

MRS. BATTERY'S CRAZY QUILT.

BY AMELIA SULLIVAN.

Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Battery was a model wife and mother. Please to remark, dear reader, I say was, because after careful observation and deep consideration of the subject, I am convinced that a woman who allows herself to fall under the baleful spell of "crazy" patchwork, becomes surely and swiftly lost to every other influence and heedless of every appeal either to her conscience or her affections.

Well, Mrs. Battery was a dear little roly-poly of a woman, with dark blue eyes, and a soft gurgling laugh that was perfectly infectious, and which had the added charm of suddenly bringing into view two rows of little white teeth and some hitherto unsuspected dimples. Her bright brown hair waved naturally on either side of her smooth white forehead, and Mr. Battery who had the reputation of being quite a connoisseur in female beauties, and given to admiring showy, brilliant women, thought there never was anything in those days of bangs and frizzes, so exquisitely feminine, and bewitching, and suggestive of home and happiness, as that tiny white parting in his wife's bounteous brown hair, and the little rippling waves on her white brow. However, he simply remarked that he "liked that way of wearing her hair," and let it go at that. In his instantaneous mental conceptions of her there was always distinct in his mind, her bright, loving glance, her pretty brow and hair, her dark dress and white apron, and plump, white hands; and generally he thought of her with a baby in her arms. They had been married ten years, and there had been three children, so that Mr. Battery had good cause to remember his wife as holding a babe.

Such a woman it was who fell a victim to that "crazy quilt" mania, which is now insidiously undermining the moral and intellectual character of the females in all ranks of life throughout the whole country.

It was Mme. Pumpnickel, who, being herself demented, introduced the contagious mania, into this hitherto happy household. Who is Mme. Pumpnickel? Everybody asked that the moment they saw her. With her gray hair coiled like a coronet on her well-poised head, and her air of good breeding, and her lively wit, and her gracious manner, one almost expected to hear she was a duchess. But in reality she was only a woman of defeated possibilities. She might have been a world-renowned pianist if she had been born to poverty. She might have been a Senator's wife, if she had married her first love. She would have been a great writer if she had been a better talker, and she would have been celebrated as a wonderful conversationalist if she had been born to wealth, and in Boston, instead of spending her first twenty years in learning and teaching music in a Western State.

But despite her disadvantages Mme. Pumpnickel's consciousness of her own superiority to criticism never deserted her, and never failed to impress, with more or less intensity, those with whom she came in contact.

So when Mme. Pumpnickel opened her valise, and from every part of it came tumbling out silk rags, snippings and clippings of every shade and shape, she said in her gay way:

"I travel like an aesthetic ragman. It's my 'crazy quilt.' You must have one. They are elegant." And Mrs. Battery immediately decided to have one.

That night, when Mr. Battery, who as one of Chicago's prominent men, had been requested to attend "a ratification meeting" down town, arrived home at 10:30 p. m., he looked over the banisters into the dining room, and involuntarily exclaimed:

"Up yet? Why, what in the world are you doing?"

Well might he exclaim. The floor of the room into which he looked was strewn with rags; the dining table was arrayed in loose wrappers, their cheeks flushed and their hair disheveled in their eagerness, were his wife and her guest, pulling about and tossing around the heap of silk scraps.

"Oh, I'm making a 'crazy quilt!'" abstractedly returned his wife, scarcely raising her eyes from her work. "Mme. Pumpnickel is helping me plan squares."

Mr. Battery looked on a moment, his habitual abiding sense of a man's inability to comprehend the mysterious workings of the feminine intellect enabling him to maintain a becoming composure of manner.

"Well, good night!" he said, with the air of one who was giving up a problem.

But as he turned to go his eyes were caught by the familiar pattern of one silken fragment. He drew it from the heap.

"My old necktie! another of my scarfs!"

"Now, Gustave!" cried Mrs. Battery, snatching it away; "you gave up wearing that years ago!"

