OUR LITERARY BUDGET.

Do Popular Authors Shine as Husbands? A Humorous Protest.

CARLYLE A SHOCKING EXAMPLE.

The Testimony which Mr. John Stuart Mill Bore to the Influence Exercised by Perfect Sympathy Between Author and Wife.

In the Book-Buyer there is a humorous protest against the popular idea that authors do not shine as husbands. A literary man relates that he made a proposal of marriage to a charming young woman, and she asked for a day or two in which to consider the matter. To give the result in his own words: "The next afternoon I received from her a parcel, accompanied by a note bearing the simple but suggestive inquiry, 'Do you think it is safe?' I opened the parcel and found therein several books, Froude's 'Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle,' Daudet's 'Artists' Wives,' 'The Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius' and a copy of Longman's Magazine containing an essay by Mr. Lang, in effect advising young women not to marry literary men." Carlyle is always brought forward as a shocking example of the author-husband but it would be a severe reflection upon writers in general to regard him as the typical literary man. Carlyle and Bulwer were both unfortunate in having wives who had no notion of letting concealment play on their damask cheeks. But many a commonplace citizen is no easier to get along with than were Carlyle and Bulwer, just as many an ordinary man is not less fickle and wayward in his loves than Goethe was. Among authors, as a body, happy marriages may be said to preponderate, though this depends largely upon the qualities of the woman in the case. The steadiest devotion of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his wife to each other is now a matter of history, and Amos Bronson Alcott, the dreamy, unpractical philosopher, was supported in all his reverses by the strong, unwavering love of his faithful life-partner. The Brownings are the model couple in literature, just as the Kendals are on the stage, and, like them, have figured somewhat tediously as bright exemplars. But no amount of twaddle and cant can make the mutual love of the wedded poets less beautiful. To read of Robert Browning as a husband is to receive a revelation of the tenderness of true manliness. Not only were the two in complete intellectual accord, but as Mrs. Browning touchingly said, he loved her for the very things that made her weary of herself—her sufferings and her weakness. John Stuart Mill gave testimony to his own happiness when he wrote: "What marriage may be in the case of two persons with cultivated faculties, identical in opinions and purposes, between whom there exists that best kind of equality, similarity of powers and capacities with reciprocal superiority in them—so that each can enjoy the luxury of looking up to the other, and can have alternately the pleasure of leading and being led in the path of development—I will not attempt to describe. To those who can conceive it there is no need; to those who cannot it would appear the dream of an enthusiast." It is curious that, in spite of the lingering prejudice against blue-stockings, there has been little said of late about the "unhappy loves of women of genius." This may imply either that all modern literary women are good wives, or that the subject is not considered important enough for discussion. R. L. Stevenson did indeed say some years agone, "Certainly, if I could help it, I would never marry a wife who wrote." Poor man, apparently he could not help it, but as he has survived the experience, perhaps he has found it not so cruel as he once fancied. It should not be forgotten that the woman who produces good literature, and at the same time is successful in her triple role of mother, wife and home-maker, carries a heavy burden, and as a rule she receives little assistance in bearing it.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Greek as It is Spoken.

