STORY OF LOVERS' OAK.

Almost everyone who has ever heard of Brunswick, Georgia, knows of "Lovers' Oak"—a magnificent old tree that stands on the ocean side of the city and for centuries has watched the tides as they come and go. One of Montgomery Folsom's prettiest poems, first printed in the Macon *Telegraph*, is dedicated to this tree. The city authorities recently had its base inclosed by an iron picket fence, and have made it an offense, punishable by a heavy fine, for anyone who now desecrates its body or limbs by cutting names, initials, etc.

It has always been a favorite resort for young people, and visitors never leave the city without taking a look at those magnificent branches, whose shade covers more than an acre of ground.

This great giant of the forest, at a distance, looks like a huge umbrella spread for the protection of the soil. Its great trunk grows into three prongs some three feet from the ground, and goes up with such gradual slope that people walk up among its branches with little difficulty, and on picnic occasions I have known of more than one hundred people being perched among the limbs. It is said there have been few marriages in Brunswick that the loving ones did not trace back many of the sweets of courtship to "Lovers' Oak," and it is recorded that many of the most romantic marriages have taken place under its sheltering boughs.

As is often the case with romantic spots, there is a legend connected with this tree that would be interesting if told in print—a legend that for many, many years was never told save under the shade of the tree, where the listener was solemnly pledged not to repeat the story least he bring the audience with him to the tree and exact the same pledge in return.

Thus the story was perpetuated from generation to generation among the young people. I tell it to-day, as near as I can remember, as it was told to me once by a beautiful, dark-eyed girl, who perched beside me one lovely afternoon of a June day long since gone, and she lent the music of a charming voice to help impress on memory one of the beautiful tales of the sea, for which this country is famous.

She told me of how, years ago, when the pale-face was unknown and this fine land was the haunt of the deer, and the habitation of only red men, there lived in middle Georgia a tribe of Indians that were celebrated for brave warriors, and whose chief was the father of a beautiful daughter.

This dusky belle of the forest was sought far and wide by the braves, who were all captivated by her charms. One of them was the favored of the old chief, who, probably, very much as fathers in this day and generation, looked at such things with a business eye.

However, the girl, womanlike, chose to follow her own heart, and fell in love with a slender youth, who cared more for the camp than he did for the chase, and would rather chase the nimble deer than search for scalps in bloody fight. This put him in disfavor with the braves, and when the old chieftain discovered that his favorite child had twined her young heart around this worthless youth he naturally grew wroth, and banished the young upstart from the camp.

But a maiden's heart is but a maiden's heart, whether it beats in a dusky breast or bosom white as snow. So, as was ever the way since the world was made, the young people managed to meet quite often just outside the camp, notwithstanding watchful eyes, and they pledged eternal love, as young folks do sometimes even now, but they were probably more sincere. The wary old chief became uneasy, and when that fall, with a chosen band of warriors with their squaws, he set off to the sea coast to obtain a winter supply of salt, which they did by boiling sea water, the young daughter of the chief was forced to go with the party. But woman's wit is always keen, and she gave her lover to understand he was to follow, always keeping on the side next to the setting sun, and at evening, when the party pitched their camp for the night, she would steal away for a walk, and would always meet her lover coming from that direction.

Thus they journeyed day by day, until one evening they reached the coast just as the glorious autumn's sun was tinging with gold the tops of the great live oaks, and lingered before saying good night.

The camp was pitched on what we now call the south side of Brunswick, and, as usual, "Minnie Wassie," for this was her name, slipped away for her evening stroll.

A few moments after she turned her face toward the setting sun she saw, standing under this tree, "Netowah," the idol of her heart. He pressed her to his bosom, and when the lingering good-by was said it was with the understanding that the "oak" should be the daily trysting place until the camp should move. There they met in the autumn twilight regularly, until one day Minnie Wassie acted rather coldly, and the impetuous lover, stung by her manner, upbraided her with being untrue, and they parted in a miff. Next day, Netowah, still feeling sore and miserable, ventured near the camp to catch a glimpse of his dear one.

