

THE THREAD OF LIFE;

OR,
SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER IV.—BURIDAN'S ASS.

For a minute the two girls stood in breathless suspense: then Warren Relf, cutting in behind with the yawl, flung out a coil of rope in a ring towards Hugh with true seafaring dexterity so that it struck the water straight in front of his face flat like a quoit, enabling him to grasp it and haul himself in without the slightest difficulty. The help came in the nick of time, yet most inopportune. Hugh would have given words just then to be able to disregard his predicament, and to swim ashore by the tree in lordly independence without extraneous assistance. It is grotesque to throw yourself wildly in, like a hero or a Leander, and then have to be tamely pulled out again by another fellow. But he recognised the fact that the struggle was all in vain, and that the interests of English literature and of a well known insurance office in which he held a small life policy, imperatively demanded acquiescence on his part in the friendly rescue. He grasped the rope with a very bad grace indeed, and permitted Relf to haul him, hand over hand, to the side of the *Mud-Turtle*.

Yet, as soon as he stood once more on the yawl's deck, dripping and un picturesque in his clinging clothes, but with honour safe, and the last hat now clasped tight in his triumphant right hand, it began to occur to him that, after all, the little adventure had turned out in its way quite as romantic, not to say effective, as could have been reasonably expected. He forgave himself his wet and unbecoming attire, as he handed the hat, with as graceful a bow as circumstances permitted, from the yawl's side to Winifred Meysey, who stretched out her hands, all blushes and thanks and apologetic regrets, from the roots of the poplar by the edge, to receive it.

"And now, Elsie," Hugh cried, with such virile cheerfulness as a man can assume who stands shivering in wet clothes before a keen east wind, "perhaps we'd better make our way at once up to Whitstrand without further delay to change our garments.—Miss Meysey, I'm afraid your hat's spoiled.—Put her about now, Relf. Let's run up quick. I don't mind how soon I get to Whitstrand."

Warren Relf heeded the yawl round with the wind, and they ran merrily before the stiff breeze up stream towards the village.

"O Elsie," cried Winifred, "it was so grand! Wasn't it just magnificent of him to jump in like that after my poor old straw? I never saw anything so lovely in my life. Exactly like the sort of things one reads about in novels!"

Elsie smiled a more sober smile of mature appreciation. "Hugh's always so," she answered, with proprietary pride in her manly and handsome and chivalrous cousin.

The men made their way up stream to Whitstrand, and landed at last, with an easy run, beside the little hith. At the village inn—the *Fisherman's Rest*, by W. Stunaway—Hugh Massinger, in spite of his disreputable dampness, soon obtained comfortable board and lodgings, on Warren Relf's recommendation. Relf was in the habit of coming to Whitstrand frequently, and was "well be-known," as the landlord remarked, to the entire village, children included, so that any of his friends were immediately welcome at the quaint old public-house by the water's edge.

"I'll change my clothes in a jiffy," the poet said to his friend as he leapt ashore, "and be back with you at once, a new creature."

In ten minutes he emerged again, as he had predicted, in the front room, another man—an avatar of glory—resplendent in a light-brown velvet coat and Rembrandt cap, that served still more obviously than ever to emphasise the full nature and extent of his poetical pretensions. It was a coat that a laureate might have envied and dreamt about. The man who could carry such a coat as that could surely have written the whole of the *Divina Comedia* before breakfast, and tossed off a book or two of *Paradise Lost* in a brief interval of morning leisure.

"Awfully pretty girl, that," he said as he entered, and drummed on the table with impatient forefinger for the expected steak: "the little one, I mean, of course—not my cousin. Fair, too. In some ways I prefer them fair. Though dark girls have more go in them, after all, I fancy; for dark and true and tender is the North, according to Tennyson. But fair or dark, North or South, like Horniman's teas, they're "all good alike," if you take them as assorted. And she's charmingly fresh and youthful and naive."

"She's pretty, certainly," Warren Relf replied with a certain amount of unusual stiffness apparent in his manner; "but not anything like so pretty, to my mind, or so graceful either, as your cousin, Miss Chaloner."

