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Saturday, August 12, 1893.

The Author of "Gulliver."

Between 1714 and 1726, for a dozen years Swift remained in Ireland, without intermission, altogether apart from public life. At the latter date he went to London, probably needing a change of scene after the shock of Miss Vanhomrigh's death and the grievous sense he must have had that it was he who had killed her, and it was then that "Gulliver" was published. The latter portions of it, which the children have rejected, we are glad to have no space to dwell upon. The bitterness, passion and misery of them are beyond parallel. One would like to have any ground for believing that the Houyhnhnms and the rest came into being after Stella's death, but this was not the case. She was only a woman and was not, after all, of such vital importance in the man's existence.

Withdrawal from the life he loved, confinement in a narrow sphere, the disappointment of a soul which felt itself born for greatness and had tasted the high excitements of power, but now had nothing to do but fight over the choir with his archbishop and give occasion for a hundred anecdotes in the Dublin coteries, had matured the angry passion in him and soured the sweetness of nature. Few people now, when they take up their "Gulliver," go beyond Brobdingnag. The rest is like a succession of bad dreams, the confused miseries of a fever. To think that in a deanery, that calm seat of ecclesiastical luxury, within sound of the cathedral bells and the choristers' chants, a brain so dark and distracted and dreams so terrible should have found shelter!—Mrs. Oliphant in Century.

The [illegible]

The hopeless [illegible] individual stupidity with the most enlightened sanitary measures which the authorities can provide was exemplified the other day on a Grand street car-line. A woman came into the car carrying a baby of perhaps 9 months and leading a little toddler of about 2½ years. Both children, as well as the mother, were comfortably clad, but the children's faces were pasty and unhealthy looking, as if unwholesome food and ill ventilated sleeping quarters were their portion. The former undoubtedly was, for each child was munching a large slice of not too ripe nor too clean watermelon, bought from one of the peddling fruit stands which abound in that locality. The baby in arms kept at his piece with his toothless gums until he had secured several bits, which he swallowed with gusto.

Alarmed for the effect upon his tender or at least youthful stomach, a passenger, another woman, approached the mother.

"Aren't you afraid to let your baby eat that?" she asked, pointing to the fruit.

The woman looked up mystified. "Oh, he likes it," she said.

"But it may make him sick, he is such a young baby," persisted the other.

"Oh, no," answered the mother good naturedly. "He's used to it and peaches," she added, with an air of pride at his digestive prowess.

And the other woman could only return to her seat vanquished, while the watermelon pursued its colicky way.—New York Times.

Consideration in a Silver Mine.

"It is very astonishing," said a gentleman whose business frequently requires long journeys into the interior of the country, "how many examples of innate refinement of feeling one comes across among the roughest of men. A year or two ago I had a survey to make of some land belonging to one of the largest silver mines in —— territory. I had taken my wife with me, and Mr. ——, the superintendent, was most kind in showing and explaining everything to her. One morning we were all standing near a shaft, listening with great interest to his explanations concerning prospects, veins of ore, values and estimates, when suddenly we heard some confused sounds of falling, followed by various exclamations and, we thought, groans.

"'What is the matter?' exclaimed my wife as the cage came up and a big, sturdy fellow stepped out. 'Nothing much, lady,' he answered, and he whispered something to the superintendent, who turned to us with an expression of great concern on his face. 'One of the men who is working below has had a bad fall,' he said, 'his shoulder is dislocated and they fear his leg is broken. Why do they not bring him up at once?' he continued, addressing the great, brawny, red shirted miner who had brought the news.

"'Tom was afraid of frightening the lady, and wanted me to come first,' he answered."—New York Tribune.

Costly Railroads.

The costliest mile of railway is a mile measured on the steel portion of the Forth bridge. The length of this portion is a mile and 20 yards, and the cost of it was considerably over £2,000,000.

The most expensive railway system in the world is the "Inner Circle" line of London, which cost, including the purchase of land, from £600,000 to nearly £1,000,000 per mile. The last constructed mile, between the Mansion house and Aldgate, cost altogether, including "compensations," nearly £2,000,000.—London Letter.

FORECASTING STORMS

ACCURACY AND TIMELINESS IN FORECASTING WEATHER.

Remarkable Success of the United States Weather Bureau in Foretelling Sudden and Dangerous Changes in the Atmosphere in Various Sections.

The signal achievement of the government weather bureau in predicting the disastrous tornadoes in Iowa 24 hours in advance of their awful visitations brought into new prominence the remarkable accuracy with which in these days of advanced science a weather forecast can be made.

The prediction of the Iowa tornado offers a noteworthy example of the value of the government bureau and illustrates the perfection of the system it employs, but the forecast in point of accuracy is duplicated daily. It isn't every day that a tornado starts on a wild stampede, but the weather sharps are expected to keep the cities and towns of the country posted in advance in regard to the weather. The daily forecast has become an all important element in all calculations, whether of pleasure or of business, and could no more be dispensed with than the telegraph or any of the other agencies which have revolutionized affairs.