"Here is one I bought in Paris," said Mr. Battery, giving another pull at the pile, and bringing out a rich blue satin scarf.

And she is so close and stingy with them she won't cut one!" cried Mme. Pumpnickel, gaily.

"Here, Mme. Pumpnickel, I'll give you this for your quilt," very gallantly responded Mr. Battery, handing over the bright silken ribbon.

"Oh!" involuntarily gasped his wife. "Why Gustave! and I've been saving that to use in some such way as this five years!"

"Oh, thank you Mr. Battery! Now I shall always have something to remind me of you in my quilt. Now you see how your wife feels about it! But I shall not divide with her!"

"No, you keep it all!" joyously advised Mr. Battery, keeping up the joke; and he betook himself to bed, leaving the two women delving into the rags.

They finished their squares, though Mrs. Battery had to let the baby cry a little while, till she pined out a corner; but there was not the same cordiality between them as before Mr. Battery's entrance. Mrs. Battery's good sense was all that restrained her from jealousy.

She knew what a belle and flirt Mme. Pumpnickel used to be, and "really," she was mentally saying, "gray hairs and wrinkles would not prevent her being a coquette yet. Will she really take advantage of Gustave's fun and carry away that scarf she knows I was hearing."

But Mme. Pumpnickel, who had a keen sense of humor, and read Mrs. Battery's mind

like a book) really did carry the scarf away to her room and valise, and poor little Mrs. Battery (who lay awake that night planning squares, and thought about that beautiful tie, and Gustave's reckless generosity) never saw again the treasure of which her husband and her guest had so ruthlessly despoiled her.

Immediately after breakfast the next morning the two women sat down to their work.

"I'm going to let Mary dress the baby and pick up the house. I'll just let things go, and devote myself to you."

"Yes, and we'll see how many squares of your quilt we can finish while I'm here."

"We must go to the opera matinee this afternoon, you know."

"Dear me! I hardly feel as if we could take the time," cried Mme. Pumpnickel, who was a musician by nature and training, and adored the opera.

"They worked on their respective squares till the last minute, barely allowing themselves time to dress and swallow a cup of tea each."

"We shall be a little late," said Mrs. Battery, when they were almost at their destination. The next moment she gave a little cry of consternation.

"Oh, mercy! If I didn't leave our tickets on the mantelpiece!"

"How long will it take for us to go for them?"

"Forty minutes, and forty back. Call it an hour and a half. The opera will be nearly over. How stupid of me!"

"Never mind. We can stop and buy that pink satin for your quilt, and then go home and plan two more squares before we go to bed."

"I know you only say that to relieve me. You must be dreadfully disappointed! Oh, they're well named 'crazy quilts!'"

"Yes; but you see I must leave you Friday, so there is only one day more for us to work on the quilt. Dear child," pleaded Mme. Pumpnickel, earnestly, and laying her hand on Mrs. Battery's arm, "don't, don't stop until your quilt is finished!"

"Not even to eat and sleep?"

"Oh, I suppose you'll be obliged to stop for those things," returned Mme. Pumpnickel half in jest, half in earnest; "but you must not let anything else hinder you. Delay would be fatal. Your ardent would soon cool."

But Mr. Battery, in the goodness of his heart, brought home theatre tickets for that night, and the ladies tore themselves away from their rags and accompanied him, but the play being a society drama, gave great display of costumes, and afforded the two demented creatures many occasions to whisperaside, such as:

"Look at that elegant brocade she has on. Wouldn't I just like a piece of that in my quilt!"

"See that rich purple velvet in that page's cloak! Wouldn't that show in yoursquare?"

"I'd just like to snip a piece of that lady's bonnet strings. We haven't any green to light up at night."

Fortunately Mr. Battery did not hear these remarks or he might have feared for his wife's mental condition, and as he sat between the ladies in the car returning home they were obliged to make an attempt at least to speak on other topics besides crazy quilts. The next day, to the great delight of the ladies it stormed.