"Oh, Elsie's well enough in her own way, no doubt," Hugh went on with a smile of expansive admiration. "I like them all in their own way. I'm nothing, indeed, if not catholic and eclectic. On the whole, one girl's much the same as another, if only she gives you the true poetic thrill. But the other—Miss Meysey, now—who's she, I wonder?—Good name, Meysey. It sounds like money, and it suggests daisy. There was a Meysey a banker in the strand, you know—not very daisy-like, that, is it?—and another who did something big in the legal way—a judge, I fancy. He doubtless sat on the royal bench of British Themis with immense applause (which was instantly suppressed), and left his family a pot of money. Meysey—lazy—crazy—lazy. None of them'll do, you see, for a sonnet but daisy.—How many more Miss Meyseys are there, if any? I wonder. And if not, has she got a brother? So pretty a girl deserves to have tin. If I were a childless, rich old man, I think I'd inconspicuously establish and endow her, just to improve the beauty and the future of the race, on the strictest evolutionary and Darwinian principles."

"Her father's the Squire here," Warren Relf replied, with a somewhat uneasy glance at Hugh, shot sideways. "He lords the manor and a great deal of the parish. Wyville Meysey's his full name. He's rich, they say, tolerably rich still; though a big slice of the estate south of the river has been swallowed up by the sea, or buried in the sand, or otherwise disposed of. But north of the river they say he's all right. That's his place, the house in the fields, just up beyond the poplar. I dare say you didn't notice it as we passed, for it's built low—Elizabethan, half-hidden in the trees. All

the big houses along the East Coast are always planned rather squat and flat, to escape the wind, which runs riot here in the winter. The old gentleman's connected with the bankers in the Strand—some sort of a cousin or other, more or less distantly removed, I fancy."

"And the sons?" Hugh asked with evident interest, tracking the subject to its solid kernel.

"The sons? There are none. They had one once, I believe—a dragoon or hussar—but he was shot, out soldiering in Zululand or somewhere; and his daughter's now the sole living representative of the entire family."

"So she's an heiress?" Hugh inquired, getting warmer at last, as children say at Hide and seek."

"Ye-es. In her way—no doubt, an heiress—Not a very big one I suppose, but still what one might fairly call an heiress. She'll have whatever's left to inherit.—You seem very anxious to know all about her."

"Oh, one naturally likes to know where one stands—before committing one's self to anything foolish," Hugh murmured placidly.

"And in this wicked world of ours, where heiresses are scarce—and actions of breach of promise painfully common—one never knows beforehand where a single false step may happen to land one. I've made mistakes before now in my life; I don't mean to make another one through insufficient knowledge, if I can help it."

He took up a pen that lay before him upon the table of the little sitting-room and began drawing idly with it some curious characters on the back of an envelope he pulled from his pocket. Relf sat and watched him in silence.

Presently, Massinger began again. "You're very much shocked at my sentiments, I can see," he said quietly, as he glanced with approval at his careless hieroglyphics.

Relf drew his hand over his beard twice. "Not so much shocked as grieved, I think," he replied after a moment's pause.

"Why grieved?"

"Well, because, Massinger, it was impossible for any one who saw her this morning to doubt that Miss Chaloner is really in love with you."

Hugh went on fiddling with the pen and ink and the envelope nervously. "You think so?" he asked, with some eagerness in his voice, after another short pause. "You think she really likes me?"

"I don't merely think so," Relf answered with confidence; "I'm absolutely certain of it—as sure as I ever was of anything. Remember, I'm a painter, and I have a quick eye. She was deeply moved when she saw you come. It meant a great deal to her.—I should be sorry to think you would pay fast and loose with any girl's affections."

"It's not the girl's affections I play fast loose with," Massinger retorted lazily. "I deeply regret to say it's very much more my own I trifle with. I'm not a fool; but my one weak point is a too susceptible disposition. I can't help falling in love—really in love—not merely flirting—with any nice girl I happen to be thrown in with. I write her a great many pretty verses; I send her a great many charming notes; I say a great many foolish things to her; and at the time I really mean them all. My heart is just at that precise moment the theatre of a most agreeable and unaffected flutter. I think to myself, "This time, it's serious." I look at the moon, and feel sentimental. I apostrophise the fountains, meadows, valleys, hills, and groves to forebode not any severing of our loves. And then I go away and reflect calmly, in the solitude of my own chamber, what a precious fool I've been—for, of course, the girl's always a penniless one—I've never had the luck or the art yet to captivate an heiress; and when it comes to breaking it all off, I assure you it costs me a severe wrench, a wrench that I wish I was sensible enough to foresee or adequately to guard against, on the prevention-better-than-cure principle."

