

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

Paint me your perfect lady. I have seen
Some part, perhaps the whole, of what I
mean.
Yet in articulate feature to declare
The form that haunts my thought divinely
fair
May well outrange my skill; but thy request
Strikes all denial dumb. Here, take my best.
No noise thou hear'st, no preparation blows
A trumpet where my perfect lady goes;
Nor with rude tramp she beats the hollow
ground.
Nor minces nicely, nor with girlish bound
Trips the light soil; a woman, not a fairy,
Upon an earthy base, firm poised her airy
Consistence rests. No haunting broad
display
Of rustling founces marks her gentle way.
But like the breeze of the light-winged May
Softly she comes, and fragrant all as they.
Oh, she is lovely! all the summer dwells
In her bright eyes, and every feature tells
A tranced sweetness in the soul within.
That beats like music through the lucid skin;
And when she speaks soft, silvery accents
flow.
Full-throated from a mellow depth below,
Not clapt in shreds, nor with a tinkling din,
A shallow splash from hollow heart within.
Not bold is she to place herself before
The first, nor slinks demure behind the door,
But takes her place just where she ought to
be.
Nor makes you feel when there, that it is
she.
With native grace, and fine untutored mien,
She greets the poor or stands before a queen;
Sweeps with light floating ease the festal
floor,
Or bends o'er sick beds with the suffering poor.
Her unshooled gesture gently shows her
moods;
She casts no proud and patronizing eye
On those who slink, nor ducks before the high.
All things to all she is; for why—in all
Her skill is to be true and natural,
True to herself and to the high ideal
That God's grace gave her to inform the
real.
True to her kind, and to your every feeling
Respondent with a power of kindest
healing.
She knows no falsehood; even the courtliest
lie
She dreams not; truth flows from her deep
blue eye;
And if her tongue speaks pleasant things to
all,
'Tis that she loveth well both great and
small.
And all in her that mortals call politeness,
Is but the image of her bright soul's bright-
ness.
Direct from heaven. Such is the perfect
fair
Whom in my heart I hold, and worship
there;
And if the picture likes thee well to see,
Know, lady, more than half I stole from
thee!

—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FATE OF A FLIRT.

What is that strange fatality which
leads men and women to strive with
so much energy and perseverance for
their own discomfiture? To spend the
strength of passion, the skill of
calculation, in inextricably tangling
that skein of life which it is always
possible to wind in true and simple
fashion.

They know as well in that high-
handed hour of youthful pride and
prosperity that they are wrong as they
do when they confess to themselves
the errors of the past in the thorny
years that lie in wait for them; but
because the reckoning is still afar off
they say, "Penalties happen to fools;
we will manage better." It is original
sin, probably, that is to blame; but
as none of us know precisely how we
came by that inconvenient heritage of
our common nature we need pursue
the inquiry no further.

Mr. Allen Moorhouse was an un-
doubted flirt. He was also one of
that dangerous type whose operations
are too delicate and skillful to be
classed with the rather vulgar
exhibitions common to ordinary
practitioners of the fine art in question.
A bold girl, ready and well equipped
for such warfare, would not have
caught him for an hour, but he would
perhaps have fared better ultimately
had he been less fastidious. The
complete subjugation of the most
capable damsel of this pattern would
have yielded him no triumph; he would
have despised his conquest.

Mr. Moorhouse was an Englishman
of large fortune and secure position in
his own country, who had been for
many months roaming about Canada
and the United States in search of
sport and adventure of various kinds.
In this pursuit he did not limit him-
self to the quarry of flood and field,
but found even more congenial hunt-
ing-grounds in the well stocked
preserves of society. He was, when I
begin to speak of him, spending a
winter in New York, and as he was in
all respects an eligible young bachelor
he found no difficulty in obtaining an
agreeable sphere of action. He dis-
ported himself with his usual grace and
gallantry for a while as a general rover
amongst ladies, but indiscreetly
pleasure of this character soon wearied
him. He liked to settle down, to play
sentiment, and awaken it in another.
While still hovering about he chanced
to meet a young lady, a countrywoman
of his own, who had come out to some
relatives in New York with the view
of making an experimental winter in that
great city. The moment he saw her
he said to himself, "This is what I
have been looking for," and instantly
set about procuring an introduction to
Miss Armitage.

