

## INDIANA SKUNK FARM

PAYING INVESTMENT FOR THE INDIANA FARMER.

The Animals Have Beautiful Soft Fur and They Are Very Easily Domesticated.

Auburn, Ind.—(Special)—Skunk farming bids fair to become one of the profitable new industries unless the people arise en masse and protest. There are numerous skunk farmers in Northern Indiana and Auburn will soon have one. Owners of these farms, in several instances, have, however, been enjoined from continuing the business because of the disagreeable characteristic of the skunk.

The company which will farm her is the De Kalb Fur company, and the plant will begin with 100 sleek and shiny skunks. An effort will be made to breed the pure black skunks as far as possible, as their pelts are worth \$1, while the pelt of the striped skunk is valued at only \$1.50.

Skunk culture at the first glance might seem to be a most disagreeable occupation, but such is not necessarily the case. Among the first things done with the young animals is the removal of the scent pouches, after which the little animals are most interesting creatures. They often become great pets and are most intelligent. Dr. Clinton Hart Merriam, the well known naturalist, tells of one which slept in his pocket; while he was driving about on his professional duties, and walked close to his heels when he took a stroll. If he walked too fast the little creature would stop, scold and stamp with his fore feet. If the doctor persevered in his rapid walk, the skunk would turn about and make off in the opposite direction.

Regarding the skunk's most dreadful perfume, the following concise account is given by a naturalist:

The skunk's chief weapon of defense is in the secretion of a pair of small glands that are imbedded in a dense, guard-like mass of muscle, which serves to compress them so forcibly that the contained liquid may be ejected to the distance of from 13 to 16 1/2 feet. Each pouch is furnished with a single duct that leads into a prominent nipple-like papilla that is capable of being protruded and by means of which the direction of the jet is governed. The secretion is a clear fluid, amber in color, has an intensely acid reaction, and in the evening is slightly luminous. Its all-pervading and lasting qualities are so well known to require more than a passing comment. The marked difference in intensity of the scent in different skunks is chiefly due to the age of the animal. When recently ejected the fumes are suffocatingly pungent, extremely irritating to the air passages and are capable of producing edema of the glottis, as are the fumes of ammonia. When inhaled without a large substitute of the atmosphere, the victim loses consciousness, breathing becomes stertorous, the temperature falls, the pulse slackens, and if the inhalation is prolonged the result proves fatal.

The skunk's scientific name is *Mephitis mephitis*, which means a foul-smelling, foul smelling, and shows how much the Latin race thought of him. He is a hibernating animal, but he does not sleep all winter. His family is usually large, from six to ten, so that the propagation of the skunk farms increases rapidly. The fur of the skunk is long, thick and glossy, and in this lies its value. The fur when "made up" is generally Alaska sable and black martens. When skunks have not been domesticated and are caught wild in traps the method of killing them is important. The skunk's back must be broken by a sharp blow from a heavy stick. If the animal is in a trap, approach cautiously and slowly. "If you go too fast," says Dr. Merriam, "he will escape his tail, present his rear and assume an uncomfortably suspicious attitude. Give him a little time and he will about face, peer at you again with his little keen eyes. Now advance a little nearer, be sure of your aim, and when you strike, strike hard. On reaching the blow his hinder parts settle helplessly back upon the ground and the tail, which was carried high over his back, straightens out limp and powerless and the animal soon expires. By twisting or decapitating the animal, the offensive death struggle inevitably will bring about a discharge of the scent."

Naturalists say the theory that the skunk scatters the scent with his tail is absurd and ridiculous. He elevates his tail to be sure of his aim. Another theory that is declared to be fallacious is that the bite of the skunk is always attended by a species of rabies.

This same Dr. Merriam who has made the skunk his special study, declares that its flesh is far more delicate than the tenderest chicken. "I am able," he writes, "to speak on this subject from ample personal experience, having eaten the flesh cooked in a variety of ways."

One of the biggest skunk farms are located near Chicago, which in the Indian language means the place of the skunk. The spot where the city now stands was the natural abode of the red-smelling foul smelling before the fumes came to be the home of the present more foul and more deadly skunk. Naturalists claim that the skunk is a much abused animal, as, in its native haunts, he destroys mice, snakes, grasshoppers and grubs. He is a much abused animal, about as large as a dog, almost all day and it rarely seen until the sun goes down.

