

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Boston's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

That evening, as Hope was playing some Scotch airs, with great taste and a delicate touch, while Mrs. Saville sat thinking in her chair and stroking Prince, a note was brought for Miss Desmond. Hope finished what she was playing, then, asking, "Will you allow me?" opened the missive.

"It is from Miss Dacre," she added, in a minute or two—"a most extraordinary epistle. She says she writes with your knowledge and approval. She asks me to leave you and live with her, and offers me one hundred pounds a year. Will you look at it?"

Mrs. Saville stretched out her hand, and, after reading the letter, deliberately returned it.

"How do you mean to reply?" "Can you ask?" cried Hope—"unless, indeed, your knowledge of Miss Dacre's intention indicates a wish that I should leave you."

"No, it does not. I thought it right that you should have the option of refusing an advantageous offer. You would have more gaiety, a larger salary, an easier life, with Mary Dacre, than with a cantankerous old woman like myself."

"If I had the money I should be willing to pay a hundred a year to stay away from Miss Dacre," said Hope. "You are severe, and rather formidable, but I feel sure of your justice and loyalty, and the restfulness of life with you is infinitely preferable to the fevered gaiety of Miss Dacre's existence."

"I am glad you think so. Write to her at once." Hope obeyed, and, after writing with deliberation for some minutes, gave the result to Mrs. Saville for perusal.

"Good," said that lady. "It is firm and courteous. Let it be posted at once. Now play me the march from 'Tannhauser.'"

When that was finished, Mrs. Saville said, "Come and sit down." Hope obeyed. There was a short pause, and she went on: "As you have chosen to stay with me, my dear Miss Desmond, I shall increase your salary to what Miss Dacre offered."

"You are very good, Mrs. Saville, but I would rather you did not. I have quite enough for all I want. A year hence, when you have proved me, if we are still together and you like to offer it—But, oh, it is unwise to look ahead so far."

"I am not a very imaginative person," said Mrs. Saville, slowly, "but it strikes me you have a history, Miss Desmond."

"I suppose every one has," said Hope, smiling. "I too have my little story; and some day, if you ever care to hear it, I will tell you—but not just yet."

"I suppose it centers round some love-affair, which you silly young people always think of the last importance?" "It does," said Hope, with grave feeling, "and I am sure the importance cannot be exaggerated. If men and women only allowed themselves to think what a sacred and solemn thing love and its usual ending marriage is, fewer unhappy ones would take place."

"Ah, with the vast majority love is an unknown quantity and an insignificant ingredient. Just think what human nature is, the conditions in which it lives, moves, and has its being, how it loves as you exalted people accept it, to exist? There we shall never agree. Pray get me the Figaro."

Miss Dacre was reproachful, and even tearful, when Hope next saw her, but the "much desired one" was immovable.

"Is it not extraordinary?" cried the disappointed heiress, "that George Lumley went off in that unaccountable way? There is some hidden baneful influence at work. It is always the same: as soon as we are growing confidential he flies off. It is a hideous thought, but it has occurred to me that he is secretly married to some dreadful woman. What do you think?"

"I think there is nothing more unlikely." "Well, good-by. We return to London on Wednesday. Perhaps Richard Saville will be able to tell me something of George. Oh, I forget; we shall just miss him. Well, if you can find out anything you will be sure to write? You have treated me very badly; but I do not bear malice. You will find I have made a great mistake. So good-by."

Mrs. Saville seemed more cheerful and in a better temper after Lord Casleton and his daughter left Paris, though the presence of her eldest son was always more or less a trial.

She endured an occasional visit from Lord Everton, who was quietly pertentious in cultivating friendly relations with her.

He was the only member of the family who dared to mention her offending son, but he only ventured to do so when they were alone.