Phyllis Armitage—"Phyllis,
the fair," as she was often called—was
a girl of more than common grace and
beauty, and noticeable for a reserve
and refinement of manner which
harmonized exactly with her appear-
ance. But despite the pastoral name
provided for her by a romantic mother
she was no Arcadian nymph, but a wary,
clear-headed modern maiden, who
knew pretty well what she wanted,
and had few misgivings as to the suc-
cess of her expectations. And charm-
ing to behold was Phyllis Armitage in
her dawn of womanhood. She was
fair, with that milky fairness seldom
seen out of the British island, and her
eyes were the exceptional blue eyes—
large, deeply set under dark, well-
marked brows, eyes rarely wide open,
but gleaming calmly through their long
fringes with a depth of color that made

one think of violets. They were silent
eyes, not brimming over with soul or
gush in any of its phases, but observant
always, and under the control of their
owner. But perhaps the strong point
of her beauty was her hair, the long,
luxuriant locks of darkest auburn
enhancing by their richness of hue the
lovely purity of her complexion. The
mouth was rosy and delicately curved,
without much promise of sweetness or
passion, and it was only in the slightly
upturned jaw and chin that a keen
eye, accustomed to notice such things,
could detect a latent force which cir-
cumstances might develop into stubborn
determination. But now the whole
countenance was clothed in the bloom
and softness of youth, and looking at
the graceful head surmounting the
tall, pliant figure you thought of a
half-opened rose.

Mr. Moorhouse was a skillful man,
and well acquainted with the labyrinth-
ine ways which lead to the hearts of
women, and he assiduously endeavored
to find the way to this particular
stronghold. He got along very well,
simply because it pleased the lady that
he should succeed. If she had not
made up her mind to that effect his
superlative arts and accomplishments
would have been thrown away. But he
thought the smooth running he made
was due to his own ability. Phyllis
had decided to marry Mr. Moorhouse.
She was aware that his place in the
world would suit her aspirations
exactly. Personally his equal in all
points, capable of filling a lady's place
anywhere, a marriage with this obvious
admirer would yet be a step for her, a
social lift to which she was not
indifferent. She had some money but
she did not count upon that.

My face is my fortune, sir, she said.
And to do her justice, all the heart she
had was given in earnest to this man.
She was to speak strictly, narrow-
hearted and cold, but that is not to say
that she was quite heartless; her pulse
could beat for him and the swift flush
cover her white-rose cheek at his ap-
proach. She was too well used to hom-
age to doubt his sincerity. Why should
he not mean all that his conduct be-
spoke? She felt no uncertainty upon
that point, and meant to accept his
proposals when they were made. She
was not the girl to say "Yes, thank
you," but she intended to take care
that she should not be discouraged.

All the same, Mr. Moorhouse would
have laughed had he known the deci-
sion to which Miss Armitage had men-
tally arrived. Mr. Moorhouse had
quite other views for himself. He
meant in due season to marry "suit-
ably," as he expressed it, in his own
country, and already knew where he
expected to bestow the valuable gift of
his heart and hand when it became
expedient to incorporate that mat-
rimonial event into his future life. But
he did not as yet understand Phyllis
Armitage. In the interval he was
much pleased with his diversion; his
fastidious taste was gratified; the young
lady was all that he could desire in a
transitory affair. There was only one
element wanting to give piquancy to
the hours in which he sought the soci-
ety of the fair Phyllis.

"If only some other fellow were in
the way, and in earnest," he thought,
"it would be more lively."