Last year 4,500,000 cubic yards of manure was dumped out of the Detroit harbor.

## DIG PRICE FOR RACE HORSE.

Flying Fox Sells For the Handsome Sum of \$16,000.

London, March 20.—At the sale of the late duke of Westminster's string of racehorses, which took place at Kings Clere, Flying Fox, winner in 1890 of the Derby, the Two Thousand Guineas, the Eclipse stakes, and the Doncaster St. Leger was purchased by Edmund



Blane for \$7,500 guineas (about \$156,500). Blane is the son of the founder of Monte Carlo and brother-in-law of Roland Bonaparte.

## BRINGS MORE THAN GRANDSIRE.

Flying Fox is a 4-year-old bay colt by Orme-Vampire, Ormside, the grandsire of Flying Fox, was sold for \$30,000 (\$150,000) to McDonough of San Francisco about six years ago. Flying Fox therefore brought about \$46,500 more than his grandsire.

At the beginning of the sale a reserve price of 20,000 guineas was placed on Flying Fox. This was immediately bid and bids jumped 500 guineas at a time until the racer was "knocked down" to M. Blane, amid great excitement. Blane's competitor in the bidding was a man named Gilpin, who was acting for an American, probably William C. Whitney. The representatives of the elite sporting world were in attendance at the sale, among them being the prince of Wales, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Lord Coventry and Lady Jeanie.

## THE COUNTRY'S CIGAR MARKET.

Tampa Florida Claims to Have Surpassed Havana.

Tampa, Fla.—(Special)—Tampa justly lays claim to being the Cuban tobacco cigar center of the world. In this respect it surpasses Havana, while statistics show that fully 70 per cent of all the cigar revenue paid in the collection district of Florida is paid by the Tampa manufacturers.

Here are the figures which show the magnitude of the cigar manufacturing business carried on in Tampa for the year 1899, and they tell their own story:

Number of cigars made, 122,799,919.  
Amount of revenue collected, \$427,077.69.

Amount of duty collected, \$318,297.19.  
Amount paid for labor, \$2,921,578.42.  
Selling value of the cigars made, \$9,255,913.33.

Value of tobacco imported during the year, \$2,158,000.  
Number of bales imported during the year, 15,096.

Number of persons employed, 6,806.  
Number of cases cigars shipped, 19,060.

The organization of a \$10,000,000 corporation here some two months ago combining great Cuban tobacco manufacturing interests all over the United States, insures the ultimate consolidation here of all large clear Havana cigar manufacturers in the United States. Then Tampa will be the greatest cigar town in the world.

## NEW YORK IS WICKED.

So Says the Vice-President of the Mission and Tract Society.

NEW YORK IS A WICKED CITY.

New York, March 20.—In his introduction to the 73d annual report of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, just published, the Rev. A. F. Schaeffer, D. D., vice president of the society, declares that New York is "a stench to decent people and an abomination in the sight of God, because of its moral degradation."

"From being an American city," he writes, "New York has become strictly cosmopolitan; from being a practically Protestant community it is now very largely Roman Catholic and Jewish as well as Protestant."

"Not all the signs of the times, however are encouraging. . . . The condition of New York City today, judged from the standpoint of the social, vice, or liquor traffic, or gamblers' profession, is truly appalling."

"We suspect the town will have to drink to the full the bitter cup of its own mixing until it becomes intoxicated with the iniquitous draught and spews it out. Then, and only then, can reputable citizens look for a decent government."

"Church life," Dr. Schaeffer continues, "in this city during the last year has not been all one could wish. While there have been signs of quickening here and there, on the whole evangelical denominations have lost ground. With the exception of the Episcopalians all of them have lost in their numerical church memberships."

## WHISKY.

The following analysis of whisky is from a Kentucky paper:

From a bushel of corn the distiller gets four gallons of whisky, which retails at . . . \$16.50  
The U. S. Government gets . . . 4.40  
The railroad company gets . . . 1.60  
The manufacturer gets . . . 4.00  
The dray man gets . . . 2.30  
The retailer gets . . . 7.60  
The consumer gets . . . Drunk  
The wife gets . . . Hungry  
The children get . . . Rags  
The politician gets . . . Other

## CALIFORNIA BEAR FARM

MAN RAISES BEARS AND MAKES A GOOD PROFIT.

Found Bruin Was Increasing Faster Than His Sheep and Starts To Raise Them.

