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"Libertas et Natale Solum."

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THE LOTUS FLOWER.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

Though still the heart of twilight grieves,
As evening's sun sinks low,
And sad winds stir the fallen leaves
With songs of long ago,
No shadow grim can ever dim
The glory of this hour,
While thus the blazing hearth we trim
Beneath the lotus flower.

Old Time may quench Illusion's light,
And dreams of youth depart,
But neither Time nor Truth can blight
The sunshine of the heart—
The gentle life of pure content,
Our sober manhood's dower,
Sweet peace and calm affection, blent
Beneath the lotus flower.

In that dust land of mystic dream
Where dark Shiri sprung,
It bloomed beside his sacred stream
While yet the world was young;
And every secret nature told
Of golden wisdom's power,
Is nestled still in every fold
Within the lotus flower.

Here let our weary burdens fall,
And passion's longings cease;
The gods of life have given all
When once they give us peace.
Black care shall vanish in a laugh,
Forgot her beauty's bower,
While here the loving cup we quaff
Beneath the lotus flower.

THE HOSTLER'S STORY.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

What amused us most in the Lake House last summer was the performance of a bear in the back-yard.

He was fastened to a pole by a chain, which gave him a range of a dozen or fifteen feet. It was not very safe for visitors to come within that circle, unless they were prepared for rough handling.

He had a way of suddenly catching you to his bosom and picking your pockets of peanuts and candy—if you carried any about you—in a manner which took your breath away. He stood up to his work on his hind legs in a quite human fashion, and used to paw and tongue with amazing skill and vivacity. He was friendly and didn't mean any harm, but he was a rude playfellow.

I shall never forget the ludicrous adventure of a dandified New Yorker, who came out into the yard to feed bruin on seed cakes, and did not feed him fast enough.

He approached a trifle too near, when all at once the bear whipped an arm about him, took him to his embrace and "went through" his pockets in a hurry. The terrified face of the struggling and screaming fop, and the good-natured, business-like expression of the fumbling and munching beast, offered the funniest sort of a contrast.

The one-eyed hostler, who was the bear's special guardian, lounged quite leisurely to the spot.

"Keep still, and he won't hurt ye," he said, turning his quid. "That's one of his tricks. Throw out what you've got, and he'll leave ye."

The dandy made haste to help bruin to the last of the seed cakes, and he escaped without injury, but in a ridiculous plight—his hat smashed, his necktie and his linen rumpled, and his watch dangling—but his fright was the most laughable part of all.

The one-eyed hostler then made a motion to the beast, who immediately climbed the pole and looked at us from a cross-piece on the top.

"A bear," said the one-eyed hostler, turning his quid again, "is the best-hearted, knowin'est critter that goes on all-fours. I'm speakin' of our native black-bear, you understand. The brown bear ain't half so respectable, and the grizzly bear is one of the ugliest brutes in creation. Come down here, Pomp."

Pomp slipped down the pole and advanced to the one-eyed hostler, walking on his hind legs and rattling his chain.

"Playful as a kitten!" said the one-eyed hostler, fondly. "I'll show ye."

He took a wooden bar from a clothes-horse near by, and made a lunge with it at Pomp's breast.

No pugilist or fencing-master could have parried a blow more neatly. Then the one-eyed hostler began to thrust and strike with the bar as if in downright earnest.

"Rather savage play," I remarked. And a friend at my side, who never misses a chance to make a pun, added:

"Yes, a decided act of bar-bearity."

"Oh, he likes it!" said the one-eyed hostler. "He can't hit him."

And indeed it was so. No matter how or where the blow was aimed, a movement of Pomp's paw, as quick as a flash of lightning, knocked it aside, and he stood good-humoredly waiting for more. "Once in a while," said the one-eyed hostler, resting from the exercise and leaning on the bar, while Pomp retired to his pole, "there's a bear of this species that's vicious and blood-thirsty. Generally, you let them alone, and they'll let you alone. They won't run from you, maybe, but they won't go out of their way to pick a quarrel. They don't swagger around with a chip on their shoulder lookin' for some fool to knock it off."

"Will they eat you?" some one inquired: for there was a ring of spectators around the performers by this time.

"As likely as not, if they are sharp-set, and you lay yourself out to be eaten, but it ain't their habit to go for human flesh. Roots, nuts, berries, bugs and ants small game they can pick up, satisfies their humble appetites as a general thing."

