DRIFTING.

Surely apart on Life's great sea
Drift I from you—and you from me,
Though wind and sea are fair.
I press my hand against my breast—
Alas! for me there is no rest,
For O! my heart's not there.

But 'tis with you sailing away—
Surely drifting—taking the day,
Leaving the night for naine.
Once side by side we sailed together—
Sailed through fair and stormy weather
Over the mystic brine.

A jealous hand in the calm, blue sea
Then turned your boat apart from me,
I struggled 'gainst its will;
But all in vain—a glimpse of white
You are drifting yet—just in sight—
Yes; drifting, drifting still.

So hope farewell—farewell to you,
Vanished yourself and boat from view,
Out on the distant bay;
In thoughtful hours, on mem'ry's sight,
Will often break your boat of white,
Still drifting, drifting away.

THE DAYS OF WITCHCRAFT.

The author of "Dorothea," in Our Continent.

November had come. Chilly and gray, it held the prophecy of a cruel winter. The sky was heavy with snow, the wind scurried up the Pennsylvania mountains and came fitfully, fiercely down the ravine, making old Ann Halstead's narrow, dangerous path still more difficult. The wind, however, was not in the old woman's thoughts, but her dim eyes wandered full of fear from one side to the other. On her left hand, the rocks arose, steep and heavily wooded; on the other, far below the path worn on the shelving cliff, ran the scanty creek over its bed of great stones. But all this was familiar to her, and never before had she trembled coming down the path, even when, as now, loaded with faggots. Everywhere around her seemed to be voices, and strange, uncertain figures lurked behind the trees. Once she thought she saw a fantastic, uncanny crew hurrying in a dance among the hemlocks on the opposite side of the creek, but she turned her head away. "I will not see them," she cried, "I will not have my eyes opened to their wickedness!"

All the days appointed to Ann Halstead had been bitter and full of trouble, but never before had she lost the belief that the Lord, who never fails the faithful, would yet make a happier life for her. In her loneliness, she had trusted and she had submitted. No one around the mountain was better known and better liked than old Nurse Halstead, but no one knew how often her fire was fed by thin and crackling twigs, which, fiercely blazing, gave brief heat, and no one guessed how often she went to bed hungry and sad. When she was young she worked hard and had enough for her needs, but now her eyes were dim, her hands shook, and she was too old to care for the sick. The winter was full of terror, and the Lord had forsaken her! She needed no "witch general" to tell her what the temptations of the past weeks had meant. All her life she had heard stories of the snares of the evil one, and when she was younger she had even talked to Mother Hogan, who was afterward burned at the stake. She remembered how this old woman looked. Her hair was white, and her face was old and sorrowful. She was tall and walked with a staff. It was days since Ann had looked at herself in the looking-glass. She wondered if the neighbors saw how she had changed, and she wondered whether they, too, had seen Mother Hogan! But no one now saw Ann often, for she shunned them all. She no longer took her Sunday night tea with Parson John's widow, nor tarried anywhere for a gossip. She gathered her wood, she bought meal at the store, but most of the time she sat at home with her cat and the tame crow she was nursing for little Abner Gibbons, and read her Bible and prayed for deliverance.

Now, coming down the ravine, Satan absolutely met her. His servants surrounded her. They whispered that it was cold and that she would suffer when the snow fell. They taunted her with her little bundle of faggots—so heavy to carry! They whispered of fire, of food, and all to be had if she would but ask. What had the Lord done for her? She was forsaken; she almost begged her bread. Soon she must beg or starve. "I shall give in, O Lord," she cried, coming from the shadow of the trees and falling on her knees, "I shall give in! Nobody knows, as thou dost, how easy the devil will find it! It won't do, O Lord to let him tempt me long! Thou remembered he was too strong for Abraham and Jacob and David, and how can I withstand him? The people look at me, and soon they will curse me. My friends have become my enemies, and now, O Lord, I have no money and no work, and the snow storm is at hand, and don't you let him try me—oh, don't you let him try me!"

She arose with pain and trouble from her knees; the tears rolled down her withered cheeks. Somehow the Lord must deliver her, yet she dreaded what might happen if for one moment he forgot her. Behind the tree stood the old crony, Widow Johns and her child, amazed at this sudden movement, and shocked by the low sobs and moans which escaped the old woman. But Ann never saw them, and with bent head and slow, sad steps she went home. That night, the storekeeper, old Benny Clark, came and looked in the window at her. A fire burned on her hearth; her pot was boiling; her cat beside her; the crow shook its feathers and flew up on her chair; it saw the man, but Ann was reading aloud:—

"For lo, they lie in wait for my soul;
The mighty are gathered against me;
Not for my transgression,
Nor for my sin, O Lord.
They run and prepare themselves
Without my fault;
Awake to help me.

