

FORGET-ME-NOT.

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CHAPTER IV.

The hour was a little after two in the morning; a perfect silence, broken at intervals by the roll of some passing carriage, or faint echo of distant music, reigned in the streets of Vanity Fair. Vere Dene swept down the marble steps, with their coating of crimson cloth, which lay before the Marchioness of Hurlingham's residence in Park Lane, her head drawn up, the Verediamonds flashing in the lamplight under her thin gossamer wrap. There had been some faint surprise, a little well-bred expostulation at her early departure; and Lord Bearhaven, standing at the carriage door bare-headed and regretful, murmured against the fates. "Your presence is absolutely necessary?" he asked.

"Absolutely. You understand everything, and besides, I should be miserably anxious all the time.—Good-night."

"Good-night, Miss Dene; or, rather, let us say *au revoir*."

The carriage rolled away into the darkness, carrying with it no delicious whirl of thought, no sweet consciousness of a night of triumph. Lord Bearhaven threw a coat over his evening dress and hailed an empty cab crawling down the street. A moment later, he, too, was hurrying Arlington Street way.

There was a fitful gleam of light in some of the windows at No. 231 as the carriage drew up and the door opened. A few feet farther on was a hackney coach with the outline of a policeman on the box with the cabman, the conveyance from Starr and Fortiter's, in which their confidential agent had arrived to convey the Vere diamonds to safe custody.

Under the subdued light of the shaded lamps, Vere waited, but for what she scarcely knew. The ancient butler, a faithful old servant of Vavasour Dene's, came forward with a poor attempt to conceal his agitation. "Some one has been inquiring for you, Miss," he said. "I did not know what to do. I had to hide him in the library. But—"

"Who is up, Semmes? Are all the servants in bed?"

"Every one except myself and Miss Ashton. Your maid said you left orders for her not to wait for you. Mr. Winchester has been here some time; but where he is now I know no more than—"

"And the agent from Starr's, where is he?"

"In the breakfast-room. He has been here half an hour."

Vere's heart was beating fast enough now; a curious choking in her throat checked her ready flow of speech for a moment. Then all the dominant courage of her nature seemed to come again, strengthening every nerve and limb, till she felt almost exulting in her audacity of purpose. She swept up the stairs leading to her dressing-room, her face calm and placid, as if she had no consciousness of danger, a profusion of soft wax-lights flashing upon the living fire of jewels gleaming on her dusky hair and round the full white throat. For a moment she stood contemplating her own perfect loveliness, then she removed the glittering jewels from her wrists and throat and placed them one by one in their leather cases. Taking the cases from the table, she walked down the stairs again. At the foot of the stairs stood Ashton, a smile of uneasy meaning upon his neat handsome face, a smile of uncertainty as to his welcome. They made a strange picture as they stood thus, this brother and sister, after a parting nearly five years old, as different now as light from darkness, as wide asunder as the poles.

"Come with me," Vere whispered, conscious of the danger of being overheard, at the same time leading the way into a small room half-concealed behind a bank of gardenias and tuberoses, and where one dim light was burning. "You have chosen a strange time for your visit, Chris. You might have selected a more appropriate hour." Her eyes wandered over him from head to foot, over all the signs of pitiless poverty he bore, till her heart melted, and all the pure sisterly love came to the surface.

"Chris, Chris, what have I done that you should treat me like this? Why do you keep away from me as you have done, when all mine is yours, and I would have sacrificed it all to help you."

Ashton turned away his face as if the words had been the lashes of a whip; even the thickening folds of self-pity which the years of trouble and misfortune had wrapped around him were penetrable to one touch of Nature.

"Do not grudge me the last embers of my manhood," said he with an imploring gesture. "Don't make it any harder, Vere."

"I hate to hear you talk like this," Vere answered, her voice trembling. "You, a young man, with all the years before you; time enough to wipe out the stain and regain your honorable name."

"An honorable name for me, with the recollection of the cowardly part I am playing at this moment! But cost what it will, I play the hypocrite no longer.—Do you guess what brings me here to-night?"

"Yes, Chris; I know only too well what brings you here to-night."

So utterly surprised was Ashton by the unexpected reply, that he could only cling to the back of the chair against which he was standing and regard the speaker with starting eyes. That Vere had been taken into Winchester's confidence he had not had the smallest conception.