The one-eyed hostler leaned against the post, stroked Pomp's fur affectionately, and continued somewhat in this fashion:

"Bears are particularly fond of fat, juicy pigs: and once give 'em a taste of human flesh—why, I shouldn't want my children to be playin' in the woods within a good many miles of their den!

Which reminds me of old Two Claws, as they used to call him, a bear that plagued the folks over in Bridgetown where I was brought up, wall, as much as forty years ago.

He got his name from the peculiar shape of his foot, and he got that from trifling with a gun-trap. You know what that is—a loaded gun set in such a way that a bear or any game that's curious about it must come up to it the way it p'nts; a bait is hung before the muzzle and a string runs from that to the trigger.

He was a cunning fellow, and he put out an investigatin' paw at the piece of pork before trying his jaws on it; so instead of gettin' a bullet in the head, he merely had a bit of his paw shot off. There were but two claws left on that foot, as his bloody tracks showed.

He got off; but his experience seemed to have soured his disposition. He owed a spite to the settlement.

One night a great row was heard in my uncle's pig-pen. He and the boys rushed out with pitchforks, a gun, and a lantern. They knew what the trouble was, or soon found out. A huge black bear had broken down the side of the pen; he had seized a fat porker, and was actually lugging him off in his arms! The pig was kicking and squealing, but he bear had him fast. He did not seem at all inclined to give up his prey, even when attacked. He looked sullen and ugly, but a few jabs from a pitchfork, and a shot in the shoulder convinced him that he was making a mistake.

He dropped the pig and ran away before my uncle could load up for a another shot. The next morning they examined his tracks. It was old Two Claws.

But what spi'lt him for being a quiet neighbor was something that happened about a year after that.

There was a roving family of Indians encamped near the settlement, hunting, fishing and making moccasins and baskets, which they traded the whites.

One afternoon the Red-Sky-of-the-Morning wife of the Water-Snake-with-the-Long-Tail came over to the settlement with some to their truck for sale. She had a papoose on her back strapped on a board; another squaw traveled with her, carrying an empty jug.

Almost within sight of Gorman's grocery, Red-Sky took off her papoose and hung it on a tree. The fellows around the store had made fun of it when she was there once before, so she preferred to leave it in the woods rather than expose it to the coarse jokes of the boys. The little thing was used to such treatment. Whether carried or hung up, papoosey never cried.

The squaws traded off their truck, and bought, with other luxuries of civilization, a gallon of whisky. They drank out of the jug, and then looked at more goods. Then they drank again, and from being shy and silent, as at first, they giggled and chatted like a couple of silly white girls. They spent a good deal more time and money at German's than they would if it hadn't been for the whisky, but finaly they started to go back through the woods.

They went chattering and giggling to the tree where the papoose had been left. There was no papoose there.

This discovery sobered them. They thought at first that the fellows around the store had played them a trick by taking it away, but by-and-by the Red-Sky-of-the-Morning set up a shriek.

She had found the board not far off, but no papoose strapped to it, only something that told the story of what had happened.

There were bear tracks around the spot. One of the prints showed only two claws.

The Red Sky-of-the-Morning went back to camp with the news; and the other squaw followed with the jug.

When the Water-Snake-with-the-Long-Tail heard that his papoose had been eaten by the bear he felt, I suppose, very much as any white father would have felt under the circumstances. He vowed vengeance against old Two Claws, but consoled himself with a drink of the fire-water before starting on the hunt.

The braves with him followed his example. It wasn't in Indian nature to start until they had emptied the jug, so it happened that old Two Claws got off again. Tipsy braves can't follow a trail worth a cent

Not very long after that a woman in a neighboring settlement heard her children scream one day in the woods near the house. She rushed out, and actually saw a bear lugging off her youngest.

She was a sickly, feeble sort of woman, but such a sight was enough to give her the strength and courage of a man. She ran and caught up an ax. Luckily she had a big dog. The two went at the bear.

The old fellow had no notion of losing his dinner just for a woman and a mongrel cur. But she struck him a tremendous blow on the back; at the same time the pup got him by the leg. He dropped the youngest one to defend himself. She caught it up and ran, leaving the two beasts to have it out together.

The bear made short work with the cur; but instead of following the woman and child, he skulked off into the wood.