"And the girl?" Relf asked, with a growing sense of profound discomfort, for Elsie's face and manner had instantly touched him.

"The girl," Massinger replied, putting a finishing stroke or two to the queer formless sketch he had scrawled upon the envelope, and fixing it up in the frame of a cheap lithograph that hung from a nail upon the wall opposite: "well, the girl probably regrets it also, though not, I sincerely trust, so profoundly as I do. In this case, however, it's a comfort to think Elsie's only a cousin. Between cousins there can be no harm, you will readily admit, in a little innocent flirtation."

"It's more than a flirtation to her, I'm sure," Relf answered, with a dubious shake of his head. "She takes it all *au grand sérieux*.—I hope you don't mean to give her one of these horrid wrenches you talk so lightly about?—Why, Massinger, what on earth is this? I—I didn't know you could do this sort of thing!"

He had walked across carelessly, as he paced the room, to the lithograph in whose frame the poet had slipped the back of his envelope, and he was regarding the little addition now with eyes of profound astonishment and wonder. The picture was a coarsely executed portrait of a distinguished statesman, reduced to his shirt sleeves, and caught in the very act of felling a tree; and on the scrap of envelope, in exact imitation of the right honourable gentleman's own familiar signature, Hugh had written in bold free letters the striking inscription, "W. E. Gladstone."

The poet laughed. "Yes, it's not so bad," he said, regarding it from one side with parental fondness. "I can imitate anybody's hand at sight.—Look here, for example; here's your own." And taking another scrap of paper from a bundle in his pocket, he wrote, with rapid and practised mastery, "Warren H. Relf" on a corner of the sheet in the precise likeness of the printer's own large and flowing handwriting.

Relf gazed over his shoulder in some surprise, not wholly unmingled with a faint touch of alarm. "I'm an artist, Massinger," he said slowly, as he scanned it close; "but I couldn't do that, no, not if you were to pay me for it, in heaven above, or earth beneath, or the waters that are under the earth; but I couldn't make a decent facsimile of another man's autograph.—And, do you know, on the whole I'm awfully glad that I could never possibly learn to do it."

Massinger smiled a languid smile. "In the hands of the foolish," he said, addressing his soul to the beseefer which had at last arrived, "no doubt such abillies are liable to serious abuse."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Is Russia About to Strike?

They who take optimistic views of the European situation, may perhaps find some comfort in the assertion of an anonymous writer that Prince Bismarck recently assured Mr Carl Schurz that the peace of Europe would not be disturbed by Russia. But even if we could assume that the Chancellor has chosen such a medium for a proclamation *urbis et orbis*, he has never, we should recollect, pretended to be a prophet, but has, on the contrary, acknowledged that the war of 1870 was a surprise to him. To our minds the alleged revelations of confiding statesmen are less trustworthy indications of what this summer has in store than the actual incidents taking place in Russia and southeastern Europe.

In order to gauge the significance of the ascendancy suddenly regained by Slavophiles in Moscow, and of the commotions which have simultaneously broken out in the Danubian States, it is well to recall the events curiously analogous which preceded the last war between Russia and Turkey. It is well known that the late Czar, Alexander II., was extremely reluctant, to engage in that contest and that for two years, notwithstanding the pressure of the patriotic party, he could not be prevailed upon to take any decisive step. The Herzegovina insurrection of 1875 and Serbia's aggressive movement against the Sultan in the following year were, no doubt instigated by Slavophil committees; but the Russian Government long refused to lift a hand to save its supposed proteges from Ottoman reprisals. As late as February, 1877, the Queen's speech expressed the conviction now imputed to Bismarck that the peace of Europe was assured. Within a fortnight afterward Slavophil Generals and statesmen had become dominant in the council of St. Petersburg, and in the beginning of March Gen. Ignatieff was allowed to undertake a private mission to central and western Europe, professing for the purpose of consulting an oculist. By an odd coincidence, on March 3 the Czar ordered the mobilization of eight army corps. What specialists Ignatieff consulted in Berlin and Vienna can only be conjectured; but what we know is that in a few weeks after he obtained the Emperor's full confidence, Alexander II., ordered his troops to invade Prussia, and on June 21, 1877, the Russians crossed the Danube. The Slavophiles are superstitious; they may this year be waiting for the same date of departure, in order that the next expedition, like the last, may be pushed forward within sight of the towers of St. Sophia.