"We shall have no callers, and we can't go out," they said. So they sat in the midst of rags, snipping, clipping, basting, too busy to comb their hair or change their morning dresses until the daylight began to wane.

"O, dear! It's too bad I have to stop, but I suppose we must," said Mme. Pumpnickel. "We must make ourselves decent before Mr. Battery comes."

And just then there was a ring at the door and a telegram from Mr. Battery that business would keep him down town till between 9 and 10 o'clock.

"And now we needn't dress," joyously cried Mrs. Pumpnickel, "I shall finish this square before I go to bed. I am determined on it."

But it did seem to Mrs. Battery as if the children were never so worrisome before. What was the reason 3-year-old Edith should be so tiresome about getting to bed? And then after she was there she wanted the pillow fixed, and the sheet smoothed, and a drink of water, and at the last moment she called her mamma back because she hadn't said her prayers.

Then when the patient mother again reached the stairs the little voice called:

"Mamma, mamma, Edie wants dollie."

The usually gentle mother, becomes frantic at separation from her "crazy quilt," returned, and snatching up the battered doll, the object of Edie's affections tossed it into the crib.

"There, dollie, get into bed with you," she said, crossly. "You haven't got to say any prayers, because you haven't got any soul!"

Edie snatched up her child and turned on her mother with flashing eyes.

"Tee hab dot tum ton ton!" she roared.

Mrs. Battery, smitten with remorse, kissed her child and smoothed her, and yet it did not occur to the mother how strong and baleful must be the influence which could render her thus hard and petulant to her darling Edith, patient and tender and considerate of the feelings of dollie's mother as she generally was.

The next day Mme. Pumpnickel departed, but the evil which she had disseminated remained. Mrs. Battery grew worse daily until she became a hopeless crazy quilt maniac. The devoted husband, his attention now drawn to the subject, was alarmed to observe how fixed a hold the terrible mania had taken upon his poor wife's aberrated mind. It was only Sunday she abstained from creative work upon this destroyer of domestic unhappiness. But it was, after all, only a physical abstinence, for her husband marked her long memorizing gaze upon the illuminated texts above the pulpit when the gray-haired minister was impressing upon his hearers the spiritual darkness of the Jews. He noted her roving, abstracted gaze over the congregation, and he divined the envy and covetousness in her soul as her eye caught the beauty of some new tint in bonnet-trimming.

One cold morning Mrs. Battery's mother came in from the suburbs, and surprised her daughter with a visit. But no sooner were the old lady's wrappings off than the crazy quilt was brought to notice, and the daughter could not be induced to make any but a momentary digression on any other subject; but there she sat, only stopping reluctantly for lunch, "feather-stuffing" on her "square" as if her next day's bread depended on getting it done before night.

"Well, goodbye," said the old lady at parting. "If they conclude to send you to the asylum at Batavia, tell them to let me know immediately."

And she went back to the suburbs with a little chill of disappointment at her heart.

But while Mr. Battery was racking his brain to know how he could surreptitiously minister to his wife's diseased mind, a kind Providence was sending a blessing in disguise. It was something like the sensational society drama where the sickness of the child recalls the erring wife back to virtue.

Little Philip fell ill. It was only the chicken pox, but as the family physician said, "It was not once in a hundred times that there was such a severe case."

The morning of the fourth day of his illness, as the mother sat holding in her gentle arms the little sufferer, whose swollen face was covered with the confluent eruption, and whose beautiful blue eyes were closed by the disease, little Edie came and looked at her blind baby brother very thoughtfully.

"Philip don't die!" she hissed.

"O no, mamma hope not."

"Mamma wouldn't feel so very bad, Mamma could work all ze time on her crazy twilt zen," rejoined Edie gravely.

drawer lay the five yards of dark-green plush for the border; for the squares were all ready to be put together. Five yards at two dollars a yard, ten dollars! And now there was the case of Philip's sickness to meet. She had regretted the spending of the ten dollar gold piece Gustave had given her. He had told her to buy a comfortable house dress with it. Not that he would ever ask what she did with it. But now she really needed the dress. And ten dollars just for the border of the quilt seemed a good deal. satin would have been cheaper, of course. But then, plush was the thing. Still she sighed a little perplexed sigh as she shut the drawer.

