King or Knave

WHICH?

You won't pun on her, I suppose, as you don't mean to punish me—except with coals of fire. Come . . . . Wait a moment . . . . There, I'm ready now."

It was no detected criminal, and worse than criminal, who scanned the room whence he had addressed his people like a king. Guy, now feeling the reaction of weakness, marvelled to see once more the John Heron of old—calm, masterful, a little bluff, wholly genial, and at ease.

"I've brought you a surprise," said he. "Here's our friend Derwent back from—which is it, Guy? Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strand? But I've bad news, too. Nothing's nothing the matter; but I s an't be able even to return thanks after the poll. I've got to catch the very next train. It's a national crisis just now, you know, and 'Kanaka' as the Paris say.

Derwent's return fell as flat as ditch water.

"But you'll be back to-morrow?" asked the alderman. "Of course you don't know anything about it, but . . . ."

"Of course—of course! There are plenty of trains. . . . Good-bye; a thousand thanks for much. Come, Derwent, we haven't a minute to so."

"A Nabob and Crœsus!" said an alderman, swelling importantly.

"Should'n sent for to town!" said another.

"Ah—Two and Two make Four!"

"And gentlemen," concludes the alderman from the balcony of the Guildhall, "not only have we hoisted all Acleness into a crushed hat with a glorious majority, but we have also broken down into a butterfly. And now I'll tell you a secret. This is a national crisis; and Sir John Heron has been wired to town. I don't say he's been offered a place in the Cabinet. I don't prematurely disclose the whispers of the birds. I don't blab, which is a very improper and un-English and not at all a nice sort of thing. But I do say this, that if John Heron isn't in the Cabinet it'll be the worse for the crisis, and that that little whisper that that little bird whispered is not that That that that little bird does whisper, in point of fact, as it were. And so, gentlemen, though I haven't the eloquence and all that of my right honourable friend, having my heart, so to speak, in my mouth, I do call upon you to put your hearts into your mouths too, and give as many cheers as you've breath for, for the very best individual alive; our benefactor, our chief magistrate, our Parliamentary representative—in point of fact, our fellow townsman; viz., John Heron."

Meanwhile, Cynthia was seeking high and low for Stephen Ray.

CHAPTER XXX.

"IF THEY HAD KNOWN."

Oh, if only the people of Marchgrave could have had a full view of the carriage which made a triumphantly slow progress from the Guildhall to the railway station, they would have seen not three occupants, but four.

There was Sir John Heron, whom they were cheering; there was Guy Derwent, returned from his mission; there was a lady whom Mrs. Clapper, peering curiously from behind the Bell curtains was prompt to recognize as the guest of last night, and there was Cynthia Ray! Not in conversation—for in such a Friday evening. But there was also a place in this good company, seen and felt as such, one who would have proclaimed, had he been recognized, another fugitive—in short, Adam Furness.

But I anticipate. John Heron and Adam Furness were two no more. It was John Heron, the King of Marchgrave, for whom those cheers and hurrahs were addressed, and Adam Furness was a fugitive known. He, as he bowed to the crowd with grave dignity, felt the thought bitterly as a man who is exulting in a frozen dream.

They meant it, they were giving a triumph to a hero—to a man of all but the blood of some procession to Tyburn in the old times.

And then how would it all have been had the hero Adam Furness been but a nightmare, and if there in reality had John Heron, and John Heron alone? What an hour of true and lasting triumph would this have been, with his best and most loyal of friends free to rejoice with him, and his daughter whom he not known and sought too late beside him, with clasped in hers! Too bitterness of all bitterness was the vision of what might have been—too bitter even than having to own himself no one but having to leave the city he had lived, to see its towers and its trees no more—than this knowledge that to-morrow would rise upon his ruin and shame.

Suddenly the carriage was brought to a stand, as a jerk.

Guy turned pale—they felt as if his own consciousness had startled him. Had the detectives in London met and recognized their prey? They turned not glances at Heron's face—it was as if the guilt, and the start of guilty terror, were his own. The old mastery of the greater and stronger nature was asserting itself still.

The horses' reins were grasped and held. . . . But presently the carriage moved on, swaying almost like a ship at sea, drawn no longer by horses, but by a hundred men, who a cheer went up greater than before. From the windows of the narrowing street it began to rain flowers, while the towers of Marchgrave broke into a clash of bells.

