"Well, the train is going this minute; you'll have to decide."

"I'll go," said I. The porter grabbed my bag and we ran and boarded the train just as she started for Chicago. As I settled myself into my chair, I had the pleasant feeling of having my face set homewards again. The story seemed to have got about, for in the dining-car a mahogany-colored waiter told me that there was no danger of yellow fever at all. He had lived in New Orleans all his life, and had never had it.

"Oh, you're immune," returned I; "but I'm susceptible to fevers. I've had scarlet fever and typhoid, and don't feel like tackling Yellow Jack."

Down there they say New Or-leans, placing the accent on the first syllable, and if you ask anything about New Orléans, they at once cor-

rect you, saying New Or-leans.

Speeding along in the train towards Memphis, a clergyman, living in Texas, gave me considerable information about malaria and yeliow fever. He and his wife both suffer from the former, he having contracted it twenty years ago. It can never be completely driven from the system, but a dose of quinine taken at the right time will keep off the paroxysm. All of the Gulf country is more or less malarial. Malaria, like yellow fever, is communicated by the sting of a mosquito, but the malarial mosquito is of a different breed from the yellow fever mosquito. Malaria