Several years ago a couple of young army lieutenants who saw tornadoes in every cloudcap kept the western farmers dodging in and out of low ground cellars until they became round shouldered and neglected their crops, but the young lieutenants' experience is now one of the amusing traditions of the office. It is told, too, possibly as a joke, that the colored janitor who had rheumatism and looked upon his left leg as a reliable gauge did the prophesying business when the lieutenants were invited to some swell function.

Things are run differently now, as the reliability of the predictions and the able administration of the bureau attest. It is doubtful, moreover, if any country on the globe has a better equipped service. This is due in some measure to the opportunities of study offered by the diverse climatic peculiarities of the United States. These peculiarities make the work of weather prophesying more a most difficult task, requiring the employment of men of wide experience and learning. It is by no means an uncommon circumstance for the weather bureau to chase half a dozen different varieties of storms over the country in a day. It may be hailing in North Dakota, a tornado may be making sad havoc in the western farming belt, a windstorm may be howling along the Atlantic coast, imperiling shipping, and four or five thunderstorms may be creating alarm in as many different sections.

With all these complications, a short, thickset man, with gray eyebrows and gray mustache, calmly looks over the maps which are made on the reports of every one of the government observers throughout the country and figures out just the kind of weather that may be expected in every state and section. This short, thickset man, with gray eyebrows and gray mustache, is the official who, on examining the maps on the night of July 5, paused for a moment, and then, to the surprise of his assistants, murmured, "This looks like a tornado."

Major Dunwoody was the officer who read the signs aright. The government observers at Sioux City, Des Moines, Keokuk and Omaha had all reported threatening atmospheric conditions, and their reports when reduced to tracings on the maps showed that the center of the atmospheric disturbances was at Cheyenne, with the winds racing from all four points of the compass toward the Wyoming capital. Major Dunwoody has had an intimate acquaintance with storms for years, and this tornado didn't fool him by pretending to rendezvous at Cheyenne. The major is an old army officer, who understands all about flank movements, and he began to figure out where the main attack might be expected.

He was sitting on a high stool in the forecasting room at the weather bureau, calculating on the tornado's probable evolution. The major read the report of the storm sentinels at Sioux City and Des Moines over again and then drew a circle, with the center at Cheyenne and the circumference toward the east, touching Davenport. The major's experience taught him that the most trouble might be expected in the southeast segment of the circle, and before 9 o'clock that night all the observers who furnished the alarming reports were instructed by wire to send out warnings to cities and towns on the respective sections, and orders were also given to employ every means to inform the country districts of the impending peril.

Hours before the storm broke with its terrible fury express trains running through the isolated communities had carried the bureau's intelligence, and those who lived far from the railroad station were warned by whistles which were blown according to an established and well understood code.

How quickly all this was accomplished illustrates the efficiency of the government system as directed by Chief Harrington. At 8 o'clock on the night of the 5th the observations were made, and an hour later Major Dunwoody, with quick judgment based on long experience, had located the storm and had sent out a forecast to the threatened community, telling of the dangers to be feared. How much greater might have been the damage to property and how much greater the loss of life but for the warnings!

The weather bureau did not announce that a tornado might be expected, as tornado predictions went out of favor with the young army lieutenants. The warning, as sent out, was to the effect that severe local thunderstorms were threatened, and the farmers knew full well what was meant. As interpreted by them it signified that a ground cellar would be a good place in which to spend [illegible] 6, 1893.—Washington Cor. New York World.

A Wicked Player.

Colley Cibber was playing cards one night at Tom's coffee house in Russell street, Covent Garden, one of the few houses in London which were only open to subscribers. As the cards were dealt to the impatient Colley, "he took up every one in turn and expressed his disapprobation at every indifferent one." As the game went on, he did not forbear, [illegible] his old remonstrance to Cibber, "Have you not a spade, Mr. Cibber?" "Sir," Cibber [illegible] "I have nothing abroad, but I have [illegible] thousand," a reply which Colley [illegible] very short and poor-spirited man. [illegible] Colley [illegible] "Temple Bar.

The [illegible] Test Destroyed Us.

[illegible] the born [illegible] it [illegible] its name "[illegible] which [illegible] "in destroying [illegible]." The ancients were familiar with [illegible] modes of obtaining [illegible] always allowed [illegible] It was usual [illegible] but particularly where cremation was practiced, the corpse being wrapped in an asbestos cloth so as to keep the ashes of the dead person from mingling with those of the wood or other combustibles used in the funeral pile. The people of Egypt and many other countries of the ancients, especially the royal and wealthy classes, made towels, napkins, tablecloths, etc., of asbestus and cleaned them by throwing them into the fire.—St. Louis Republic.

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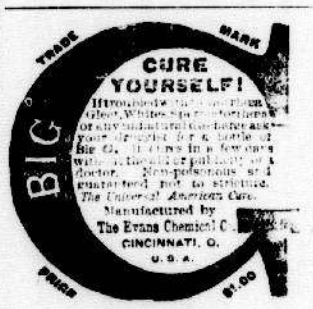

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