"I really believe you are softening Mrs. Saville's stony heart," he said one day as he met Hope coming from the galleries. "Not, I am sure, by fire and vinegar, but rather with the milk of human kindness. She allows me to mention Hugh, and just now endured hearing that I had a letter from him. He writes in good spirits. I believe the Venetians will be home in August or September, and then we shall see what we shall see—oh, allow me," for she had dropped her sunshade and was so pink in the face. "Getting quite used to stay here. I am off for London, and I hear Richard is to be home in August. He has spent of

some buried treasures of Runie In-scriptions, and heaven knows what else, near Skarstad. You had better get Mrs. Saville away, and yourself, excuse a privileged old fellow. You have by best wishes, my dear girl—my very best, accept a prophecy: I think will turn a corner before long."

And before Hope could ask the meaning of his enigmatical words he had raised his hat, bowed, and departed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The little fishing village of Sainte-Croix, lying at the mouth of a valley or gorge which opens from the sea between high cliffs on the coast of Normandy, has of late been revealed to Parisians, especially artistic and literary Parisians. One giant of the latter order has even built himself a villa well up on the steep side of the valley. Artists encamp in the fisher cottages, turning the kitchens, with their carved oak dressers and settles, into living-rooms, and cooking in outhouses, or getting their food from a rambling hotel and restaurant lately instituted by joining several cottages together, with additions and improvements, where a few yards of level ground intervene between the sands and the cliff.

A straggling growth of fine beech-trees stretches down from a large wood which crowns the gradual ascent of the valley where it merges into the flat table-land above, well cultivated, and rich with fields of corn and coza. At the date of this story it was known to few, but, obscure though it was, Mrs. Saville, who is returning to London, it was a fine glowing August evening when, with Miss Desmond, her German courier, and her English maid, Mrs. Saville arrived and started the sleepy little village into lively curiosity, as she drove through it in an old-fashioned travelling carriage drawn by four scraggy post-horses, the whole equipage secured with some difficulty by the careful courier at the nearest railway station. The dogs barked, the hens cackled, the ducks and geese flew out of the roadside pond with prodigious noise and flutterings, as the scrawny team rattled down the hill to the shore of the rock-encircled bay along the edge of which the "Hotel de l'Europe" stretched its low, irregular front.

The landlord and one male and two female waiters were drawn up to receive the distinguished guests and usher them to their apartments.

"Madame has a fine view of the bay and cliffs. The sunsets are superb, nay, exquisite, in good weather; and it is generally good at Sainte-Croix. I do not remember having had the honor of receiving Madame before."

"I dare say not. You were not old enough to be the head of such an establishment when I was here last," returned Mrs. Saville, more graciously than she would have spoken to an Englishman.

"Impossible, madame!" cried the host, with polite incredulity. "When will madame dine?"

"At five. Meantime, we want tea; but my courier will see to the preparation. He understands it. Pray, is Madame d'Albeville at the chateau?"

"No, madame. Unfortunately, the second son of Madame la Marquise was wounded a week ago in a duel, and she has gone to nurse him—at Grenoble, I think. Her arrival is quite uncertain."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it." And she bowed dismissal to her polite host.

"This is a disappointment," said Mrs. Saville to Hope. "I quite counted on Madame d'Albeville's society. She is an agreeable, sensible woman, and rather pleasantly associated with my former visit to this little hamlet. Come, let us look at our rooms."

They were small, but more comfortable than the guests had anticipated. Hope was greatly pleased with the picturesque surroundings, and was anxious to survey the village.

"Then take Jessop with you for a ramble. I have letters to write, and do not feel inclined to move. Tell them to light a fire in the salon. I like a fire and open windows. The air is very fresh and deliciously salt, but I can quite bear a fire."

Hope willingly accepted the suggestion, and as soon as they had a cup of tea she set out with the prosaic lady's-maid, glad to enjoy some exercise after the long cramped journey by rail and road. It was indeed a primitive little place. A narrow stony road led between two irregular lines of detached cottages, each with a little garden, many of them overgrown with ivy and roses. Frequent steep paths between them led to huts perched on the hill-sides above them. Gradually the road climbed up clear of these surroundings to where on the higher ground the ruins of a mediæval abbey peeped on from the shelter of the surrounding forest woods. Hope and her companion did not venture quite so far, but from the height they had attained they looked out over the blue water of the Channel, now glittering and laughing in the strong light of the westerling sun.