The slow tears dropped on the page, but old Ben could not see her face. He did see, however, how barren and cheerless the room looked. The snapping twigs told the story of an empty woodhouse, and there was little cheer in the thin steam from the iron pot. The snow was falling heavily, and Ben went softly away. In a little while his footprints were covered, the old woman's fire was out, and she lay in her bed thinking of the morning, of the snow, and of the little food in the house. She sighed heavily, and then closing her eyes slept so soundly and softly that if any one had seen her they would have thought her dead.

The next day was one of apathy, if not peace, in the little house. Ann divided her meal into two portions; one she ate about noon, the other she saved. She might starve, but she felt she must keep something in the house. The ground was covered with snow, yet not deeply, and if Ann had money she could have made her way to the store; but she had none, and so she sat still and waited. In former days she would have gone to the village. There were stockings to be knit, clothes mended, some little job always waiting a pair of skillfull hands; but just now Ann dreaded her old friends. She was not sure she even dare go to church. Women had been denounced in meeting, and, lest as the punishment might be, she was too weak and tired to bear it.

She sat by her fire, and sometimes read and dozed, and then her fire would go out and a chill would awaken her. Slowly the day wore on, and at last the early twilight came, the moon arose, and Ann went out to the well to fill her bucket. She stood still a moment and gazed with dim eyes at the sky. She was very faint. Perhaps by morning it would be all over, and Satan could have no more power over her. The Lord might mean to take her to himself! Then she began to lower her bucket, and she heard footsteps. She turned her head and saw the Widow Johns and the squire's wife coming up the narrow path by the fence. She pulled up her bucket and hurried into the house. She was not used to receiving visitors at this hour, and her heart stood still with dread. When she reached the house her strength gave out, and she sank into a chair and the bucket dropped from her nerveless hand. The steps came nearer. There was a knock at the door, but it was opened at the same instant, and the two women came in. Poor old Ann had put no wood on her fire before she went out, so exact had to be her economy and the room was cold and cheerless. She sat by the door, her hat still on her head. The cat pushed against her; the crow was on the shelf by the window.

The two women looked gravely at her and wrapping their cloaks more closely around them, for the air in the room seemed colder than outside, they sat down.

"We've come," said the widow in her heaviest, most constrained tones, "to have a little talk with you. For some time we've noticed you seemed to have a concern on your mind, and as old friends we feel we must talk to you."

Ann breathed heavily and took off her hat. "It was kind in you to come first," she said, fingering the rim of her hat. "I would have felt worse if the squire and the constable had come instead. It would have been hard on me, and I have known you all your lives. I nursed you, Mollie Gibbons, when you was a baby, and your mother died."

The young woman's eyes filled with tears.

"Yes," she replied, "and my little Abner too. You don't think we forgot, Nurse Halstead, all you have done? We haven't liked to come questioning you, but if you are in trouble don't you suppose we are sorry?"

"But I haven't given up!" cried the old woman. "Be sure you don't forget to tell the squire that! You know he hasn't anything to do with it until I do give up. It's all in the Lord's hands until then!"

The two women looked at each other. Surely trouble and poverty had unsettled the old nurse's mind.

"And you mustn't give up," said Mrs. Gibbons gently. "The Lord will always provide."

"I've said that over and over again," and the old woman's eyes lost their wildness; "but even his saints are delivered into the power of the evil one, and all of Job's patience didn't save him from the vexations Satan planned out for him."

"But you needn't fear that," said the Widow Johns. "I am sure I don't know what you've got, Ann, that the Lord would care to take away from you!"

It isn't that," replied Ann Halstead; "but think of what the evil one would offer! You don't know, Nancy Johns, what it is to be hungry and have Satan put all sorts of warm and comforting food before you, and to be cold and have him tempt you with pleasant winds and a sunshiny land. Old Mother Hogan knew it, and I know it, but I haven't given in, Nancy, take notice of that. There'll be no call for the squire, and a burning would be against right and grace both. I've been starved but I've never tasted the devil's dishes, and I been cold, and I've never cursed your boy, Mollie Gibbons. No, not once, although the evil one has urged me early and late. No, no," she muttered, "I'm no witich, I'm no witch! I know you all condemn me, but I've never given in, Nancy; don't you forget I tell you so.

Mrs. Gibbons got up and laid her hand gently on her old nurse's arm.

"And you'll see I die in my bed, Mollie," continued the old woman; "you'll never let me be burned?"

Mollie shivered.

"We never do such things in Pennsylvania," she said, "and you couldn't be that wicked anywhere, nurse, and I want you to come home with me."

Ann shook her head. "I can't," she said, "I'm too weak, my dear," and her head sank slowly on Mollie's shoulder.

When she aroused again to consciousness Ann was in her bed. A fire of oak logs burned steadily in the chimney place and a bowl of gruel stood on the hearth. The widow Johns slept in Ann's chair, and old Ben Clark was softly putting something out of a great basket into the cupboard. There seemed to be a good many people in the room, and there was, in some mysterious way a sense of comfort and plenty. The sun was shining, but every one spoke and moved softly, but that was, the old nurse thought, because they did not waiit to wake the Widow Johns.

How Tom Hughes' Tennessee Colony Failed for Lack of Pioneer Energy.