The settlers got together for a grand hunt, but old Two Claws—for the tracks showed that he was the scoundrel—escaped into the mountains, and lived to make more trouble another day.

The child? Oh, the child was scarcely hurt. It had got squeezed and scratched a little in the final tussel—that was all.

As to the bear, he was next heard of in our settlement.

[The hostler hesitated, winked his one eye with an odd expression, put a fresh quid into his cheek, and finally resumed:]

A brother-in-law of my uncle, a man by the name of Rush, was one day chopping in the woods about half a mile from his house, when his wife went out to carry him his luncheon. She left two children at home, a boy about five years old, and a baby just big enough to toddle around.

The boy had often been told that if he strayed into the woods with his brother that a bear might carry them off, and she charged them again that forenoon not to go away from the house; but he was an enterprising little fellow, and when the sun shone so pleasant and the woods looked so inviting he wasn't to be afraid of bears.

The woman stopped to see her husband fell a big beach he was cutting, and then went back to the house, but, just before she got there, she saw the oldest boy coming out of the woods on the other side. He was alone. He was white as a sheet, and so frightened at first that he couldn't speak.

"Johnny," said she, catching hold of him, "what is the matter?"

"A bear," he gasped out at last.

"Where is your little brother?" was the next question.

"I don't know," said he, too much frightened to know anything just then.

"Where did you leave your brother?" said she.

Then he seemed to have gotten his wits together a little. "A bear took him!" said he.

You can guess what sort of agony the mother was in.

"Oh, Johnny, tell me true! Think! Where was it?"

"In the woods," he said. "Bear came along—I run."

She caught him up and hurried with him into the woods. She begged him to show her where he was with his little brother when the bear came along. He pointed out two or three places. In one of them the earth was soft. There were fresh tracks crossing it—bear tracks. There was no doubt about it.

It was a terrible situation for a poor woman. Whether to follow the bear and try to recover her child, or go at once for her husband, or alarm the neighbors; what to do with Johnny meanwhile—all that would have been hard enough for her to decide even if she had had her wits about her.

She hardly knew what she did but just followed her instinct, and ran with Johnny in her arms, or dragging him after her, to where her husband was chopping.

Well, [continued the one-eyed hostler,] I needn't try to describe what followed. They went back to the house, and Rush took his rifle and started on the track of the bear, vowing that he would not come back without either the child or the bear's hide.

The news went like wildfire through the settlement. In an hour and a half a dozen men, with their dogs, were on the track with Rush. It was so much trouble for him to follow the trail that they soon overtook him, with the help of the dogs.

But in spite of them the bear got into the mountains. Two of the dogs got up with him and one, the only one that could follow a scent had his back broken by a stroke of his paw. After that it was almost impossible to track him, and one after another the hunters gave up and returned home.

At last Rush was left alone, but nothing could induce him to turn back. He shot some small game in the mountains, which he cooked for his supper, slept on the ground and started on the trail again in the morning.

Along in the forenoon he came in sight of the bear as he was crossing a stream. He had a good shot at him as he was climbing the bank on the other side.

The bear kept on, but it was essier tracking him after that by his blood.

That evening a hunter, haggard, his clothes all in tatters, found his way to a backwoodsman's hut over in White Valley. It was Rush. He told his story in a few words as he rested on a stool. He had found no traces of his child, but he had killed the bear. It was old Two Claws. He had left him on the hills and come to the settlement for help.

The hunt had taken him a round about course, and he was then not more than seven miles from home. The next day, gun in hand, with the bearskin strapped to his back—the carcass had been given to his friend, the backwoodsman—he started to return by an easier way through the woods.

It was a sad revenge he had had, but there was a grim sort of satisfaction in bringing home the hide of old Two Claws.

As he came in sight of his log house, out ran his wife to meet him, with—what do you suppose?—little Johnny dragging at her skirts, and the lost child in her arms!

Then, for the first time, the man dropped, but he didn't get down any further than his knees. He clung to his wife and baby and thanked God for the miracle.

But it wasn't much of a miracle, after all.

Little Johnny had been playing around the door, and lost sight of the baby—and, maybe, forgotten all about him—when he strayed into the woods and saw the bear. Then he remembered all that he had heard of the danger of being carried off and eaten, and of course he had a terrible fright. When asked about his little brother he didn't know anything about him, and, I suppose, really imagined that the bear had got him.