If they had only known!

Arrived at the station, John Heron stood up in the carriage, and tried to speak. But the effort to keep down one great sob checked his voice, and he could only hold out his hands to the people for whom he would have died, yet whom he had spent his life in robbing and betraying. His obvious emotion touched all hearts beyond the power of the most eloquent words. The hearts of King and People beat in unison for the last time. And so—good-bye.

They reached the junction just before twilight, and in a few minutes more were at the station that served the scattered parish of Askholm. Then John Heron at last broke silence, as they slowly followed the coal by the river side. The turmoil of Marchgrave seemed to that placid silence to have been years.

"I've—a," said he, "I'll tell you my whole plan. I've got one or two things still on hand I must do to-day. There's a boat waiting near here—Jim Jones knows where—by which I shall cross to another state. Nobody will guess that; the search will be broken at Askholm. Once across, I can take the first train to Milford, buy what I want, and take a passage in the first vessel bound for a port from which there's no extradition. I'm not going to whine, or talk sentiment; so don't be afraid. If not to-morrow, yet in some three days at most, it must come out that John Heron has made a bolt of it; and then will come out the reason why. They'll look into my affairs, of course. Well—luckily for everybody, I've been obliged to leave everything in fair order; customers will be paid when all's realised full eighteen shillings in the pound—I've reckoned it to a penny. And Kate has her settlement. She needn't know she isn't my wife; you don't want to put forward yours as my daughter. Pat every you won't give up Marion—for she's all that's left me; but—well, I'm not going to whine—All the better for her. . . . Don't be afraid I shall ever trouble you again. You can think of me as dead; and, by God, you won't be very far wrong. . . . But, Derwent, the Docks! To think that Marchgrave must be ruined by—Shell! Every fraction of that money's gone; for I worked alone, and alone I would have won. Not for old friendship's sake, not for Marion's sake, but for Marchgrave's sake, as a Marchgrave man, fight like a lion for the Docks; take up the scheme where I've left; be to the old city all I meant to have been; all I would have been. You've got—self and pluck in you; and you have . . . . lt to baffle you. . . . Don't . . . . ow?"

Enthusiasm rang . . . . ust he was anything but John H . . . . ecigrave it was hard to believe. When one broad river before him which he had meant to convert into a great highway for the world's wealth to crowded into Marchgrave, he resembled, not a hunted criminal, but a monarch bequeathing his ambition for his country with his crown.

"And you will make the fight. Don't let it be lost because of me! If I could know that you would put your hand to that work, and your back and your heart into it; if my ruin could help the battle—I would go almost gladly; yes, though I have to go alone."

"No," said Marion, quietly, with downcast eyes. "Not alone."

"Marion!" cried Guy, aghast; for of that he had never dreamed.

John Heron turned pale with slow wonder. He could scarce believe his ears.

"Yes, Guy—yes father," said Marion, in a clear voice that scarcely trembled; "I know all that I mean; I mean all I say. Guy—were all things different, I could still be nothing to you—but your sister and your friend. And were there not that which is between us—how could I leave my father now?"

The boat was in sight.

"Marion!" cried Guy again, unable to move. "This is horrible! What on earth needs you worse than I? I will never loose you. You, whom your dead mother gave to me and trusted to me—that man, what power on earth can take away? What horrible influence can be between you and me?"

Had he been able, he would have seen in her eyes that her pain was even greater than his own.

"Guy," she said, holding out her hand, "don't kill me—'don't think I'm cold; don't think I don't understand. But when I gave you up—before—I meant it; for good and all. It must be. As if I had not thought it over and over, night and day! I must never marry; you, least of all, because—I love you. But if I might—Oh, Guy, don't look at me like that, don't speak to me; you only make hard what must be—I know what my father has lost now! He does need me—think how much; you have your life still, your work, your youth, your pride; but he—"

"Marion," broke in Heron, in a slow, deep voice. "You, of your free will, choose to give up all the good things of a woman's life, all, to follow into exile a convict—an outlaw, of whom no human creature will ever speak but with hatred and shame! Have you counted the cost? have you thought of the man who loves you well enough to marry even the child of John Heron? do you know what you are doing? do you mean what you say?"