"We must return now, Jessop," said Hope. "Mrs. Saville will have been a long time alone by the time we get back."

"She will indeed, miss; and what made Mrs. Saville come to this savage place is past my comprehension," returned the abigail, in an aggrieved tone. "There seems to be nothing but common people without shoes to their feet going about. I am sure Mrs. Sa-

ville would have got her health better at Inglefield, with the comforts and decencies as become her station around her."

"Perhaps so; but this is a sweet place. I think I could enjoy it intensely, if—if—" She paused, and her rich red lips parted in an unconscious smile.

"If your young gentleman was here, miss?" said Jessop, with a confidential smile. Jessop had grown friendly and patronizing to her lady's young companion.

Hope laughed, and the yearning of her heart prompted her to reply, "Yes, that would make it a heavenly place, Jessop; but I must not allow myself to think of such joy."

"That's a pity, miss. So there is a young gentleman? Indeed, I'd be surprised if there was not. I hope he isn't far away, miss?"

"Yes, there is many a weary mile between us."

"That's bad, miss. Men are an inconstant lot; it's out of sight out of mind with most of them. I was engaged once myself, to a young gentleman in the grocery line, but he behaved most treacherous, and married a butcher's daughter. She was freckled and cross-eyed, but she had a tidy bit of money; and a man would marry the Which of Endor for that."

"I dare dare say the Which of Endor was a very attractive woman."

"Law, miss! an old witch!" "Oh, no; a nice witch is never old."

Here this intellectual conversation was interrupted by the sound of approaching wheels, and the pound, pound, pound, crunch, crunch, of a patient, heavy-footed horse toiling slowly uphill.

(To be continued.)

HATS VS. MEN'S HAIR.

In the Bald Brother Equal to the Ox—And in Flying.

While the masculine hatless club was not yet struck Pittsburg, it is bound to come. Pittsburg is never far behind in the march of progress, so that any day we may expect to see prominent citizens strolling along 5th avenue or Wood street with their ambrosial locks bared to the saucy breeze.

In Omaha it is the baldheaded men who have organized a hatless club. The new scientific theory that the wearing of hats brings baldness has induced them to adopt heroic measures to recover their hair.

In Chicago the hatless fad has been taken up by the citizens whose domes of thought are still crowned by the natural covering, on the principle that prevention is better than cure, and they are going to give the new theory a thorough trial. (Undoubtedly they are proceeding on the right track. Especially at this season of the year, when flies are persistently active, it requires courage of a high order for a baldheaded man to leave his hat at home. And then there is the possibility that no practical benefit will result. But it seems to have been pretty effectively demonstrated that fresh air is conducive to the preservation of such hair as one already possesses.)

Now that hatless clubs are being organized in all parts of the country, it is advisable for men to inform themselves of the conditions for membership. It is necessary to take the pledge to abstain from the wearing of hats in any form until the first snow falls. The first frost is no excuse for donning the derby. Members must go to less to business. Individual members will be shocked to learn that even the nightcap is prohibited. The rules are strict, and for any infraction a heavy fine is imposed. Are men willing to go through this severe ordeal for the sake of keeping their good looks? And, indeed, is even total baldness unlovely? Why should it be so considered? The savage, it is true, rejoices in flowing tresses, but as man advances in civilization, he loses his hair. There are no bald Indians, but how many of our captains of industry and professors of Sanskrit are characterized by hirsute deficiencies? May not baldness, then, be regarded as a mark of the highest culture? There is another phase of the question which, it is feared, has not been given due consideration by the hatless clubbers. It is the danger of venturing into the bright sunshine with unprotected head. Death, on the authority of the proverb, loves a shining mark, and why should it not select the glittering, hairless cranium as a target for the solar rays? Evidently there are two sides of this matter and both should be carefully weighed before man dooms his faithful old hat to permanent retirement on the top shelf of the clothes press.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

A Domestic Complaint.—"Ma wants two pounds of butter exactly like what you sent us last. If it ain't exactly like that she won't take it," said the small boy.