The next Monday morning Bridget left her wash in the tubs, declaring she was sick and must go home to her aunt's.

"An shure ye wudn't be kappin' back a week's pay for a week's warnin' when I'm that sick I can't stand on my two feet!"

So she got her full pay and she went, and when the strange washerwoman hired to finish the wash was gone, it was found that all the towels, and handkerchiefs and stockings had vanished.

Then the intelligence office began to send its Benjamins through the kitchen of poor Mrs. Battery.

It was the same old tribe. In the course of three weeks they had them all—the girl who broke everything from the largest platter down to the handle of the furnace door, the girl who served her hair up with various dressings at each meal, the girl who put her potatoes on to cook when she heard Mr. Battery's voice in the hall, and baked all the griddle-cakes before the breakfast bell rang. And so forth and so on.

But they lived through it all, as people do, and nothing ever really came of it all except a secret change of Mr. Battery's views on the subject of a "burglary," and his growing conviction of such a place as a necessary adjunct to celestial housekeeping.

In the meantime the crazy quilt was almost forgotten. One day, however, when Mr. Battery was enjoying a days vacation in the bosom of his family, a lady visitor came in, and somehow the new style of patchwork became the topic of conversation.

"Ah, but you just ought to see my wife's quilt! Go get it, dear, and let Mrs. Smith see it."

"It's not quite finished. Baby's sickness made me lay it away," demurred Mrs. Battery, who felt a strange reluctance to take out her old inventory.

"Never mind. Show the squares."

"O do. I should so like to see them."

"Prettiest thing you ever saw," enthusiastically said the proud husband.

Mrs. Battery rose and left the room. As she went slowly through the hall and up the stairs her mind vividly recalled that \$10 worth of plush. It seemed a pity not to let Mrs. Smith see that and get a clear idea of the whole effect of the quilt. But it might set Gustave thinking. Of course the gold piece had been her own. Yet he would be astonished at her extravagance. At least he would think it extravagant.

So thinking she opened the drawer. It was empty.

Mrs. Battery stood confounded. The other drawers were packed with old half-worn garments to be remade. No quilt in them. Gone—plush and squares. Also the gingham for aprons, and her unmailed calico dress.

With a lightning flash she recalled sending Bridget to the bureau one Sunday afternoon for dannel for Philip. The next Monday she left.

Mrs. Battery went back to the sitting-room. She was pale, but dry-eyed. She told her woe.

"Never mind, my darling!" said her husband, putting his arm about her. "I'll buy you a handsome Marseilles spread."

For hours and days and weeks of slavish work rose up before Mrs. Battery's mind, the tears gushed from her eyes.

A Marseilles spread! What does a man know about a woman's feelings?" she sobbed.

Blarneyed an Old Lawyer.

By "blarney" is usually understood fluent power of persuasion—the faculty to "talk over" a person to one's own way of thinking by good words, often containing more flattery than truth. An apt illustration of it is related by an old Western lawyer, as a joke on himself, in some reminiscences of his early practice. The incident would make a curious appendix to "Betsey and I are Out," bringing laughter in the place of tears. The narrator says—

I was sitting in my office one day, when in stepped an Irishman whom I will call John White, of Union County, and told me he had been recommended to me for sound counsel in an important case. He had arrived directly from Cork, Ireland, only a few years before, bringing with him his wife and several children as far as Hamilton County, Ohio, where by pure accident he and his "ould woman" somehow got separated, and had not lived together since, and his business with me was to employ me to file a bill for a divorce in the Union Circuit Court. The fee was twenty dollars, which he agreed to pay, and left.

I immediately filed the bill, and had the notice published in the paper for the next term. The next day an accident saw the advertisement, and thereby found out for the first time where the man had stepped after he had left her, and came directly over to the old man's residence. The whole matter was soon reconciled between them.

