

LONDON'S DAYS OF NIGHT.

Black Ice With Frost, Which Made Awful Work.

Trains and Vehicles That Could Not Go Their Work—Streets With No Lights—Seen Most Their Lives—Shipping Stood Still.

London has reason long to remember her recent visitation by the fog. It began to be seen on a Monday, and continued with little interruption for five days. Papers now to hand contain long accounts of the inconvenience and danger to property and life by which this peculiar feature of English life was attested. Very cold weather for England preceded and accompanied it. For two or three nights a sharp frost had held the southern and midland districts in an icy grip. In Leicestershire the thermometer showed 23°; while at York and in London it was 26.17°; indeed, on the grass at Brighton the thermometer marked 21°. These figures indicate very severe weather for England. It is added that thick hoar frost lay on the ground and roofs.

On Tuesday, the frost was accompanied by a thick fog, which threw the metropolis into dense gloom, delayed traffic in various directions, and stopped it altogether on the river. On the railways fog signals were stationed at short intervals, and the reports of the detectors were loud and frequent. On the Thames navigation was

ENTIRELY SUSPENDED

In consequence of fog, several large steamers, inward and outward bound, being delayed. Oddly enough, a few days before this frost ripe raspberries were gathered at Wisborough Green, in Sussex, and there were many plants in full bloom. Ripe wild strawberries were also picked at Waldron, in the same county, and in the Weald of Kent. The severe frosts, of course, destroyed the prospects of any further second crops. Ice in Bushey Park was two inches thick.

When the fog set in with renewed vigor on Tuesday it was very dense. At no time was it possible to see more than a few yards. The fog, which had then continued more or less for three days, was very general over the London area, and artificial light had to be used both indoors and out throughout the day, while during the greater part of the time darkness was fully equal to that at midnight. Over the greater part of the metropolitan area the gaslights were kept burning the whole of the day. The inconvenience caused was very great. On the complicated system of railway by which London is served it was impossible to keep time. Trains were not merely delayed, but in several instances whole service was completely disorganized. The marvel was that, even with all the assistance of fog signaling, it was possible to control the coming and going of hundreds of trains without accident. Risk must be enormously increased when the time table can no more be followed, when there is a sort of a go-as-you-please arrangement in operation, and the trains run, in the expressive but almost despairing language of officials, anyhow.

Many of the omnibuses were as evil plights. A journey from Chancery Lane to Regent Circus, ordinarily performed in twenty minutes, occupied an hour and a quarter. A disconsolate conductor declared that he had stood for forty minutes.

WITHOUT TURNING A WHEEL.

Money would hardly tempt the cabmen to cross London Bridge, encumbered with traffic, and the roadway slippery with that peculiar greasy film which fog produces, and which thoughtful motorists withers so often forget to relieve by sprinkling gravel and sand on the treacherous surface. The extent to which such a pall of Egyptian darkness acts in restraint and disorganization of business was hard to realize. It was almost pitiable to see the depots of the great carrying houses literally blocked with vehicles unable to get about at a time when expedition was most devoutly to be wished. It Christmas parcels were delayed, the carriers were justified in pleading fog in their defense.

In the shops business was wonderfully restricted. At one large establishment there were not more than thirty customers, when usually in there would have been counted a throng at least ten times as numerous. Several branches of business, notably those connected with the building trade, were momentarily at a standstill, and even thousands of workmen were out of employment. Nor was personal discomfort wanting. To many persons acute pain was caused to the eyes, to a still larger number difficulty of breathing; and these inconveniences were not to be evaded by remaining indoors, for the penetrating material invaded every apartment, however well warmed and cozy otherwise.