"Is it possible you can really know? And if you have discovered everything, why do you not ring the bell and order your servants to thrust me out into the street? What can you gain by keeping me here?"

"Much that I want—much that you need also. Chris, it is folly for you and me to stand here wasting bitter words. You came here because there was no help for it; you imagine yourself to be deserted. Even now, we are all doing our best to save you."

Ashton laughed mirthlessly. "To save me," he cried. "And how?"

"How, another hour will prove. For the present, I am merely an instrument in clever hands than my own. Only wait and see."

"Your patience will be tried no longer.—Vere, are you ready?"

The suddenness of the interruption caused brother and sister to turn uneasily. In the dim light, Winchester's tall figure was faintly visible, though the lamp shining on

his face showed it illuminated by a smile of hope and pleasurable expectation. His very presence seemed to give them a fresh mood of comfort. Vere would have spoken only that he laid a finger on her lip and pointed silently to the door. For a moment Vere hesitated, as if half afraid; but gathering up her courage, somewhat shaken by the unexpected interview, without another word took up the jewel cases and left the room.

A bright light was burning in the breakfast room as she entered. There was still the consciousness of unseen danger, till beyond, in the darkness of an inner department, she discerned the outline of Winchester's figure as he came in noiselessly by another door. There was only one other person present, a tall, slim individual with a small black moustache, and gleaming eyes, but little dimmed by the *pinces-nez* he wore. He bowed and brightened visibly as Vere laid the leathern cases upon the table.

"You come from Starr and Fortiter's, I presume?" she asked.

"I have the honor to be their confidential clerk, madam," replied the agent smoothly. "If you will be good enough to read this letter, you will see that I am what I represent. In such matters we usually take every precaution."

Vere glanced through the letter carelessly; after which, at the clerk's direction, she initiated it. With almost suspicious alacrity he took up the cases, and with another profound bow, walked towards the door. As he did so, Winchester came out of the inner apartment and stopped him with a gesture.

"I hardly think this is quite formal," he said. "Perhaps Miss Dene has no objection to my asking a few questions?—And you, sir, pray, be seated. If Miss Dene will do me the favor to retire for a moment?"

Vere waited no second bidding. Already her courage, high as it was, began to fail. It had been a trying night, and the sense of danger overpowering. Moreover, the evil had not been seen, but rather implied. Without waiting to hear more, she left the apartment, and stepped across to the little room opposite, fearful lest Ashton might in a moment of rashness betray himself.

Directly the last sound of her footsteps had died away, the patent politeness of Winchester's manner underwent a change.

"Now, you scoundrel," he said grimly, "give me those jewels."

"My good sir, I am quite at a loss to know who you are; but, representing as I do one of the first houses in town—"

"You are at no loss to know who I am," Winchester returned, approaching the agent, and with a dexterous movement, removing wig, moustache, and glasses from the other's face. "My name is Winchester, and yours is Wingate. There is not the least occasion to deny the fact."

Wingate, for he it was, dropped the cases and staggered into the seat. For a moment he measured his antagonist with his eye, and despairingly gave up the wild idea of a struggle as at once hopeless and perilous. An instant of wild baffled rage was followed by a cold trembling of the limbs. There remained only a last effort for freedom to be made, and as the detected thief remembered the forged acceptance in his pocket, his spirits rose to the encounter. "Perhaps you will be good enough to prove what my name is," he answered doggedly.

"Prove it!" Winchester echoed contemptuously; "yes, before a jury, if you like. Do Starr and Fortiter's agents generally do their business in disguise, with a cab waiting for them outside with a pantomime policeman alongside the driver? The scheme was a very neat one; but, unfortunately for you, I happen to know everything."

"*En apres*," said Wingate, with all the cool insolence at his command. "Upon my word, you carry matters with a high hand. Perhaps you forget that I hold an 'open sesame' that will allow me to depart whether you like it or not."

"Upon my word, I am greatly obliged to you for mentioning it," Winchester returned. "You are naturally alluding to the acceptance you stole from my studio."

"Bearing the forged name of Lord Bearhaven,"

"Bearing the forged name of Lord Bearhaven. Exactly. For that reminder also allow me to tender you my sincere thanks. You are an audacious rascal, Mr. Wingate, a traitor we both appreciate. If that bill was in my pocket, you would not feel so easy as you do."