There he saw what kindled the fiercest flame of passion and jealous rage. Minnie Wassie was sitting on a fallen tree, and his hated rival was stretched lazily at her feet.

Netowah did not pause to look again. He did not know that the old Chief had a hand in the scene he had just witnessed, and that Minnie Wassie, while talking to the hated rival, was at that moment thinking of him and longing for the evening shadows to lengthen, that she might steal back to his bosom and tell how sorry she had been; that she was penitent for the misery both had suffered.

He thought of none of these things, but crept back to nurse his jealous rage and conjure up bitter thoughts of her who had promised to be his bride. That evening Minnie Wassie came earlier than usual. A sorry smile wreathed her face when her glance fell on the frowning countenance of her lover—she was ready to make up and be happy.

But he, foolish boy, would not see the devotion that beamed from those dark and liquid eyes.

His first words were harsh and upbraiding. They cut and stung her very soul, and the warm words were checked and frozen by womanly pride. She spoke coldly and turned to go.

For a second Netowah stood with a scowl—in that second he lived an age. In blind, sheer madness he saw the bright blossoms of hope that had filled his heart all wither and die in an instant. She who had been so dear and whose life was now part and parcel of his very being, was going—going to be the bride of another—to leave him an outcast. He was foolish to have such thoughts and be so unreasoning, but he was only an Indian, and Christian men to-day are sometimes equally unreasoning.

It would be hard to tell; we can only imagine what Netowah thought, but this we know, before Minnie Wassie was clear of the shade of this tree his mind was made up. With a sudden bound he was at her side; he fiercely grasped her shoulder with his left hand and faced her round toward the setting sun. In his right hand gleamed a long, keen hunting knife that glittered as a dying sunbeam struggled through the trees and for an instant kissed the brow of the beautiful girl, who never realized what was meant.

The blow came too swift and sudden—the blade pierce through her heart, and she sank without a moan at his feet.

For an instant he stood, perhaps his heart still in rage; perhaps he had realized the awful crime and was crazed with grief. But we know he raised the dripping blade and plunged it into his own miserable heart and fell.

A child discovered them and carried the news to camp. The old chief came out and found those two lovers side by side, cold in death.

They dug a grave, buried them right under this tree, and from that time until now it has been known as "Lovers' Oak."

The story was first told to the child of an early settler by an old Indian woman, who was the little dusky maiden that witnessed the tragedy.

Thus we print the legend of the oak as it has been told and repeated oft, until every one in this city to-day of the old inhabitants will recall with what awe they heard its recital in the boughs of the tree itself.

A TRUE STORY IN RHYME.

"Where is the baby, grandma?"
The sweet young mother calls
From her work in the cozy kitchen,
With its dainty whitewashed walls,
And grandma leaves her knitting
And looks for her all around;
But not a trace of a baby dear
Can anywhere be found.

No sound of its merry prattle,
No gleam of its sunny hair,
No patter of tiny footsteps,
No sign of it anywhere,
All through the house and garden,
Far out into the field,
They search every nook and corner,
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid;
Grandmamma's eyes grew dim;
The father's gone to the village,
No use to look for him.
And the baby's lost! "Where's Rover?"
The mother chanced to think
Of the old well in the orchard
Where the cattie used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I know he'd find her,"
"Rover!" In vain they call,
Then hurry away to the orchard,
And there, by the moss-grown wall,
Close to the wall lies Rover,
Holding to a baby's dress,
Who was leaning over the well's edge
In perfect fearlessness.