San Francisco, Cal.—(Special)—Sixty miles west of Ukiah, Utah, in the highest, wildest depths of the coast range of mountains, is where Bog Bowman and his mother and sister live. They run what is probably the queerest farm in the world, for they raise bears for the market. Their average income is about \$2,500 a year. This is how it came about, told in his own words, and it is all true:

"We started out to raise sheep and hogs the same as other ranchers, but the bears killed them faster than we could raise them. The bears ate up more of our stock and all of our profit, and there was no way of getting shut of them with so much waste land about, so I made up my mind that they would have to pay their own keep."

Bog Bowman is known by his name as a hunter of bear to every sportsman in northern California, and any sportsman who is so lucky as to receive an invitation to visit the Bowman ranch in the autumn or winter, when the annual "cleaning out" occurs, has tales to tell about the rest of his days of Bowman's bear ranch.

Ten miles from Laytonville, Bog says his cabin is, but it is ten miles as the crow flies, not by the up-and-down road a horse walks.

Away back in the forties the Bowmans crossed the death-trail plains, a young couple from Missouri. When the gold hunters came, Bowman opened a tavern at the ford of the Sacramento river, where the city stands today, and here nine children were born. It was the first outpost of civilization which the returning miner came upon, and it was not infrequently that the Bowmans took in a hundred dollars in the morning before the children had eaten their breakfast, all in gold dust at \$15 an ounce. It was Mrs. Bowman who answered with the rowboat the miner's summons from the opposite bank of "Ho! Ferry!" and it was she who cooked the almost priceless vegetables carried around the Horn in this, and sold to the miners for an amount gauged by the number of tins remaining in the larder.

Finally Bowman died—a drunkard, they say—and his wife sold out the place. Taking her children, she moved up into the fertile hills of Humboldt county and made a home. The Indians came and burned her house and barn and drove off her cattle, but she never bent her head to fate. Wounded in the thigh, with her children, the older ones leading and carrying the younger ones and a babe of 3 months in her arms, she kept her pursuers at bay with her rifle, and covered her retreat to the nearest neighbor, five miles to the south. It was the last outbreak of the Indians, but it cost Mrs. Bowman her all, and the federal government is still denying her claim for reimbursement.

She moved farther south into Mendocino county and took up her present home, which, with the children's aid, she has managed to make support them.

There were so many bears on the ridge that they ate the sheep and hogs and even the chickens, and the brave woman watched her own brood that none of them were carried away by the beasts. The children had all grown up and married to homes of their own except Bog and Mary.

Mary is almost as famous a hunter as her brother, and many of the pelts which go to the city in the spring have her name written inside. When any of the family kills the mother bear it is an invariable custom to bring home the cubs. To Mary falls their raising.

Pansy is the only bear they have ever kept many years, but she became such a pet that none of the family was willing to part with her till she began to break her chain and wander about creating havoc. Then Bog hired an Indian to shoot and bury her, pelt, fat and all.

Sitting with her apron full of apples, Mrs. Bowman would give them one at a time to the brute, rapping her smartly over the nose if the bear showed impatience. But Mrs. Bowman always got out of range of the great paws before the end of the apples was reached.

Six feet tall, with snow white hair, Mrs. Bowman steps over the steep, rough trails about her home as lightly and flat-backed as a boy, as if up there so near the sky she had found the fountain of eternal youth to nullify her 76 years of hardship and womanly burdens.

Bog is six feet four inches tall; thin as an Indian, afraid of nothing he ever met, and like his mother, he will be a child all his days. Simple, honest, hospitable, but with strange ideas of the majesty of the law, they live at the top of the mountain ridge, owners of all the land in sight from the height where the cabin stands. Bog is a czar in his own land, with a patronizing amiability for "city folks," of whom he stands in great awe when in their own confines, but considers less than children in his. He has laid down laws and whoever comes within his domain must obey them. No dog which noticed a deer could stay longer than a man who would shoot a doe or yearling or a bird in the mating season. Even a bear has its rights, and they must be respected.

## FACTS ABOUT LIQUID AIR.

Prof. Tripler Gives a Few Pointers Concerning It.

