weeks. The former representative for this section, Mr. George Gregg, died about a year ago and the news was with sincere regret by all who knew him personally or in a business way. He was a good judge of a newspaper, had about a year and a half in the service of the paper. To say that Mr. Gross was invited to take his route is about the highest compliment that can be paid him.

No Lack of Them.

What, with *Alvin Joslyn* and *Peck's Bad Boy*, at the Institute, *All the Comforts of Home* at the Opera house, and the society attraction at the Palace rink, where 75 young ladies will show what good soldiers they make, who will have any spare cash at the end of next week?

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Tim.

An' you've got a little youngster, eh? An' named him after me? Me!—Why, I'm past sixty, child, an' grizzled ez kin be. Jes' run yer hand erlong my chin—Eh? He's got my bright eyes? Aw, you go 'long, now!—Say, what is the raskil's size? You'll fetch him to me?—No? I guess I'd kind o' rather not! You see, I ain't no sort o' chap to han'le thet young tot.

Us bethealers is kind o' blanks stuck in the book o' life. Jes' on'y targets, like, fer them smart chaps 'at Aze a wile. Ther' 'ats the boy! Cum here to Tim! Ther, b'less its 'ittle heart!—He looks summat like his gramma—this blame' sun is goen't to start My weak ole eyes!—looks like his gran' 'at's sleepin' over yon, Jes' where the painted meetin'-house is gis'nin' in the sun!

It's forty year agosence we two hed our foolish quar'l. Fer I was yung an' tetchy, like, an' she—she wuz a gurl! The quick words kem up to my lips—she called me back, but no!—I sed good-bye to this boy's gran' jes' forty year ago!

They writ me thet she'd married Frank, an' 'at she hed a child, A gal, jes' like its mother 'ith them eyes so 'rinkin' mild, An' thet forrid white o' Jennie's, jes' a-gis'nin' here an' there, Ez the playmate wind 'ud prank eround her head o' hazel hair.

An' when they tole me thet, you know, I didn't seem to keer To cum back home, but stubbed erlong fer many a weary year, I used to think, sumtimes, the Lord hed used me sort o' ruff— An' then I'd see the fault's my own, an' them—well, thet's enuff!

An' thet child's now a mother, eh! an' wants her boy named Tim? Becos' I've ben so fr'm'ly, like, an' kep' things sume an' trim? Well, go ahead!—fer ev'ry time I try to tell you 'at "No," This ole heart throbs, an' jumps clean back to forty year ago!

CAREY TAP.

The Orpheus Concert.

HALIFAX, May 26.—The programme of the Orpheus concert was rather a mixture, as was the rendering of it. The orchestra began badly, but pulled together and did their second number far better than their first. The best chorus of the evening was Rheinberger's "Stars in Heaven." It was beautifully sung with wonderful shading and judgment, but the preceding choruses were ineffective, one monotonous, the other trivial. Mr. Gillis sang very well and was deservedly encored, but refused to respond, but Miss Bligh's song did not suit her, it requires more power than her voice or rendering possessed. Herr Doering's cello solo was the best number of the programme, he played (a) serenade by Gabriel-Maria (b) Harlequin by Popper, and when encored gave a cradlesong which was exquisite. Herr Doering, too, was invaluable in the orchestra. Miss Homer sang a cavatina from the *Queen of Sheba* in her very best manner, and was in excellent voice which her selection showed to advantage. She changed her second number, Samson and Delilah, to two of Schubert's songs, which was a disappointment to her audience, though it was done by request. Miss Clara Slayter was the debutante of the evening, taking a solo in the closing number, "Lovely Rosabelle." She has a charming voice, sweet and clear and uses it well and naturally. Perhaps next season we shall hear her often, for she is an addition, indeed, to the soloists of the Orpheus club. MORRIS GRANVILLE.

Our One Good Guest—A New Book.

In accordance with the popular preference of today, "Our One Good Guest" is a short, slight, sketchy little production, sufficiently bright to give very pretty pastime for an idle hour, its clear type and dainty get-up, not being the greatest of its recommendations. It betrays that a happy "leaderless crew" of very young people find themselves in charge of their own fortunes and of a pleasant country ménage. Lacking the usual quota of "pastors and masters," they are very desirous of proving themselves abundantly able to steer their small ship of state in accordance with the strictest regulations laid down by Mrs. Grundy. The interest of the book turns upon the haps and mishaps of their venture—the triumphal issue of their one indiscretion—and the oracular wisdoms of extreme and unsuspecting youth.

Our One Good Guest, by L. B. Watford, published by Longman, Green & Co., London and New York. For sale by J. & A. McMillan.

Keep the Applicants Busy.

If the board of school trustees will just wait until fall before they consider the advisability of choosing a successor to Mr. F. H. Hayes, Principals McLean, Myles, Parlee and Dill, and Instructors Devitt and Manning will have their work cut out for the long vacation and the hot weather. They are all applicants, so 'tis said, for the vacant superintendency, and if they do the usual amount of interviewing applicants are supposed to do, the trustees will wish they were deaf many times over.

The Etiquette of Cards.