From the Rugbeian.

The future of Rugby will not be assured until the lands around it are cleared and cultivated. There is no fault to be found with the soil, for it is adapted to most farming operations and all garden purposes, but there has been a singular absence of agricultural colonists and the Board of Aid has been most unfortunate in the part in not securing suitable persons for the pioneer work it is so necessary should be placed in the hands of men of grit and staying powers. The feeble colony started with an amazing amount of steam and laudation and promiscuous circulation of promissory notes, with a poisonous support, although well-intentioned, from the newspaper press of the country. By some untoward misfortune, those who would have made the true builders up of a colony in a new land stayed at home or went elsewhere, while a host of "Will Wimbles" and hangers on to an industrious society flooded the place, and never having been trained to work and having no inclination to "labor and to wait," gave the colony such a set-back that it can only recover by the insertion of new and vigorous blood.

In consequence of a false start, with much promise of success, Rugby has fallen back into the ruck and has not as yet "secured a place" in the running, but as there is no fear of the colony's ultimate failure if those who have care of its lands now will adopt a few of the several ways open to them of getting rid of their lots to the right men. Awaiting, inactive policy will not do this side of a generation, but a narrow gauge railway, a manufactory, an extraordinary liberal treatment of the first new comers and an agent or judicious advertisement of the board's lands in the centres of overcrowded or less advantageous farming districts would so operate as to bring to the pockets of the shareholders of the board that which is now, we are afraid, the thing that will be kept the longest out of them.

Tomato Catsup—Tomato Sauce

The basis of tomato catsup, or ketchup, is the pulp of ripe tomatoes. Many defer making catsup until late in the season, when the cool nights cause the fruit to ripen slowly, and it may be it is gathered hurriedly for fear of a frost. The late fruit does not yield so rich a pulp as that gathered in its prime. The fruit should have all green portions cut out, and be stewed gently until thoroughly cooked. The pulp is then to be separated from the skins, by rubbing through a wire sieve, so fine as to retain the seeds. The liquor thus obtained is to be evaporated to a thick pulp, over a slow fire, and should be stirred to prevent scorching. The degree of evaporation will depend upon how thick it is desired to have the catsup. We prefer to make it so that it will just pour freely from the bottle. We observe no regular rule in flavoring. Use sufficient salt. Season with cloves, allspice and mace, bruised and tied in a cloth, and boiled in the pulp; add a small quantity of powdered cayenne. Some add the spices ground fine, directly to the pulp. A clove of garlic, bruised and tied in a cloth to be boiled with the spices, imparts a delicious flavor. Some evaporate the pulp to a greater thickness than is needed, and then thin with vinegar or with wine. An excellent and useful tomato sauce may be made by preparing thepulp, but adding no spices, and putting it in small bottles while hot, corking securly and sealing. If desired, the sauce may be salted before bottling, but this is not essential. To add to soups, stews, sauces and made dishes, a sauce thus prepared is an excellent substitute for the fresh fruit. It should be put in small bottles, containing as much as will be wanted at once, as it will not keep long after opening.

FARM AND HOUSE.

Farming Items.

To preserve eggs for winter use grease each egg with lard and pack in salt or bran. It is best to use several small boxes or kegs, instead of one large one. The box should have a layer of salt an inch deep over the bottom, and the eggs put in with enough salt around them to keep them from touching, and covered with salt an inch deep over the top. The eggs should be packed the day they are laid. Drippings may be used in place of lard, and bran in place of salt. Put up in this way they will keep fresh until late in the spring.

To Make a Good Mucilage.—Dissoive gum Arabic in water until the desired thickness. When it becomes too thick, add more water. If left uncorked, it will not mold, and it is no trouble to add a few drops of water when needed.

At the Farmers' institution in Illinois one speaker remarked that "investing in pedigree without merit would sooner or later bankrupt a millionaire." Another made the significent statement that "purchase and sale of fancy stock for speculative purposes is a fascinating and dangerous business, generally resulting in failure.

A mysterious and very fatal cattle disease is prevailing in some parts of Pennsylvania. The beasts die within fifteen minutes after being seized, dropping dead, and speedily becoming very offensive. The bodies swell, are covered with black spots, and are contagious. The epidemic, which is worse than the rinderpest, needs looking after.

Western dairy produce no longer signify inferior dairy products. The butter and cheese made in Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, bring as high prices in home or foreign markets as those made in any of the eastern states. They are produced much cheaper on account of the comparatively low price of land. They are also marketed to much better advantage. Western dairymen have the choice of both eastern and western markets. During several years past there has been such competition for carrying dairy products from the west to the east that butter and cheese have been taken from Iowa to Boston cheaper than they have from Vermont.

Household Scraps.

To make soda crackers take fourteen cupfuls of flour, one cupful of lard, four teaspoonfuls of cream o' tartar, two teaspoonfuls of soda. Mix the above all well together while dry; then add three cupfuls of water, knead thoroughly, roll very thin, cut with a large round cutter, and bake in tin pans in a hot oven.