Chicago, Ill.—(Special)—Some interesting and altogether new facts are given concerning liquid air by Charles E. Tripler, who has been making numerous experiments with the fluid. He also denies many absurd stories which he says have been set afloat by irresponsible persons, and gives an insight into the real character of liquid air that will give the general public a new idea of its properties. Here are his words:

So many wild stories have been set afloat about liquefied air that I have been accused of attempting to foist several absurdities upon the public. For instance, one story got out that I proposed to run an engine with three gallons of liquid air long enough to make the engine manufacture seven gallons of the same article. The tale was considered authentic and people called into me and accused me of claiming that I had invented perpetual motion. The yarn was almost too ridiculous to deny. What I did say, and what I still maintain, is that the expansive power of the air not used up will assist in the manufacture of more liquid air.

The proposed scheme to cremate dead bodies by means of liquefied air is also absurd. The body is largely composed of water and liquefied air will not assist in burning it in the least. Somebody will have to first invent some compound that will burn water. Liquid air is not combustible and it is not explosive in itself.

One day I performed the experiment of freezing the beefsteak in the air for a small party. I broke the steak into a dozen pieces, which fell about on the floor. As I continued my experiments I noticed a young man with a lighted match stealthily creeping up on a small bit of the frozen steak. Mind you he was using the stealth on the beefsteak, not on me. Pretty soon from a distance of about four or five feet the young man reached forward and gingerly touched the lighted match to the frozen piece of meat. Then he sprang back clear to the other side of the room as if he expected to be blown out of the house into the middle of the street. After a while the young fellow grew courageous enough to try it again but this time he did it a trifle more boldly and did not jump back nearly so far. Several times he tried the experiment without superinducing any explosive results. Then he appealed to me and wanted to know why it didn't do it. It seems that the young man had thought that one frozen porterhouse steak would blow up a building about the size of the Auditorium. He had come to investigate liquefied air as an agent for the cremation of the dead.

The report concerning the remarkable cures of cancers which have been treated with liquefied air is quite correct. Some of the cures which have been effected are little short of marvelous. Perhaps they are not short of it at all. One man who was treated in New York had a cancer of the nose. Not only was the cancer cured, but all of the nose, which had been eaten away, was perfectly restored and no trace of the cancer was left. Carbuncles have also been treated with perfect success. There are now two or three hospitals down east which are using liquefied air upon patients continually. At my laboratory we make the liquid for these institutions twice every week.

The air liquefies at 312 degrees below zero. Just above this point it returns to the gaseous state. At 311 degrees it exerts a pressure of 20 pounds to the square inch. At 200 degrees below the pressure is 2,000 pounds and at the ordinary atmospheric temperature from 10,000 to 11,000 pounds to the inch. At 347 degrees above zero steam exerts a pressure of only 119 pounds to the square inch. It will be at once noted that the difference is tremendous. In this great force of the gas from the liquid air lies the great value of the new discovery.

## ASKING ABOUT LIVESTOCK.

To Take Classified Census of the Western Cattle.

St. Louis, Mo., March 20.—Within two weeks C. F. Martin, secretary of the National Live Stock association, with headquarters in this city, will start out with a large corps of enumerators to carry out the classified census of live stock between the Missouri river and the Pacific coast.

Shy old cows will be obliged to tell their ages and scrub stock of every description will have to give an account of their antecedents. Under the new system authorized by the agricultural department of the census bureau the work will be classified.

"We expect to encounter some obstacles in the work," said Mr. Martin, "as there has always been an effort made by a certain class of stock raisers to conceal the number and class of animals owned by them. This is one of the obstacles which will have to be overcome, and we have decided to meet it in the stock conventions held at various points."

Mr. Martin has very recently returned from Washington, where he went to confer with M. L. G. Powers, who is at the head of the live stock census department. The department will employ a week authorize Mr. Martin to employ what office and outside help he deems necessary and to proceed with the work. Mr. Martin said that he would make his headquarters in this city and that the clerical part of the work would be done by a large office corps here.

There has been an unprecedented demand this season for novel and fashionable black dress fabrics.

## A TEMPORARY EXCHANGE

It was 8 o'clock of a Saturday morning in February, when Mr. and Mrs. Stone drove out of the farmyard and took the road northward. The crisp snow of the highway, packed and polished by weeks of good sleighing, creaked under the runners of their "cutter" and the sun was shining gloriously over the wooded hills to the eastward.