And he had not long to wait until
this new zest was added to his enjoy-
ment.
John Douglas was a New Yorker; a
gentleman who, not only in the world's
eyes, might have undergone a success-
ful scrutiny, but one who would have
come out creditably from the examina-
tion of a higher tribunal.
He was grand-looking rather than
merely handsome, with a grave, dark
face marked by the strength and dignity
of a high character. There was noth-
ing lacking in his portion but love, and
he had sought to remedy that deficiency
by venturing his whole heart upon the
task of winning Phyllis Armitage for a
wife. He had shown his hope openly,
and having been absent when Mr.
Moorhouse entered upon his exploit
the latter was almost the only one of
the young lady's acquaintances who
was ignorant of John Douglas and his
attitude toward her.

But the moment Allan Moorhouse
saw Mr. Douglas speak to Phyllis he
was aware of the nature of the case
and inspired with a fresh delight in his
own undertaking. This was exactly
what he wanted to prove his own supe-
riority. He was rather pleased than
otherwise to observe the numerous ad-
vantages which distinguished Mr.
Douglas, feeling that to achieve a tri-
umph over a competitor so well en-
dowed would be very agreeable.

John Douglas would indeed have
been a formidable rival to most men,
for "his foot was on his native heath,"
and he had the opportunity which no
man in his situation despises—the
chance of displaying the good gifts
which place and fortune had given him
in the eyes of the woman he loved.

But Allan Moorhouse, though he was
clear-sighted enough to know that this
man was true in the sense in which he
meant it, was not in the sense in which
he meant it, had still a certain scornful
incredulity as to the nature
and depth of the other's feelings.
"How can a fellow with the world at
his feet, as he has, want to tie himself
to a girl forever? What a flat he must
be!" was his thought.

But John Douglas said: "Life would
be complete for me if she loved me."
And he knew, with the quick intu-
ition of love, that a man dangerous to
his interests had stepped upon the
scene, and the same instinct taught
him that the passion which impelled
his rival was of a character different to
his own. He saw in the other an easy
surrender, a power of appearing advan-
tageously at the opportune moment, a
freedom from the transient glooms and
temporary desponds which beset true
lovers, and a manifest absence of hu-
mility in his tactics, which he thought
should be offensive to a girl of spirit.
He forgot that this was just the sort of
a man "that seldom lady's heart re-
sists," and he did not yet know that
the heart of the lady in question was
already allied to the besieger he
watched so anxiously.

So he sent Miss Armitage his saddle-
horses to ride and the treasures of his
conservatories for her adornment, and
strove to keep at least the place to
which he had previously attained.

Allan Moorhouse inspected him and

his doings narrowly, and felt that the
natural worth of Mr. Douglas, com-
bined with his unusual worldly advan-
tages, rendered that gentleman a "foe-
man worthy of his steel."

It happened that both were present
one evening at the house of Mr. and
Mrs. Armour, the relatives Miss Armitage
had crossed the sea to visit. It
was a musical party and the rooms
were tolerably full of a company some-
what more select than the usual crush
of a promiscuous dance. The peculiar
beauty of Phyllis had an additional
glow. She had been singing well
enough to give almost unqualified
pleasure to even critical ears. Her
uncle was delighted to see his favorite
admired and flattered and made the
queen of the hour, and she bent her
graceful auburn head, wreathed with
sprays of tiny fern and clustering
stephanotis, graciously enough to the
pleasant tribute. It was evident to the
experienced eyes of Mr. Moorhouse
that John Douglas had reached that
point at which suspense became intol-
erable, and was consequently on the
brink of a declaration. He did not
give Phyllis credit for the amount
of feeling she did possess. He knew
that, independent of a passionate affec-
tion, his adversary had bribes to offer
which were not likely to be under-
valued by Miss Armitage or her friends,
and he recognized that there was but
one way in which he could secure his
own triumph. He took a sudden reso-
lution and determined to speak first.
In this case he trusted himself to win.
As for keeping what he had won let
considerations of that kind come after-
wards. It was not in his nature to let
another man succeed where he chose to
strive for favor, or to find himself, pos-
sibly supplanted and set aside at a
moment's notice, if it cost him the sacri-
fice of his own deliberate plans to
prevent it. His grasping desire to take
possession of a prize dearly coveted by
a better man, did not appear to him
unfeeling and unjust in his momentary
ardor for victory, nor did the fact that
he merely wanted to parade as his
rival move him to pause and consider
his way, or count the possible price of
his achievement. He only felt that if,
in this particular instance, he did not
get his own way, his "occupation" like
Othello's would be "gone."