An expensive but delicious pudding is made of one cup of sugar, two cups of milk, three eggs, three teaspoonsfuls of flour; flavor with nutmeg. A little fruit adds very much to the goodness of the pudding. Make a thin crust as for tart; fill with the mixture and bake.

Wash a silk handkerchief in water in which the best castile soap has been lathered. Then snap between the fingers until nearly dry. Do not iron it, but fold and press under a weight.

Mica in stoves when smoked is readily cleaned by taking it out and thoroughly washing with vinegar a little diluted. If the black does not come off at once, let it soak a little.

Nankin color is dyed thus: In a pailful of lye dissolve a piece of copperas half as big as a hen's egg, and use this as a dye.

Shell combs may be polished with rotten stone and sweet oil, and made to look like new.

Seeds of many kinds of plants are best collected by cutting off the stems and letting them dry. The seeds meantime mature and are saved, while if left upon the plant longer they would in part be scattered over the ground. This is the case with such flowers as columbine, hardy geraniums, portuluca, phlox, etc. For this reason such weeds as purselane should be carried from the ground and never thrown upon the manure pile.

An excellent mixture to remove grease spots, from boys and men's clothing particularly, is made of four parts of alcohol to one part of ammonia and about half as much ether as ammonia. Apply the liquid to the grease spot, and then rub diligently with a sponge and clear water. The chemistry of the operation seems to be that the alcohol and ether dissolve the grease, and the ammonia forms a soap with which it is washed out with the water. The result is much more satisfactory than when something is used which only seems to spread the spot and make it fainter, but does not actually remove it. If oil is spilled on a carpet and you immediately scatter corn meal over it, the oil will be absorbed by it. Oil may be also removed from carpets upon which you do not dare put ether or ammonia by laying thick blotting paper over it and pressing a hot flat-iron on it. Repeat the operation several times, using a clean paper each time.

Vegetables as Food.

From an English Cook Book.

All vegetables have an effect on the chemistry of the body, so that we can not speak too highly of their importance at table. We will mention a few of these matters first, and dispose of this aspect of the subject, so as not to seem to mix pharmacopœia with the kitchen. Asparagus is a strong diuretic, and forms part of the cure for rheumatic patients at such health resorts as Aix-les-Bains. Sorrel is cooling, and forms the staple of that soupe aux herbes which a French lady will order for herself after a long and tiring journey. Carrots, as containing a quantity of sugar, are avoided by some people; while others complain of them as indigestible. With regard to the latter accusation, it may be remarked, in passing, that it is the yellow core of the carrot that is difficult of digestion— the outer, red layer is tender enough. In savory, the peasants have recourse to an infusion of carrots as a specific for jaundice. The large sweet, onion is very rich in those alkaline elements which counteract the poison of rheumatic gout. If slowly stewed in weak broth, and eaten with a little Nepaul pepper, it will be found an admirable article of diet for patients of studious and sedentary habits. The stalks of cauliflower have the same sort of value, only too often the stalk of a cauliflower is so illboiled and unpalatable that few persons would thank you for proposing to them to make part of their meal consist of so uninviting an article. Turnips, in the same way, are often thought to be indigestible, and better suited for cows and sheep than for delicate people; but here the fault lies with the cook quite as much as with the root. The cook boils the turnip badly, and then pours some butter over it and the eater of such a dish is sure to be the worse for it. Try a better way. Half boil your turnip, and cut it in slices like half-crowns. Butter a pie-dish, put in the slices, moisten with a little milk and weak broth, dust once with bread crumbs and pepper and salt and bake in the oven till it gains a bright golden brown. What shall be said about our lettuces? The plant has a slight narcotic action, of which a French old woman, like a French doctor, well knows the value, and when properly cooked it is really very easy of digestion. But in our country, though lettuces are duly grown in every garden, you often hear the remark, "I can't eat a salad," and as few cooks know how to use the vegatable which has been refused in its raw state, the lettuces are all wasted, and so is the ground in which they were grown. Oh the wilful waste, and consequent woful want, of our English tables and kitchens.

A Velvet Season.

There is no doubt that we are to have a velvet season, which of course includes the fashion of plush as well. The newest sash ribbons are woven of velvet and heavily repped silk. Velours is the stock name for it, in alternate stripes, which are again divided into blocks of color, making a dark rich plaid. Handsome dresses are to be made of velvet and silk, velvet and satin, velvet and brocade, or cloth, or cashmere, more or less velvet being used according to fancy and the elegance of the suit. Beautiful street suits will be of embroidered cashmere overskirts of heavy velvet, either plain or with a single plating at the foot. French modists are preparing whole costumes of plush, still it is likely that here it will only be used for trimming. Plush was never meant to be sat upon, and so should it be confined to collars, cuffs and the fronts of dresses. It is said that velveteen will be fashionably worn, and leading New York houses are importing the standard velveteens which have long been popular with English women. These will not only be used for trimmings, but will be made into whole suits with plain round skirts, and the long Russian pelisse, which is among the leading street wraps for fall.