The Stones were going to spend Sunday with "Cousin Maria," Stone's second cousin, and the object of Mrs. Stone's admiration and envy. She declared that there was no house like Cousin Maria's and no domestic conveniences and advantages like those she enjoyed; that nobody wore such beautiful clothes, or had such resources to "do with" as Cousin Maria. In short, Mrs. Amasa Stone, who had not been a great while married, and who had one of the nicest little farm-houses in the country, as well as one of the best and most devoted husbands in the world, was somehow a victim of the most disagreeable and distressing malady, envious discontent; and the immediate occasion of it was—Cousin Maria. If she could only exchange places (perhaps not husbands, but everything else) with Cousin Maria, how happy she would be!

Curiously enough—by what strange irony of fate which we often see cropping out in human life—Cousin Maria felt the same way toward Mrs. Stone. She secretly but sincerely envied the little woman with the big, devoted, lover-like husband and the model farm house overlooking one of the most beautiful and productive valley farms in New England. "If I could only keep house like Cousin Maria!" she would sometimes say to her husband, and then she would add to herself: "Perhaps I might if I had the nice house and the things to do with that she has."

Sincere and cordial envy does not make people dislike each other, by any means; and it was natural enough that Mrs. Stone and her cousin, Mrs. Holmes, should enjoy visiting each other and thereby adding fresh fuel to their mutual admiration. They traveled back and forth on these social exchanges a good deal, and their husbands, who liked each other (and each other's fare by the way), were never averse to "driving over" for a day's outing. The two farms lay some twenty miles apart, in different townships, and about midway between them was a village, where the Stones and the Holmes each had a special friend, with whom it was convenient and pleasant to stop for dinner while going a-visiting.

The sleigh bells rang cheerily and the miles rapidly fell away behind the Stones' cutter this February morning as they drove along toward Hydeville, the halfway village.

"I hope nothing will happen to the stock or the hens over Sunday," said Mr. Stone.

"Oh, don't worry about that," exclaimed his wife. "You spoke to Leonard, as usual, didn't you?"

"Yes, I asked him to fodder once a day and attend to the milking. But he lives quite a little piece away, and if it should come on to storm—"

"Storm! Look at the sky!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone, with a scornful laugh. "I declare if you aren't the greatest man to worry over nothing!"

It was still gloriously pleasant when they reached Hydeville at 11 o'clock, and they stopped there full two hours. As they again took the road, at 1 o'clock, they noticed that the sky had become slightly filmy, but as it frequently does cloud over thus toward the close of a fine winter day, they were neither surprised nor disturbed. At 3 o'clock, however, the wind began to rise, the sky grew more overcast, and before long was spitting sharply out of the north-east.

"What do you think about a storm now?" asked Mr. Stone.

"Drive along and get there as quick as you can," was his wife's only reply, as she gathered the buffalo robe more tightly about her.

When they reached the Holmes farm, at about 4 o'clock, the wind was howling and the snow driving across the landscape in sheets. Mrs. Stone got out at the side entrance and plunged shiveringly against the door, but turned at once to her husband with a look of surprise and consternation. The door was locked. So were the front door and kitchen door, as they speedily discovered.

"They're away from home," announced Mr. Stone.

"They're gone visiting," groaned his wife. "Oh, dear! Do you suppose it's possible they're gone to visit us?"

"Shouldn't wonder a bit," replied Mr. Stone. "Come to think of it, I heard a man's laugh when I went over to the store in Hydeville that sounded like John Holmes." But I couldn't tell where it came from and couldn't see anybody that looked like him, so gave it up."

"Goose!" cried Mrs. Stone. "He was probably over at Jason Soper's, where they always stop—out in the barn, like a lot. If you'd only mentioned it! Well, we must just make the best of a bad job. I know where Maria puts the kitchen key when she's away, and we might as well go in and take possession—as they will have to do at our house, I reckon."

The key was found on a nail under the stoop, and Mrs. Stone proceeded to take possession, while her husband stabled his horse. When Mr. Stone came in he found the lamps all lighted and his wife in a high state of excitement and delight at the prospect of "using Cousin Maria's nice things for a while! I guess it's all for the best," she announced, with unexpected cheerfulness. "For once in our lives we will have a taste of keeping house with modern conveniences!"

It was a tremendous snowstorm that swept New England during February 25 and 26. Mr. and Mrs. Stone were snowbound for a week in the Holmes house, and Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, as it happened, were similarly imprisoned in theirs. Roads

were not broken through for six days, and no one knew how his neighbor was faring.