"Certainly. That, as you are perfectly aware, is my sheet-anchor. Come what may, you dare not prosecute me; and so far as I am concerned, shall walk out of this room as freely as I came in."

"That is very likely," Winchester returned dryly. "But if I may venture to prophesy, not without paying something for your freedom. You may rest assured of one thing, that unless that bill is in my possession, your exit will be accompanied by an official not altogether unconnected with Scotland Yard."

"You would force it from me," Wingate cried, the first real feeling of alarm getting the better of his matchless audacity. "You would never dare!"

"I would dare anything. Can't you see that you are completely in my power? However, I do not desire to use force; it would be bad for me, and a great deal worse for you. You are counting upon Lord Bearhaven's character for severity, and also how you can be revenged upon Ashton for betraying you. Upon my word, when I think of everything, the cool villainy of this plot, now I have you in my arms' length, I can scarcely refrain from wishing you within an inch of your life; and I should do so with the liveliest satisfaction."

"You will treat me as a gentleman," Wingate faltered, shrinking back with blanched lips and chattering teeth. He was completely cowed; but the malignant cunning of his nature did not fail him quite yet. "I—I could do a lot of harm. If I sent to Lord Bearhaven and said to him—"

"Should you like to see him?" Winchester asked abruptly.

Wingate's dark eyes blazed with the intensity of impotent malice. "Like to see him?" he cried. "I would give anything, five years of my life, if I could, for the opportunity of ten minutes' conversation at this moment."

Winchester touched the little silver bell on the table. "I am delighted to be in a position to accommodate you," he replied

cheerfully, as Semmes entered. "Will you be kind enough to ask Lord Bearhaven to step this way?"

A moment later, Bearhaven entered, calm, cool, and slightly contemptuous, in his immaculate evening dress, and looking down from his superior height upon the thoroughly bewildered Wingate; while Winchester, content to leave the matter in such competent hands, discreetly vanished.

"You wished to speak to me," said the new-comer after a long pause. "I would advise you to be brief in your confidences, Mr. Wingate."

"Captain Wingate, if you have no objection," responded the discomfited rascal, with a fair assumption of ease. "Let us preserve the ordinary courtesies."

"Pooh, my good fellow, a jury will not recognise so fine a distinction. I am sorry to disappoint you of your promised treaty, but everything is known to me. Your confederate Chivers—Benjamin Chivers, to be correct—has disclosed everything. We know how you ingratiated yourself into the good graces of Starr and Fortiter's agent, how you stole his credentials from him, and where he lies drugged at this moment. What you are most desirous of mentioning is that forged bill bearing my signature. Will you be surprised to hear that I knew all about that three years ago?"

"But if I liked to disclose the facts, my lord," broke in Wingate, now thoroughly alarmed, "if I am pressed to do so—"

"You dare not," Lord Bearhaven sternly replied. "I am not going to argue with you one way or another. Let me bring myself down to your level. Try it; and I will be prepared to acknowledge the signature, and Mr. Winchester will be prepared to swear you stole the bill from his studio.—And I think," concluded the speaker with stinging contempt—"I think that you will be a long while in persuading a jury to give credence to your story. Lord Bearhaven's testimony, I presume, will go further than that of a well-known sharper and blackleg."

Wingate's head fell lower and lower, till his face rested on his hands. The struggle, long and severe, had been too much for even his temerity. "I am quite in your power," he said. "I think, I hope you will not be hard upon me. Tell me what I must do, and it shall be done."

"The acceptance you have at this moment in your possession—nay, do not prevaricate; it is your last chance; so you may expect little mercy from me. Place it in my hands and trust to my discretion."

"And supposing I agree—what then? I will make terms?"

"You will do nothing of the kind; it is I who will make terms. Hand it over without another word and you leave here a free man. I say no more."

Slowly, grudgingly, Wingate drew from his breast-pocket a worn leather case, and taking therefrom a narrow slip of paper, handed it to Lord Bearhaven, as if it was some precious treasure at which his soul recoiled from parting with. After a hasty glance at its contents, Lord Bearhaven held it over the flame of a lamp till nothing but a few blackened ashes remained in his fingers.

"Now you may go," he said, with a motion towards the door. "Allow me to see you safely off the premises. Your cab is still at the door, I think. You must make your own peace with the cabman and the artificial policeman."