Turnips as Stock Food.

Turnips are represented as forming the foundation of agriculture and stock-raising in Great Britain. They have a regular place in the rotation of crops, and are regarded as essential to keeping the soil fertile and free from weeds. They hold the place that corn does in this country fattening all kinks of stock. A distinguished British farmer now in this country states that stock-raising in America differs from that in Great Britain only in the circumstance that corn is here substituted for turnips. That we must find some substitute for corn for feeding stock in most parts of this country appears to be certain. The crops in the most favored parts of the country have recently been very small, and the quantity raised has not been sufficient for supplying other demands than that of feeding stock. Except in a few of the most central of the western states corn is too expensive to feed to other animals than hogs with a view of preparing them for the butcher. In the great stock-raising regions that are being developed in the extreme south, north, and west it is impossible to raise large crops of corn. Cattle and sheep will make a good growth on grass alone, but to fatten them properly they require other kind of food. There is rarely any profit in converting small grains into beef, pork, and mutton, and there is a demand for some crop like turnips that can be fed with oil cake or other rich food. The plan which is generally followed in the British island and the Scandinavian countries of feeding some root crop in connection with a small amount of meal or oil cake is an excellent one, and it should be introduced into many parts of this country. It would result in giving us better meat at a reduced price.

Things in General.

Popular theories on the malaria subject will have to be reconstructed. Mrs. Garfield has been suffering with that now common malady at Mentor, while President Arthur, who has been staying in malarious Washington during the most trying portions of the summer finds the White House as delightful a place as he could wish, and entirely free from disease of every kind.

The average consumption of oysters in New York from September to April, inclusive, is twenty thousand bushels, of say three hundred to the bushel, or six million oysters, an average of six per capita of the population. But as every oyster-lover expects to dispose of at least a dozen a day, there must be a good many thousand people who never order their six on the shell.

At a Paris circus a clown amuses the audience every night by singing a duet with a dog, who is trained to howl in a melodious manner at given moments. Recently the duet was unexpectedly turned into a trio, to the intense delight of the spectators; for a small English terrier, quietly dozing on the knees of his mistress, excited by the vocal display of the four-footed performer, joined in, with a fine baritone voice.

The New York Evening Post says, "The rumor mentioned in a morning paper that there is to be a new issue of Northern Pacific prefered stock is sufficiently answered by the fact that such an issue would be contrary to the act of Congress, contrary to the reorganization agreement of 1875, and hence such a violation of the rules of the stock exchange as would warrant the striking of the company's securities from the list. The company's charter fixes the whole amount of stock at $100,000,000, all of which has been issued. Although a portion of the prefered stock has been retired by land sales, the reorganization agreement of 1875 prevents any reissue of the same."

There is a good deal of popular misunderstanding about the rise of the Nile. It seems to be thought that for a few weeks the delta and the valley of the Nile are a lake, and then that they are a muddy swamp. The water of the Nile flows into canals; from thence it is pumped every morning, as long as the rise lasts, into small rills which permeate the fields, which are thus irrigated every morning. The water evaporates every day, leaving in the evening dry mud. Thus, except in some low-lying districts, there never is an expanse either of water or wet mud.

A gentleman in Troy has received a circular from the lady principal of a boarding school in Louisville, Ky., which includes a letter from a grateful "patron," who writes: "I will not apologize for writing you, who have been a factor in the mental development of my daughter. I feel gratified for this efflorescence, and there is no one who has stimulated her more than yourself. By your magnetism or subtle charm, with which you have invested your instructions, the road has been a royal one to her."

Connecticut has 297 Congregational churches, of which 132 have settled pastors, 100 acting pastors, and 55 no stated supply. During the past year 12 pastors have been ordained, 13 installed, 94 dismissed and 9 have died. There are 144 churches which have added no new members during the year and have lost 242 by death. Centre Church of Meriden has added the largest number, 62, to its membership.

A dispatch from Springfield, Mass., says: "The cavalry group for the Lincoln monument at Springfield, Ill., has been completed and boxed ready for shipment. It has not yet been decided when it will be sent to its destination. Work on the group was commenced about one year ago. It is about ten and a half feet high, and weighs 5,500 pounds. The monument occupies a commanding position in the cemetery, standing ninety-eight feet in height from the base. It cost $136,550, and each group $13,700, making the entire cost of the work $206,550."

The Cause of Tornadoes.

Mr. T. B. Maury has an interesting article on Tornadoes and their Causes in the North American Review for September. He notes the fact that the tornado is to be distinguished from the cyclone or thunder storm, which has much less force, the rate of speed of the cyclone being about twenty-five miles an hour, while that of a tornado is often seventy miles. The one which struck Grinnell on the 17th of last June travelled 200 miles in four hours. The tornado belt lies between the tenth and fiftieth parallels of latitude, although countries having a mountainous surface are seldom visited by such storms, even when they lie in the belt. The encounter between the great anti-trade currents and the polar winds in the belt specified is the chief cause Mr. Maury assigns for tornadoes.