"The grocer turned to his numerous customers and remarked blandly: "Some people in my business don't like particular customers, but I do. It's my delight to serve them what they want. I will attend to you in a moment, little boy."

"Be sure to get the same kind," said the boy. "A lot of pa's relations is visiting at our house and ma doesn't want 'em to come again."—Tit-Bits.

Why She Hates Him.—Bessie—There goes that Mr. Principle. How I hate the man! Kitty—The idea! Not a single word has ever passed between you and him. Bessie—But you should have seen the way that he and Bertha Twittle went on at the reception last night. I never did like Bertha.

One on a.—Ostend—Father Adam used the greenward as a carpet, didn't he, pa? Pa—Yes, my son, and Father Adam was lucky.

Ostend—How so, pa? Pa—Why, he had a carpet that didn't have to be beaten every spring.

Favorite.—"What are you going to put in there?" asked his wife. "Peas, dear," replied the man with the trowel. "Say, if you're going into the house bring out a can with you. You know—the kind we had for dinner yesterday."

German soil feeds nine-tenths of her people.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The Russian czar rules over 160,000,000 persons. One aeroplane factory of Paris employs 52 persons.

The United States has two hundred million apple trees. At the beginning of the present year the population of Australia was 4,275,000.

It is figured that a million and a quarter persons pass in and out of London each day.

It has been announced that an airship line will be in operation soon between Potsdam and Berlin.

In Athens there are good dentists, and the people take care of their teeth. In the rest of Greece the dentistry is usually performed by the barber, who only pulls teeth.

On account of its great strength drawn glass is being widely resorted to for many purposes. It withstands sudden changes of temperature, resists fire to a great extent and is very strong.

The meeting of the British Association in 1913 will in all probability be held in Australia. The effort is being made by the officials of the University of Melbourne, who are now in correspondence with the various educational and scientific bodies of the southern continent.

M. Gabet, a French inventor, has recently conducted some very successful experiments with a torpedo operated by the wireless system, and he says that in a short time he will have his device perfected so that it will be possible to control the death-dealing device for a distance of eight miles.

A Berlin museum has recently acquired a very valuable manuscript which originated in the second century B. C. It seems to be of the nature of a biographical dictionary, for it contains a list of the leading men of the time in art, statesmanship and warfare with much other general information of a similar nature. The paper was found in the wrappings of a mummy.

Of the railways in Holland, E. V. Lucas writes: "The trains come in to the minute and go out to the minute. The officials are intelligent and polite. The carriages are good. Every station has its waiting room, where you may sit and read and drink a cup of coffee that is not only hot and fresh, but is recognizably the product of the berry. It is impossible to travel in the wrong train."

Little gophers and moles are the cause of endless trouble for the Southern Pacific company, and continual expense, especially in the Willamette valley, where the land is rich and the gophers like to live and dig. Foreman Strawn is raising portions of the track near Eugene an inch to two inches and other sections foremen have to do the same in other sections.—Eugene (Or.) Guardian.

Birmingham, England, was the home of prize fighting when the ring was patronized by literature and royalty. It was Bendigo, who became an enemy to all unrighteousness. "Wot's a chiz?" he asked once, on being told that a gathering of men he saw were of that persuasion. He was away, "Don't believe in no God, don't they," he shouted. "Here, hold my coat, I'll show 'em wot's a wot!"

Brazil is the land of archids. Plants of eight leaves are sold for 5 cents apiece; of 15 leaves for 18 cents, 20 to 20 leaves, 32 cents. Above 40 leaves special bargains are made. This season a remarkable plant of 206 leaves was brought to market strung on a pole and carried 40 miles by two men. Such a plant has a blooming capacity of 500 flowers. It sold in Pernambuco for \$5; value in the United States, \$150.