The popular idea that Greek is a dead language is all wrong. It is no more dead than the English. We are accustomed to think of it as having shared the same fate of Latin. This is a great mistake. Nowhere, so far as known, does the speech of old Rome exist. The language of the Gracchis, of Cicero and of Marcus Aurelius, lies entombed. It may be said to have a sort of life in the deathless Latin literature, also in the languages of Italy, France and Spain. The Latin nations show by their speech their Latin affinity. But even Italy and Rome itself speak a language which would be "all Greek" to both the republic and the empire. Not so with Greece. That country still uses the Greek language, as truly as America uses the English language, and the few Greeks in our city, indistinguishable from the Italians, use the same language, with slight dialectic variations, as did the people from whom the world has derived its highest ideals in art and in literature. The isolation of Greece from the rest of Europe in modern times has prevented a realization of the vitality of Greek. The students of it have confined themselves to the study of its literature. There has been no radical change in this respect since the Italian humanists, of whom Petrarch was the most famous, recovered the classic literature and put the human mind in touch with the great thinkers and poets of classic literature, from Homer to Seneca. That revival of learning restored the literature of both those languages to the world of letters. In the case of Latin that was all that could be done, and it was taken for granted that herein the two occupied the same ground. From that day to this Greek has been studied solely as a dead language. Gradually that star in the East, which the Italian magi saw and followed with so much enthusiasm, moved westward until about four hundred years ago it came and stood over that manger of English learning, Oxford. Almost at the same time that Columbus was vainly trying to interest Henry VII. in his proposed voyage to India, a Dutchman better known for his piety than his learning, Erasmus, came to the great British university and began to teach Greek. His only thought was to enable the scholar to read the surviving literature of the language, paying no attention to pronunciation and accent or, rather, he pronounced as if it were a part of the language of Holland, and there has been no material improvement upon Erasmus since that day. In one of his disquisitions on culture Matthew Arnold expressed the hope that Greek would some day come to be studied more rationally than it ever had been. He gave no intimation of what he really meant by this observation, but it would certainly be rational to adopt the same method of teaching Greek as of teaching German, French or any other living language. Such a change of base in the study of Greek would greatly facilitate its mastery. There is nothing intrinsically difficult in Greek; no reason why the study of it should be so hard and slow, except as the misconception in question makes it so. Its study is popularly designated delving in roots, instead of gathering flowers and fruit. One of the most accomplished scholars Harvard ever graduated, Mr. Paul Shorey, said in effect in an essay read not so very long ago before a literary club in Chicago that to one who had made a thorough study of the dead languages the study of a modern language was recreation. This is undoubtedly true, and it follows that the reform suggested in the study of Greek would be an almost infinite relief to classical students. It would also be an incalculable benefit to them. They would then learn to take delight in Greek literature, and to read it with a clearness of understanding which is impossible under what may be called the Erasmus method of teaching Greek.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

James Parton Dead.

James Parton, one of the most industrious and voluminous of writers, was born in Canterbury, England, in February, 1822, but was brought to this country by his parents when he was only five years old and was educated first in the public schools of New York city and later in the school of John Swinburne, at White Plains, which enjoyed a high reputation at that time, and acquired there an ardent taste for Greek and classical literature generally. A legacy of several hundred dollars enabled him to make a tour of Europe, and on his return he went to Philadelphia, where he opened a school.

Soon afterwards he began teaching in New York, and finally became connected with the press, largely through the influence of N. P. Willis, whose attention he had attracted by an article written on the question of the authorship of "Jane Eyre." For some years he was a regular writer for the Home Journal, and it was while he was employed on that paper that he conceived the idea of writing a popular life of Horace Greeley, for which he prepared himself by careful inquiries among the former neighbors of the founder of the Tribune in Vermont and New Hampshire. The book, which was full of local color and anecdote, was published in 1855, and proved so successful that Mr. Parton resolved to make further experiments in the same direction.

After publishing a collection of "Humorous Poetry of the English Language from Chaucer to Saxe," he published his life of Aaron Burr, which was followed later on by a life of Andrew Jackson, the prospects of which were ruined by the outbreak of the civil war. Since then he has produced a great quantity of biographical and other literary work. Among his more elaborate efforts may be mentioned "General Butler in New Orleans," "Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin," "Famous Americans of Recent Times," containing popular sketches of Clay, Webster, Calhoun and other public men; "The People's Book of Biography," "Life of Thomas Jefferson," "Captains of Industry," "Some Noted Princes," and other similar works.

One of his most careful productions, to which he devoted many years of earnest labor, was his "Life of Voltaire," which he always regarded as his literary monument. He also was the author of a countless number of newspaper and magazine articles upon topics of contemporaneous interest, including a series of political papers upon abuses in national and municipal government. His first wife was Sara Payson Willis (Fanny Fern), who died in 1872. His second marriage, which occurred some time later, attracted a good deal of public attention owing to the discovery that it was an infringement of the marriage law of New York. A second ceremony was performed in Massachusetts.

Mr. Parton was a vigorous worker for international copyright. Since 1875 he had lived at Newburyport, Mass.