So, with the immediate purpose of
securing the rejection of Mr. Douglas,
he took Miss Armitage, during a rather
crushing performance in the music-
room, into the solitude of the conserva-
tory, and there, feeling for the mo-
ment quite pleased with what he was
doing proposed to the young lady and
was accepted without conditions.

His success induced him, even in
that first moment of gratification, to
venture upon some stipulations which
he thought she would not refuse to ac-
cept, and he proved to be correct, for
she made no difficulties when he ex-
plained to her that before he could ar-
range for so important a step as mar-
riage it would be necessary for him to
go to England; He should be obliged
to consult with Sir James Moorhouse,
his father, upon many details respect-
ing property and similar matters which
it would be inconvenient and unsatis-
factory to discuss in correspondence,
and, therefore, he thought it wiser to
have the engagement known only to
themselves for a time.

Phyllis had no particular desire to
hear her contract with Mr. Moorhouse
publicly announced. She intended to
be the future Lady Moorhouse, and
she was not disposed to fidget about
the preliminary arrangements. She
was, as I have said, of a generous,
loving nature, which might have felt
some pain at keeping her happy secret
from the ears of her kind old uncle and
his wife. The latter was a woman with
whose cordial temper and simple char-
acter she had no sympathy. She found
her aunt agreeable to live with, but
there was no real intimacy between
them. Consequently she was not
anxious to declare her news until her
lover chose to speak openly.

John Douglas made his plunge the
next day, of course in vain. He knew
quite well who had been beforehand
with him, and though his proffer of
himself was refused with outward kind-
ness, he felt keenly that she whom he
loved so unselfishly had little feeling
for his disappointment.

For a while Mr. Moorhouse enjoyed
himself thoroughly. Everything was
quite to his mind. He had beaten his
opponent in the race, and the man so
defeated had found it intolerable to
stay and look on at the complacent
mastery of the victor. With the excuse
of joining some friends in foreign travel,
he had disappeared.

But, though the successful man wore
his fetters secretly, he soon began to
feel them and chafed at the restrictions
they implied. He did not seem in a
hurry to go to England, as Miss Armitage
had expected him to be. He was
not seen with her so constantly as he
had been, and there was a nameless
something missing in the quality of his
attentions, not to speak of their dim-
inished quantity. Then he began to feel
bored at a certain calm expectation
that he should perform his duties
toward her, quite visible to his con-
sciousness in the manner of Phyllis.

"It is really no engagement at all,"
he said to himself. "Neither her friends
nor mine have been spoken to. She
must know that it only depends upon
our own inclination."
Then he took to flirting recklessly,
not in his natural way at all, with a
girl whose big black eyes made her
only pretensions to beauty, a girl whose
want of delicacy would have been re-
volting to him at another time, but
whose willingness to talk and laugh
and dance in his company with con-
spicuous vivacity, was what he just then
desired.

Miss Armitage surveyed this man-
neuver with amusement until she began
to suspect the truth. It was not easy
for her to believe that he was wilfully
trying to make her break the agree-
ment into which they had entered, but
she resolved that if he had such an
intention, he should not easily accom-
plish it. Though her engagement had
not been made public, she knew the
people were not blind. She had plenty
of pride of one sort, and all the feeling
she was capable of united with that
pride in her own defense. She would

not give him up quietly, nor endure the
possession of a forsaken damsel. Among
her wrongs she enumerated her refusal
of Mr. Douglas's suit, and she thought
herself entitled to an indemnity for that
loss.