Man's outer garments ought to be made so that they could be cleaned every week or so; indeed, some now send their woollen garments to dry cleaners instead of having them "cleaned" and pressed in the ordinary way, but prices for dry cleaning men's clothing are unnecessarily high, and ought to come down when dry cleaning would become a much greater industry. Other men in summer wear "washable" garments which are worn a day or so and then laundered.—New York Press.

Miss Rosa Weintraub of Philadelphia is at the head of the movement to erect a memorial to Elizabeth A. Phillips, known as Miss Santa Claus, whose death was recorded recently. The work is being directed by the Elizabeth A. Phillips Memorial Association, and the cents and dimes from children who wish to contribute to the fund are to be received by Drexel Co. and Albert F. Mathey, who used to supply whatever vehicles Miss Santa Claus needed to distribute her gifts at Christmas, will be treasurer.

Mrs. O. C. Edwards of MacLeod, Canada, has compiled a book showing the legal status of women in Canada. One injustice to which Mrs. Edwards calls attention is that according to the laws of Canada the father owns the child and decides as to its education, religion, domicile, etc. The consent of the father alone is required in regard to the marriage of a minor daughter. In one case in the province of Quebec, according to Mrs. Edwards, a father gave his 12-year-old daughter as a wife to a comrade of his who was over 40.

James Payne wrote of his experience in Edinburgh, Scotland, in the '70s of the last century: "In the street where I first resided it struck me that, to judge by the drawn down blinds, the people spent a good deal of their time upon the seventh day in bed; on my second Sunday, however, I was undeceived, for my landlady came up and informed me that though she had not spoken of it last Sunday she must now draw my attention to the fact that it was not usual in Edinburgh to draw up the window blinds on the Sabbath, and that the neighbors had begun to remark upon the unlawful appearance of her establishment, which has heretofore been a God-fearing house."

UNIQUE FLYING MACHINE. Inventor Would Use Team of Wild Eagles to Run Airlship.

In these days of successful flying machines it is interesting to note some of the curious methods of aerial navigation heretofore proposed. In United States patent granted May 17, 1887, to

NEEDLESS TOLL OF DEATH IN THE UNITED STATES

F all things in the United States, that most enlightened nation, human life is cheapest. In his annual report for 1906 Dr. C. J. Whelen, Commissioner of Health for Chicago, made this statement as a fact too familiar to be controverted:

"There are in the United States to-day approximately eighty millions of people, of whom a million or more will die each year. Of the total number of deaths 25 per cent are unnecessary and could be prevented."

In a recent lecture before the New York Academy of Medicine Dr. C. A. L. Reed of Cincinnati expressed the same idea in another form when he declared that preventable diseases in the United States kill one person every two minutes of the year. At this rate the total would foot up 262,800 lives deliberately thrown away every twelve months. Let him who thinks this startling fact of no concern to himself remember that death is singularly indiscriminating.

In Europe, where human beings are regarded as too valuable to be wasted, some remarkable reductions have been made in the death rate. England and Wales had, in 1903, a death rate of 15.4 per thousand, which was a decrease of 32.2 per cent. from that of the preceding decade. The Netherlands, with a rate of 15.6, showed a decrease of 11 per cent; Denmark, 15.8, a decrease of 9.7 per cent; Holland, 17.2, a decrease of 6.5 per cent. Even Sweden, where self-preservation had already become a religion, had been able to secure a decrease of 5.6 per cent, bringing her down to the remarkably low figure of 15.1 per thousand.

But the most astounding thing is that, while the death rate in Europe continues to decline, it has turned about and is on the increase in the United States. In twenty-five out of thirty-six larger cities the death rate was higher in 1906 than in 1905, and in nine of them it was higher than it had been in five years. For the five years from 1901 to 1906 the average death rate from typhoid in Norway was 5.7 per 100,000; in Switzerland, 6.5; in Germany, 7.6; in Japan, 11.4; in the United Kingdom, 12.1; for the registration area of the United States, 32.2, or six times the rate in Norway, four and a half times the rate in Germany, and nearly three times the rate in England.