Ouida and Her English Friends.

The knowledge such as it is, which the well-known novelist Ouida possesses of English society was procured while acting as governess to the daughters of Hon. Mrs. Herbert, of Muckross, at Dublin and in London. One of Ouida's principal patrons and friends—the one, indeed, to whom she is indebted more than to any one else for such social currency in Italy as she has managed to obtain—is Lady Paget, wife of the English embassador at Vienna who was, for so many years, ambassador at Rome.

Ouida was clever enough at the very outset of her acquaintance with Lady Paget to see the use which she might make of the latter's friendship, and, with this object in view, she lost no opportunity of flattering Lady Paget's inordinate vanity to the top of its bent. Lady Paget, who is a Prussian countess by birth, fondly imagines that she is an artist, a poet and an authoress, and disdains to notice any one who has not a nobility title, or who, being a famous genius, does not pay homage to the remnants of her former good looks. She figures in several of Ouida's novels, notably in the one entitled "Friendship."

Literary Notes.

John Wiley & Sons announce as in preparation "Modern Locomotive Construction," by J. G. A. Meyer.

Macmillan & Co. have in preparation "The Present State of the Fine Arts in France," by P. G. Hamerton.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Company announce for early publication the "Life of Benjamin Harris Brewster," by Eugene Coleman Savidge, M. D.

Two excellent new novels have just been added to Harper's Franklin Square Library, "Dumaresq's Daughter," by Grant Allen, and "Elsa," by E. Marlitt. Gray.

At the age of sixty-eight the author of the famous "Life of Christ" M. Renan, is said to be engaged on a new arrangement and compilation of Contes des Fees, or "Fairy Tales."

The book of poems written by Mr. Frederick Tennyson, the brother of the Poet Laureate, contains ten long poems in blank verse, of which the "Psyche" is said to be the most philosophical.

John Burroughs, who writes so charmingly both on out-door and in-door topics, is said to indulge in literary work only in cool weather. During the summer he devotes himself to the culture of grapes.—Harper's Bazar.

The latest sensation in the literary field is said to be The Globus, an international semi-monthly magazine. It contains articles on all subjects, written in nine different languages, besides some illustrations and a piece of music.

The 7,000 copies issued as the ninth edition of John Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" were sold within ten days after publication, and a new issue has been ordered. The two previous editions reached a sale of 40,000 copies.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are about to publish "Freeland, A Social Anticipation," by Dr. Theodor Hertzka, a book which has been called "the German 'Looking Backward,'" and "Laboratory Practice," by Professor J. R. Cooke, of Harvard.

Ginn & Co. will issue during the present month "Straight Road to Latin: A Latin Lesson-Book for Beginners," by George W. Waite and George H. White and a "Reference History of the United States," by Hannah A. Davidson.

Macmillan & Co., New York, have been appointed special agents in the United States for the books published in London by George Bell & Sons, including the well-known collection of standard literature issued under the name of "Bohn's Libraries."

James Pott & Co. announce "Beautiful Thoughts From Henry Drummond," selected and arranged by Elizabeth Cureton, and "Moral Theology," based on the "Summa Theologia" of St. Thomas Aquinas, by the Rev. J. J. Elmendorf, of Racine College.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have added to their Riverside Literature Series several of Irving's "Sketch Book" papers, including "Rip Van Winkle." Early in December they will issue, in the same series, "The Voyager," and other English essays from the same volume.

Dr. Edward Eggleston, one of the oldest contributors to the Century, began his work for that magazine by writing the literary notes for the first number. He also furnished its first short story, which he wrote between 4 o'clock on Friday and midnight of Saturday.

That very popular parlor farce, "The Albany Depot," by W. D. Howells, has just been issued in separate book form by Harper & Brothers. The volume is handsomely illustrated, and is in every way an attractive one. It is the first of a series of modern classics to be published under the collective name of "Harper's Black and White Series."

The "Life of Her Majesty the Empress Victoria," composed in Sanskrit by H. K. Kerala Varma, the Valiya Koil Tamburan of Travandore, has been translated into Malayalam verse by a conclave of eleven Malayalam poets. The poem, which consists of one hundred and eight slokas, depicts the history of the Queen-Empress from her childhood.