In its editorial comments on the melancholy situation, the London "Daily News" observed that the city with five millions of people had had the daylight dotted out by a dense and irritating thickness in the air, and nothing could be done, nothing even attempted, to remedy the evil. Every house was blackened, furniture and hangings dirtied and spoiled, in many of the shops immense damage was done to delicate and costly goods, business of all kinds was hindered, and the traffic of the crowded streets was stalled to a funeral pace, yet nobody even asks why such an evil was so patiently endured. The physical injury inflicted on large multitudes and the convenience and suffering which nearly everybody had to endure made such a visitation a public calamity. There were few persons on whom direct loss was not imposed, and who would not find it to their advantage to make a considerable payment in the way of "ransom" if it could buy immunity from the nuisance. This journal finds it difficult to believe that nothing can be done; that science has said its last word on the subject; that enterprise and discovery have been exhausted, or that legislation is impossible. On the south and east coasts of the vast tracts of country the weather was fine and clear, while London was a city of dreadful night. "It would be better," says the "Daily News," "to try the American rain-making experiment than none at all."

Apart, however, from any effort to deal with the fog and smoke, the same paper says, the local authorities, who are least likely to dispense the darkness. The lighting of the streets is entirely in the hands of the vestries and district boards, and they seem, as a rule, to be utterly paralyzed by such a fog. In some parishes the public lamps were lighted at the morning and kept burning all day, but in others they were made to light the streets till the usual hour in the evening. In Chancery Lane the public lamps were lighted at the City end, but

NOT A SOLITARY LIGHT

was visible in all the rest of that busy thoroughfare. In St. George's Bloomsbury the streets were illuminated in the part of St. Pancras which is in St. Pancras they

were left dark. In some parts the lamps were used in the main thoroughfares, but all the other streets were neglected, while there are several hundred crossings at which some special illumination needed to be provided.

Incidents of the fog on Tuesday gathered from several sources make up an interesting record. The temperatures in the morning were exceptionally low in and around London. At Wallington, about two miles from Croydon, the shade thermometer registered 13° or 19° of frost; at Northwood, 13°; at Croydon, 16°, and at Brixton, 18°. In the southern suburbs of the metropolis the thermometer did not exceed 22°, and in the evening, in spite of the fog still continuing very dense, the temperature was again falling, and there seemed every prospect of a very cold night.

Every square inch of the Serpentine was covered with ice 1½ inch in thickness, and it was rapidly increasing in solidity. The Long Water had upon it capital ice. On the waters there were numerous sliders and skaters in spite of the prohibition, but it was impossible to keep them off. An average of about 14° of frost prevailed in suburban London. There was the greatest risk of accident in passing through the parks. Some omnibus routes were without vehicles owing to the fog, and in the suburbs double police went along their beats in double patrols.

Exceptional delays were caused in the Channel passenger traffic, owing to the heavy fog prevailing in and near London. The Calais Continued Express from Charing Cross, with ninety passengers, which should have arrived at Dover at 12:43, did not reach there until about 2:15. The Calais boat was detained until 1:45 and then left with the passengers by the London and Chatham Line, who had arrived within a few minutes of their ordinary time. Upon the Southeastern passengers arriving at Dover very great dissatisfaction was expressed at there being no boat to convey them across the Channel. They had to remain at the hotels in Dover until 6:30, when they crossed in the Club boat, which service had also been delayed from a similar cause an hour and three-quarters.

Intensely cold weather prevailed in East Kent, and the ponds and lakes were frozen to a great thickness. Skating was freely indulged in. On Tuesday there was a dense fog in many parts of the country, and nearly all the London trains were considerably delayed from this cause. Only in the most severe winters has the Hyth Canal been frozen over before. The frost penetrated five or six inches into the ground.

The entrances to the Thames and Medway were blocked for several hours by a dense fog. The passenger boats between Sheerness and Port Victoria, in connection with the Southeastern Railway, had to stop running. Harbor were suspended. The fog was very severe at Sheerness, and the Government canal across the lower portion of Sheppey was frozen over and occupied by skaters.

William Briggs, aged seventeen, a boy in the service of the London and North Western Railway Company, was going to work at Collier Dock, Poplar, when he fell into the dock during the fog and was drowned.