By the typhoid fever test human life is held cheaper in Pittsburgh than anywhere else, for the death rate from that preventable disease averaged 129.4 per 100,000 population for the five years ending with 1906, the highest in the civilized world. Pueblo, Colo., stood second in this catalogue of shame, with a rate of 112.8. Allegheny, Pa., third, 110.1; Jacksonville, Fla., 76.2; Columbus, O., 72.3; Louisville, Ky., 67.6. And typhoid is but one of the preventable diseases. Disease works by stealth in the darkened chamber, out of sight of all but a few. But violence strikes down his victims with all the bloody ferocity of an Indian massacre.

According to the mortality statistics of the United States Census Bureau for 1906 deaths from all forms of violence in the registration area in 1906 aggregated 49,522. This is at the rate of 129.9 per 100,000, as compared with a rate of 20.1 in the German Empire in the same year. Nor is this all. The rate exceeds that of 1905, which was 111.9, and greatly exceeds that of any preceding year. The rate rose steadily from 61 per cent of all deaths in 1902 to 75 per cent in 1906. Violence now ranks fifth among the principal causes of death, and the rate is still increasing.

The railroads led the slaughter in 1906 as they do today, with a tally of 7,900 killed, as compared with 4,485 in 1902, an increase from 143 per 100,000 to 172. Other principal causes of death by violence, with total number of deaths and the rate per 100,000 inhabitants, are set forth in the following table: murders, suicides and executions being omitted.

Table with 2 columns: Cause, Rate. Rows include Railroads (17.3), Drowning (10.7), Burns and scalds (8.7), Fractures and dislocations (7.6), Accidental poisoning (4.2), Vehicles and horses (3.7), Mines and quarries (3.7), Street cars (3.6), Asphyxiation (3.1), Accidental gunshot (2.6), Sunstroke (1.9), Suffocation (1.8), Machinery (1.4), Freezing (0.5), Automobiles (0.4), Lightning (0.4), Other accidental causes (21.9).

Table with 2 columns: City, Rate. Rows include Pittsburgh (190.9), New Orleans (133.3), Kansas City (129.7), Buffalo (123.6), Boston (118.2), Cincinnati (112.5), San Francisco (112.5), Greater New York (105.1), Washington (101.1), Philadelphia (100.8), St. Louis (97.2), Chicago (97.0), Baltimore (95.5), Detroit (93.0), Milwaukee (69.8), Minneapolis (69.8), St. Paul (122).

In Chicago violence caused 7.6 per cent of all deaths. This was an increase over the preceding decade. The railroad stands first, with a total of 309 deaths for the city. Next comes falls, which caused 281 deaths. Third in rank of causes are the street cars, with 167 deaths to their credit. Vehicles and horses, another peril of the street, the seventh in order of importance, caused 55 deaths.

But when it comes to the perils of the street, Chicago must give way to New York. In 1904 the street and elevated railroads and the sidewalks of the metropolis alone killed 114 persons and wounded 25,000. As all the roads combined carried 1,200,000 during the year, this was a death or an injury for every 36,615 passengers. Automobiles killed 42 and injured 109.

SAVED BY A PANTHER.

Governor Jennings of Indiana used to tell a story of his early electioneer days in which he said that a panther may be a good insurance lecturer. Col. W. M. Cochrane repeats the story in his "Pioneer History of Indiana." The incident happened when Governor Jennings was traveling over the thinly settled hills of Dearborn County, electioneer for Congress.

He met a man with whom he was well acquainted, by name, Tom Oglesby, who was just getting over a protracted debauch. Jennings began asking Tom about his political views. The half-sober fellow looked at him and said:

"Jen, don't you think a man just out of a panther fight ought to be electioneered in a different manner from this? I am just from the grave. I was awakened a little while ago by a panther putting leaves and grass over me. It kept this up until I was entirely covered. I lay still for a while and then raised up and found the panther gone. I knew I was in danger, so I took my gun and climbed into a tree to see what the panther intended to do."