Longmans, Green & Co. are about to issue "Epoch Maps Illustrating American History," by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard; "Seas and Lands," Sir Edwin Arnold's account of his recent travels, and Canon Farrar's new copyright novel "Darkness and Dawn; or, Scenes in the Days of Nero." This historic tale is the author's first venture into fiction for many years, and it is the result of his investigation into the early history of Christianity.

Sara Jeannette Duncan (now Mrs. E. C. Cotes), whose "Social Departure" has proved so successful, began her literary career as so many others have done, by writing for the daily press. Her girlhood's home is a large, old-fashioned house in Brantford, Ont. Miss Duncan met Mr. Cotes in Calcutta during her voyage around the world, and she now makes her home in that far-away city, where Mr. Cotes has a scientific appointment, his special field being Indian entomology.

The Russian editor seems to conduct his business in a high-handed and tyrannous way. Sometimes he purchases a story from an author, publishes half of it, perhaps, then, taking offense at the speech, manner, conduct or opinions of his contributor, he abruptly breaks off the narrative and declines to go further. Even Tolstoi has been treated in this cavalier fashion. Two-thirds of his novel, "Anna Karenina," came out as a serial in a Russian journal, and the remaining third had to be published in pamphlet form, because the autocratic editor had been offended by Tolstoi's view on the Servian question. The work of another prominent author was declined by the editors of the several reviews, "because his comparisons and illustrations are occasionally taken from the Bible, and give one the impression that he is a firm believer in that book."

AN OLD-TIME SPORTSMAN.

A Devotee to the Old Virginia Sport of Fox Hunting.

MR. EDMUND WINSTON, OF HANOVER.

Specimen of a Famous Class Produced by a Famous County—Fox-Hunting Reminiscences.

[For The Times.]

HE wordy contests, waged by huntsmen, show conclusively that the advancement of art and science has failed to destroy the impulse to excel in the traits of character that came into the world with its earliest inhabitants.

There always will be men who love dogs—love the sounds of the chase and the firing of the sporting gun; the handling of the rod and the routing of the finny tribe from watery homes. Just as long as such men survive there will be abroad in the land a class of people who will indulge in "stretching their blankets," an amusement harmless to every one but themselves.

Sometimes, however, you will find a hunter who is honest, who enjoys a reputation so excellent, that he is not forced to exaggerate the exploits, either of himself or his dogs in order to convey a proper idea of the prowess and skill of either the one or the other. It is refreshing to meet such a man, and listen to his enthusiastic narrations of field sport adventures told in true huntsmanlike style, and embelished with word illustrations, heard only in hunting circles.

EDMUND WINSTON.

Edmund Winston, of Hanover, is a man of that class. Among other great things that this famous county has produced is a race of huntsmen that have never been equaled in the chase. They had the finest fox hounds in the world, rode the most thoroughbred hunters and rode as only Hanover huntsmen could ride. The changes that made the Grand Army of Pensioners have nearly removed from the stage of action all of these famous huntsmen, horses and hounds. The sweet sound of the cheery fox horn and the merry music of the pack, like the "Rebel yell," lives mostly in memory. The farm hand that hoed corn for hounds and horses pulls fodder now from sickly weed-choked stalks for a sumac bull instead of his master's thoroughbred hunter. The ample farms are divided into small patches, and the lazy freedman thumps the earth so feebly that a pittance pays him where once rich returns rewarded effort.

There still remains, however, one of the old time huntsmen, a true type of the Virginia fox hunter.

That man is Edmund Winston, of Hanover. The Winstons and the Suttons were the best hunters that the State boasted. They loved the chase and knew a dog more from his qualities than from his pedigree. Edmund Winston inherited this family trait, and is to-day the most complete representative of the true fox hunter that lives in the Union. His means permitted him to indulge to the fullest extent in the sport he loved so well, and he spent them royally. He is a man of fine physique, robust and muscular and capable of great endurance. His eye is keen his voice clear and susceptible of being heard a mile. He keeps none but the most genuine fox hounds, and no man ever "crossed a leg" over better beasts than his hunters.