Allan Moorhouse was mistaken in his
calculation that Phyllis would quarrel
with him. With patient determination
she baffled his numerous efforts in that
direction, and in her own way she still
loved him.

After the big black eyes had failed to
effect a rescue for him he suggested to
Phyllis, with all the skill of which he
was master, that, as he was quite un-
certain of Sir James Moorhouse's feel-
ings regarding the proposed marriage,
perhaps it would be better to consider
their rather hasty engagement annulled
just for the present.

She understood him perfectly, but she
was inflexible. He had not been anxious
about his father's views, she said, when
he had first spoken to her; he had only
thought it necessary to see him about
business matters. She could see no
reason for disturbing the present
arrangement, and she added, finally,
that she had told her uncle of her
engagement to Mr. Moorhouse, and
she thought he expected to hear from
the latter upon the subject.

So each knew what the other meant.
He saw that there was no alternative
between open dishonor and the fulfill-
ment of his vows. He must keep his
word if he would have nothing else.
He was too proud to have his name as-
sociate with gossip scandal, and he was
anxious to find himself conquered by a
young, inexperienced girl.
And she gave a sigh to the renuncia-
tion of that moderate glow of romance
which had sincerely charmed her and
dropped a few secret tears in whose
flow some pleasant illusions were
quenched forever. Mr. Allan Moor-
house went to England, for he had, in
truth, to consult and conciliate his fa-
ther. He was too hangy a man to
have his wife received by his family
with a shadow of displeasure. What-
ever unpleasantness she might incur by
her resolution to occupy that position
should be inflicted by himself; but be-
fore his departure from New York he
had an interview with Mr. Armour, and
it was settled that he was to return
very shortly for his marriage. There
was no doubt in the mind of Phyllis's
uncle that he would do so. He was
much too disagreeable to leave the im-
pression that he contemplated any
chance of escape during his absence.
But the soft-hearted old man saw with
dismay the unlovely and almost in-
solent manners of the man to whom he
was to give his darling orphan niece.
He did not know how to interfere. He
knew that in consenting to the marriage
he was acting in accordance with her
wishes. But he could not refrain from
saying: "He will never make you a
good husband, Phyllis."

"I will take my chance of that," she
answered; and he made no further re-
monstrance.
Mr. Moorhouse came back at the ap-
pointed time, and, previous to his mar-
riage, performed the conventional du-
ties of an engaged man with a method-
ical punctuality which contrasted
strangely with the gay and buoyant de-
monior which had made him invincible
where hearts are lost and won. He
was a sudden bridegroom. He wanted
a quiet wedding, and nobody gainsaid
him. He considered himself sacrificed,
and he thought his consent to the con-
summation sufficient. He positively
would not be decked with metaphori-
cal garlands and go to his doom shout-
ing pearls in a triumphal procession
when he knew himself to be a beaten
and angry captive.

Some women would have died a doz-
en deaths rather than take a husband
upon such terms, but Phyllis Armitage
was not one of that scrupulous kind.
Her husband took her to England and
there gave her the establishment
his rank demanded, but he did this for
his own pride's sake, not to please her.
He knew that in obtaining these things
she had secured what she wanted, and
he was not above mingling in her
lot some ingredients which embittered
her gratification. He gave her what
his wife had a right to before the world,
but if loving words or looks had been
necessary to her existence she might
have perished for want of them. He
lived largely outside of his own home,
and she neither opposed his manner of
life nor tried to win him away from it.
She knew now that he had never loved
her. Natural vanity and her own fancy
for him had helped to deceive her on
that point. His heart was hard to her,
and his two beautiful little children did
not materially soften his feelings
toward their young mother.

He went to Norway to kill salmon,
and to the Alps to watch sunrises and
sunsets, and to Paris for general diver-
sion, but he usually contrived to make
these excursions unsuitable for the par-
ticipation of ladies.
Finally when Arabi-Pasha began to
make a stirring prospect in Egypt he
decided to have a share in the fray.
He had previously been in the army
and had acquired some military expe-
rience in India. His friends remon-
strated at this Quixotic resolution, and
his father was displeased at such un-
necessary enthusiasm, and represented to
his son the impropriety of leaving
such a beautiful young woman so much
alone, so entirely dependent upon her
own prudence for protection. But he
answered the latter truly that he had
no fear that his wife would do anything
to discredit herself or him during his
absence.