Winchester was standing in the hall somewhat impatiently waiting for the termination of the interview. One glance at the detected scoundrel's face was sufficient evidence of the successful issue. As Wingate disappeared in the darkness, Bearhaven turned to the artist and held out his hand.

"I think we can congratulate ourselves," he said. "The paper we spoke of no longer exists.—Now I will retire, if you have no objection. Dene will not care to see me again to-night, especially as—you understand?"

Winchester nodded; it would have been impossible to express his feelings in words. Once alone, he ran lightly up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Chris and Vere together with Miss Ashton were awaiting him. As he entered, the light was falling full upon Vere's face, from which all the pride and haughtiness had gone, leaving it soft and tearful. There was a tremor of her limbs, her lips worked unsteadily as she tried to smile in return for his bright face. For a moment all were silent, Ashton watching them without daring to speak.

"It is done," he said gently, noting the dumbly mute appeal in Chris's eyes. "Thank Heaven, you are free at last."

There was another silence, at the end of which he told them all. Miss Ashton, weeping quietly, hung on every word with breathless admiration. To Winchester she firmly believed there was nothing impossible; this favourite erring nephew had always been the delight and terror of her simple life. Now the tale was told, the play was ended. With a passionate sigh, Winchester turned to go.

"This is no longer any place for us," he said. "Chris, are you coming with me?"

"You will do nothing of the kind," cried Miss Ashton, firm for the only time in her amiable existence. "I will give Semmes orders to lock every door and bring me the keys.—Jack, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Winchester sighed again wistfully as Aunt Lucy bustled out of the room. He held out his hand to Vere, but she could not, or would not, see. At the door he lingered for a moment with a backward glance; and Vere, looking up at length, their eyes met, each telling their own tale in the same mute language.

He was at her side in a moment. "What dare I say?" he asked.

"What dare you say? Rather, what dare you not say? What did you promise a year ago, and how have you fulfilled that promise? Do you think that I forget so easily—"

"—because riches and prosperity have come to me—Oh! can't you see? Can't you say something I may not?"

"Is it that you care for me, darling—that you still love me?"

"I am weak and foolish; but I cannot help it, Jack," Vere cried with her face aflame. "Oh, how blind you have been, and how unhappy I! Of course it is.—What will people say? What do I care what people say, when I am the happiest girl in England!—But, Jack, there is one thing I would not have them say, that I had actually to ask a man to—marry me!"

There was a great glow of happiness upon Winchester's face, reflected in a measure on Ashton's pallid cheek. For a few moments he dared not trust himself to utter the words trembling on his lips.

"You always had my love," he said presently. "Fate has been very good to me in spite of myself. My darling, if you are willing

to brave the world, you shall never regret it so long as God gives me health and strength to shield you.—Chris, have you nothing to say?"

"Only, that you may be as happy as you deserve to be. And what you have done for me to-night, with God's help, you shall be repaid for, all the days of your life.—And now, Vere may perhaps be persuaded to let us go."

"I will," she whispered, "for I know you will come again to-morrow. To-morrow—rather to-day; for, see, the sun has risen, and daylight has come at last!"

[THE END.]

A Bad Fruit Season.

The New England Homestead says: "Apples will be scarcer and more costly this season than for many a year. There is but half a crop of winter fruit in the famous Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia, and a still greater reduction in the apple belt of Southern and western Ontario and Michigan along the lakes. In Maine and some sections of Vermont and New Hampshire there is a fair yield of apples, being best in Maine. Throughout Southern New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and the interior States generally, the promise of winter fruit is worse than ever before known. The apple-belt of Western New York, along Lake Ontario and Erie, which in good seasons ships much more than 1,000,000 barrels to New York or foreign markets, has almost no crop whatever this year." The Homestead confirms this fact by the testimony of over 300 correspondents, and believes that the great majority of farmers in that region will not have enough apples for home consumption.

Curiously enough there is one considerable area in Missouri and Kansas, within a radius of 100 miles of Kansas City, on which there is a phenomenal crop of winter apples of fine quality. Eastern buyers are already buying it up at good prices. Summer and fall apples are also short and command good prices. The Homestead thinks that choice Western fruit like prime Baldwins, will rule at \$4 to \$5 per barrel in Boston and New York within three months; \$4 has already been bid for one lot in Addison County, Vt., and the exports of apples from the United States and Canada of the 1890 crop will not be much over 500,000 barrels, against 700,000 barrels last year and 1,000,000 in 1888.