FUN IN THE FIELD.

"Edmund," as he is familiarly known by his friends, has seen as much fun in the field as can be found there. He knew the "nose and bottom" of his dogs, and the speed and lasting qualities of his horses; and when he went out he was not disturbed by fears or doubts as to the result. He was like Pompey Ogain, the celebrated bird shot of Brunswick county, who told the best shot in the State, Ned Stokes, of Lunenburg, when asked by him, "Can you shoot partridges?"

"All I want 'em to do is to fly up."

All that Winston wants is to jump a fox.

As a matter of course he had rivals envious of his fame as a hunter, and the result was many hotly-contested challenge hunts. In all of these, when Edmund was in the heyday of his hunting fame, he came out conqueror.

From York river to the mountains he led his pack, coming home always from close chase contests wearing the laurels of the hunt and the brush of the game. His description of some of these hunts is vivid, truthful and thoroughly huntsmanlike.

IN ORANGE COUNTY.

It is a pity that some of these stories can not be told in his own words, so descriptive and interesting are they. But no man can do this except Edmund Winston.

One of his best stories is about a challenge hunt in Orange county. It was Winston, of Hanover, against Orange county: forfeit, champagne supper for all at the court-house.

Edmund mounted his best hunter, blew his horn, and set out for Orange followed by a pack of hounds that could make as sweet music as ever 'woke ringing echoes on a frosty morn, or worked a cold trail through forest and field.

He reached the home of one of the challengers and put up with him. His host had a fine pack of hounds, and this always indicates unbounded hospitality, and in this term there was no exception to the rule. Edmund had his hounds so well trained that they came to their meals, obeyed his commands implicitly, behaved so orderly while eating and retired to their quarters when the meals were over with such good order as to excite the attention and commendation of the good lady of the house.

Next morning, after his arrival, Edmund was up with the sun. The neighboring huntsmen, bringing their packs with them, were soon on hand; the horn sounded, the hunters mounted and the hunt commenced. It would make a huntsman happy to hear Edmund tell of each day's hunt for one week's time, that being the limit of the challenge. He names the days that excelled, described the fields and mountains traversed, talks about the scent being "breast high," and paints a picture from life in words that hold the listener, winding up always with a forcible description of the work that caused his dogs to win. Then he brings you back to the hospitable home of his Orange county host to spend a jovial evening before blazing log fires and in the midst of comfort, and plenty of it, too.

THAT HOUND, HIGHSTEP.

"I slept in an office under the oaks in the yard," said Edmund, "and the last day but one I went to bed feeling tired and happy, for up to that time I had cleaned out Orange county. When I awoke next morning it was sun up. I looked around, and there were three or four men standing near my bed, and one of them said,

"'Edmund, are you willing to let to-day's hunt settle the bet?'

"Hardly awake good, and not thinking I said yes, and you may bring in a fresh pack if you choose.

"'That's what we want to do,' said he, and then I was introduced to a gentleman who was standing in the middle of the room holding the mouth of a wheat bag in his hand, while the other end of it rested on the floor.

"'Where's your pack, sir,' I asked.

"'Here it is,' said he, and I looked behind him, and I give you my word I never saw such a thing in the shape of a hound as was standing there. He was as big as a yearling, and when he came up and stood by his master's side he was nearly half as tall as the man himself. His ears were as big as a beaver's tail and he was built from the ground up.

"'I don't see but one dog,' said I.

"'Highstep is all the dog I want,' was the cool rejoinder.

"'What's in your bag?'

'Red fox' " said he, "Highstep caught him while I was coming over here.'

"This almost took my breath away: here were my dogs foot-sore and broken down after a week's heavy hunting, and here was this confounded fellow, with a monster dog that had caught a red fox by sunup. Blamed if I didn't think I had got my match, and I said to myself, Edmund, old fellow you're gone up."