But the baby had crawled into a snug place under the side of the rain-trough, and there he was, fast asleep all the while. When he woke, two or three hours after, and his mother heard him cry, her husband was far away on the hunt.

"True—this story I've told?" added the one-eyed hostler, as some one questioned him. "Every word of it!"

"But your name is Rush, isn't it?" I said.

The one eye twinkled humorously.

"My name is Rush. My uncle's brother-in-law was my own father."

"And you?" exclaimed a bystander.

"I," said the one-eyed hostler, "am the very man who warn't eaten by the bear when I was a baby!"

The Trials of An Engaged Girl.

[Home Journal.]

After all, the yoke of marriage is an apparatus that should sit on two pairs of shoulders; and there is nothing very seemly in seeing a girl wait to wear her own part of it until it has been nicely padded with quilted satin. Looking at the matter from a less elevated point of view, long engagements are rather tiresome in restricting the liberty of girls. Miss Jenny, who is going to marry Mr. Simpson as soon as that hopeful young man gets a living, is obliged in the meanwhile to deny herself many pleasures, least Simpson should take offense. She must eschew balls; she must take care that nobody makes love to her; and for this purpose she is obliged to let all chance comers be speedily informed of her engagement. Unhappily, the symbolism of rings is always unregarded, else the chance comers might discover the fact for themselves by looking at the second finger of Miss Jenny's left hand. If Jenny has no sisters to talk of her betrothal, and if her mother does not accept timely hints to mention it on every necessary occasion, the girl is rather embarrassed for words in which to convey the news delicately to strangers. She cannot allude to Mr. Simpson as "Johnny—" that would be too familiar; she cannot speak of him as "Simpson," for this would sound strange; but if she refers to him frequently as "Mr. Simpson," strangers might draw undesirable inferences from her apparent familiarity with a person thus coldly specified. Then the engaged girl has to put up with a great deal of chaff, which is only pleasing for a while and afterwards becomes intolerable The trials of matrimony are frequently commended to her impatient attention by way of paternal rebuke: "Ah, my dear, you will find out that I was right when you are a wife yourself!" and so forth; or a snub is put upon her too hasty wish to consider herself free by the reminder that she is not married yet, and that there is many a slip between cup and lip. Sometimes Simpson is actually held up to her as a bogey: "My dear, I don't think Mr. Simpson would quite approve of your wearing that cherry ribbon," "Jenny, dear, I think Mr. Simpson would be sadly grieved if he heard you express those opinions," or "Jenny, I am sure Mr. Simpson would not think it proper that you should play croquet with Capt. Mallet." There is enough in all this to make a girl sit down and scream.

Production of Mohair—A New Industry.

The Legislature of Virginia recently granted a charter for the incorporation of a company to be known as the "Virginia Angora Company." The capital of the Association is placed at $2,000,000, of which amount $130,000 is said to have already been subscribed. According to its charter the company is permitted to hold in fee two hundred thousand acres of land, and to issue bonds, but not without the consent of nine-tenths of all the stockholders. A contract has been made with California parties to transfer their stock of thoroughbred Angoras to Virginia, and to furnish also twenty thousand ewe goats of original Maltese stock, to be purchased in and brought from Mexico.

Although the industry has been successful in California, yet the conditions for success are so far superior in the mountains of Virginia as to warrant the transfer of the herds and an expenditure of about $200,000 in making the transfer and in improvements.

The Angora goat is a peculiar animal found only in a very limited area in Asia Minor, at an average elevation of four thousand feet above tide, in latitude about 40° North, a winter climate as low as zero of Fahrenheit, and a moderately hot climate in summer, conditions, all of which, as well as the kind and quality of herbage, are all fulfilled in the location secured in Virginia. By permitting no breeding except from pure thoroughbred bucks, the fourth cross gives a wool as fine, long and silky as the pure stock, and scarcely distinguishable by experienced experts.

The production of mohair will be the principal business of the company, but other important industries will be carried on in connection with it, such as hides for morocco, tallow for the highest grades of fancy soaps, furs, robes, mats and trimmings, Swiss cheese from the milk. The weathers will all be slaughtered at a proper age. They become very large and fat, and the flesh is much superior to mutton, and scarcely distinguishable from the best venison, for which the saddles are usually sold. Large numbers of hogs will be fattened on the refuse, and glue and fertilizers manufactured from the scraps and bones. The horns command high rates for certain manufactures.