In the meantime Mr. Stone took care of Mr. Holmes' stock, and Mr. Holmes took care of his, while their wives revelled to their hearts' content in the supposed domestic advantages and improvements for which they had envied each other so long. At last the two families were able to get word to one another, and a day was set for the mutual evacuation of each other's premises and a meeting at Hydeville on the way. Both parties were invited to dine at Jason Soper's that memorable day, and the reader may be sure it was not one of those dinner parties that languish for lack of conversation.

Late in the afternoon, as the Stones came in sight of their own pleasant farm house, Mr. Stone said, hesitatingly, "John and I had some talk of exchanging farms while we were harnessing up. We thought, if—"

"Stop right there, Amasa Stone!" cried his wife, with a sudden uncalled burst of tears. "If you ever mention such a thing again—"

"Why?" exclaimed Mr. Stone, in glad astonishment. "I thought you were crazy for Cousin Maria's modern conveniences, and John said that Maria made life a burden to him by hankering after yours. So we thought we'd please both of you by swapping farms."

"Well, you'll neither of you ever hear anything more on the subject from Maria or me," sobbed Mrs. Stone. "We were both of us so homesick and so aching that we burst out crying when we were up in the front chamber at Mrs. Soper's, and confessed what fools we had been. I guess neither of us will ever quarrel with her own things again—least of all, with her own husband."

## Gave Him His Cue.

He is a Michigan boy now fighting in Manila. Once, when on a trip east, he squandered his substance too freely, became remorseful, and while in this mood enlisted. There was nothing vicious about him, but he was a big, strong, impulsive young fellow who had yet to learn that there are limitations even to the American fighting hero's independence. One morning he was missing and there was conclusive evidence that he had deserted. He was Corp. Dime, his name the whimsical suggestion of the one coin he had left when he went to the recruiting office.

Just as the war with Spain became a certainty he was walking along by the Planter's Hotel in St. Louis and came face to face with his old captain. Instinctively he clicked his heels together and saluted.

"I don't know you, sir," said the captain gruffly. "Never did know you. You don't know me. Never forget that, sir. Your name might be Nickel, for anything I can tell."

"Half right," laughed the stalwart youth, who had twiggled the captain. "I have been longing to enlist since this trouble threatened. What would you think of it?"

"Any folks?"

"A mother, well and happy," and they looked each other in the eye, for it was her serious illness that had caused the boy to ask for a furlough and then deserted when it was refused. "I think I saved her once."

"Glad of it. Glad you want to enlist. Never knew you before, but, young man, be careful to be as awkward as any one in the awkward squad."—Detroit Free Press.

## The Lash in England's Navy.

Flogging is almost unknown in the British navy nowadays, but it has not been abolished by law. The lash is used as a punishment for a limited number of offenses, and not infrequently years pass without a single application of the lash. Recently, however, an incorrigible character on board one of the warships at Cape Town, was sentenced to receive 18 lashes. He became unconscious before the punishment was completed and was sent back to his quarters. The affair created a great sensation in England and may lead to organized agitation for the abolition of flogging in the navy. Fifty years ago a sentence of 18 lashes would have seemed to the public simply a normal penalty for an infraction of discipline and would have occasioned no comment. Today it is described as brutal.—Boston Transcript.

## That Lafayette Dollar.

Readers who may wonder why it is that their favorite newspapers do not illustrate the new Lafayette dollar among other matters of interest are informed that it is because of the peculiar wording of an act of congress and the peculiar interpretation placed upon it by the secret service department of the treasury, which, taken together, make it a penal offense to print a representation of any coin. According to this absurd ruling, a newspaper picture of a silver coin is a counterfeit of that coin and must be dealt with as severely as if there was danger that it might be circulated as such.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## How she Did It.

"Well, how did your wife manage her shower bath, deacon?"—She had her good luck, Madam Moody told her how she managed. She said she had a large oilskin cap, with a cape to it, like a fireman's, that came all over her shoulders, and—"She's a fool for her pains—that's not the way." "So my wife thought." "Your wife did nothing of the sort, I hope."—"O, no, doctor, she used an umbrella."—"What! used an umbrella; what the mischief good did the shower bath to her?"—She said she felt better. Her clothes weren't wet a bit. She got under the umbrella for half an hour, till all the water had trickled off and said 'twas cool and delightful, and just like a little shower bath in summer. Then she took off her things and rubbed herself dry arter."