A man was found lying insensible in the causeway by the side of the River Wandie of Wandsworth. His clothes were wet, and he appeared to have fallen into the river during the fog, succeeded in getting out, and then to have become unconscious from exhaustion. He was conveyed to the Wandsworth Infirmary, where he was attended to by Dr. Passmore, but he died soon after admission.

The Brighton and London parcels mail coach was proceeding from Croydon toward Streatham when, owing to the dense fog, James Crown, the driver, mistook his way, and drove into the Thornton Heath pond. Fortunately there is a low dividing wall in the center of the water, otherwise the coach must have been overturned. The driver was thrown from his seat into the pond, and sustained a severe shaking. Assistance speedily arrived from the Thornton Heath Police Station, and the horses and coach having been extricated and another coachman obtained, the mail resumed its journey after ninety minutes' delay.

Early in the morning a serious collision, which resulted in severe injuries to the persons, took place on the Metropolitan Railway between Harrow and Pinner stations. It appears that a number of men were engaged in unloading ballast from some trucks which were standing on the down line, when the first down train was heard approaching, and before an alarm could be given, came into violent collision with the ballast train. The morning was unusually dark, in addition to which a thick fog prevailed, and this, it is surmised, prevented the signals from being observed. The driver, who had been on duty for some time, was thrown from his seat into the pond, and sustained a severe shaking. Assistance speedily arrived from the Thornton Heath Police Station, and the horses and coach having been extricated and another coachman obtained, the mail resumed its journey after ninety minutes' delay.

The fog which settled on Leeds on Sunday morning continued increasing in density. Pedestrianism was both difficult and dangerous, and all vehicular traffic was rendered well-nigh impossible. Added to the fog was a keen frost, of which some 10° or 12° was registered. The railway companies suffered from the effects of the fog, trains on the line were delayed, and the tram cars discontinued running, as also did the different services of omnibuses.

During the fog at Morley, Albert Holroyd, a brakeman, was knocked down and instantly killed, while Joseph Watmough, a baker of Fairbank, was drowned in the canal through missing his way.

Russia's Outlook.

Russia admits that she has enough on hand just now with her million of starving people, and has little time to spare for enthusiasm about the Franco-Russian entente or the Triple Alliance. The "European Messenger" says: "Russia has before her, in the interests of the empire, a task which precludes any idea of an adventurous foreign policy. In Vienna it is believed that the famine may hurry Russia into a war. This possesses neither money, credit, nor the necessary self-confidence for war. If foreign countries were responsible for the present famine, then, perhaps, there might be some sense and reason in going to war, but the fact of its origin is the situation is to be found in Russian administration. The fact is well known in Russia, and people should therefore, once and for all, cease to stir up national and religious strife. Russia has at present no need for any foreign policy; she has too much to put in order at home."

In the Same Box.

"You have been in the army a great many years, but I have never heard of your capturing anything," said an old coquette to a somewhat venerable officer.

"You ought to have a fellow-feeling for me."

"Why?" was the reply.

"Because we both know what it is to grow old without making any conquests."

THE SLEEP WE NEED.

A Few Words as to How It Can Best be Obtained.

That the amount of sleep required by different individuals is decidedly different has almost passed into an axiom. Persons who are very energetic naturally require a great deal of sleep and children and young people who are growing require at least nine or ten hours of sleep, or people advanced in life should sleep as long as they can, and there is no restorer of tired nature like sleep. To get a refreshing sleep, the brain must cease to act. Sleepers who dream incessantly do not receive their requisite amount of rest. It would be curious to trace how many cases of irritability, or of functional diseases of the nerves, are due to lack of proper sleep in childhood. Little children should literally go to bed with the chickens. They should have an early supper, at half-past 5, and should be put to bed directly after. Such a regime as this should be kept up till the child is seven or eight years old, when the bedtime hour may be changed from 5 o'clock till 7. A growing girl should certainly go to bed as early as 8 o'clock, and should continue this bedtime hour until she arrives at an age when she judges for herself. The old Norman law which commanded that all fires should be covered and lights put out at the ringing of the curfew bell, though looked upon as a tyrannical measure, was from a hygienic point of view, one of the most goodly rules that could have been ordained. Considerable harm has been done by arbitrary rules in the matter of sleep. The fact that Napoleon was able to exist with six hours' sleep, if it were true, proves nothing but his exceptional endurance. It is said that General Grant once said that he could do nothing without nine hours' sleep. There are very few people of great nervous energy and force, who do not require a great deal more sleep. A person who does very little work, and whose brain is not very actively engaged in any way, can afford to take eight hours sleep.