Peaches are a practical failure in Southern Ontario and Michigan, as well as in the Southern States and Connecticut. Peas and plums yield unevenly, but are far below an average crop and must command good prices. Grapes, however, are an immense crop, save in sections of New Jersey and the South, where the black rot is playing havoc with the fruit. The scarcity of other fruits will sustain the market for grapes.

The shortage of large fruits is due to the fruit buds, the cold snap following warm spells last winter, and to a cold wave and rain that blasted the blossoms, while drouth in July caused much fruit to drop.

The Homestead's preliminary report of the potato crop indicates a disastrous shortage in the South and West, a curtailed crop in New York, and a fair average yield in New England and Canada if spared by the rot, which is now making its appearance. Potatoes in Ireland are sadly blighted, and are also rotting in Scotland.

Overland Route to Europe.

OTTAWA, Ont., August 23.—Ex-Gov. Gilpin, of Colorado, and party have just left Victoria, B. C., for Alaska. Gov. Gilpin is now developing the project for the construction of a line through America and across Behring Strait into Siberia, thence through Asia and Europe to the eastern shore of the Atlantic. He says that the transcontinental lines now established and reaching into Northern Oregon constitute the first American division of the proposed railroad. The plateaus and valleys along the base of the Rocky Mountains offer a natural route through Alaska to Behring Strait. Bridging the Strait, the line would cross over into Siberia, and thence, running in a southerly direction, connect with the lines of railway now under construction to give the Russian Government an outlet to the sea at the mouth of the River Amoor. From this point of connection, south and west, the lines would project through the Chinese Empire, India, Arabia, and thence across the Straits of Gibraltar into the Morocco, and coast-wise around the continent of Africa.

The passage of the Behring Strait is the only apparent obstacle, and two objections are offered. (1) that the Strait is in the Arctic circle. (2) The considerable distance intervening between the American and Siberian shores. These objections present no impossible or very difficult problems. The Strait is only forty-eight miles in width, with the Dromede Islands nearly midway. Bridges a little more than twenty miles long on this island would make this connection. The water has a shallow solid bottom, in no place exceeding a depth of 40 feet. The warm current, or the Pacific Gulf Stream, having a temperature of 75°, passes through Behring Strait into Behring Sea as through the small mouth of a funnel. Thus the passage has a comfortable temperature. All the year round the Strait is always open and icebergs are unknown. Thus nature offers her assistance, and there are no mechanical obstacles to the construction of the bridges required.

Audacity of a Brigand.

It is now ascertained that the brigand Ausini, to get to Norcia, crossed the Tiber on the new "Aurelia" Bridge. Some weeks ago he had the audacity, with a companion, armed with guns, to enter the Orto Tunnel, and when a guard wanted to prevent him Ausini struck him in the face with some instrument—possibly a "knuckle-duster"—which left a lacerated wound. After crossing the Tiber he stopped in a place called the Castelluccio, where he was recognized as having worked there some time ago. He is now in the woods of the Altruzzi.

The Russian answer to the petition of Armenians is that all applicants for admission to the Russian Church will be welcomed, but Russia will not commit herself to any particular policy in regard to Armenia.

A piano teacher has been arrested in Buda-Pesth, for selling young girls, his pupils, to rich old men in South America and Constantinople for immoral purposes. He got the girls to their destination under the pretence that they were getting musical employment.

SWALLOWS AS MESSENGER.

A Proposition to Substitute Them for Carrier Pigeons.

For some time past a great deal has been said about the wonderful progress made in Continental countries with carrier pigeons, and of the large numbers that are ready for immediate service in case war should break out. Military men acknowledge that they will form a very important adjunct to the signal corps and have encouraged their breeding. There is a rival to the pigeon looming up in the shape of the swallow, and application has recently been made to the French Minister of War to substitute them for pigeons.