She stretched her tiny arms down,
But Rover held her fa t,
And never seemed to mind the kicks
The tiny bare feet cast
So spitefully upon him,
But wagged his tail instead,
To greet the frightened searchers,
While naughty baby said:

"Dere's a little dirl in the water;
She's dust as big as me;
Mamma, I want to help her out
And take her home to tea,
But Rover he won't let me,
And I don't love him. Go
Away, you naughty Rover,
Oh, why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her, saying,
"My darling, understand,
Good Rover saved your life, my dear.
And see! licks your hand!
Kiss Rover." The baby struck him,
But grandma understood;
She said: 'It's hard to thank the friend
Who thwarts us for our good."

NEW YORK'S STREET ARABS.

Schemes by Which Gamins Turn an Honest Penny.

The shrewdness of the average New York street gamin is remarkable. One day last week two little boys, neither of whom were over 15 years, evolved this scheme for turning an honest penny: They stood in the center of City Hall Park, with their hats over their eyes, with upturned faces, and heads nearly resting on their backs, looking intently into the blue sky as if some one of the heavenly objects was visible. Slowly but surely a goodly crowd gathered, and they, too, looked. Some asked what the attraction was; others continued looking, evidently for the purpose of discovering something wonderful before asking. Some said it was Venus, but others said it wasn't. But the two boys who caused all this sensation and anxiety—what of them? When fully 100 had collected about the spot, the young chaps announced that they would give a circus performance. A space was cleared for them, which the crowd surrounded. Others rushed to the scene, and before the performance began a crowd had gathered that would not make a bad showing in a theater. The boys gave a remarkably good entertainment of tumbling and breakneck maneuvers, which astonished the audience and produced no little applause. At the conclusion of the "circus performance," the boys, hat in hand, collected money enough to give them both a good time during the day, and, perhaps, seats at the theater that evening.

Another trick came to the writer's notice, which, for genuine "smartness," is rather noteworthy. It may be surprising to the City Fathers to know that seats in the public parks are sold nightly, yet this is a fact. The little boys start out early in the evening and capture as many seats as possible. When the young lovers pass through the park and see a seat in a quiet and sequestered place, and find the occupant to be a little boy, sometimes two in number, the young man excuses himself to his fair companion, and, going to the boy or boys, endeavors to make a bargain for the seat, which he is generally successful in consummating, though never, it is said, for less than 10 cents, and oftentimes more. As it gets late in the evening, and the call for seats is not so great, one can be secured for five cents. These money-making lads must feel as depressed at a rainy or disagreeable night as the bootblack does of a wet day.

LOOK AT YOUR WATCH.

Why the Numerals on Watch Dials Differ From Those in Common Use.

In a recent conversation with a *Star* reporter a prominent jeweler of Maiden Lane told the following story to explain why the Roman numerals printed on the dials of watches and clocks differ from those in common use. He said:

"It is nothing but a tradition among watch-makers, but the custom has always been preserved. You may or you may not know that the first clock that in any way resembled those now in use was made by Henry Vick, in 1370. He made it for Charles V., of France, who has been called 'The Wise.'

"Now, Charles was wise in a good many ways. He was wise enough to recover from England most of the land which Edward III. had conquered, and he did a good many other things which benefited France. But his early education had been somewhat neglected, and he probably would have had trouble in passing a civil service examination in these enlightened ages. Still he had the reputation for wisdom, and thought that it was necessary, in order to keep it up, that he should also be supposed to possess book learning. The latter was a subject he was extremely touchy about.

"So the story runs in this fashion, although I will not vouch for the language, but put it in that of the present day:

"'Yes, the clock works well,' said Charles, 'but,' being anxious to find fault with a thing he did not understand, 'you have got the figures on the dial wrong.'

"'Wherein, your Majesty?' asked Vick.

"'That four should be four ones,' said the king.

"'You are wrong, your Majesty,' said Vick.

"'I am never wrong!' thundered the King. 'Take it away and correct the mistake!' and corrected it was, and from that day to this 4 o'clock on a watch or clock dial has been IIII., instead of IV. The tradition has been faithfully followed."

"LOOCINDY'S" TURN CAME.

She Asserts Her Position and Starts a Bank Account.