There has been considerable discussion as to what is the best position to lie in, sleep. Most physicians will tell you that it is on the right side, but here no definite directions can be given. A weakness of the lungs may cause a sleeper to rest more comfortably on the left side. Again in depressing illness the patient usually lies flat on his back, and this position seems, in general, to contribute the greatest amount of rest to the muscles, yet few people would find it comfortable to sleep in this position, which has been advocated with considerable show of reasons, is that of lying partly on the face. All these positions have been advocated and probably no healthful person sleeps altogether in either one of them, but varies his position in this position, and rests more comfortably on the left side. The best bed for the purpose is a wooden blanket. The impervious cotton comfortables so much used are the most unsuitable of any covering. A hair mattress, as it is conceded now, is the very best bed and a single mattress with a set of good springs is all that is needed. There are two mattresses over the springs, and these are not likely to be well aired, and therefore are more likely to retain the exhalations of sleep. A good hair bolster is the most wholesome head rest, but many persons prefer a feather bolster, and these are not used to sleep with a number of pillows under the head is certainly injurious, as its tendency is to raise the head into a cramped unnatural position. The fashion of double beds is one greatly to be deprecated, and two single beds placed side by side are taking their place in all night and quiet restfulness in the morning, while the former is restless, peevish, and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. The one will thrive, the other will lose.

Horses Chew Tobacco.

The claims set forth from time immemorial by tobacco eaters, that no animal could chew the weed, that even the hog felt above it, seem destined to receive a serious set back. Eugene Russell, a farmer living on the Post Bay road, near Lake Ontario, is the owner of a mare and colt that are extremely fond of tobacco. The mare formed the habit long before the birth of the colt, and in the case of the younger animal the appetite seems to have been inherited.

Three years ago Mr. Russell decided that he would cure the mare of the habit, and to do so he gave her two pounds of fine cut, which she devoured with relish. This not fazing her a bit, he tried leaf tobacco, of which he is a great fan, and of this she showed symptoms of distaste. She was dazed and wanted to lie down, and think over her sins, about as a small boy might have wanted to do under similar circumstances. This settled her as far as plain leaf was concerned, but she never tasted it since, though fine cut touches the spot the same as ever it did.

This was not long previous to the birth of the colt, and the little fellow exhibited all most from the first the hankering for a chew. He is a perfect little fellow, and in his behavior follows any stranger all over the lot who has the smell of tobacco about his clothes. The colt, strange to say, was not affected by the mother's aversion to natural leaf, but loves that even better than fine cut, and matures all of either that is forthcoming. Both animals are beautiful, and they neither are to be found in horseflesh in these parts. Mr. Russell says he thinks the use of tobacco has kept them from having intestinal worms which so often distress horses and injure their digestion. The mare is now 11 years old and the colt is over 2.

Lovers Killed Together.

South Bend, Ind.,—Edward Soplin and Miss Seig, the latter the eldest daughter of Christian Seig, were engaged to be married, and it is probable that the marriage would soon have taken place.

Just after the noon meal to-day Miss Seig left the house and went to the lake to look for her lover, with whom she had been spending the afternoon. She saw him a short distance down the street and went to meet him. Instead of going directly to her home he stopped to discuss what should be done during the afternoon. They stood in front of an eight-story brick building twenty feet high, and which is said to have been out of plumb and dangerous. A strong southerly wind was blowing and forced itself back of the wall, and without a second's warning about half the structure toppled over. The young people were completely buried beneath the bricks. Miss Seig was instantly killed. Soplin was fearfully mangled, but lived about ten minutes after he had been taken from under the mass of bricks and mortar.