"Do you need me?"

"God knows how much! Ah, if I had known you earlier!"

"Then I have counted; I have thought; I do mean. I do mean. I will come."

Heron turned to Guy with a sad, strange smile—a look of triumph and weariness, such as no man had seen on that face before.

"There," he said; "I have something left me, after all!"

Guy stood a dumb despair. Could he only have imagined that she cared for him! And yet that was impossible to doubt, when he recalled looks, tones, a thousand indefinable things that had passed between them one memorable night at sea—still such a little while ago, though it seemed so long! Where there is little love one may doubt; but when there is great and true love, never—one may question the new as a shadow be a substance, but never whether a substance be its shadow. And in the face of a surrender like this, what could he say? He knew not all that bound her to take herself out of his life. But he could see that she had devoted herself to her father with a full and fixed resolve; and that she would hold to this he felt and knew as surely as that it came from no want of love for her lover.

Yet without a struggle he could not let her go; and that triumph in John Heron's smile was hard to bear.

"Marion," he said, in a low voice, while Heron strode slowly forward. "I cannot let you go. Its all No; you are mine. I will say nothing against him; I feel that he is being punished enough; but, Marion—what duty can you owe to him, of whom you never heard till a few short weeks ago—what or who on earth can come between you and me—what duty can there be in sacrificing your life to blight mine?"

He spoke passionately; but he knew himself fighting a lost battle against the air.

"Dear," said Marion, "I cannot tell you all; for all I dread would change neither you nor me. . . . I have hungering to do not what I must, but what I will; the time is come for that, and I will—and as it is—for me. Dear Guy—think how much I feel I ought to do when it means giving up you. . . . I know it is cruel—just when we have met again; but it is not my fault that we have met; I had given you up long and long ago. It was for your sake then; but it is now for every sake and—Guy; don't break my heart when I am doing what is so cruel—so hard. Oh—don't you know me?" Can't you understand?"

"You can do this—."

"No, dear. I cannot. . . . But I will. Won't you give me your hand?"

He turned aside with a groan—sick and blind. He did not see the hand she held out to him—he could not lift his own. He was only conscious of the pale face and quiet voice that told how Marion had at last found her Will—of these things, and of a horrible future that stretched out before him black barren; of a yet more hideous future for her who was to share the life of John Heron.

Thus they stood in silence, making this miserable good-bye, when Guy was suddenly startled by a grating noise, as of a boat being thrust off, and by the splash of an oar.

"Good-bye!" called the deep voice of John Heron. "I go—alone!"

It was a brave thing; the bravest thing he had ever done; nay, a braver thing than the best man in a million could do. He needed Marion; his whole soul knew how much he needed her. Guy's love might be the greater, but not Guy's need. He had given up Marchgrave against his will—with a will that beat down every longing, he gave up what had become to him a thousandfold more dear; gave it up just when it was gained.

"Alone!" Whatever, he was, this, at least was the word of a hero. And well for him that it was. For before Guy could recover from his start and clear his eyes, before Marion could turn, a strange, wild figure seemed to rise out of the earth, dashed through the mud and shallow water, and scrambled into the boat at the back of the exile, whose eyes were fixed upon the shore. There was a wild shriek of triumph—the flash of a blade, the heavy thud of a body hurled with the marvellous strength of mania among the river reeds.

Guy started forward to cover Marion from the sight. It was too late for more—the boat that was to have carried John Heron into a lonely exile, may be of yet more desperate crime, was carrying Stephen Ray heaven knows where.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IRONY IN BRONZE.

NEVER shone the sun more brightly on Marchgrave than on the morrow of the poll, when the statue of Sir John Heron was to be unveiled.

Peace and order reigned once more in the ancient city, looking its best and gayest, and its proudest as well. Not a rag of red was to be seen anywhere, except perhaps in the gutter—all was heavenly blue, both above and below. In a fabulously short time every approach to the Market-Cross was turned into an avenue of bannered arches, every house front burst into life and colour, like the hedges on the first sunny May morning, and the old basin was a blaze of bunting. The church bells had been ringing in discordant chorus for hours; and all the world was abroad. Every workshop was closed, every school had a whole holiday, and foreign captains, in a hurry for a clearance, had to put up with their own swearing, until they also caught the contagion of gala.