The Mississippi valley is described by Mr. Maury as a "grand continental highway in summer for the vapor-laden trade winds," which entering the Gulf of Mexico, are arrested in their westward current, and must find an outlet to the northward. The anti-trades, which form the "equatorial" current, are simultaneously moving northward as an upper atmospheric force. A chance stoppage of either of the two currents, causing a conflict between the cold air force from the pole and the warm air force from the equator, occasions the formation of the tornado. Mr. Maury describes a tornado as "a mass of air in violent gyration, within which there is a center of rarefied air rising upward and flowing out above, the velocity of the surrounding atmosphere, drawn into the vortex below, increasing immensely as it nears the vacuum." The funnel-shaped cloud of the tornado is caused by the condensation of vapor carried upward to colder regions.

Mr. Maury can find no reason for believing that the Mississippi valley will ever become free from tornadoes, since they have their cause in the great air currents which no transformation of the surface of the country can interrupt; but he makes suggestions as to how their fury may be escaped. With a prompt telegraph service, furnishing simultaneous weather reports from the threatened districts each morning, a competent meteorologist could give the public warning of the existence of conditions favorable to the production of a tornado. Mr. Maury also suggests that by choosing sites for towns and buildings with an elevation on the southwest side of them, protection from tornadoes may ordinarily be secured, since they almost invariably move from south-southwest to north-northeast, and a hill in their course will cause them to leap over whatever is just beyond it. A witness of the Grinnell tornado says: "It did not always visit the earth's surface, but often passed so far above as to inflict no injury, but again would swoop down with relentless fury, carrying destruction for a few miles to every object in its path." This description of the action of the tornado which destroyed a large part of Grinnell impressively explains why Mr. Maury advises the selection of building sites with an elevation on the southwest side of them.

Good that is "Catching."

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Among the murders and suicides and railway accidents, robberies and defalcations which have peppered the American breakfast table lately with their bad-tasting sauce, the public is grateful for any credit on the other side of the account, anything which relieves humanity from the weight these items leave on it, of being a bad lot; any sweet and fragrant morsel that refreshes its faith in men and women. Col. Ingersoll overstated his case when he said, if he could have had the ordering of this world, he would have made health "catching," instead of disease. A certain sort of health is very catching. The healthy sympathy of Americans for any form of distress that comes before their eyes and ears, when they can see or feel the way to help it, is remarkable this summer as usual. It does not all, or a hundredth part of it, get into the papers, but when it does what a stir there is. Only let men and women know of a movement that is helping some distress, let the distress be real, and it draws their affections and dollars as a lightening-rod draws electricity. On the morning train up from Cape May, yesterday, was a touching spectacle, a mother bringing up her dead baby, in her arms. She had taken it down, at death's door, the day before, as "its last chance for life," the doctor told her; but it was too late. With true motherly instinct she bore the tiny body in her arms to the railway train. Her sad freight and the hopeless errand she had taken became known to some of the passengers. The "smoking car," that is usually supposed to be deep in its newspapers and its business day ahead, and its nicotian indifference—the "smoking car" got word of the pitiful story, and instinctively, in a few minutes, the little family were taken from the open thoroughfare car to the parlor car, the passengers in the enclosed compartment gave up their cozy places and took others less comfortable wherever they could find them, the afflicted living were placed in seclusion with their stricken dead, the stalwart conductor became attender as a woman, the porter of the car made them as comfortable as the circumstances permitted, and then, so quietly that very few persons outside of those who participated knew anything about it, another substantial token of human sympathy was made in a way that we need not mention more particularly here. The "smoking car" did what in all probability needed to be done —but it was done without anything but the eloquence of that sorrowful burden to invite it—it did itself. That tiny dead baby made all the passengers akin; every man there took a personal interest in the helpless, hopeless trouble the silent mother was bearing. Every father saw in his grief what might come to be his own.

Other things—and good things—are as catching as disease. When a broker or business man charters a steamboat and picks up from the densest alleys of a dirty city a boat load of pale women and babies, sewing girls or other friendless folks, how good it is to hear. When the Country Weekly tells one story out of its hundreds that brings its good work to light, how everybody wants to to take a hand. If $5 will give two starved city children each a ten day's feeding and freedom on a farm. it only needs to state the sum and people's hands go into their pockets. How everybody sympathizes with this conductor, by whose road a small boy waited for a train to come along. He had caught a squirrel, he was a returning country week boy, a small boy. He was bringing it home in triumph as usufruct. At the station it bit his finger and got away. Just then the market train came along. He made a dive, caught it, lost it again. Every man on that train who looked out of the windows saw the chase. Everybody who reads knows what it will be to that boy to go home minus squirrel. What is to be supposed—the natural thing to happen did happen. The train waited. The passengers were as absorbed in the chase as the boy himself. The conductor held that train like a man. Squirrel was caught for the third time and proudly carried aboard.