WITH GOD FOR WITNESS.

Frick Dent lay on his bunk and listened to the howling of the wolves in the timber and the more oppressive breathing of his partner. He had been awake for hours, not being a thinking man, he had absolutely nothing to do. The fire-tree over the shack dripped slow moisture on the roof, and through the warped glass of the window one star blurred and half smothered out. The heavy cotton comfortable lay unyielding, like a mattress upon him, and he grew cold. He got up, crept across the gritty floor, slid on his boots, and went to the door. Outside, the dripping forest of gigantic eucalyptus pressed against the one-roomed shack; two freshly felled trees supported themselves half up, like a man on his elbow; a faint trail from the door led itself in the darkness of the undergrowth. Frick picked up the double-bitted axe by the door, and went out for firewood. As he moved in the underbrush he heard a slight sound behind him, and stopped to listen. There was a blaze, a zip, and he fell forward. He felt himself being dragged over uneven ground. He opened his eyes when he heard a snoring and a crackling near him; he was lying on a comfortable beside the stove, which burned freshly. Tom was pulling off his boots, and sobbing and moaning over him, like a man in a nightmare. He got breath to say:

"Frick, boy, I didn't go to. I was asleep. I heard something; I was a dreamin' of bars. Lord! Lord! He don't hear."

The little flimsy stove was red hot, and the 'loot soaked into the comfortable from the man's side. Tom tore strips from the mattress on the bunk, and tried to smother around the great hairy chest. Frick moaned.

"Tom," he said, "we're friends, ain't we?" His hand groped feebly.

Tom laid his unshaven cheek on Frick's side, above the jugged hole.

"We're friends," he asked again.

"Yes, yes, Frick. I'd a sight rather done it to myself." He sat on the floor holding the chill hand and pressing the coarse cloth against the pumping wound. The fierce fire died out from the stove, the iron creaking as it cooled.

Frick lay with his eyes staring open.

"They'll say you killed me a purpose," he breathed.

"You'd ought to get a witness, Tom."

"Ain't kerin' what they say. I ain't goin' to let you here dyin' while I'm off lookin' for witnesses."

After a long pause Frick said, "You tell 'em I was loadin' ketricks when you went out, and when you kem back I was like this."

Tom shook his head. "I ain't kerin' what they say."

"Gimme a pencil, Tom; don't be a fool."

Tom lit a tallow candle stuck in the neck of a bottle, and lifted Frick against his knee, while he held a piece of paper against the side of the shack. The pencil had dragged off the stiff greenish hand, and the pencil, and Frick traced the word "Friends" on the wall. Then he drew a sharp quick breath, and slid out of Tom's arms. Tom laid him down and drew him out straight, and gathered up the blood-stained paper, threw them into the cold stove, and sat waiting for morning. When the light came, he found the dead man over his back, and shutting the door of the shack, started down the trail from the claim toward the river. The trail was very slight; the partners had been holding down the claim for a few weeks, and it was all that Tom could do to keep his fellow with the swinging sagging weight on his back. He reached the river, a mere winding stream, and laying Frick in the stern of his boat, and covering him with a coat, he took the canoe and set out for the morning. The sheet of white mist steamed up from the water, and was torn and hung in great shreds among the bare branches of the evergreens. Through the white stillness the passed slowly down the winding stream. It was a long journey for the rower, with the weight of the dead beside him, and the silence of the dead beside him, but the light came, he saw the light of the town below; it was the clear electric star above the first saw-mill. When he brought up at the wharf a few idlers were standing about.

"What have you got there?" asked one of the fellows of his back.

"Tombified his eyes from the expressionless heap in the boat and said, "Tell your corner to come down here."