"LOVE, faith, patience—the three essentials of a happy life," says a philosopher. Yes, but cheek, money and energy are the three essentials of a business life.

The Important Young Man.

[Old City Derrick.]

There is another fool who talks loud in the cars, and by the same we know that the only time he ever left home was when he went on a cheap excursion to Philadelphia, and carried a lunch in his pocket. He has the silver fever, and is going to Denver. This fact he announces as soon as the car starts by bidding good-bye to his friends, and telling them in a voice like a hotel gong to write him all the news, and remember his postoffice address will be Denver, Colorado.

He goes at once to the newsboy, and while buying a five cent cigar informs him that he presumes he can't get as good cigars in Denver as he can here. The newsboy at once makes an estimate of his foolishness and says: "Going to Denver, are you?" "Oh, yes," is the response, as if it was an every day occurrence for him to go there. And the newsboy marks him for a victim and plies him with pamphlets and candies, apples and oranges, and reckoneth up his profits that night at ten per cent. advance over previous days.

He who is going to Denver returneth to his seat and informs the man in his rear that "piles of fortunes are to be made in Colorado."

"Going there?" asks the passenger, not for information, for that has been given, but to test the young man's foolishness.

"Oh yes," he says.

He leans forward to the man in the front seat, and says: "How far you goin'?"

"Pittsburg. How far are you."

"I'm going to Denver."

"You are?"

"Oh, yes."

The conductor comes along and takes his ticket. "Do I get a train through to Denver as soon as I change?"

"Yes. Going to Denver?"

"Oh, yes."

And the conductor winketh, and the passengers smile at his conceit. But the time of rejoicing cometh when the passenger in the front seat gets off and his place is taken by a man who is not at all curious. To him sayeth the young man for Denver, "Pleasant weather."

"Yes."

"Probably it is cooler in Denver?"

"Probably."

"I'll find out in a few days."

No answer. The young man feels as if his importance wasn't recognized and makes another attempt:

"I spose there's a pretty good chance to make a fortune in Colorado?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I'm going there to find out."

Another silence, during which the passengers look out of the front window and smile. The young man draws a long breath and starts it again:

"Not many fellows who'd go so far from home, and depend on themselves for a living."

The silence becomes oppressive, but the young man is persevering. He leans over, taps the man on the shoulder, and says:

"You had better go along to Denver with me."

Then the passenger wakes up and he says, "Thunder, young man; I've lived in Denver ten years."

And the passengers weep not, neither do they wail, but verily they feel that their days are full of fun and pleasure.

No Charge for Pain.

After Dr. Hall, of Elmira, had given his price for extracting a tooth without pain to a caller at his office a few days ago, the man desired to know his charge if it was taken out with pain. The obliging doctor replied that, in consideration of their close relationship, both being descendants of the man whom Elmira is delighting to honor, viz., Adam, he would extract the tooth and throw in the pain without extra charge—in fact, the relationship being so close, he was willing to make a handsome reduction in the price. At this offer the visitor jumped into the chair and had the aching molar out, but was dissatisfied, and desired to avoid payment, because the doctor's dexterity was such that the tooth was out before he was fairly aware of it and the amount of pain. He says that another time he will go to some office where, if he bargains for pain, he will get it, and not have his tooth pulled out so quick that he don't know it. Some people are never satisfied.

A Forged Letter.

[From the Old City Derrick.]

"I've got a letter here," said Colonel Solon yesterday, "which some one ur nuther is tryin' to play off on me as a reg'lar letter from Joe Kuntz," and the Colonel placed the letter on the desk. It was neatly written and Joe's name was signed to it correctly.

"Certainly, Colonel, that's Joe's letter," said we.

"No, sir-ee bob, no sir," said the Colonel, very positively, "that air letter is a forgery; coz Joe stutters worse than whisky flowin' outen a bottle, an' this 'ere letter reads as straight as a mill-race."

And the Colonel wouldn't be convinced that Joe didn't stutter in his writing.

A MAN and his wife were passing a house where a lot of furniture was displayed, apparently for sale. The man said to his wife, "I will step in and ask the auctioneer if there is an auction here." He soon returned and said, "The auctioneer says there is no auction here but there is an auction near." His wife was quick enough for him, however, for she asked, "Vendue they sell?"