With all the hot weather that seems to "blaze" the day's news in red hot passions, tornadoes of carelessness, rage and treachery, social earthquakes when a trusted man goes wrong, all of them heaped up these August days, right in the heart of all these disgraces are growing the beautiful, the refreshing events of humanity's good side. There is no calamity or helplessness but brings a response, if people can but come to know it. The public does not often know what is relieved, what is done on the good side of the account. It doesn't register as crime does, seldom telegraphs itself about the country, and has to be detected almost in its good deed. But it is everybody's business to take these helpful doings out of quarantine, out of secrecy. They are most catching.

Willing to Give Her a Fair Show.

From the Detroit Free Press.

It is related of a Maryland deacon, whose peaches are first in the New York market, that, having company at his farm house one evening recently, a terrific thunder storm came on and shook things up worse than an explosion in a crockery store. Everybody was thoroughly frightened, and directly after a blinding flash one of the visitors anxiously asked: "Friends, don't you think we had better kneel and ask for protection?" "No, Brother Jones; no," protested the deacon. "I have just had a lightning rod put on the house at an expense of $36, and I propose we hold off and give her a fair show to do business."

Mrs. Livermore wrote recently in a private letter: "The newspapers of Boston are greatly improved now that women are employed as regular writers on the staff."

THE POET'S RIVAL!

Across my lap the baby lies,
The soul-light dawning in his eyes;
I, bending, turn aside to look
Adown the pages of my book.

With flash of thought and fair conceit,
The fair lines run on rhythmic feet;
And sparkling fancies gem the brink
Of this clear well from which I drink.

But sudden, all the poet's skill
Is dimmed by something sweeter still,
And all his dreamings high and grand,
Lie hid beneath a baby's hand.

I stop to kiss its dimpled grace
I turn to read my darling's face,
While falls unheeded to the floor
The broken spell which binds no more.

O glow of wit! O prayer of saint!
O brightest picture pen can paint!
O golden rhythmic rise and fall!
My little love is worth you all.

For soaring thought and winged word,
That pierce the sky like flight of bird,
May bring the joys of heaven more near,
But Heaven itself is with me here!

ONE MISTAKE.

A Brilliant Thief Who Was Catugh Through One Error.

Written for the San Fransico Call.

For years the writer has filled a responsible position in the most widely known and celebrated detective agency in America. In narrating some of the inciednts which have come under his observation, it will be necessary to use fictitious names, for the chief figures are still living. In the outset let me inform the reader that I propose to deal with practical detective methods and not with the absurd antics of the mouchard who figures in "yellow kivers." Some other time I shall endeavor to correct a few of the erroneous ideas which possess the minds of the public in regard to this profession, and describe the matter of fact reasonableness which distinguishes the successful detective.

The victim of this episode I shall name Major Johnson. The major's person was almost as plethoric as his purse. There was majesty in his bearing as he deliberately moved down street. It was a sight to see him turn a corner; it required a series of "tackings," and was performed with such circumspection as a man of war might use.

Maj. Johnson was given to hospitality. He wanted to meet all the lights in the literary or social world, and he generally managed to meet them by inviting them to dine. Maj. Johnson, as the proverbial mountain of flesh, could not go to Mahomet, so he brought Mahomet to him with such lures as the very best food, well served and well cooked, and well wined.

Besides this, you were very sure to meet other people worth knowing. Thus it happened, as the hospitable years rolled by, the major knew a great number of people, half of whom he could not call by name. He was known as a generous liver, and one whose nest was comfortably quilted with the finest eider down, in the form of hard cash.

The major walked down town one morning, and drew from the Safe Deposit company an envelope bursting with a goodly number of bonds. With these valuables in his hand, he walked down street, taking in his route a newsstand, where he always stopped and supplied himself with the latest magazines and papers.

Scribner and Harper were laid aside, and the major was scanning the Atlantic, when a small and apparently a middle-aged gentlemen, dressed in a scrupulously neat manner, accosted him. His dignified bearing was further emphasized by a pair of scholarly eye-glasses. It was evidently somebody who knew the major intimately, and the major accused himself inwardly for not recalling the name of the distingue personage. The gentleman spoke in well-bred tones which mark educative speech. He casually referred to several mutual friends, and, obtaining a cue from the article in the Atlantic over which the major had been glancing a subject was broached, and both were soon deep in its discussion.

When at length the gentleman stepped away the major stood with the Atlantic in his hands, asking himself, "who the devil is that?" Recovering himself in the deliberate manner which distinguished all his movements, he drew out his purse and paid for the magazines.

In the same solemn way he reached out for the envelope which thoughtlessly he had placed on the stand.

It was gone!

The "sneak game" had again been successfully played, and Maj. Johnson was minus over $50,000.

He went straightway to a private detective agency, for he knew too much about the municipal management of affairs to waste time there.

The detective harkened to the story, endeavoring to conceal the smile on his lips occasioned by the indignant wrath of the victim.

When he departed the business faculties of the detective revived. Let us call him Bland.

"Bland had recognized the offender—it was "English Bill"—the description and the cool audacity of the thief told him that at once.