"In a short time I heard her coming, and she had her kittens with her. Every few steps she would jump as if catching something, and the little ones would go through the same maneuvers. She kept this up until she got near to the bed of leaves she had covered over me, and then made a spring on the pile. She looked just as I felt when I found that I was covered up for dead. She then started in to investigate the cause of my disappearance, and before she located me I shot her."

Jennings, after hearing this, said: "Well, Tom, I believe I should treat you as one from the dead, and that you should begin your life from this point. We were schoolboys together; I know you are a capable civil engineer and well-educated, and if you will cease drinking I will see that you have a good position on the surveying corps."

Tom Oglesby did quit drinking. Jennings was elected, and kept his promise to his old friend, who became one of the well-known engineers of the United States.

PROPELLED BY EAGLE POWER.

While an audience of 1,500 people was in the hall of a Coney Island animal show a lion and tiger started fighting, and before they could be separated the hind quarters of the lion had been so mangled by his striped antagonist that he had to be shot. The act which was being shown required seven lions and two tigers, and was considered a very daring feat on account of the enmity of the great jungle beasts. At every performance they snapped and snarled at each other, but had always been held in check by the trainer; on this occasion, however, he turned his head for an instant, and in that inconvertible time the lion saw his chance and sprang upon the tiger, after which, in spite of efforts to part them, they fought until both were helpless.

Hunting grounds for Naturalists. Those who are curious about birds may spend time to great profit in looking at the poulterers' shops when game is in season. There they will find many rare and even valuable specimens that apparently have been thrown into the hamper by the man who shot them on the chance of his receiving something from the London dealer. A very good museum of stuffed birds might be got by simply purchasing those that through ill luck have found their way into Leadenhall market. Country Life.

A Tragic Epitome. "Why is Ethelinda crying so bitterly?" asked the fond mother. "It's my mistake, as usual," answered the penitent father. "I went and ate up the things she made at cooking school instead of saving them to show to visitors."—Washington Star.

The Only Kind. "It would be a good idea if brains could be gone over and renovated now and then." "If that were possible, some brains would have to be renovated with a vacuum cleaner."—Baltimore American.

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One of the curious things about the fearful story of death by violence is that human life is cheapest in the smaller cities. Measured by the deaths by violence, the man life is cheapest in Butler, Pa., where the annual rate is 37.94 per 100,000 population, where the annual rate is 37.94 per 100,000 population, where the annual rate is 37.94 per 100,000 population, where the annual rate is 37.94 per 100,000 population.

The total number of deaths by violence in 1906 and the rate per 100,000 inhabitants from that cause in seventeen of the larger cities are set forth in the following table:

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In Chicago violence caused 7.6 per cent of all deaths. This was an increase over the preceding decade. The railroad stands first, with a total of 309 deaths for the city. Next comes falls, which caused 281 deaths. Third in rank of causes are the street cars, with 167 deaths to their credit. Vehicles and horses, another peril of the street, the seventh in order of importance, caused 55 deaths.

But when it comes to the perils of the street, Chicago must give way to New York. In 1904 the street and elevated railroads and the sidewalks of the metropolis alone killed 114 persons and wounded 25,000. As all the roads combined carried 1,200,000 during the year, this was a death or an injury for every 36,615 passengers. Automobiles killed 42 and injured 109.

While an audience of 1,500 people was in the hall of a Coney Island animal show a lion and tiger started fighting, and before they could be separated the hind quarters of the lion had been so mangled by his striped antagonist that he had to be shot. The act which was being shown required seven lions and two tigers, and was considered a very daring feat on account of the enmity of the great jungle beasts. At every performance they snapped and snarled at each other, but had always been held in check by the trainer; on this occasion, however, he turned his head for an instant, and in that inconvertible time the lion saw his chance and sprang upon the tiger, after which, in spite of efforts to part them, they fought until both were helpless.

Hunting grounds for Naturalists. Those who are curious about birds may spend time to great profit in looking at the poulterers' shops when game is in season. There they will find many rare and even valuable specimens that apparently have been thrown into the hamper by the man who shot them on the chance of his receiving something from the