PASSING SMILES.

THE Guinea hen talks too much to be a good layer.—[*New Orleans Picayune.*

A REMARK that always provokes "smile"—"What will you take?"

A "FIREMAN" wants to know how to prevent hose from bursting? Don't wear 'em.

"WHOM shall we marry?" asks an exchange. If you are a man you will marry a woman.

IN use of sounding words men are quite rash. They talk of mystery, and mean but hash.

EVE came silently into the world on the first man's sleep year. She saw him and Adam at once.

THE man who hesitates is lost, but the woman who hesitates gets a fresh grip on her side of the argument.

THE *Sunday Herald* has a long article entitled "Froude on Bunyan." We congratulate Mr. Froude that the bunion is not on him.

THE difference between a church organist and the catarrh is said to be that the one knows the stops and the other stops the nose.

A COUNTRY editor has written to his member of Congress that they must remove the tariff from paper pulp, adding that he will get on a tariff they don't.

AN observing butcher has discovered that the man who can get along with the least amount of meat is the one who insists on having the gratuitous liver.

A NEGRO after gazing at some Chinese, shook his head and solemnly said: "If de white folks be so dark as dat out dar, I wonder what's de color ob de black folks?"

THE most interesting letter in the alphabet that we could ever appreciate is a kissing B.—Yes, and as we have said before, it is the sweetest How can we letter B?

MASSACHUSETTS deacons go out on Sunday morning in spring, in search of the dainty and coy little trailing arbutus and take home a handkerchief full of brook trout.

A MICHIGAN girl has been arrested for carrying a revolver. That is right. No female should be allowed to wear bangs in her hip pocket.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

FEW barbers shave their own faces. This is explained by the perfectly reasonable fact that no barber is foolish enough to make himself the voluntary victim of his own stories.

IT is estimated that there are four million unmarried women in this country. Every one of them looks under the bed previous to retiring, however, and hopes to find a man some time.

A MAN may mash the stove and things,
And black a fond wife's eye;
And she may pound him with a club,
But true love cannot die.

THE New England *Farmer* inquires, "What cows should farmers keep?" Fubbs suggested that they should keep their own, as a serious inconvenience often arises from a propensity to keep those belonging to other folks.

"ICE is ice, this year," exclaims an exchange. We make a note of the fact for fear that our readers may have formed the impression that it was molasses candy, or hash, or even baked beans. It is best not to let this community grow up in darkness.

MAN'S lot is not a happy one. No sooner is he free from his mother's apron strings and slipper than he becomes the slave of some tyrant in pink and white and marries. His wife then bosses him until a baby comes along, and then the baby bosses the whole family.

A CONTEMPORARY contains a long article entitled "The Effect of Smoking on Boys." It is not right to smoke on boys. It imparts a disagreeable odor to their clothes, and when they go home they arouse suspicions in the minds of their mothers which are difficult to eradicate.

"How many glasses did the Herr Doctor drink, Gretchen?" asked a German landlord of his daughter, on his guest leaving the cellar. "Eight, father," replied the girl. "The rascal!" exclaimed the irate host. "Why, he gave me strict orders never to drink more than three!"

Two young men were passing a farm house where a farmer was trying to harness a mule. "Won't he draw?" said one of the horsemen. "Of course he will," said the farmer. "He draws the attention of every fool that passes."

"MOTHER" said the seven-year-old son of an energetic mother not a thousand miles from Rochester, the other day, as he watched her vigorous manipulation of a kitchen utensil, "you ought not to go to heaven."

"Why not, my son?" in a surprized manner.

"Because you would wear out your harp before eternity was half over," was the quiet reply of the young philosopher.

A Fatal Italian Disease.

An Italian correspondent of the *Lancet* calls attention to an insidious and frightful fatal disease called "pellaga," of which no less than 97,000 Italians are said to be dying, at the present time, the number of victims representing 3.62 per 1,000 of the whole population, and in the infected departments, especially in Lombardy and Venice, a higher proportion than ever occurred during the worst cholera epidemic in France. The disease usually runs a slow course, like consumption. Its cause is believed to be the exclusive consumption of maize in a deteriorated condition and the unhealthy state of the hovels in which the rustics live.