"We got breakfast and determined to give the red a chance, even if a small one, for his life. The dogs were put up, and the fox turned loose. After he had a pretty good start about fifty dogs put out after him on a red hot trail. You ought to have seen that Highstep as he jumped a ten-rail fence, leading the pack fifty yards. He sent the top red spinning behind him like it was a straw, and got over ground faster than anything I ever saw in the shape of a dog. My dogs were stiff and sore, but my luck did'nt desert me, for the fox finding himself 'pressed' come one of his old tricks; doubled, and one of my dogs that was 'way behind sighted and caught him.

A HUNTSMAN'S MEAN TRICK.

"I kept my dogs well in hand near me as we rode to the hunt. That Highstep haunted me, and I began to think about the cost of the champagne supper, for those Orange county fellows don't do things by halves and I knew if they lost they would give a rouser, so I determined if I had to set 'em up that old Hanover shouldn't suffer at my hands, even if it made a big hole in my pocket-book to do things right."

Presently the game was up, and I soon found out that it was a smart old red that had fooled us many times before. I held my dogs until the sound of the other dogs had died out completely. Then I thought I would rest on my oars and trust to luck. I knew that his run lay in a certain direction, and that ten chances to one the old fox would at some time of the day come that way. It was a beautiful November morning and the sun was shining warm and bright. I rode over the mountain top and found a nice place on the southern slope; dismounted, tied my horse, laid down and fell asleep. My dogs came up and laid down near by me, and I suppose I slept there in the sunshine a couple of hours, when I was waked by the big mouthed notes of a single dog that was making music for every jump. I rubbed my eyes and straightened up. Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and presently the biggest red fox you ever saw came bounding past me. I kep my dogs quiet, and in a few minutes here came that Highstep sweeping round the mountain like a tornado, and no other dog in sight or hearing."

"'Round and 'round the mountain went the red fox and Highstep, the dog, each time having a run on him, closing on him. I did not know what to do, for I saw, that if I put my dogs in, they would stand no chance in trying to keep up with that blamed big dog Highstep.'

"At last, after making the circuit of the mountain for the third or fourth time Highstep ran the fox in the ground in full sight of me. Five minutes more, and he would have had the fox."

STEALING THE GAME.

"As soon as I saw this condition of things an idea struck me. I jumped up and ran towards the place where I saw the dog had run the fox in the hole. You ought to have seen me throwing rocks at Highstep."

"G'way from here, you scoundrel you," said I, making the rocks whistle after him and he took the hint and left. My dogs in the meantime commenced growling and scratching at the mouth of the hole. "Edmund," said I, "you are all right," and with that I put my horn to my mouth and blew a blast that echoed for miles in the mountains.

"That's Edmund Winston, and he's got the fox," said one of the huntsmen, away off in the mountains.

"No," said another, he's trying to fool you. He ain't been in the hunt."

"Ah, but Edmund don't fool that way; I know him too well. He's got that fox sure's you're born."

"When they came up my dogs were working like beavers, and Highstep wasn't around."

"That night when I went out to the office to go to bed I told Colonel ——, my host, all about my mean trick, but I told him if he told on me before I gave him permission that I would be sure and murder him. He kept my secret and I escaped the trouble of ordering the champagne supper at Orange Courthouse but I couldn't keep the story any longer, and the telling of it served the purpose of a big laugh, and placed where I wanted it put the cost of the supper on me."

As nearly as I can repeat it this is the way that Edmund Winston tells this true story.

PETER J. BURTON.

Killed a Big Devil-Fish.

A party of fishermen that came in yesterday attracted great attention on account of the variety and size of fish brought in by them. All day long a steady stream of sight-seers visited the boat and asked the men questions regarding their adventures.

The fishermen brought with them the skins of the magnificent tarpons weighing, when caught, from 125 to 200 pounds. The greatest curiosity was a fine devil-fish. It had a large, flat body, with two long flippers extending like the points of a star from its sides. The breadth of the fish from tip to top of these flippers was just eleven feet seven inches. A man could be taken in its huge mouth, as it was twenty inches in breadth. From eye to eye the head was thirty-six inches across, the eyes protruding on the outside of two big feelers, which are used by the fish in eating, and project in front of the head about ten inches. From the point of these feelers to the end of the tail was eleven feet eight and one-half inches. The fish was estimated to weigh fully 1,200 pounds, but there was no way of getting the weight accurately when the fish was first caught.