His wife accepted his determination
with her usual gentle obstinacy and
made no entreaties that he would
change his resolve. He volunteered
for active service in Egypt. Fighting
the Arabs was preferable, he felt, to
staying at home. He had no warning
instinct like that of the master of Brack-
ley, when he said:

There's a Gordon rides out
That will never ride home.
He was a brave man, and might have
been a faithful and tender one but for
that willful perversity and arrogance of
character which had wed him into
crooked paths and prevented him from
looking justly at his own mistakes and
faults. He was one of those who made
that midnight march under the stars of
the desert, and fought with the
steady valor of his English blood in the

glimmering dawn at Tel-el-Kebir, be-
side the dauntless comrades of that
daring assault. Like a staunch soldier,
he struck where blows were thickest,
but when the short, sharp combat was
over the dhoolies carried him back a
badly wounded and disabled man, dis-
abled for the remnant of life.

As they bore him in the early morn-
ing light past the thorny mimosa thick-
ets and through the desolate, unfamiliar
landscape, a picture of running streams
and soft green English fields rose be-
fore the dim eyes of the maimed volun-
teer that melted his heart with unac-
customed feelings toward his neglected
home.

He was sent back to England and
made a partial recovery, but in the
crippled invalid who could not move an
inch without his crutch, few would
have recognized the gay, restless, des-
potic hero of society. Men who ob-
served him now at watering places and
sanitariums—the same men who had
formerly dreaded to see him approach
the women whose favor they sought,
who remembered how often he had
thrust them aside in his merciless su-
perstacy—looked on and feared him no
more. In his hour of pride he had
not laid up treasure for adversity.

He was so broken that the effect he
had despised would now have con-
fronted him, but the wife whom he
had deliberately slighted, though quite
irreproachable in her conduct toward
him, had outlived her regard for him.
He had given her cause for resentment.
He had put upon her some humiliation
which no woman forgives, and her
heart was cold to him. He was hope-
lessly wrecked, and when he knew that
death was coming to meet him the
knowledge brought him no regret.

It was not long until he was done
with the life of which he had made a
failure, notwithstanding the abundant
capabilities for success.
Mr. Douglas had not forgotten Phyllis
Armitage when he heard that she was
free again, but he did not desire to re-
new his suit and wisely kept the Atlan-
tic between himself and her violet eyes.
He was even then on the road to a ha-
ven of consolation which a lovely and
loving wife has since provided for him.
And "Phyllis the fair" did not be-
come Lady Moorhouse, as the baronet
survived his son; but young, rich, and
beautiful, she after a brief widowhood,
made a great match and forgot her first
husband. MILETA.

Theodore Thomas' Account of the Cow Boy Incident.

"As to that cowboy incident," said
Mr. Thomas, "it afforded us consider-
able excitement at the time, and was
regarded by the ladies as quite an ad-
venture. We had stopped at Coolidge,
in New Mexico, for dinner. I had gone
into a store to make a small purchase,
when one of the orchestra told a cow-
boy, clothed in full cowboy costume,
that we were musicians.

"He told his friends, and, after a
brief consultation, they asked for the
director. I was just coming out of the
store, and was pointed out to them.
About twenty of them surrounded me
at once, and said they wanted to have
some music, but they didn't want to
pay for it. I saw it would be best to
humor them a little, so I said: Show
me the man who told you we were
musicians, and I'll make him play to
you. He pointed out Stowasser, who
plays a bassoon, and I told him to get
his instrument, and also to get me a
violin, and I would accompany him.
"The cowboys had not been aware
that there were ladies in the train, and
they set up a cry that they would have
a song. One of their number was
appointed to enter the ladies' car.
"While he was gone I asked them
what they wanted, 'Home, Sweet
Home,' or dance music. After a long
conversation they decided in favor of
the latter, so we struck up the 'Arkansas
Traveller,' and they began a shuffling
sort of a dance on the platform. This
attracted the attention of the ladies,
who poked their heads out of the
windows.