The style of visiting and wedding cards, announcements, invitations and all others used in society is constantly changing and to be "in the fashion" one must be constantly on the lookout. In order to have the latest PROGRESS PRINT ordered and has just received the revised edition of the best authority on the subject in print and no customer need remain in doubt about the proper phraseology so long as the names, dates and other necessary information is given.

ONE THE RESULT OF THE OTHER.

The Experience of "Progress" in regard to Circulation and Advertising.

Four years ago when PROGRESS started there were nine columns of advertising in it. Four or five of them were transient—that is: in for one or two weeks or a month. A year later, from 15 to 17 columns appeared regularly in the paper, and in the holiday season as many as 22 columns found positions in the eight pages.

When the sixteen page paper appeared about 22—sometimes 24—columns was the average patronage. That was only a year ago. Six months afterwards the volume of advertising was 30 columns and at increased prices.

When Christmas times came around no paper in Canada presented such attractive advertising pages as PROGRESS. From 40 to 42 columns appeared regularly for six weeks, and one week when there was a rush of page orders over 50 columns appeared in a 20 page paper.

A week or two ago we mentioned in this advertisement the fact that 48 columns of paying contract advertisements appeared in PROGRESS that day. They varied in size from five lines to a page, but each and every one seemed to possess a certain effect of its own.

This remarkable increase can only be accounted for by one fact—the generally remarkable increase in circulation. The motto in PROGRESS office has always been "Get the Circulation;" the advertising is sure to follow," and so it has. With every increase in circulation comes a corresponding increase in advertising.

So late as last Friday the shrewd representative of the leading proprietary—made this remark when preparing to make an advertising contract: "I know it like a book. I have travelled over these provinces for the last three months and not only met it everywhere but read it too."

Is it necessary to add that he made a contract? Not for one "ad" but for two. His experience is also that of every traveller on the road whether in Calais or Edmundston, in Campbellton or Baie Verte, in Cape Breton, Charlottetown or Yarmouth, in Digby or Parrsboro or any town that can name almost he finds PROGRESS, Saturday.—Globe Advertisement.

Sent to His Father.

The courage of the Amazons of Dahomey is above proof, and their ferocity, according to M. Bayol, surpasses anything that can be imagined. He witnessed the human sacrifices at Abomey, and here is his description of the exploit of one of the Amazons: I saw a man brought in on an akoko, the baggage-carrying contrivance which the negroes use in transporting their calabash or their pots of palm oil. The unfortunate man was bound and gagged, and a black cap covered his face to the nose. Two big negroes carrying this burden halted before the king, who spoke to the *mingon* (executioner). The latter then asked the crowd of spectators if it would be a good thing to sacrifice this man in honor of the memory of the preceding monarch. The crowd responded in the affirmative, whereupon the king declared that he would send the man to his father. The executioner then gave the doomed man all sorts of messages for the defunct king. Then the victim was thrown upon the ground. An amazon about twenty years old advanced boldly toward him. They wanted to put her to the test, for she was a new recruit and had not as yet killed anybody. With her sharp-edged sabre, which she held in both hands, she struck the unfortunate messenger three blows on the neck. Then she quietly chopped off the last pieces of flesh that still held the head to the trunk, after which she carefully wiped her sabre and retired to the ranks. The head was taken into the king's palace and the body tossed into a trench.

Lepers Proof Against Electricity.

"Down at Honolulu," said Harry Diamond, "I had a battery and worked the innocent Kanakas with the old trick of the five-dollar gold piece. That is, I'd place the piece in the bottom of a jar of water connected with the battery. Then I'd tell the native boys that they could have the money if they'd pick it out of the jar and hold the handle on the other pole of the battery at the same time. Of course the moment their hands struck the water the circuit was completed, their fingers would be doubled up and they couldn't touch the money if their fortunes had depended on getting it. "One day when several young ladies were in the office a lad came in, pushed on by a number of companions who had attempted the \$5 and failed. He had been persuaded to try for the money, and I explained the trick to the ladies in an aside as I arranged the apparatus. The boy took the handle, and we all prepared for a great laugh. "He put his hand into the water, slowly drew out my finger, and quietly walked off with it, while I stood with my mouth open, afraid to face those girls, and praying for a volcanic eruption to turn the trend of thought. "The boy had the leprosy, and the electricity didn't affect him."—San Francisco Examiner.

Story of a Missing Diamond.

One night a newly engaged couple were going to a ball. In the carriage he asked her to let him see her ring for a moment, some peculiarity of its sparkle having caught his eye, although why she should have had her glove off no one can tell. She gave him the ring and he examined it for a time in the light of the carriage window. When the carriage stopped she asked him for the ring. "But I gave it back to you and you took it." "No, you did not. I have not had it since I gave it to you."

Lights were brought, search was made, clothes were shaken—every place where a diamond ring could possibly be concealed was uncovered. The ring could not be found. Each persisted, he that he gave it in the ring box, she that she did not receive it. Assertion became argument; argument changed from heat to ice; communication was interrupted and finally ceased; the engagement was broken. They went their ways and each married another. One day several years later the woman, ripping up an old ball dress, found in the heading of one of the ruffles a diamond ring. It was the lost engagement ring. She wrote to her former lover a letter of apology and explanation, but the incident had turned the current of both their lives. This is a true story.—New York Sun.