The Czar's armies are now in a state of far greater readiness than they were eleven years ago, and a week at the outside would suffice to transport an army from Bessarabia across the Danube. All the information obtainable confirms the belief that three-fourths of his active forces have since the beginning of the year been concentrated in the south-eastern corner of his empire. It seems an unreasonable hypothesis that so tremendously a display of strength is intended merely to supersede Prince Ferdinand of Coburg by another ruler on the insignificant throne of Bulgaria. Is it not more probable that Slavophiles, who remember how at San Stefano the prize lay at their feet, are convinced that the hour has come to lay aside all subterfuge and make shift and to strike boldly at Constantinople? If they did not suppose the hour ripe for putting off the mask, why should such men as Ignatieff, Tcherniaff and Bogdanovich at once emerge from their retirement and repeat, point by point, the demonstrations and manoeuvres which preceded the last Turkish war? Here is the Slav Association, of which we used to hear so much eleven years ago, all at once resuscitated with Tcherniaff at its head; here is the co-operative agency, the Slav Committee of Charity, starting into fresh activity under the Presidency of Ignatieff; here is Gen. Bogdanovich, an avowed believer in Boulanger, abruptly reinstated in the service, and at the same time permitted, or privately ordered, to visit France. Finally, that nothing might be wanting to perfect the parallel between the present situation and that presented in the spring of 1877, here is an opportune rising in Macedonia and a Ministerial crisis at Belgrade and Bucharest directed against the anti-Russian party.

To insist that the huge outlay made by Russia on mobilization during the last four months has no larger purpose than a change of princelings at Sophia seems to us the acme of absurdity. If Alexander III. were capable of so great a waste of his country's resources for an end so trivial, he would richly merit the execration of his subjects. If he accepts, on the other hand, the programme of the Slavophiles, there is no sacrifice that Russians will not cheerfully endure. Nor is it likely to be forgotten by one who has so long been the target of assassination, that no Russian hand would ever be raised against the Czar who should rear the standard of Peter the Great above Constantinople. Even the Russian revolutionist is, first of all, a patriot; and it is probable that Alexander II. would be alive to-day had his armies in the last war ventured to pluck the fruits of victory instead of succumbing to the bravado of Lord Beaconsfield.—N. Y. Sun.

A Lively Pace.

The English locomotives are built in one solid frame, and run over tracks comparatively level and straight. Some of the English trains, such as those between Glasgow or Edinburgh and London, make very fast time. The locomotive driving-wheels are usually seven or eight feet in diameter, sometimes, as in this case cited from an English paper, more than that:

There is no proof that any locomotive has exceeded eighty miles per hour. This speed was actually reached by one of Mr. Pearson's broad gauge tank engines, with nine feet driving-wheels, on the Bristol and Exeter Railway. When running at this rate the engine has to overcome a resistance of air equal to the force exerted by a hurricane. In fact, the storm that destroyed the Tay Bridge was blowing at less than sixty miles an hour. The great obstacle to a higher speed than eighty miles is the getting rid of the steam. Lately an engine has been constructed for a French company intended to run regularly at one mile and a third per minute. This is a higher velocity than any regular engine performance in this country, although more than a mile per minute is performed over certain distances regularly.

English Finances

The subject of finance is usually a dry, though often an instructive, one. Sometimes, however, great financial operations are made which are almost romantic in their interest. Two such operations have recently taken place in the management of the English national finances.

The first of these operations was what was called "the conversion of the national debt", the purpose of which is simply to reduce the interest paid on the huge debt which weighs upon the English Government. Of course, in order successfully to reduce the interest on a national debt, the credit of the government must be very high, and a general confidence must be felt in the continued prosperity and power of the nation, and in the ability and honesty of its statesmanship.

Rather more than two-thirds of the British public debt consists of three classes of securities, on each of which an interest of three per cent. has hitherto been paid. The total value of these securities is five hundred and fifty-eight million pounds, or, in our money two billion seven hundred and ninety million dollars.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to reduce the interest on this debt from three per cent., first to two and three-quarters and ultimately to two and a half per cent. After fifteen years all the debt will pay interest at the rate of two and a half per cent. a year.