The creature was skinned on the wharf. Nearly half of the under part of the body was taken up by the gills, which were laid in close rows, with a fringy line of filaments on one side, then a coarser cellular tissue, backed on the opposite side with the most ganzy, delicate membrane. The large flippers at the side were dissected and found to consist of strong muscles underlying and overlying a row of bones, which were joined both lengthwise and crosswise. On cutting out two of the ribs lengthwise they were found to be bound together by strong sinews. The fish was silvery white underneath and black on top.

The fishermen had an exciting time catching the monster and it towed their three-ton schooner over an hour when harpooned. It was first seen at about 5 P. M. playing in the shallow water near Egmont Key. Running up, they harpooned it with a lily-iron. It at once leaped high in the air, flung itself, and then started with a rush for deep water. The schooner turned with a swirl and was towed along rapidly. The big fish plunged frantically and leaped in the air in its efforts to shake out the iron. It would run straight for half a mile, and then suddenly swing under the vessel, whirling the schooner like a toy.

Fire was opened on the monster with Winchesters every time it appeared above water, but they seemed to make him only more furious. At the fifth volley it turned and rushed for the vessel. The men were crowded at the side, and the fish struck the vessel just below them, throwing them down and breaking the collar-bone of one of the sailors. The fish seemed to be somewhat stunned by the blow and floated. Two more harpoons were put into it and musket balls were fired into its big body. Ropes were then thrown around it and it was drawn aboard, it taking the united strength of all seven men to get it up.—Tampa News.

Poisonous Bugs in Cigarettes.

A dispatch from St. Louis to the New York Sun says: Dr. Ohmann Dumesnil has made an important discovery. He is a great cigarette smoker and had often noticed small brown holes in the paper surrounding the weed. A few days ago he decided to investigate. He found that the holes were made by a little insect. To a Sun correspondent he said to-day, as he displayed a number of the bugs under the microscope: "This singular bug is what we call a coleopterous insect. There are thousands of this family, but those I have under the glass and in yonder box are the only tobacco chewers I know of. This insect is very small, as you see. It crawls into a box of cigarettes, bores a hole through the rice paper, lays an egg and then escapes. The larva develop into a worm, and, for the want of something better, it eats tobacco. You will notice that the mother insect always commences her operation near the end of the cigarette. The worm knows nothing except eating and escaping and he starts for the end of the cigarette. In due course of time he becomes an insect, but does not lose his appetite."

"What do you think of a cigarettee that has entertained one of these bugs, Doctor?"

"I consider such a cigarette a poison and I attribute many mysterious cases of bronchial affection to this source."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

DISEASES AND CONTAGIONS.

Those of Animals Which are Likely to be Communicated to Man.

PROF. TUTTLE'S ARTICLE COMMENDED.

The Question Discussed and Laws Regulating the Treatment of Infected Animals Suggested by Dr. Harbaugh.

The following letter from W. H. Harbaugh, veterinary surgeon of this city, will be read with interest:

It was with more than ordinary interest I read the address of Professor Tuttle, reproduced in the Sunday edition of THE TIMES on the subject of the legislation needed to protect the live stock interest of this State.

That he has given much attention to the subject is evident, as all that he advises is practicable, conservative and urgently demanded by existing facts. It is a subject to which I have devoted much thought, as my profession constantly brings me face to face with the questions involved. The agricultural sections are, of course, more concerned than the cities, but that it is a matter which concerns the Commonwealth cannot be disputed.

To demonstrate how much an effective law is needed to stamp out contagious diseases of animals, I will refer to an outbreak of glanders and farcy in this city last fall and winter, during which time I saw about twenty cases of these incurable diseases. In every instance, so soon as the symptoms were manifest, I advised the owner to destroy the animal and thoroughly disinfect the stable and all things that were in contact with the diseased horses or mules. To the honor and credit of the owners of the affected animals I have but one instance to report where the owner failed to destroy his horse for the benefit of the community. In this exception the owner brought the horse to my office on December 15th. The animal had an attack of influenza, which at that time was prevalent in the city.