The next step was to find English Bill, and the sooner the better. Bland knew Bill was in town, in fact had passed him a day or two ago. Several men were sent to locate the thief.

English Bill was a slender, boyish-looking rascal, with a clear skin, whose whole appearance was unlike as may be the accepted ideas of a confidence operator.

By noon the next day Bland had learned many particulars of English Bill, his haunts, his companions, and his where-abouts up to a certain hour. The houses where it was suspected he might be hiding were very carefully shadowed.

The clews had been run out to the end, and Bland began to think he had been out-witted by some adroit trick. Like grandfather's clock, he "stopped short" here.

In studying up the matter, there appeared nothing on which to hinge a new movement. Yes, there was one little matter which seemed to point to nothing particular or shed any light upon the case, but there was something odd about it too.

"Hank Morris," the chosen pal of "English Bill," the evening of the robbery had driven in a carriage to a certain house, in a perfectly respectable neighborhood. It proved to be an aristocratic school for young ladies.

What business had Hank Morris there? was the first question which Bland asked himself. Bland was too shrewd to make a direct attempt to find out the reason of that visit. He concluded to operate in that direction himself, and in a day or two had made the acquaintance of the chambermaid.

Mad. DeGrace's school is among the most fashionable in the city. Among other news Bland obtained while flirting at the back gate with the pretty chamber-maid was the fact that there were no beings of the male sex allowed about the school and that a day or two ago a young French miss had been admitted to the institution; that the young lady had been suffering anguish with neuralagia, and had been obliged to keep her room. The madame had alread communicated with her parents, and it was expected that the new pupil would be removed, and revisit her home in France, instead of, as was first intended, remaining in this country while her parents made the trip.

Meanwhile Bland kept up his discouraging search after English Bill elsewhere. English Bill had disappeared from the city as mysteriously as a falling star in the heavens.

Bland, however, continued his attentions to the chambermaid. He learned to know the hours when she was to be seen and was always promptly in the neighborhood.

He was rewarded for his patience one morning. The chambermaid came a usual and this time emptied a slop-pail in the gutter.

Bland' seyes half unconsciously watched a bit of paper flaunting along up the stream and mechanically prodded it with a stick in his hand.

With a start he turned upon the astonished maid, asking:

"I thought you said there were no men about this place?"

"It's the truth I'm tellin' you. Madame will not allow a man to stay under the roof!"

"Do any of the girls shave?" continued Bland.

The maid looked bewildered, and Bland pointed to the shaving-paper, with its lather and unmistakable hirsute specks.

Bland had his cue, and a day or two after when a close carriage drove up to take away the French girl, Bland and his assistants were impolite enough to disrobe mademoiselle, and transfer English Bill to a school where the discipline was of the sternest character.

Maj. Johnson recovered the bulk of his bonds. Had it not been for Bland's watchful eyes, "English Bill" would have escaped with his "swag." The thief had been detected by shaving paper. To maintain his feminine character he had been obliged to use the razor every night when the rest of the house was asleep.

It would require another column to describe the details of the scheme. It may appear simple enough on paper, but the amount of diplomacy and genius required and planned to carry out that operation is, in a word, wonderful. Weeks had been employed in perfecting the ruse and arranging the matter so as to allay all the suspicion on Madame Grace's part. To do this the clever rascals had learned all about the school, and in the introductory correspondence had, without appearing to do so, played upon the lady's vanity, They had "piped" the institute thoroughly, and expended an amount of adroit preparation which approaches the marvellous. But, as in nearly all "big jobs," some unconsidered trifle had betrayed them. It is the ready wit to use these trifles which makes the genuinely great detective.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Method of Composition—Low Society Drinking and Cigarette.

Garfett Dumas publishes the following interview with the private business secretary of the great novelist, Dickens:

"You were an amanuensis of Charles Dickens', were you not?"

"Yes; I did short-hand for Mr. Dickens for eighteen months. I did not take dictations for any of his novels, only his fugitive pieces. He dictated to me most of his articles in All The Year Round. He was a very clever gentleman to those under him. He always treated me very well indeed. Most people seem to think Dickens was a ready writer. This is by no means the case. He used to come into his office in St. Catherine street about eight o'clock in the morning and begin dictating. He would walk up and down the floor several times after dictating a sentence or a paragraph, and ask me to read. I would do so, and he would, in nine cases out of ten, order me to strike out certain words and insert others. He was generally tired out by eleven o'clock, and went down to his club on the Strand. A very singular thing was that he never dictated the closing paragraphs of his story. He always finished it himself. I used to look in the paper for it and find that he had changed it very greatly from what he dictated to me.

"Dickens had a very odd habit of combing his hair. He would comb it a hundred times a day. He seemed never to tire of it. The first thing he did on coming into the office was to comb his hair. I have seen him dictate a sentence or two and then begin combing. When he got through he dictated another sentence. He was very careful about his writings. He wanted every sentence to be as perfect as possible before letting it go to press. Dickens was an odd fellow regarding the company he sought. I have known him, while I was employed by him, to go down to the Seven Dials, about the