Without going into further particulars as to this gigantic operation, it may be said that nearly the whole number of the holders of the government stock have assented to the reduction, on the promise that after the lapse of fifteen years, when the interest on all the securities shall have become two and a half per cent., no further reduction of interest shall be made for twenty years.

By this reduction of interest the government will make an immediate saving of six million dollars a year, and after fourteen years will make an annual saving of fourteen million dollars.

So much for a country which is sound, rich, and has faith in itself. The achievement is, to be sure, not to be compared with that of the United States in the reduction of its debt and refunding the rest at lower rates; but the difficulties to be encountered at the outset of the undertaking were far greater in the case of England.

The chief difficulty arose from the fact that the English "Consols," as the three per cents. are called, have no definite time for the payment of the principal. They are never due, and the government can deal with them only with the consent of the holders.

The other financial operation made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer was the presentation by him of the annual "budget" of treasury receipts and expenditures. This budget, with the annual revenue returns which promptly followed it, shows a very sound condition of the English finances.

It appears by these, that the revenue of the United Kingdom the past year has been about four hundred and fifty million dollars; this sum is over eight million dollars more than, at the beginning of the financial year, it was estimated that it would be.

On the other hand, the government has spent, during the past year, about four hundred and thirty seven million dollars. The excess of what the government has received, over that which it has paid out, is not far from twelve million dollars. This surplus, moreover, has been obtained in spite of the reduction of a penny on the pound in the income tax, the reduction of certain interest hitherto paid on local loans.

The main increase of receipts has been that from the customs duties, stamps, the post-office excise and the income tax; all of which indicate a general and marked prosperity throughout the general community.

When the figures, moreover, which reveal to us the solid wealth and firmly based solvency of Great Britain are compared with those of the budgets of the great continental powers, the British money power presents itself in a striking aspect. For either of the continental powers which succeeds in barely balancing its receipts and expenditures, regards such a result as a piece of uncommon good fortune.

Rattlesnake Oil.

Rattlesnakes are among the few things that seem to thrive among the rocky hills of Pike county, Pa., and they are just about as plentiful there now as they were when the country was opened. Recently they have become an article of merchandise, owing to the efforts of Anton Hinderman, a little middle-aged German, who leaves his wife and family in Elizabeth, N. J., every year and goes up to Pike county to live in a hut and hunt rattlesnakes. The rattlesnake industry is monopolized by Anton. Others occasionally kill a rattler and lie about its length, but the little German hunts for them persistently and methodically, and catches or kills five or ten on every fine day in summer. He sells them alive to showmen and guests at the Pike county hotels occasionally, but his chief income is derived from rattlesnake oil, which he tries out and sells for one or two dollars an ounce, according to the fluctuations of the market.

He catches the rattlers basking on the rocky ledges, and after pinning them down with a forked stick ties strings around their necks and binds them securely in the croches of the sticks and carries them to his hut, where he puts them in a perforated packing case to await death or sale. He has never been bitten, but he professes to have a botanic cure for snake bites, and says he is not afraid of the biggest rattlesnake in the State.

He does not use fire in extracting the oil, because he believes that it will spoil it. He says the snakes must be hung in the sun and allowed to dry out slowly in its fierce rays, while the oil drips from their tails into wide-mouthed bottles which are suspended to them. A large snake yields several ounces of oil, and it is a very small snake that will not fill an ounce vial with the greenish oil which is reputed to be a sovereign cure for rheumatism and kindred complaints.

A Joke on a Liberal Orator.

Charlottetown Herald: One night during the session of the Legislature, while the House was in Committee of Supply, Mr. Bell was repeating his speech for the hundredth time, when he stopped and beckoned the messenger to bring him a glass of water. Thereupon Mr. Shaw rose to a point of order. Being asked by the chairman to state his point, he said he did not think a windmill should be propelled by water. This silly caused great amusement to all present except Mr. Bell.

PERSONAL

There is a rumor that Cardinal Manning is to be made a life peer.

Gladstone met Parnell for the first time only two weeks ago.

Sir Morell Mackenzie never accepts a fee from a professional singer.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg's private physician, Professor Langenbucher, is now in attendance on Emperor Frederick.

Queen Victoria travelled through Europe with a luggage that it took an hour to transfer it from the train to the boat at Flushing.

Count Taaffe, president of the Austrian Council of Ministers, is an Irish viscount. He has recently sent a large sum of money to the clergy of Dublin for distribution among the poor.