They put him into the little strong house with bars across the windows, and question ed him. Then the local press sent "representatives"—the editor and proprietor—to interview him; and the little innocent children came and looked in at him, standing upon boxes for the purpose. He made and clear statement at the inquest; after that he would not talk. Three days later they came to him with the news. He got up slowly.

"You don't understand," said the doctor.

"You're a free man."

"Yes, I understand well enough," he answered, turning down toward the river.

"What are you going to do?" asked the doctor, suspiciously.

"I'm goin' up to the claim," he said.

The doctor watched him get into his boat and pull slowly up the river, and still stood watching till man and boat were lost in the solemn pines.

All Her Own Work.

Young Wife—I knew you would like the slippers, Harry, if for no other reason, because I made them.

Husband—You don't mean this all your work? Why what a talented little wife I have to be sure.

Young Wife—Yes, all my work. Of course, I bought the uppers and Mary sewed them together, and I got a man to set them up in the box. And do you know, Harry, I am just proud of myself. I didn't think I could ever do such things.

Cable reports of the storms and the cold weather that are prevailing in western Europe might also make one believe that there had been an exchange made in climatic conditions between America and Europe. We, in southern Canada, have been having a fair what would be a customary English winter, with the presence of frequent fogs, while in England the temperature seems to have been considerably below the average. Possibly later on the conditions will change, and the average of the season will be maintained, but it often seems as though a decided climatic change was taking place through this country, trying to make our winter less severe than they were in former years. In time, perhaps, the science of meteorology will be sufficiently advanced to account, and possibly foretell, these special conditions. As at present advised, the reason can be traced, though in spite of the fact that a green Christmas we in Toronto can easily reconcile ourselves to adjustment of a temperature which is sufficient to make the task of maintaining vital heat a comparatively easy one.

POTENT MOONBEAMS.

Luna's Supposed Influence on Lovers, Sailors, and Other People.

There is trouble on the moon. Leastwise Prof. Ray says he noticed a great commotion the other night. To him it looked as if large bodies of water were lifted up and thrown a thousand miles or so. Prof. J. L. Ray is connected with Macon College at Ashland, but is not widely known as a moon shaper. If it is true that he is the discoverer of a commotion on the face of fair Luna—a face that has been so long held to be dead and cold—he is in great luck.

The moon is our nearest neighbor, and we ought to be on very intimate terms with it, but for some reason it seems to be neglected by astronomers. Were it not for the attention given to it by farmers, and a few others who are pretty well up in moon lore, it might as well be marked off the list of heavenly bodies.

Not long since a scientist bobbed up and offered to prove that the moon had nothing to do with the tides. He will have a hard time beating that into heads of seamen and those who have grown up near tidewater. If the moon doesn't raise the tides there must be a remarkable coincidence in their movements.

Farmers used to put a great deal of dependence in the moon. They planted crops built worm fences, put on shingle and clapboard roofs, killed hogs, hung meat, cut timber, chopped weeds, and traded horses according to its phases.

Almost any old-time farmer will tell you a worm fence built in the light of the moon will stand since, but will worm around and finally fall down. If you plant potatoes during similar phases they will all go to tops and the tubers will be small and watery. This is the time, however, to plant cucumbers, especially when the sign is in the arms.

The Southern dork says the dark of the moon is the best time for gathering chickens. The carpenter of former times would not think of putting a shingle roof on a building in the dark of the moon, because the shingles would curl up, pull the nails out, and soon leak like a sieve. Neither would he cut timbers for a house, nor would he plant it until the sign was right.

Your grandmother or veteran aunt can tell you that when hogs were killed in the wrong time of the moon the slices of ham would shrivel up more than half, and flitch would all fry away, leaving only small cracklings. Apples or any kind of fruit dried in the wrong time were certain to mould or get wormy, and cider vinegar refused to become sharp.

It was to the moon the farmer looked for indications of the weather. If the new moon lay well on its back it was a sign of dry weather, but if it tipped up to such an extent that a shot pouch wouldn't hang on the fowls, you might depend upon the water pouring out.