There was no prouder woman in England than Kate Heron—her pardon: Lady Heron that . . .

Now the hour had come—though not the man.

The statue, under its canvas veil, stood like a daylight ghost where the Market-Cross had been. On an extemporised platform were the Marquis of Herchester (Lord-Lieutenant of the county) and the Marchioness, the Bishop of Marchgrave and Mrs. Stobs, the Dean, the Canon in Residence, the Recorder and Aldermen and Aldermen's wives, the County Court Judge, various county magnates and County Members, the Clerk of the Peace, the beneficed clergy of the city, the foreign consuls, Lady Heron, and sundry flys in amber, including Draycot Morland, who turned, by a bow, a not ill-natured hoot into a good-humored cheer. What with uniforms, silk hoods, scarlet gowns, and, above all, the ladies in their bravest, the banners, the arches, and the golden light of a blue sky, the scene was gorgeous in color as even honor to John Heron could demand. In the front rank round the covered statue, kept in place by the high sheriff's javelin-men in antique livery, were the bedesmen and bedeswomen of almshouses restored and refounded by John Heron; the children of the schools he established and managed by John Heron; the staff of the hospital built and supported by John Heron, and the cathedral choir, marshalled to sing to the praise and glory of John Heron. Round these stood the crowd, and beyond the crowd came the open windows filled with feathers and flowers.

It was unfortunate that the last possible train came in without bringing the hero of the day, and the Volunteers sent to the railway-station as a guard of honour had to march back again, substituting some other tune for that march from "Judas Maccabæus" which their trumpters and drummers had been rehearsing so diligently. However, as everybody agreed, on consideration, there could be no real cause for anxiety. A man must sacrifice even the enjoyment of his own pre sent at a national crisis; and then—was it not after all in the very height of fine taste and Royal modesty for John Heron to conceal himself till the noon had been done? Was not that just like John Heron?

At any rate, though with some slight change of programme, the ceremony had to proceed. And perhaps it was just as well for a modest man to have stood away. For the speeches were many; and each outbid each in his praise. The Marquis held him up as a shining example of an Englishman, who had learned, in helping to rule and benefit his native town, how to help in the good government of an empire. He was ever so little condescending, perhaps, but, then he spoke for the County.

The Bishop, a real orator, extolled John Heron as a pillar both of Church and State; a philanthropist not only generous, but wise; no slavish flatterer of the rich, but a master and just among the people—truly a Prince of Israel.

The Recorder spoke of him as a magistrate.

The — But there is no need to reproduce in small what may be found set out in all the local papers of the hour. Applause was chronic; but it reached a climax when the vice-chairman of the Chamber of Commerce drew a brilliant picture of what Marchgrave was to be in a time to come—when John Heron's new Docks would make all those present, citizens of one of the greatest and wealthiest cities in the world, and fellow-citizens of one of the world's greatest men. "A statue to John Heron shall have Two Faces; one for the past and one for the future," said he.

At last, amid a flourish of trumpets, a ringing of bells and a firing of cannon, a cord was drawn, the coverings fell, and the statue of John Heron became henceforth the centre of his native town.

. . . . . .

Where was he to whom all this worship was being paid? belongs not to this story. But even while the trumpets brayed and the bells rang, the corpse of a police-wanted convict was lying in a fisherman's cottage, watched only by the daughter whom he had never known till of late, and by the friend he had betrayed.

That statue was all that remained of Adam Furness; that corpse, all that was left of John Heron.

And it came to pass that at last that Marion and Guy. . . .

But this story has been misread indeed if has been taken for theirs. It is no more theirs than it is the story of how Dr. Wyndham Shell turned his seventy thousand pounds—Marion's fortune—into something nearer a quarter of a million by his invention of Snell's Neuro-cephalo-pneumacatic Pills, so that his wife became a carriage lady after all. Nor even of how Mrs. Stephen, Cynthia no more, energetically blundered into success with her Weeds, in spite of the Miss Barlows grew to take the zealous, but not always helpful interest of wealthy maiden ladies with nothing to do. For that story would lead to a delicate subject.

Draycot Morland presently took to visiting his aunts a great deal; and he was just the man to fly in the face of the world—just for Fan's sake and scorn of Shams. She had been a bad lot in her time, no doubt; but then—nobody knows.