"He approached Miss Juch and told
her that he wanted her to sing. She
said that she was forbidden by her con-
tract to sing except at the written re-
quest of the manager. He pretended
to get mad at this, and put his hand on
his pistol. She was very much fright-
ened at this, and putting her head out
of the window began to sing for dear
life. Before this had happened, how-
ever, I had concluded it had gone far
enough, and told the conductor to pull
out.
"The engine whistled, our party
jumped aboard, and amid cheers and
cracking of revolvers we moved on our
way. No one was hurt, and I think
every one enjoyed the affair.

Vaccination.
Pasteur had little difficulty, says
Prof. Tyndall in the Popular Science
Monthly, in establishing the parasitic
origin of fowl cholera; indeed, the
parasite had been observed by others
before him. But by his successive
cultivations he rendered the solution
sure. His next step will remain for-
ever memorable in the history of
medicine. I allude to what he calls
"virus attenuation." And here it may
be well to throw out a few remarks in
advance. When a tree or a bundle of
wheat or barley straw is burned, a
certain amount of mineral matter
remains in the ashes—extremely small
in comparison with the bulk of the tree
or of the straw, but absolutely essential
to its growth. In a soil lacking or
exhausted of the necessary mineral
constituents, the tree cannot live, the
crop cannot grow. Now, contagia are
living things, which demand certain
elements of life just as inexorably as
trees or wheat or barley; and it is not
difficult to see that a crop of a given
parasite may so far use up a constituent
existing in small quantities in the body,
but essential to the growth of the
parasite, as to render the body unfit
for the production of a second crop.
The soil is exhausted, and until the
lost constituent is restored the body is
protected from any further attack of

the same disorder. Such an ex-
planation of non-recurrent diseases
naturally presents itself to a thorough
believer in the germ theory, and such
was the solution which, in reply to a
question, I ventured to offer nearly
fifteen years ago to an eminent London
physician. To exhaust the soil, how-
ever, a parasite less vigorous and
destructive than the really virulent one
may suffice; and if, after having by
means of a feeble organism, exhausted
the soil without fatal result, the most
highly virulent parasite be introduced
into the system it will prove powerless.
This, in the language of the germ
theory, is the whole secret of vaccina-
tion.

Gen. Grant's Tokens.

The token of honor bestowed on Gen.
Grant, recently turned into the Nation-
al Government by him, comprise an in-
teresting, rare and valuable collection,
as will be seen by a perusal of the fol-
lowing list:

