

An Aspiring Youth.

In South San Francisco exists a little boy, not yet 3 years old, whose exploits are somewhat remarkable. Before the little fellow was 30 months of age his father had occasion to look after some repairs at the top of a number of flat-roofed buildings of several stories' elevation. Taking the little one along with him, and placing him on his coat at the foot of a ladder fastened perpendicularly against the back of one of them, he proceeded to the roof to make an investigation of the work to be done. This occupied more time than he expected, but was finally completed, and just as he was on the point of returning judge of his surprise to see the little one's head peering over the topmost round of the ladder and on a level with himself. To secure him and descend to the ground required no little command of nerve or exertion of muscle, but it was finally, to his great joy, accomplished. A week or two after this occurrence this little prodigy of fearlessness was missing from the family circle. A most thorough search, under great paternal anxiety, for a long time failed to discover his whereabouts. Finally, in passing through the street on which the above-mentioned buildings front, the object of so much solicitude was discovered sitting on the edge of a projecting cornice, dangling his feet about at a most lively rate, and looking at the objects below in a most unconcerned manner. By dint of perseverance and tact the little wail was finally brought to terra firma in safety. To reach the perilous position in which he was found he had climbed the ladder on which he had made a previous exploit, walked over an eight-inch plank in the face of a strong gale of wind, to the second building, and either scrambled over or crawled around a high frontage of the cornice.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Especially Marks of Trunk Smashers.

"Where's that trunk been?" said a reporter, pointing to a dismantled hulk that had evidently put in to refit from the sea of summer travel. "I should think that handle was yanked off somewhere up the Northern Central. There's a man at Elmira, I think it is, whom we always know by the way he leaves his handles—always tears 'em out on the same end of one side. When a trunk is split along the back it's pretty sure to have been along the Connecticut coast. The Stonington transfer splits trunks like a buzz-saw, but when you get a trunk stove in at both ends, with the hinges off and the lock collapsed, you can be pretty sure it's been into Canada. There's where they do smash baggage. You see they get so durned mad handling the chests of drawers and washstands and wool boxes that pass for baggage in that country that they view every trunk as a natural enemy, and they single out the good ones like sharpshooters lay for officers." "What's your particular private mark?" asked the reporter. "Oh, we don't smash baggage here. Baggage smashin', like the shakes in New Jersey, is always in the next town. But I ain't got no grudge against these Saratogas, anyway," said the baggage-man, looking in a kindly way at the model village of two-story wooden houses about him.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Necessity of Cremating Yellow Fever Corpses.

One of the most horrible discoveries of modern science is surely that of Dr. Domingo Freire, of Rio de Janeiro. That city had been seriously afflicted with yellow fever, and Dr. Freire, in his inquiries into the causes of the epidemic, came upon the dreadful fact that the soil of the cemeteries in which the victims of the outbreak were buried was positively alive with microbial organisms exactly identical with those found in the vomitings, blood, etc., of those who had died in the hospitals of yellow fever. From a foot under ground he gathered a sample of the earth overlying the remains of a person who had been buried about a year before; and though it showed nothing remarkable in appearance or smell, it was found under the microscope to be thickly charged with these abominable disease germs. Many of the organisms were making spontaneous movements. In fact, therefore, the cemeteries are so many nurseries of yellow fever; for every year the rain washes the soil and the fever seed with which it is so closely sown into the water courses, and distributes them over the town and neighborhood. Says the doctor, "If each course is the bearer of millions of millions of organisms that are specifics of ill, imagine what a cemetery must be in which new foci are forming around each body. In the silence of death these worlds of organisms, invisible to the unassisted eye, are laboring incessantly and unperceived to fill more graves with more bodies destined for their food and for the fatal perpetuation of their species." How terribly fatal these organisms are, indeed, may be understood from the fact that the blood of a yellow fever patient injected into a rabbit killed the animal in an hour, that the rabbit's blood injected into a guinea pig killed it, and that the guinea pig's blood injected into another rabbit killed it also, so that the chain of destruction may apparently be endless, for each victim on post-mortem examination was found to have all its blood swarming with malignant germs. Surely the cremation of all yellow fever corpses becomes, in the light of Dr. Freire's discovery, a public necessity.—*St. James Gazette.*

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