No; it has been the story of most of these things—but of things that never were; of Docks that were never built, and in all likelihood never will be; for Glasgow and Liverpool still hold up their heads, and Askness flourishes, and Marchgrave has turned itself round to sleep once more—and is none the worse off for that, maybe. But there still stands, in the place of the Market-Cross, the memorial of a great tragedy. It is still remembered how Sir John Heron was assassinated by a political fanatic who forthwith vanished and was never heard of again. For none ever, in all Marchgrave, save his unknown daughter and her husband, knew that the city had erected a public statue to a convicted forger, a coiner, a swindler, a bigamist, a murderer, for whom the law was hunting even when, to the sound of trumpet and bells, his glory was unveiled to the sun. His wife, who was no wife, mourns him with pride; and the glory of Marchgrave was buried in the grave of a scoundrel without rumour or scruple, yet with none but noble aims, and with his first self-conquest for his last deed.

Was he King or Knave? Let him answer who can.

THE END.

CONSUMPTIVES HOPE

THAT PROF. KOCH'S REMEDY WILL PROVE EFFICACIOUS.

Great Faith Expressed by Some Physicians—A Rapid Cure—A Warning and a Caution—What May Really be Expected—Prof. Koch's Dictum.

Dr. Robt. Koch who, since the publication of his consumption cure statement in the Deutsche Medinizische Wochenscarift (German Medical Weekly), holds supreme sway over public interest, was born in Glausthal, Hanover, in 1844. He is the third son of 13 children, the first 9 of whom were boys. His parents are Herbert and Matilda Koch, and his father is a distinguished mining engineer and superintendent of the Hartz mountain mines for the Hanoverian Government. Even in his schoolboy days Robert gave promise of distinction, and while other boys were playing he was studying lichens and mosses under the microscope. At 17 he completed his High School course in his native town, having done double work. At 18, he entered the University of Goettinger and began a four years study of medicine. After two years in Canada he carried off the 80 gold thaler prize for the best essay, beating even the fourth year students. In 1886 he passed his examination before the Hanover authorities and was admitted to practice, which he began at Posen. His practice has been a signal success, and he has been voted 100,000 marks by the Reichstag in recognition of his services in the cause of science. His life is devoted to study, and his history is simply a record of his progress.

PROFESSOR ROBERT KOCH.

The publication of his statement entitled; "Further Communications on the Cure of Tuberculosis and Experiments which Dr. Libbertz and Staff Surgeon Pruhl Performed Relating Thereto Under Prof Koch's Direction," has intensified the excitement in Berlin and the wide world over. From every center of Europe and America telegrams of inquiry are pouring in on Koch, Pfuhl, Cornel, Bergmann, and the other medical men who are known to be engaged in treating patients by the new method. Koch's clinique in Albrecht's strasse, the Imperial Sanitary Institute, and Rich's geundheitsamt, where Cornel and other Kochists are at work, are swamped with letters and personal applications. Many medical men, including a number of English and American physicians, have been studying the process under Dr. Levy in the small wards of a private hospital at No. 24 Prenzlauer strasse, where Prof. Koch first achieved striking results with small means. Here, since October, eight prominent cases of consumptives have been in progress. Dr. Levy every morning shows his patients to the visiting physicians and illustrates the peculiar features of the new method as visible in individual cases. In order to meet the pressure of cases another hospital is about to be established in the Alexander platz, where the Hotel Germania is being transformed into wards, having 150 beds, for consumptives.

A STRIKINGLY RAPID CURE.

Dr. Pfuhl reports a strikingly rapid cure of lung tuberules. The patient was a man 42 years old. He had been ill for six years and his case was apparently hopeless. The first injection was made Nov. 5. The usual symptoms followed after the injection. The increase in fever and sickness were followed by a distinct change in the character of the sputum and a notable cessation of the characteristics of consumption. Dr. Pfuhl promises the patient that, though it cannot replace the parts of the lung that are gone, the remedy will insure a healthy retention of the smallest portion left.

THE IMPORTANT SECRET.

The secret of the composition of the lymph has been communicated to Profs. Bergmann, Fraentzel, Brieger, Levy, and other intimates of Prof. Koch at Berlin; also to Prof. Weigart of Frankfort. Dr. Rast, chief of the Hamburg hospital, and Prof. Nothnagel of the Vienna University.