A pair of elderly, leathery-looking men and a limp-looking, broken-spirited woman in a calico dress and a bonnet fashionable before the war, appeared in a lawyer's office up-town one day last week.

One of the men said that they wanted a deed made out, and then he turned to his companion and they discussed the details of the trade they were about to make.

The meek-looking, heavy-eyed little woman tried to say something once or twice, but her husband silenced her with:

"Come, come, now, Loocindy; me an' he kin settle this biziness ourselves. It hain't a woman's place to take a hand in a matter o' this kind. She's got other fish to fry. I'm doin' this tradin' myself. You jist set still till yer wanted."

Loocindy, thus admonished, "set still," but she seemed a little less limp and a trifle more spirited, while her heavy eyes brightened a good deal when her husband said:

"Now, Loocindy, we're ready fer yer. Jist come along hyar and scratch yer name out in full on this blank line. That's all we want of you."

It was simply refreshing to see the color come to Loocindy's wan cheeks, and to note the firmness of her voice as she said:

"I shan't do it, Cy."

"You shan't do what?"

"I shan't sign my name to that there deed."

"Why, good lawd, woman; that's all I brung you along fer!"

"I know it, Cy, and I ain't a goin' to do it."

"What in thunder do you mean?" gasped out Cy, as he stared at Locindy with his eyes like saucers and his mouth wide open.

"I mean just what I say, Cy Jackson. Oh, you needn't stare so at me, Cy. It's my time to take a hand in this trade, Cy, an' I'm goin' to do it. It ain't often that I git a chance to show you I'm of any consequence in this world, but now I'll learn you that I am!"

"Lookee here, Loocindy, I'm blamed if I'm goin' to stand this! What ails you to go to cuttin' up like this? Now, you put your name to that deed an' have done with your foolin'."

"I ain't foolin', Cy," she replied calmly as she took the pen he handed her and put it back on the pen-rack, and then pulled her faded old shawl up around her gaunt shoulders.

"Lookee here, Cy," she said at last, "the way I look at it, that land's mine much as it's your's. I've dug an' niggered harder'n you have, an' I'm blamed if I ain't goin' to have some say 'bout sellin' it. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do! Give me half the money Higgins is goin' to pay you for the land right here in my own fist an' I'll sign the paper."

"You must be crazy, Loocindy; I want you to stop"—

"Forty million of men couldn't make me sign without," she said calmly, as she dropped into a chair.

"Loocindy!"

"Well, Cy?"

"I—I—blamed if I—I—what you mean, carryin' on like this?"

"I mean that I am goin' to have a dollar or two in the bank I kin call my own, and some decent duds. Hand over the money, Cy, an' I'll sign; an' I'll never sign without it."

Half an hour later Cy and Loocindy left the office, Cy with a dazed look on his livid face and Loocindy with a serenely triumphant expression on her's, as she walked away with a roll of bills clutched tight in in her bony hand, and visions of a new "alpacky" dress and a $5 bonnet and bank account of her own before her glistening eyes. Her time had come, without doubt. —*Time.*

A DANGEROUS OCCUPATION.

Electric Light Linemen Must be Extremely Careful in Their Ways.

"A lineman carries his life in his pocket, and it may slip through a very tiny hole," said an employe of the Brush Electric Light Company. "A cool head and a steady nerve, with a smattering of electrical knowledge, are the prerequisites of a first-class lineman. Unless a man be apt to judge and quick to remember he will be liable to serious blunders in his manipulation of the wires. Where there are dozens of them attached to one pole, it is necessary that he should be able readily to distinguish each from the others, and have no doubt as to whether it be quick or dead. Contact with the earth through means of a conductor should be shunned like death itself. Moisture in the atmosphere or on the wires or the pole greatly accentuates the danger that always prevails. What is ordinarily a non-conductor becomes imbued with conducting properties when it is wet, and this is why linemen dread to mount the poles after or during a heavy storm.