Michel Ney, duc d'Elchingen, the descendant and inheritor of the titles of Napoleon's marshal, is an expert electrician. He is about to patent an improvement on the telephone, which will make the merest whisper audible.

Charles Dickens's nurse, Mary Weller Gibson, was buried on April 28. She was generally regarded as the prototype of Mary, the pretty house maid, in the Pickwick papers. She always upheld the theory that Micawber was really Dickens's father.

It is said that the primrose was not Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower at all, and that the story that it was arose from the fact that the Queen sent to grace his coffin a wreath of those flowers with a card bearing the inscription, in her own handwriting, "His favorite flower." But she meant the favorite of her own husband, Prince Albert, not of Beaconsfield.

Medical Officer Russell of Glasgow says that during the last ten years over 1,000,000 articles of clothing from persons affected with every kind of contagion known in this country have passed through the Glasgow laundry, and that in that time he has never known a case of interchanged disease, although the women engaged in the laundry have occasionally suffered from handling the linen before it was boiled.

Thirty years ago there was a tremendous contest, which was felt over almost all of Europe, over the Jewish child Mortara, whom the Archbishop of Bologna claimed as the property of the Roman Catholic Church on the ground that he had been baptized by a serving maid. The Church prevailed and took the boy from his parents. He has now reappeared in the person of an ascetic monk of extraordinary eloquence, learning, and fervor, and has been preaching to great audiences near Madrid. The Queen and court have subscribed to help the convent chapel he has built on the Basque Highlands. He is called Father Mortara. He is a Canon of the Order of Saint Augustin, and among other accomplishments speaks twenty-two languages.

A lady's reticule is among the relics preserved at Alnwick Castle. It is said that on the night preceding the battle of Waterloo, when the Duke of Wellington was attending the Duchess of Richmond's ball in Brussels, Major Percy became deeply enamored of a lady when he met her for the first time, and at the parting, when "midnight brought the trumpet sound of strife," begging from her some souvenir, he received this reticule. After the battle Major Percy was selected to convey to Lord Bathurst the Duke's famous despatch dated Waterloo, June 19, 1815, in which he gave an account of the contest, and the reticule was utilized as a case for the document, becoming, thereby, the bearer of the first of the good tidings to the English Government. Its history ended there, however, for although the Major searched loyally, he was never able to find the owner of the reticule again.

How to Guess the Speed of Trains

There is not one person in one hundred of the millions who travel on railways in the course of a year who has any idea of the speed of a train. A large per cent. of even the regular trainmen of the country cannot tell with any degree of accuracy how fast a train is running. Frequently engineers are despatched on a trip over a line of railroad with instructions to run at a speed of a certain number of miles an hour. The engineers do not carry an indicator, but have learned by various methods to gauge their engines so as to make only the slightest variation from their orders.

The majority of engineers use their driving wheel as a gauge. They know its circumference, and by counting its revolutions within a certain time can tell very accurately the speed at which they are running. Another method is to time the run between mile posts, and still another method is to make calculations from the number of telegraph poles passed in a certain time. These poles, in a level country and where four or five wires are used are spaced so that they are thirty to the mile. If only a single wire is used they are spaced from twenty-five to twenty-eight to the mile.

The most accurate method, and the one most in use by experienced railroad men, is to count the number of rail joints the train passes over in twenty seconds. The rails in nearly all cases are thirty feet in length, and the number passed over in twenty seconds is the speed per hour a train is running. For instance, if a passenger sitting in a sleeper can count thirty clicks of the wheels on a rail joint in twenty seconds the train is running at the speed of thirty miles an hour.

Death to Trusts.

The Iowa Legislature has taken the bull by the horns in its anti-trusts legislation. It has passed a bill prohibiting any corporation, co-partnership or individual from entering into any combination or confederation to fix the price of any commodity, or the amount or quality of it to be produced or sold in the State. The bill also provides further that on any trial of an indictment for violation of this law all officers or agents are made competent witnesses, and may be compelled to produce books and papers, and shall not be excused from testifying, even on the plea that their testimony may incriminate themselves. A proviso is, however, added that no such testimony shall be used against the person testifying in any suit in which he is a party. This is certainly heroic legislation, and the working of the law will be watched with interest.

Rachel von Esse says that to feel the present, to occupy one's self fully with it, is the talent of living.