Soon after this settlement, the old man called at my office in fine humor.

"Misther Smith, the ould woman an' meself 'ay made up!'"

"Indeed! Well, I am very glad of it. You are both too old to separate."

"I know you're glad; you're a good man; I just came over to see what you'll charge a poor man like meself that's just made up with me 'ould woman."

"I charge you twenty dollars, Mr. Wood."

"Ah, sure, Mr. Smith, ye'll not charge a poor body twenty dollars. The minute I landed at New York, I heard of you Misther Smith, that you was a kind-hearted man, and a distinguished sargeant in the law, as ye are, Misther Smith."

"I charge you only ten dollars, Mr. Wood."

"Surely, Misther Smith, ye'll not charge a poor body tin dollars for a little matter like this. Misther Smith I've been acquainted with all the great barristers of Ireland,—with the Posenbys, the Emmets, the Grattaus, the Currans, an' the Burkes—but there's not one of them that's yer equal Misther Smith—ye are so approprable in court, and can take such grand distinctions in the law, Misther Smith."

"I charge you nothing Mr. Wood."

"Ah, you are a gintlemanly man, Misther Smith. Sure, an' you will pay the printer."

Colorado.

Colorado takes its name from the Colorado river, meaning Red Water, and is the youngest state in the Union. It was explored by the early Spanish gold hunters in the sixteenth century, but no settlement was made until the last thirty years. The northeastern part of the state was bought by the United States in the Louisiana purchase of 1803, and the remainder was ceded by Mexico in 1848. About 1860, Major Pike explored the region and gave his name to its highest mountain peak. In 1820, Colonel Long, and in 1843, Captain Fremont, "the path-finder," still further explored Colorado. The discovery of gold in 1858, near the present city of Denver, started a flood of immigration, which has continued almost unabated ever since. Its settling up with extraordinary rapidity, and within a year Denver, Golden City and others were started. Colorado was organized as a territory in 1861, and admitted as a state in August 1, 1876.

One Effect of Crazy Quilts.

"What! has Miss B— sent for another lot of samples?" asked a prominent Lexington street merchant with surprise a few days ago of one of his salesladies who had asked if the handful of vari-colored silks and other suitings she held would please the lady in question. "Why," he continued, with a greater display of surprise, "this is the third time in the last week or two that she has sent for samples, and has not made a single purchase. I can't understand it. It seems to me, anyhow, that we are sending out an enormous number of samples of late, and with but poor returns. It is positive waste, and I shall have to sit down on it. Oh! yes, send them to her this time." He continued as a friend appeared and called him away.

While the merchant was thus venting his wrath a broad and knowing smile illuminated the face of his book-keeper, who was bending over an open ledger in another part of the office. "So the old man has not caught on to the scheme yet," he chuckled, as the "old man" disappeared through the office door.

"No, nor have I," remarked a Baltimore Herald reporter who had heard the conversation.

"Well, I guess you have not got any sisters or lady acquaintances, then, or they would have been after you long ago for your old cravats to cut up and turn into crazy quilts."

"So that is what they want the samples for is it?" surmised the reporter.

"Exactly," answered the man of figures; "and the cheek some of them employ to get the world's share of tears of envy from the eyes of some of your reporters. They have got the craze bad, and the lady the 'old man' spoke of a while ago has got it as bad as any of them."

"Are the quilts they make of any value?" was the next question asked.

"None whatever, except for ornamental purposes and to adorn the crib of some petted baby. Some of them are really beautiful. I saw one the other day which sold at a church fair for \$100, and the lady who made it said that this did not pay her for the time and worry she had spent over it."

Laws of Humanity in a Back Seat.

From the Cleveland Plaindealer.

Rev. R. E. Macduff, pastor of St. Mary's church, was arrested yesterday by Patrolman Seibel for riding a bicycle on Wilson avenue. This morning Mr. Macduff appeared in the police court and pleaded guilty.