The time of changing had a good deal to do with the weather, but there was a lack of agreement upon this point, but it was generally conceded that a change before noon, or before midnight, indicated fair weather. A circle or halo around the moon was a sure sign of rain, and the number of stars within the circle indicated the number of days before the rain would come.

The health, growth, and development of children and animals were supposed to be influenced by the moon. If the sign was right at the time of birth they would be well fitted for intellectual, but if it was wrong they would be feeble. If the sign was in the heart the individual would be of a generous, jovial, kindly disposition; if in the stomach a great eater, with a tendency to grow fat and puffy; if in the legs he would be very active and a great traveller or hard kicker.

The same lunar conditions that caused cooking meat to shrivel up brought thinness and lankness to the individual; while those that induced shingles to curl up, weather boards to warp, and chimneys to lean gave to individuals—the editor and proprietor—their features, and warped morals.

It is quite natural that the moon should have more or less influence in love affairs. There is that well-known and oft-repeated couplet:

Happy is the bride that the sun shines on,
Happy is the couple that the rain rains on.

It is the moon, however, that the maiden looks to for a charm to bring her lover. If she wishes to see him she must wait for the new moon and at first sight of it over her right shoulder kneel at her bedroom window and repeat these lines:

New moon, true moon, come tell me to me,
Who my true love will be.

If his clothing I do wear,
And his children I do bear,
Blithe and merry may I see him,
With his face to me.

If his clothing I don't wear,
And his children I don't bear,
Sad and sorrowful may I see him,
With his back to me.

Then she must crawl into bed quietly, compose her mind, and wait for him to appear to her in a dream.

The late muddled and unseasonable weather is said to be due to sun spots, a number of which have been plainly visible on the face of the sun for two or three weeks. If these create such commotions when so far from the earth, what is to prevent the moon from exerting very appreciable influence?

It is conceded, also, that the planets belonging to our system influence, in a greater or less degree, the electrical conditions of our atmosphere. It is also conceded that storms and atmospheric changes generally are due to electrical disturbances.

Does it not seem reasonable that the moon should exert an important figure as a disturber of electrical equilibrium?

Superintendents of asylums and experts in insanity say there are no grounds for the belief that the moon affects the minds of the insane, notwithstanding the term lunacy was applied to such cases because of the supposed lunar influence. It is true, however, that in many instances the patients have had spells about once a month.

There is a lady now living in Allegheny who suffers intense pain in the head when ever the light of the full moon falls upon her at night, but she herself does not venture out at night, but shuts herself up in a dark room. There are many such cases on record.

A crank in Washington the other day demanded the arrest of the Weather Bureau staff for dealing in futures.

DISEASE-HIDDEN SANTOS.

Ravages of Yellow Fever and Small-pox in a Brazilian Port.

Eighteen Captains of Merchant Vessels Among the Victims Within the Last Two Months—Only One-third of Those Who Are Stricken Recover—The Railway and Wharves Clogged, and 200 Vessels Waiting to Unload Their Cargoes.

Reports from Brazil say that yellow fever and small-pox are raging at Santos with almost unprecedented fury, and the summer season has only just begun. As an indication of the fearful prevalence of the diseases it is said that eighteen Captains of merchant vessels have been stricken down and have died within the past two months. They constitute but a small fraction of the many victims. On some vessels the entire ship's company, officers and men, have been swept away by the combined force of the diseases. Of all the persons attacked it is estimated that only about one-third have left their beds alive.

At the offices of the different companies in this city engaged in the Brazilian trade it was said yesterday that nearly every mail brings the announcement of one or more deaths from the ships in port at Santos. On board the ships which have lately returned from Brazil the situation at Santos was described as pitiable indeed. The Captains of the different vessels all give much the same account. Yellow fever and small-pox, they say, have also broken out at Rio Janeiro, but to nothing like the same extent as at Santos. At Rio Janeiro a European company has recently reconstructed the drainage system, while at Santos the drainage system is in a more frightful condition than ever.