"If a man exercises due diligence and a certain amount of what is termed 'gumption,' he may pursue his business for years without receiving any worse injury than a burn or two. But even the coolest-headed man is liable to blunder occasionally, and there is no other department in life where a blunder of microscopic proportion effects such disastrous results. The contact of a dangling watch charm or a little finger nail with the wrong wire at the wrong time may cost a man his life. So long, however, as he sits astride the cross-piece of a wooden telegraph pole and confines his attention solely to a wire that has no communication with the earth, he is as safe as if he were in his mother's arms."

IT'S ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

An old couple living in Gloucester,
Had a beautiful girl, but they loucester;
She fell from a yacht
And never the spacht
Could be found where the cold wave had toucester.

An old lady living in Worcester,
Had a gift of a handsome young rorcester;
But the way that it crough,
As 'twould never get through,
Was more than the lady was uorcester.

At the bar, at the old inn at Leicester,
Was a beautiful barmaid named Heicester,
She gave to each guest
Only what was the buest,
And they all, with one accord, bleicester.
—*Washington Critic.*

Jews in England.

The total Jewish population in England is estimated at about 70,000. Of these 50,000 are in London—30,000 in the Whitechapel district, 10,000 in other parts of East London and 10,000 in the western and northwestern districts. The latter comprise the wealthiest and most cultivated of the Hebrew community. There are in London forty synagogues in all—eleven United synagogues, two Spanish and Portuguese congregations, four independent orthodox synagogues, twenty-two federated synagogues, acknowledging the orthodox ecclesiastical authorities, and one Reformed synagogue under Professor Marks, of which a description, and of the tenets and worship, will be found in the "Sunday at Home" for 1888. The Reformed synagogue in London has an organ, as has one in Bradford and another in Manchester. In the orthodox synagogues English is not used except in special prayers—as for the royal family—and in the sermon. As the national census does not now give religious statistics, the estimate of the Jewish population is taken from the records of deaths and burials, births and marriages, checked by the amount of consumption of passover cakes and the attendence at synagogues on the Day of Atonement, when all respectable adult Jews, if at no other time, make their appearance.

Over the Pathless Ocean,

Athwart vast continents traversed by mighty iron thoroughfares, many-armed like the fabled Briareus, myriads set forth daily to encounter the vicissitudes of travel, change of climate, unaccustomed food, and an atmosphere possibly miasmatic, yet with a calm confidence that their health will be preserved. When this confidence is based upon the possession of the supreme medicinal defense, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, it is indeed well founded, otherwise not. Brackish water, bad food, the wearying and other bad effects of railroad jolting, sea sickness and nervousness, aggravated by a journey and its attendant discomforts, are shorn of their pernicious influence by this sterling alterative, pacifier, and compensating medicine, invaluable for dyspepsia, feebleness, nervousness, constipation, malarial disorders, rheumatism and kidney complaints.

PREJUDICE and ignorance have given way to Simmons Liver Regulator. It has stood the test.

MODERN SANITARY CONDITIONS.

ONE THOUSAND LIVES SACRIFICED EVERY DAY.

Startling Facts Presented to the American Medical Association by Geo. E. Waring, Jr.

The following remarkable paper was read by George E. Waring, Jr., before the American Medical Association at Newport, R. I., on the 25th of June:

Early in 1855, moved by the most distressing condition of the sick and wounded in the hospitals of the Crimean army, Lord Panmure commissioned Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Gavin, and Mr. Rawlinson to proceed to the Bosphorus and to the Crimea, and to take instant measures for the improvement of the sanitary state of those sadly crowded buildings.

Mr. Rawlinson, a man of sound sense, great practical skill, and a genius of direct and positive action, and then in the prime of life, was quick to apply to the appalling conditions with which he was confronted those well-trained abilities which had already marked him, and which still mark him, as one of the great lights of sanitary engineering.

The order was issued on the 19th of Feburary. In less than three weeks the work at Scutari was already progressing, and within a month a marked effect was obvious.