"I desire to make an explanation," he said. "I reside at No. 1252 Slater avenue, and my parish is a very large one. I am often called to the bedside of a sick or dying person and must get there as fast as I can. I hope I am a law abiding citizen, but when I receive a call of this kind I am going to respond at all hazards. I consider that in following my calling as a minister I am obeying the law of humanity, a higher law, even though I violate the law made by man."

"Where is your church?" asked the court.

"At the corner of Woodland avenue and Wallingford court."

"I have frequently heard of you," said the judge, "although never on wheels. I am much pleased with your discourse and must go out soon and see you preach."

Mr. Macduff looked pleased and smiled.

"But I want to say to you," continued the judge, "that when the laws of humanity, or higher laws, as you call them, conflict with the laws of this state and city, the higher laws are going to come off second best. I respect your feelings, but the laws to which you are enforcing which I am placed here are applicable to everybody without distinction as to person or occupation. For the present I'll stand by the ordinance. My advice to you is to 'keep in the middle of the road.' If you take to the sidewalk you must go foot."

The Rev. Mr. Macduff was fined the costs, and walked up to the captain's desk and settled.

A Young Lady's Death That Recalls Mrs. Longfellow's Death.

From the New York Sun.

Since the death of the young and lovely wife of the poet Longfellow, which occurred more than twenty years ago at her beautiful home in Cambridge, scarcely anything more tragical has taken place among well-known people than the accident by which Miss Laura Delano lost her life. When the worst has happened suggestions are as unavailing as regrets and yet calamities of this kind are all the more harrowing by reason of their appearing to the survivors to be so unnecessary and easily avoided. In the case of Mrs. Longfellow the sleeve of her muslin dress was ignited by a taper which she was using in making soaping wax impressions to amuse her children. Terror, confusion and dismay followed. The house had been put in summer order, after the fashion of American housekeepers in those days; not a carpet, rug or blanket was to be had and although her husband was on the spot and nearly lost his own life in heroic efforts to extinguish the flames the unfortunate lady perished on her own lawn and in sight of all that she held most dear. Almost the same tragedy was enacted in the case of Miss Delano last Sunday. She was but nineteen years of age and endowed by nature with qualities of mind and character which were only equalled by her remarkable personal beauty. While she was adjusting an alcohol lamp especially adapted to the heating of minute tongs for the curing of ladies' front locks it is supposed that the flames shot up, setting fire to her hair and in a few moments she had rushed out of doors a blazing mass of fire. A little foresight or presence of mind, a blanket from the bed, a shawl wrapped round her, and a valuable life might have been saved.

Where She Drew the Line.

Portland Press. Israel Pinkham and wife moved from Maine many years ago to Utah Territory. They passed through Salt Lake the other day on their way to their old home, and the old lady made no secret of the cause of their return. To the reporter for a Gentile newspaper she said: "My husband and I have lived together these forty-three years, and though we joined the Mormons twenty years ago, nothing was ever said about polygamy until this spring. Then some sneaking priests came and got the old man worked up with the idea that he must have two or three more wives. 'Not much, Israel Pinkham,' says I; 'we've traveled together thus far, and no Mormon will separate us now. We've got two sons and a darter back East who shan't have anybody poking fun at them; and there's the two little boys that we buried back in Maine, you'll say, addressing the old man, who had been a silent listener. He smiled in a faint way, and nodded assent. 'We're going back to Maine,' continued the old lady, 'poor-er than when we came out here, but wiser and no wuses, so far as I know. There'll be no more Mormon in this family.'"

P. J. Elmquist, a jeweler of Morris, Stearns Co., a highly respected citizen, died very suddenly Saturday evening of heart disease while dressing on the river bank after bathing.

Like a Chapter From Charles Reade.