To make matters worse at Santos, the means of transportation have become clogged, and vessels arriving in the ports are obliged to wait weeks and months for warlike and dock room. The whole harbor is crowded with such vessels, lying idle in the pestilential waters.

Santos is about 120 miles south of Rio Janeiro. It lies on the eastern shore of the island of Santos, which extends within a short distance of the coast. The province of St. Paul stretches along the opposite coast, and the greater part of the merchandise landed at St. Paul, which lies inland about three hours' ride by rail, the merchandise brought to Santos is exchanged for coffee, which is about the only export from the neighboring country. The small railway between Santos and St. Paul has proved wholly inadequate to the increased demands that have been made on it this year, and at present both ends of the line are reported to be clogged, and the work of transportation is going on at a snail's pace. The Custom House is crowded to the doors with merchandise, and some companies have been forced to rent private buildings at a heavy cost to receive cargoes. In some cases where no room could be found the cargo has been dumped in the streets, and great piles of goods are said to be lying in different parts of the town under guard, waiting for an opportunity of storage of transportation.

New ships are arriving every day to increase the difficulty. One Captain said yesterday that when he left there were 200 vessels waiting off Santos to unload their cargoes. Not only was the small harbor in front of the town completely filled with them, but the line of vessels extended the whole length of the river leading into the port on the northeast side of the island, and a fleet had been forced to anchor off the south end of the island in Santos Bay.

It is among the ships and along the water front that the black vomit and small-pox have done their most deadly work. The drainage of the port empties into the river close to the railway wharf, which is the place where the larger vessels go to unload. Of many vessels that have been at this wharf to unload in the last two months the Captains of the Liverpool, Brazil and River Plate Steam Navigation Company in the line are reported to be the only one that did not give up some of her crew to the pestilences. The water in front of the port and along the river where the vessels are anchored is described as black and foul. It is filled with animal and vegetable garbage, plainly visible to the eye, the Captains say. A glass of it is held to the light.

The bottom of the river is black, bad-smelling mud. When the tide goes down great stretches of this black in the sun. Near some of the wharves the water is not deep enough for the ships, and the cargo is carried on acrossroads. At low water many of these are left buried in the soft mud. The men working on them are said to furnish a large number of the fever's victims. A stone quay is now building on the water front, and dredges and scows are incessantly at work spreading the contagion that the mud is supposed to contain. This is given as one of the principal causes for the fierce outbreak of the diseases.

The number of those stricken down is so great that nearly a part of them can be accommodated at the hospital. Temporary quarters have been fitted up as well as circumstances would allow, and as fast as the hospital is filled the extra victims are distributed among the other places. In most cases those stricken down live at the longest only a few days. Sometimes they are dead in a few hours. As soon as certain symptoms appear the physicians are able to calculate the time when death will probably occur, and the family or friend of the dying man are notified to have all arrangements for the burial made at that time. No delay is permitted. If the family or friend do not come forward the city takes charge of the burial.

The usual time for the yellow fever to be at its worst has only just begun. From January to March is the summer season in Santos's latitude, and it is in the hottest weather that the disease works the most damage. In addition to the increasing heat, the exposures that the people always suffer at the festivals and carnivals coming at this season of the year, are counted as likely to increase the ravages of the disease. To meet this expected increase a new hospital is building, and at last reports work on it was being pushed night and day.

Some of the Captains and officers of vessels that have recently arrived in Santos have immediately taken passage on outgoing vessels back to England or America. The number of ships waiting to be unloaded is now so large that the newcomers have the prospect of being delayed for months and the officers, knowing this, are getting away from danger. Some of the companies, it is said, have procured houses some distance back from town for the sailors to live in while the vessels are in port waiting to be unloaded.

A bazaar in Moscow, presided over by Grand Duchess Elizabeth, wife of the Governor of Moscow, realized £10,000 for the famine fund.

A smokeless fuel called "Mamotte" is being used on steam rollers in Vienna. The fuel is composed of the liquid residues of petroleum refineries.