Kinglake says: "Then came on a change which, if only it had been preceded by mummery instead of ventilation and drainage and pure-water supply, would have easily passed for a miracle. Down went the rate of mortality. Having already gone down from the terrible February rate of 42 per cent. to 31, it descended in the next fortnight to 14, in the next twenty days to 10, in the next to 5, in the next to 4, and finally, in the next twenty days—days ending on the 30th of June, 1855—to scarcely more than 2." The exact figures are 42.7, 31.5, 24.4, 10.7, 5.2, 4.3, 2.2. The average rate in military hospitals in England was 2.9. This result was achieved by physical changes

EFFECTED BY INTELLIGENT ENGINEERING.

Dr. Billings, in his work for the tenth census of the United States, estimates the death-rate of the whole country at about eighteen per thousand. It cannot be questioned that a proper regulation of the universal conditions of human life throughout the whole country would reduce this rate to twelve per thousand, saving every year, on the basis of the present population, not fewer than 365,000 lives which are now sacrificed to neglected filth, with its attendant contamination of the soil on which we live, of the air we breathe, of the food we eat, and of the water we drink.

Disregarding for the moment the enormous loss of power and loss of heart, and the manifold suffering incident to the sickness these deaths imply, we are confronted with the stupendous and disgraceful fact that in these prosperous and intelligent United States—which we believe to be the home of the highest modern civilization—one thousand human beings are stricken to death every day, cruelly, needlessly, wickedly, solely because of the lack of that which it needs only intelligent direction to secure. We thus wantonly destroy in three years

MORE LIVES THAN WERE SACRIFICED,

Directly and indirectly, by both North and South, during the war of the rebellion. The sum now paid for pensions during three years, if intelligently administered, would cover the improvements required to prevent these deaths.

The epidemic of yellow fever in 1878 aroused the active sympathies of the nation, and even frightened Congress into an unwonted activity in behalf of the life and health of the people. The deaths from that epidemic did not amount to more than 18,000. The lives wantonly sacrificed to preventable disease amounted to that number every eighteen days.

The whole country now stands aghast at the fearful sacrifice of life caused by the bursting of the dam above Johnstown. Estimates of the actual loss are necessarily vague, but it is entirely safe to say that twice each month—twenty-four times each year—as many persons die lingering and painful deaths, caused by a universal neglect on the part of the whole people that is no less culpable than was the neglect of those charged with the construction and care of the disastrous dam.

We stand, one and all, we and our wives and children, subject to an ever-present and

ENTIRELY AVOIDABLE DANGER,

Of a sort that every man, woman and child in every enlightened country has a just right to be protected against.

Such protection it is quite within the power of the people to secure, but the people themselves must secure it. All that we can do is to point out the way and to emphasize the necessity. The huge task is one whose doing can be compassed only by the force of an aroused public opinion; our task, hardly less huge, it must be to awaken and vivify that opinion.

What is to be done relates chiefly to the complete removal of the organic wastes of life before the beginning of putrefaction, and the ultimate disposal of these wastes by methods now understood, in such a way as to reduce them to their elements without such contamination of earth, water, or air as now reacts so fatally on the population. The process would be simple. Its seriousness arises from the wide and universal dissemination of points needing attention, and from the enormous aggregate of cases to be treated. The adequate sanitary improvement would involve drainage and garbage removal, water supply, and some improvement of ventilation. By drainage we mean, in this connection, the removal of filth in sufficient currents of water, and this is by far

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING TO BE DONE.