HIS PREMONITION.

A True Story of a Weird Event on a Home Station Cruise.

It was a sweltering night early in September in Florida. The usual night breeze had not set in and all nature was panting for breath. I was sitting at the table in the starboard stowage of the ship T—writing the last letter to my sweetheart far to the northward; the candles, our only light, burned languidly for lack of air, and I was in light costume.

A hand was laid upon my shoulder and the kindly voice of a dear messmate requested me to put aside my writing and come for a walk. "The moon is just getting up and I want to talk to you."

The speaker was one of the finest specimens of a man that I have ever known—tall, broad and fair-haired—well beloved for his unfailing good nature and his merry moods, our most popular man. I protested that I must finish my letter, and that it was too utterly hot to walk, and I begged to be excused. But there was something so earnest in the man's appeal, repeated very gravely, that it fixed my attention.

"Come; I want to talk to you about something very particularly; I must talk to you, and at once."

So I, rather impatiently, put the closing words to my letter and hurriedly getting into some clothes joined him on deck, and we left the ship. There was a long avenue lined with yucca trees leading to the village, and we were soon walking under these in the moonlight.

"I suppose you think it rather strange that I should insist upon your coming out tonight, but I must talk to you."

"Well, what is this most important business?" I inquired. "I want you to listen to me with close attention," said Bob. I am not going to have any argument with you as to the sense of what I am going to tell you. I want you to promise me to take charge of my effects and forward them to this address," handing me a paper.

"Why, what do you mean? What has got into your head? Going to desert the ship?" I asked, jokingly. "Nothing at all of that; we must be serious. I want to tell you, my best friend, that I have had my warning and I shall be dead in three days from this time."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed; what foolery is this?" "Tis not nonsense and you must not try to ridicule my belief. I repeat to you that in three days from this hour I shall be buried in the Gulf of Mexico."

"Stuff!" I said. "What has possessed you to get into this morbid state?" "Now listen—the members of my family have always been warned. I have had my warning. What is the use trying to persuade me as to the folly of it? The main point and the only one is: Will you accept the responsibility that I impose on you?"

"Why, certainly," I said, holding his arm closer, for he always walked arm in arm. "but tell me—here man, with machinery deranged, without coal, without orders from the department to go to sea—how could the ship be ready for sea in three days, much less be in the gulf then?"

"Nevertheless," he replied, "we will be there and I shall be buried three nights from this time in the Gulf of Mexico."

There was no use of further protest, I knew him well, and I knew from his manner that further talk would be of no avail, so I tried another track.

"At any rate, at any rate, you're in good shape so far; so let's go on to F—'s and get a glass or two of grog, and smoke a cigar and have no more of this tonight. And assuming a gaiety I did not feel—I hummed: "On such a night as this, oh, luvved long!"

He tried to enter into the spirit of my proposal, and we went to the little club, I may almost call it, where the good woman, the wife of the pilot, allowed us to keep a private bottle or two and a box of cigars there and we rallied "Bob" about some of his little follies.

He took it all quite pleasantly, and I had hoped he had forgotten the talk of a little while before. We left the house about nine o'clock, and sauntered along toward the ship. He suddenly turned to me and said:

"It has got me now." "What?" I cried, for he thoroughly alarmed me. "The fever." Well, I stopped, held his hands and felt his pulse; he was as hot and as dry as a "lime-burner's wig," and taking him by the hand I said:

"Now let us walk fast and break this fever right off." We did so; I was soon as wet as if I had been in a drenching shower; but he never turned a hair. Hot and flushed, I got him to the ship, turned him into my bunk and summoned the doctor. Before 11 o'clock he was delirious, and his disease was yellow fever.

The next day came orders to hurry to sea. Everybody busy coaling ship, putting engines in order, taking provisions, etc., and the following day we left the yard and so it happened that, on the third day after our talk, he died. And we stood about the deck in the falling rain—a sad, sad group while the captain served by the light of the deck lanterns the service of the dead, and his messmates raised the gang plank and saw all that remained of noble old Bob committed to the deep.

His prediction came true, it was three days exactly when he left us, and I have never seen so many tearful men together as I did that rainy September night on the Gulf of Mexico.—Lieut. W. W. Reisinger in New York Recorder.

The Glass Snake.

The so-called glass-snake does not break to pieces at the sight of an enemy, as is commonly supposed, but, like some lizards, throws off its tail in an effort to escape. There are several lizards which, when attacked, for instance, by a bird or predaceous animal, will throw off their tails, and the tail flopping up and down on the ground diverts the enemy and thus gives the lizard time to escape. The glass-snake adopts the same trick, and thus frequently saves itself. It is true, however, that the joints of this singular creature are so closely connected that the snake will be broken to pieces by a blow of stick, though the idea of a reunion of the broken parts is a superstitious absurdity. The broken joints do not reunite, though a new tail will grow out in a few months if the reptile has received no other injury.—Globe-Democrat.