Dr. Horwitz, city editor of The National Zeitung, which is the only newspaper in Professor Koch's confidence, said on Thursday that the scarcity of guinea pigs was the reason why no lymph was available. Over 500 of the animals are now being used to obtain a further supply of the lymph

The lymph is prepared in an incubating stove within an air-tight space. This is hermetically sealed and sterilized and thereby rendered free from fungus. The interior of the air-tight space is divided by an unglazed porcelain diaphragm into an upper and lower section. In the upper section is placed a salted meat broth in a gelatinous state containing colonies of the tuberous germ. This mass gradually liquifies and the gelatine liquid drops slowly through the porcelain plate into the lower section. The liquid then contains all the secretory products, but is free from all living or dead germs or reproductive spores and is the lymph as used.

By the injection of the lymph the tubercule germ is killed and at the same time the injection particles retain sufficient strength to detach and expel the dead germs, together with the dead tissue. The reparative process ensues and healing follows.

THE TREATMENT.

The treatment consists of an injection under the skin of a clear brownish liquid. The place for injection is between the shoulder blades. The liquid soon produces constitutional disturbance, such as nausea, shivering, rise in temperature. The first effects soon pass. If the patient is in ordinary health nothing further ensues. Dr. Koch proved the effect on himself. If the patient is suffering from scrofula a secondary action begins. It fixes upon the diseased spots and proceeds to cure them. It has not been shown to do this in a demonstrable way in consumption, because the process was hidden from observation. Dr. Koch sees the curative action with the eye of faith. He says: "Nevertheless we are justified in assuming that here, too, changes take place similar to those seen in the lupus cases." He says the remedy does not kill the tubercule bacilli, but the tuberculous tissue. Dr. Koch's statements regarding the cure of pulmonary consumption are carefully guarded, and one of his claims is that "it will in the future form an indispensable aid in diagnosis." The English medical fraternity are disposed to be hopeful, for the benefits promised are so great that responsible persons decline to scout them; but the consumption cure does not now seem so certain as the first announcement of the discovery warranted the public in believing.

DR KOOCH N THE DISCOVERY.

A New York World representative was accorded an interview with Prof. Koch the day after his statement was published. He cabled: Koch's preliminary paper causes some disappointment to the non-medical world, owing to the absolute silence maintained as to the nature of the inoculating lymph and the method of preparation. When the professor received me yesterday afternoon I made a remark to this effect. "Yes," he answered, "but you must remember festina lente is my motto, and that the daily press has forced my hand into making what I consider a premature publication. I have been absent from Berlin on a short vacation, but this fact has not interfered with the daily publication of alleged interviews and statements from me, so I have published my preliminary paper, though well aware that critics can say that my method of curing lung tuberculosis cannot claim to be definite and positively reassuring against a recurrence of the trouble; for my experiments on human beings do not date back six months. External tuberculosis, however, is definitely cured, and that terribly barbarous scraping treatment is certainly obsolete. I am personally convinced also that those of my patients whose lungs have not been seriously injured and eaten away by the devouring microbes will regain perfect health. Certainly those whose lungs are gone will not be able to live without them very long. Medical science, as yet, cannot make new lungs. I am experimenting now upon a preservative to be applied to the lungs of those once attacked and cured. Should it not prove efficacious on the recovery of the lungs of the patient will have to go through the same treatment again as soon as possible. The reason I have not revealed the ingredients and method of production is that hundreds of incapable medical men would immediately set about making and applying it, and not having the necessary knowledge and experience, would do incalculable harm. We have now completed in Berlin preparations for the reception of patients of every class of life, the poor as well as the wealthy, and patients from abroad will be received as well as natives, provided they agree to place themselves implicitly in our hands. I believe the time will come when, if consumption is not eradicated from the list of ills, it will be only a rare malady, and a fatal termination will only be the result of negligence in the early stages. But individuals and governments will have to do more than they have done in seeing that the laws of health discovered by the students of hygiene are observed and enforced. If this were generally done in Germany, England, France, America, there will be in the next generation a noticeable and distinct prolongation of the average of life. The emperor has twice summoned me to him and heard reports of my experiments, and I can answer for Germany, at least, that though at present the inoculating fluid is somewhat costly it will not be beyond the reach of the poorest subjects. No, the world must not thank me. The makers of the modern microscope should be thanked. Ten years ago, with the instruments then in use, the bacillus tubercularis was invisible. Let them keep up their good work, and there will not remain invisible a single malevolent animalcule to prey upon the human frame. When there is no more fighting in the dark medical men will fight with more success."