Mrs. E. Weldon, who has for several months past by her caprices and libel suits maintained herself as the social sensation of London, was awarded damages in her suit against one of the doctors who certified to her lunacy during the attempt to have her placed in an asylum. After Mrs. Weldon had secured judgment against her husband for wilful desertion, and had him compelled to provide her with a home, two servants and \$2500 per annum, she attempted to compel him to accord her a restoration of conjugal rights. In this she was defeated. She then scandalized society by accepting engagements to sing in concert gardens, wasting the phenomenal voice that had been cultivated by Gounod upon the beer-drinking habits of such places as the Canterbury, the Oxford and Westons'. Mrs. Weldon took these engagements, her friends say, out of pure "cussedness" and for the sole purpose of tormenting her relatives. During the long and fierce legal warfare between her and her husband, an attempt was made to have her placed and retained in a private lunatic asylum. Two reputable physicians certified that she was insane. When freed from the conspiracy Mrs. Weldon determined to have all the conspirators punished. She sued Dr. Forbes Winslow and Dr. Semple for £1000 each for libel, assault and imprisonment. The case against Dr. Semple was concluded recently and Mrs. Weldon was awarded £1000 damages. Judge Hawkins who presided over the trial, in giving judgment stated that Mrs. Weldon was entitled to the thanks of the public for the very thorough manner in which she had succeeded in exposing one of the very worst abuses of the times.

On Top of the Washington Monument.

Washington Star.

The scene from the top soon to be a familiar one to the citizens of Washington and visitors to that city, is truly magnificent, and no attempt at description would come anywhere near to conveying a true idea of it. It is as novel as lovely. The city is spread out below, you with its beautiful streets, avenues and parks clearly outlined, and the grand public buildings and other prominent structures, dwarfed in their dimensions, until they look like toy houses. The agricultural grounds, and further on the Smithsonian park and grounds, backed by the capitol, make, perhaps the most striking near picture of this grand panorama; but the view of the White House, Treasury and State department buildings to the north, and the picturesque city of Georgetown to the northwest, with the bold architecture of the college building, are hardly less beautiful, while the winding river to the west and south, and the amphitheater of hills to the north and west of the city are transformed by this view from mid-air so as to be hardly recognizable.

"Look down to the ground below," said the colonel.

The elevated scribe looked down through the netting, and for the first time had a realizing sense of his dizzy altitude.

"I am now looking down from a height of nearly 500 feet?" he faintly queried.

"More than that," responded the colonel. "The floor of the monument is on the pile of stonework seventeen feet above the ground. The shaft is now 490 feet above that, making 507 feet; and to that add your own height, and you have it exactly."

Adaptation to Climate.

Dr. A. Bergthaus, in Popular Science Monthly.

The celebrated physician, Boerhaave, believed that nothing breathing with lungs could live in an atmosphere having as high a temperature as that of the blood. According to this dictum, one ought to die at a temperature of 100 deg., but Banks enjoyed good health on the Senegal when the thermometer rose in his cabin to 120 deg. and 130 deg.

Men live on the southwest coasts of Africa, and in other hot regions, where the heat of the sand under their feet reaches 140 or 150 deg. Men in deep mining shafts and under diving-bells are able to support an atmospheric pressure of 30,000 kilogrammes as well as a pressure of only 8,000 kilogrammes on the highest mountains. Cassini thought that no animal could live at a greater height than 4,700 meters, or 15,000 feet; but there are several inhabited places situated at a still greater height, as, for instance, Garkok, in the Himalayas. Alexander von Humboldt ascended Chimborazo to a height of nearly 6,000 meters, or 19,286 feet, without suffering any harm. The pressure of the atmosphere is so light at such elevations that, as Humboldt was assured, wild animals when driven up to them bleed at the mouth and nose. Only the dog is able to follow man as far and as high as he can go; but this animal, too, loses his acute smell in Congo and Syria, and the power of barking in Surinam and at great heights; and the finer breeds of dogs can not long endure the conditions of a height of more than 3,760 meters, or 12,500 feet, while there are towns in the Andes at as great a height as 13,500 or 14,000 feet.