Accumulations of filth not susceptible of removal in water must be removed in other ways or destroyed. While it is obviously necessary to bring water from a distance for the supply of those who live in large towns, village communities may safely rely on well-water, if only the water of the ground be protected against contamination, as it would be by the complete removal and proper disposal of organic waste. So, also, with the prevention of putrefaction in and about habitations, the need for costly artificial ventilation will be greatly reduced. The freedom with which air passes not only through the imperfections of our buildings, but through the very walls of our houses, is shown to suffice for the favoring of health and longevity, by the great number of aged and robust persons habitually living in an atmosphere that would seem intolerable to one accustomed to better conditions. It is not to be understood that the most complete ventilation is not desirable, only that if all waste matter be properly removed and disposed of, and if the water supply be made pure, a reduction of the death-rate to twelve per thousand might fairly be expected, even without such ventilation as any sanitarian would think desirable. The foregoing announcement is based on

NO UNTRIED THEORY.

We know by experience that under wholesome conditions of life a general death-rate of twelve to a thousand can be reached in towns, and that a lower rate is possible in the country. We know that where organic refuse, including that which is voided from our persons, is completely removed without the possibility of fouling the surface or the interior spaces of the soil, without the possibility of contaminating our supplies of water and food, and without the possibility of sending the gaseous products of its putrefaction into the atmosphere that we breathe, the conditions requisite for the maintenance of the zymotic diseases are substantially annihilated, and the great cause of *malaise*, debility and suffering is averted. If the improvement includes, as it often will in an incidental way, the correction of hygrometric conditions tending to the production of malaria, the relief will be greatly magnified. It may therefore safely be asserted, in the light of what we know of improvements that have been effected by simple changes of physical conditions, that a proper application of the sanitary arts of the engineer would of itself suffice to save to us the thousand lives now daily thrown away and to multiply greatly the happiness and efficacy of myriads whose sickness, though not mortal, is

GRIEVOUSLY PAINFUL AND INCAPACITATING.

It is, course, not to be understood that even the zymotic diseases, which are chiefly referred to in this paper, are to be withdrawn from the domain of the physician and intrusted to the unaided efforts of the engineer. The great advance in sanitary achievement in the past fifteen years has taken place not in the field, but in the laboratory; it is in your profession, not in ours, that the great wonders have been wrought.

It has long been considered that the rough measures of the drain-builder and the water-purvevor were effective in warding off much disease and death, but the knowledge under which our results have been achieved has been very largely of an empirical character. It was only when the biologist entered the arena that real knowledge of the subject began, and, although the biologists is yet only at the portals of the vast temple of knowledge to which he has so lately found the key, he has gone far enough to indicate quite clearly the reasons for the success of sanitary engineering, and even to justify a conviction that he has, dimly perhaps, but surely, indicated a new way of escape from much of our existing

PHYSICAL SUFFERING AND DEATH.

How many of our diseases are caused by the invasion of specific organisms we are far from knowing. We do know that some of them are so caused, and the study of the life history of pathegenic microbes has already indicated more than a possibility, not only that their invasion may be prevented by suitable measures, but also after the invasion of our bodies they may be, by measures yet to be defined, rendered powerless to perform their appointed work of injury or destruction. It would indeed almost seem that the elixir, not perhaps of life, but of health, would be shown to lie in the death potion of the microscopic invaders of our blood and tissues. Until this is definitely shown, and probably still more after it has been shown, your profession and ours must work hand in hand to stay the tide of destruction by which the community is not only menaced, but to which it is actually subject and from which it is constantly suffering.

You need not now be detained for a discussion of the processes by which the great end in view may be ascomplished. These are tolerably well known, and are to be better known day by day. What is necessary is that you, and not only you, but all who are subject to their professional ministration and to their influence, shall be made to know and to feel that this great calamity is upon us and has been upon us, in constantly decreasing degree, for all time, and that it lies within our power to hasten its decrease in the future until the conditions of life of this whole people shall have been made what they might and should be.

The sole purpose of this paper is to impress upon you the commanding need for action—an action that shall bring modern sanitary conditions into conformity with modern civilization.

SWALLOWED BY A SNAKE.

An Eel's Disagreeable Experience With a Water Snake.