The idea is not now started for the first time, although it is a most excellent one. Pliny relates that a Roman noble named Cosimo, who had a racing stable, employed swallows to take to Rome the news of the result of the chariot races. In those times things were conducted in more or less style. Four horses from the same stable were harnessed to a car, and the swallows returned to these nests bearing the colors of the winners. Pliny also tells of a garrison that was cut off by enemies from all communication with the outer world and whose hopes were only kept up by the arrival of a swallow from friendly allies. A thread was fastened to the leg of a swallow and a number of knots were tied in it. These indicated the days that would elapse before the arrival of succor, so that when the day arrived the garrison sallied out, and the besiegers, being unable to stand the combined attack, were forced to withdraw.

It has been satisfactorily proved that the training of the birds requires only a few weeks. A farmer trained a lot of the swallows in three weeks so that they were perfectly tractable. At a public exhibition recently given, he had a different-colored ribbon tied to one of the feet of each of the birds, and then opened the door of the cage. Away flew the birds to the four winds and the spectators thought that they had seen the last of them, but after a while first one and then another returned with the same rapidity with which they had departed and perched on the finger of the tamer, who returned them to their cage.

The swallow is, as a messenger, considered by those who have had ample opportunity for comparison, superior to the pigeon. His flight is higher, more rapid, and he is more faithful, more intelligent, and easier to take care of. In long flights he does not have to stop so often for rest, and his food is taken as he flies.

The Tiger of the Beach.

The octopus, who lurks in the coral reefs or under the ledges, has only to show himself to make a brave man chill. The fiendish perseverance with which the shark follows a ship day after day melts one's nerve away. There is death in the touch of the stingaree—destruction in the fall of a whale's flukes—eternity in the rush of breakers on a rocky shore. But the grimness of all these is overshadowed by the soft purring and gentle lapping of the tiger of the beach—the unseen beast who gathers a dozen victims where another claims one.

We stand here on the sandy shore with the surf only knee high. The sky is clear, the sun shines brightly, and there are a hundred people about us. If one should predict danger he would be ridiculed. What's that? The sand suddenly cuts out from under our feet, feeling as if someone had pulled at a rope we stood on. Was it a cave? Did some one pull a stick away? No. It was the soft, low growling of the tiger of the beach—a note of warning. It was the undertow. It startled you for a moment, but you soon forgot it and push forward into the surf. Now you stand just right to get the shoulder breakers as they roll in, and in the excitement you forget the cruel fangs and sharp claws waiting for you. The shore is only a few yards away. Men, women and children are laughing; why should you fear?

Of a sudden the water deepens. You push back and jump the roller thundering in, and now there is no sand for your feet to touch. The undertow has been pulling, pushing, and coaxing you on, and now—! You can swim. You are startled, but you see the shore is high. You strike out bravely, but your legs feel as if weighted down. The vexed waters beat you and keep you short of breath. You exert more strength. You make a grand effort. You are simply startled at the mysterious something which has dragged you out.

A-h-h! See his face blanch! See his wild strokes! Look into his eyes and read the horror they express! The undertow is cold—cold as well as merciless. It has pulled him out and down the coast foot by foot, until he suddenly realizes that he is drowned. If men notice that he is far out no one speaks of it. If they see him beating the water they pass it by as sport. The tiger of the beach has crept down among a hundred people in open day to snatch a victim, and he has accomplished it.

"Help! Help!"

It comes too late. The life guards are too far away. Even were they right here they could not save him. He has been looking death in the face for the last two minutes, and he was unnerved before he cried out. He cried out because men always do in their last moments if they die like this. Terror has blinded him. He does not see the people running up and down the beach. Terror has made him deaf. He does not hear the shouts sent out to him to make a last effort. Even as they shout he throws up his hands, utters a long drawn cry of agony, and the spot where we last saw his head is now covered with foam. The tiger has pulled him down.

Colic Stones.

Travellers who have penetrated into the easternmost parts of southern Russia find some strange beliefs as to the power of fish charms. Many fish found in those countries have two small, hard, round bones on the side of the head. They are believed to have the power when worn by the owner to prevent colic, and they are termed colic stones. The more wealthy of the peasants have colic stones mounted in gold, and they are worn upon the neck as a valuable addition to a necklace.

The bones of the common bullhead are much used among the Russian peasants as a charm against fever. A long European nation in the middle ages doctors of medicine had faith that two bones found in the head of the tench have medicinal virtues. The bones were applied to the skin in cases of fever. The tench is a European fish, and the United States Fish Commission are endeavoring to introduce it to American waters.