On February 13th the horse was again brought to me, supposed by the owner to be affected with a "cold in the head." Upon examination I discovered unmistakable symptoms of glanders, in fact, there was an ulcer in the nasal septum which had eaten almost through the cartilage. I informed the owner of the nature of the disease that it was contagious that it was impossible to cure it; that it was possible to communicate it to man, and advised him to destroy the animal without delay; and also informed him that a law existed which made him liable to a fine of one hundred dollars if he allowed the horse to go from his premises.

At best the horse was, in common parlance, a "plug," and to destroy him would have been no great loss, but I was informed that he sold him, and only last week I was told that the animal is still alive and under the treatment of a "mechanic," who promises to "cure him of the discharge from the nostril in six months."

CHRONIC CASES.

It should be remarked that these chronic cases of glanders and farcy are as certain centres of contagion as the acute cases, and really more to be dreaded, because in the acute cases the symptoms are more pronounced and the animals sooner succumb, while in many chronic cases the horse or mule may continue in good condition, do good work and exhibit no signs to the ordinary observer that he is affected with the most fearful of all diseases of the equine species. It is often the chronic cases that spread the disease by leaving the contagious principle in the public water-troughs or hitching posts, and in other places.

Not being a public prosecutor the duty of the veterinarian ends when he informs the owner of the facts of the case, but if there was an official clothed with legal authority to whom such cases should be reported, then there would be no difficulty in cutting short outbreaks of glanders and farcy. The city board of health should undoubtedly be vested with authority to enforce the condemnation of animals affected with these diseases on account of their liability to be transmitted to man.

The contagious diseases affecting the different species of domestic animals are numerous, and practicable laws, such as recommended by Professor Tuttle, are required in order to intelligently and authoritatively cope with outbreaks which may occur at any time and occasion great loss.

SUGGESTIONS.

In the July (1886) number of the Southern Planter, in an article in which I particularly referred to tuberculosis and contagious pleuro-pneumonia of cattle, I made the following suggestions:

"First, the appointment of a State veterinarian. Second, an appropriation to pay for all the affected animals, or a species of general stock insurance to raise the requisite amount, then kill and burn every animal affected, and have all infected places quarantined against the bovine species and thoroughly disinfected before being allowed to be used again. Third, rigid laws preventing cattle being brought into the State except under strict quarantine regulations. Fourth, laws governing railroad transportation of cattle, especially regarding the disinfection of cattle-cars that have been in infected places. Fifth, a good veterinary sanitary police law in reference to all contagious diseases of animals."

The second, third and fourth suggestions were particularly in reference to contagious pleuro-pneumonia of cattle, but since they were made in 1886, thanks to the wise and efficient measures originated and directed by Dr. D. E. Salmon, chief of the United States Bureau of Animal Industry, contagious pleuro-pneumonia has been practically eradicated in the United States, and thus millions of dollars have been saved to the wealth of the nation. For this work alone Dr. Salmon's name deserves to head the list of his contemporaries, but his good work does not stop here, and we may soon expect equally as beneficial service from him and those under his direction.

VETERINARIANS.

But the existence of the contagious diseases in this State and the always possible introduction of them from without makes the demand of Professor Tuttle for a commission of veterinary experts worthy of profitable action; and I freely admit that a commission, or board of veterinarians, is to be preferred to a single State veterinarian. But when the law is framed it should be seen to that the members of the commission are veterinarians not only in name, but scientific men having the legal and moral right to the title of veterinarian, and right here allow me to suggest that one of the greatest benefits the University of Virginia could bestow on this State and on the Southern States would follow the establishment of a veterinary department. Young men from the South who desire to fit themselves for this profession are compelled to attend institutions in the Northern States or in Canada, whereas if the University of Virginia had such a department it would not only secure these students from the South, but would be an impetus for young men to enter a profession that will not be overcrowded for years to come. Cornell University, the University of Pennsylvania, Harvard University, the Minnesota University and others have successful veterinary departments in operation.

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