A water snake surprised a rowing party on Lake Carasaljo, Me., a short time ago. The snake, a large one, was contorting itself into a hundred shapes when first seen, and was so busily engaged that it permitted the boat to come within less than an ordinary oar's length. The snake had captured an eel and was making a tremendous effort to swallow it, while the eel was resisting with all its slippery tactics and vibratory strength. After a protracted struggle the snake was able to get about two and a half inches of the eel down, when it paused, as if to rest before renewing the swallowing process. The snake's mouth was tightly closed over and beyond the eel's head, and the eel seemed to be weakening under the smothering clasp of its enemy. Such air as there was in the vicinity of the eel's gills was being exhausted by the snake, and the eel was in a very tight place.

The situation excited the compassion of one of the occupants of the boat to such an extent that he could not resist the impulse to bring one of the oars down upon the snake with such murderous effect as to simultaneously dispatch the reptile and put an end to a very interesting study in reptilia. The naturalist of the party brought the snake and eel into the boat, the latter being still held, but not so tightly as before, in the mouth of the snake. The eel was released and measured, its length being fifteen inches. The snake measured sixty-seven inches in length and six and a quarter inches in circumference at the largest part of the body. The eel, showing signs of resuscitation, was laid in the water, and soon began feebly to wriggle about, and doubtless fully recovered. The snake, says the New York *Sun*, was one of the largest, if not the largest, of his kind ever found in this vicinity.

Fair Exchange No Robbery.

Merrill E. Shepard of Haddam Neck, Conn., is the owner of a hen which made its nest in the woods near his house, and laid several eggs only to desert them finally. A partridge then appeared to usurp the claim, and, after laying a few eggs, settled down for the usual three weeks stay. Five young chickens first appeared on the scene, but these were removed by Mr. Shepard, in hopes the bird would stay and present him with some young partridges. He was disappointed, however, but on the principle that fair exchange is no robbery, the partridge eggs were hatched by a hen.

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Speed Programme.

First Day—Tuesday, August 6, 1889.

No. 1—RUNNING STAKE—For two year-olds; $25 entrance; $10 forfeit; $200 added, of which $50 to second; five-eighths dash.

No. 2—RUNNING STAKE—For all ages; $50 entrance; $25 forfeit; $250 added, of which $75 to second; one and one-eighth miles.

No. 3—TROTTING PURSE—2:27 class; $400.

Second Day—Wednesday, August 7, 1889.

No. 4—RUNNING STAKE—For all ages; $25 entrance; $10 forfeit $200 added, of which $50 to second; three-quarters and repeat.

No. 5—RUNNING STAKE—For all ages; $25 entrance; $10 forfeit; $200 added, of which $50 to second; nine-sixteenths.

No. 6—TROTTING PURSE—Free for all two-year-olds in Sacramento, Amador, San Joaquin, El Dorado and Calaveras counties; $400.

Third Day—Thursday, August 8, 1889.

No. 7—RUNNING STAKE—For two-year-olds; $25 entrance; $10 forfeit; $200 added, of which $50 to second; three-quarter dash.

No. 8—RUNNING STAKE—For all ages; $50 entrance; $25 forfeit; $10 declaration; $250 added, of which $75 to second; handicap; one and one-quarter miles.

No. 9—TROTTING—Match race between Hiram Wilkes, Colonel and Ajax; $750.

Fourth Day—Friday, August 9, 1889.

No. 10—RUNNING STAKE—For all ages; $25 entrance; $10 forfeit; $200 added, of which $50 to second; half mile and repeat.

No. 11—RUNNING STAKE—For all ages; $25 entrance; $10 forfeit; $250 added, of which $75 to second; one mile and repeat.

No. 12—TROTTING PURSE—Free for all; $500.

Entries close with the Secretary on JULY 20, 1889.

Trotting races, except two-year-old, are to be best three in five. Entrance 10 per cent. on purse, to accompany nomination. Purses divided at the rate of 60 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 10 per cent. to third. National Association Rules to govern.

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