MAGICAL RESULTS.

The first Viennese doctor who went to Berlin to study Koch's cure has already returned, and the report of his experiences is very interesting. He is Dr. Carl Hochsinger, of the Rudolph Hospital, and his earnest advice to patients is at present to refrain from going to Berlin. The influx of doctors and patients is so very great that it will not be possible for Dr. Koch to hold back the composition of the remedy, which is being applied for to such a degree that it would be cruel not to place other cities in a position to make the lymph for themselves. Dr. Hochsinger was five days in Berlin, and has had every opportunity of watching the immediate effect of Koch's remedy upon tuberculous diseases. He saw injections made by Drs. Cornel, Krause, and Levy upon consumptive adult patients, cases of lupus and lupus, and scrofulous or tuberculous children whose glands or bones were infected. He says it is as if

DR. KOCH'S LYMPH BOTTLE

contained some magic fluid. The immediate influence which was noted by the physician's eye is indeed a miracle. The thousandth part of a cubic centimetre was injected under the skin of a child who had scrofulous glands on the neck, each as large as a man's fist. Six hours after the injection had been made the glands began to swell, the skin over them reddened, became hot, and gave pain. Still the gland did not burst nor show signs of becoming an abscess. Six hours later the swelling had abated, the glands were hard, and gave no pain. They were a third smaller than before the treatment began. The impression produced upon medical men is overpowering. That a remedy should have been found which destroys the tubercule without hurting any other part of the body, and that through the blood it should be able to approach the infected tissue, is a triumph of science.

PATIENTS WARNED FROM BERLIN.

Sufferers from tuberculosis cannot be warned too urgently against coming to Berlin at present, for the supply of Prof. Koch's medicament is quite exhausted, and some time must elapse before the preparations for its manufacture in sufficient quantities are complete. The lymph, when ready, will be supplied first to the university wards and public hospitals of Berlin, then to similar institutions throughout the empire and other countries, and finally to the more eminent physicians. It is not to be forgotten that Dr. Koch himself has hitherto declared his remedy to be efficacious only in the initial stages of consumption, but not when the disease has caused large cavities in the lungs. Even then it alleviates the disease, but two or three such cases which have been treated have ended fatally. Patients in the advanced stages of the disease must therefore be advised to stay where they are for the present, for the journey would do them more harm than good. One old lady who was hastening from Meran to Berlin died on the way.

THE FIRST ENGLISH PATIENT.

An English gentleman, who has been suffering for five years with a terrible skin tuberculosis, arrived yesterday and was immediately admitted to the clinic. He was successfully inoculated to-day by Prof. Koch. He is the first foreign patient treated.

DR. KOCH KNIGHTED.

Emperor William has bestowed the Grand Cross of the Order of the Red Eagle upon Prof. Koch.

A new fashion in Paris puts metal boxes on the tombs in all the cemeteries, into which friends of the deceased can drop their cards through the slit at the top.

"Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart,
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart."

So Keats describes the lovers in "Isabella." Many lovers have been separated because the health of the lady in the case failed. No man finds attraction in a woman who is subject to nervous excitability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional derangement and organic diseases peculiar to women.

The remedy for all such maladies is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. As a soothing and strengthening nervine it is unequaled. As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the uterine organs as well as to the whole system. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no sugar or syrup to derange digestion; a legitimate *medicine*, not a *beverage*.

For all displacements, as prolapsus, retroversion, anteversion and flexions, causing weak and aching back, bearing-down sensations, obstruction, unnatural discharges and kindred ailments, the "Favorite Prescription" is an unequaled remedy, and the *only guaranteed* one.

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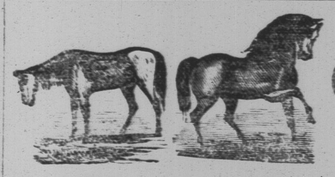

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