Mexican onyx cabinet, presented to
Gen. Grant by the people of Pueblo,
Mexico; Acolotite, part of which passed
over Mexico in 1871; Bronze vases pre-
sented to General Grant by the people
of Yokohama, Japan; Marble bust on
pedestal, presented by workmen of
Philadelphia; Large elephants tusks,
presented by the King of Siam; Small
elephant tusks, presented by the Ma-
harajah of Joharie; Picture of Gen.
Scott, by Page, presented by gentle-
men of New York; Crackleware bowls
(very old), presented by Prince Kaon
of China; Cloisonne jars (old) pre-
sented by Li Hung Chang; Chinese por-
celain jars (old) presented by Prince
Kaon, of China; Arabian Bible; Coptic
Bible, presented by Lord Napier, who
captured it from King Theodore, of
Abyssinia; Sporting rifle; Sword of
Donelson, presented to Gen.
Grant after the fall of Fort Donelson
by the officers of the army and used by
him to the end of the war; New York
sword, voted to Gen. Grant at a New
York fair; Roman mug and pitcher;
Silver menu and card, farewell dinner
of San Francisco, Cal.; Silver menu of
Paris dinner; Horn and silver snuff
box; Silver match box used by Gen.
Grant; Gold table, modeled after the
table in Mr. McLean's house, on which
Gen. R. E. Lee signed the articles of
surrender, and presented to Gen.
Grant by ex-Confederate soldiers;
Gold cigar-cases from the celestial
and second Kings of Siam; Gold
handled Knife, presented by miners of
Idaho Territory; Silver trowel, used by
Gen. Grant in laying the corner-stone
of the Museum of Natural History,
New York; Knife made at Sheffield for
Gen. Grant; Gen. Grant's gold pen;
Embroidered picture (cock and hen)
presented by citizens of Japan; field-
glasses used by Gen. Grant during the
war; Iron-headed cane from the
Rebel ram Merrimac; Silver-headed
cane from wood used in defense of Fort
Sumter; Gold-headed cane made
out of wood from old Fort Duquesne,
Pennsylvania; Gold-headed cane pre-
sented in token of Gen. Grant's human-
ity during the war; Gold-headed cane
used by Lafayette and presented by the
ladies of Baltimore; Carved wood cane
from estate of Sir Walter Scott; Uni-
form as General of the United States
army; Fifteen buttons out from coats
during the war by Mrs. Grant after
various battles; Hat ornaments used at
Belmont and Fort Donelson; Shoulder
Straps (Brigadier-General) worn by
Grant at Belmont, Fort Donelson and
Shilo, and straps of Lieutenant Gen-
eral cut from the coat used by Gen.
Grant in the campaign against Rich-
mond, Petersburg and Lee's army;
Medal (gold) from the American Con-
gress for opening the Mississippi; Gold
medal from Philadelphia; Forty-five
medals in gold, silver and bronze; Silk
papers printed for Gen. Grant; Collec-
tion of coins, Japanese. This is the
only complete set, except the one in the
Japanese Treasury. Seven of these
pieces cost \$4,000. Presented by the
Government of Japan; Warrant as ca-
det at West Point and army commis-
sions from Brevet Second Lieutenant
to that of General of the United States
army; Papers and mementoes, com-
prising addresses, honorary society
commissions, and resolutions of respect,
as well as the freedom of cities pre-
sented abroad.

Mardamwazle.

The Newburyport, Mass., Herald
gives the following account of a spell-
ing-match as a reminiscence of Dum-
mer Academy:

"To vary the monotony the principal,
Mr. Cleveland, announced that each
boy could select what seemed the most
difficult word in the dictionary. When
my turn came I gave out 'escaloped.'
It passed perhaps a dozen boys before
it was correctly spelled. And so it
went on until Taylor was reached, for
we were arranged alphabetically. Taylor
was a man at least twenty-five. He
could give us all points in mowing,
planting potatoes and general agricul-
ture. He farmed it in summer and at-
tended the academy in winter. Taylor
gave out the word 'mardamwazle.'
I give it as he gave it, and the sequel
will show how nearly I am correct in
the pronunciation. The head of the
class commenced with 'mardamwazl,'
next 'mardamworzle,' next 'mardam-
wazle,' and so on to the end of the class.
Taylor was in high glee. It was now
Mr. Cleveland's turn. Taylor was ju-
bilarious, the boys were all excited. 'Boys,'
said the preceptor, 'I have taught this
school for twenty-five years, and never
have I been obliged to confess my ig-
norance before my scholars. I never
met with the word before. Taylor, I
am sure you found it in your dictionary?
Bring it to me.' Taylor rapidly turned
over the leaves and then triumphantly
pointed to the word. 'There it is, sir,'
said he. The master smiled; nay, more,
he laughed outright—a very undignified
thing for him to do, we thought, but ex-
cused him afterwards when he said:
'Boys, the word which has puzzled us all
'mardamwazle.' We never called that
man Taylor again; he was only known
as 'Wazle.'

Lady to hackman—"How much did
you say I have to pay?" "One Dollar."
"What's your number?" "Fifty cents,
you mean stingy old fraud!"