"The Place Where the Old Horse Died."

In the hollow, by the pollard, where the crop is tall and rank,
Of the dock leaf and the nettle growing free,
Where the bramble and the brushwood straggle blindly o'er the bank,
And the pyat jerks and chatters on the tree,
There's a fence I never pass
In the sedges and the grass,
But for very shame I turn my head aside,
While the tears come thick and hot,
And my curse is on the spot—
'Tis the place where the old horse died.

There's his hoof upon the chimney, there's his hide upon the chair,
A better never bent him to the rein;
Now, for all my love and care, I've an empty stall and bare:
I shall never ride my gallant horse again!
How he laid him out at speed,
How he loved to have a lead.
How he sported in his mettle and his pride!
Not a flyer of the hunt
Was beside him in the front.
At the place where the old horse died!

Was he blown? I hardly think it. Did he slip? I cannot tell.
We had run for forty minutes in the vale,
He was reaching at his bridle, he was going strong and well,
And he never seemed to falter or to fail;
Though I sometimes fancy too,
That his daring spirit knew
The task beyond the compass of his stride;
Yet he faced it, true and brave,
And dropped into his grave.
At the place where the old horse died.

I was up in half a minute, but he never seemed to stir
Though I scored him with my rowels in the fall;
In his life he had not felt before the insult of the spur,
And I knew that it was over once for all.
When motionless he lay
In his cheerless bed of clay,
Huddled up without an effort on his side—
'Twas a hard and bitter stroke,
For his honest back was broke,
At the place where the old horse died.

With a neigh so faint and feeble that it touched me like a groan,
"Farewell, he seemed to murmur, "ere I die;"
Then set his teeth, and stretched his limbs, and so I stood alone,
While the merry chase went heedless sweeping by.
Am I womanly and weak
If the tear was on my cheek
For a brotherhood that death could thus divide?
If, sickened and amazed,
Through a woeful mist I gazed,
On the place where the old horse died.

There are men both good and wise who hold that, in a future state,
Dumb creatures we have cherished here below
Shall give us joyous greeting when we pass the golden gate;
Is it folly that I hope it may be so?
For never man had friend
More enduring to the end,
Truer mate in every turn of time and tide;
Could I think we'd meet again,
It would lighten half my pain
At the place where the old horse died.

—*Whyte Melville.*

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER V.

THE MOUSE AND THE LION.

The big estates of landed proprietors, where neither coal nor iron has been found, where no new towns have sprung up, and the semi-detached villas dear to the jerry builder are as yet unknown, do not represent their former income nor consideration. Farms are no longer fortunes, and fields do little more than pay for themselves.

The Earl of Kingshouse was an example of the ruthlessness of the times. There was no possible blame to be found with him and his. They had lived the ordinary lives of ordinary gallant gentlemen, enjoying the sunshine while it lasted, and believing in its everlasting continuance, by direct providential ordering, for their benefit. They had not been spendthrifts of an extravagant kind, and they had not been monstrously vicious. Neither had they come to the front as great generals nor as noted statesmen, though they had been for generations officers in the army and navy, nor had they ended as government officials of high rank after beginning as attaches of very problematic value. Still, the family wealth had slowly decreased both in actual bulk and relative proportions, till, as has been said, the present earl had been forced to let the castle for what rental it would fetch, and live in the Dower House with as much economy as he could command and more modesty than he enjoyed. It was, however, his only hope, but even with this things did not mend, and the red lion couchant, which was their proud family crest, was daily more sharply pinching within that galling net of debt and difficulty drawing ever tighter and tighter round it. What was to be done? How from that proverbial stone get the desired blood?

The Kingshouse estate must be still further clipped; and if the foul fiend himself held the shears he must be dealt with as a gentleman and courteously entreated. The estate went up as far as the garden wall of Redhill, and that bit—which my lord could sell without his son's consent—was just what would suit the ex-miner to buy. It was grief and pain to traffic the land, which represented his dignity, for the gold of a man whom, in former days, my lord would not have taken into his service as a groom, nor admitted his son into his house as a shoe-black. But those debts were pressing; money was absolutely necessary, yet as difficult to find as if buried in a pot beneath the rainbow; the Jews were sharks of a more formidable kind than Miles Stagg would be, and that bit of poor land would fetch a good price if the hirsute millionaire, on whose garden wall it abutted, should desire to have it, and so throw out another runner into the rich soil of landed proprietorship.

My lord was no Christian democrat after the pattern of his daughter. On the contrary, he looked at states and principalities as of divine ordination, and held the tamperers therewith as rebels against the express decree of the Almighty—rebels with whom the policeman's truncheon was the only valid argument, and a felon's prison cell the righteous remedy. In this sweeping condemnation, however, he did not include that daughter—his delight, as it has been said he used to call her. Like many other loving and therefore illogical people, love made a line of its own, and allowed a new principle to appear when it touched himself. Had it been Molly, the dairy-maid, for instance, or Mrs. Clanricarde, or even Mrs. Stewart—though as the wife of a clergyman she was officially free of certain philanthropic fads caviare to the million—who had maintained the essential superiority of the human being over the conventional claims of aristocratic gentlehood, he would have consigned any one of them to the eternal perdition for which she had qualified herself. But Lady Elizabeth was different. The inexhaustible fountain of mercy would grant forgiveness for a mistake which in the boundless expanse of knowledge would figure as a virtue—a little awry, and with a kink somewhere in the golden thread; but always a virtue, and to be rewarded as such.

Lord Eustace had told his father of Lady Elizabeth's damaging condescension at the tennis party, and he had himself, with his own aristocratic and august eyes, seen her shake hands with the omad'haun at the church door on the Sunday following. He had seen and wondered, but he had not interfered, partly because of that bit of land which had been weighing on his mind for some time past; partly because he thought that if it was her good pleasure to find any merit in that extraordinary-looking young man called Caleb Stagg—to my lord his very name was enough—if, in the plenitude of her seraphic sweetness, she thought her grace and condescension would in any way, or to the smallest degree, redeem him from the gross burden of his inheritance; well, that was just her goodness warping her intellect. The earl, her father, did not share her belief, and had no part in her choice. Sly is always Sly, and the sty does not breed lions. Nor is it politically desirable to aim at such social or personal transmutation. Morally and religiously, of course, it was all right, but then he was not so moral nor so religious either in a transcendental way as she. Men never are so good as women, and she was better than most women, if he was no worse than the average man. All this gentle playing at providence and philanthropy pleased her, his delight, who took the shine out of them all; and if no one profited, it did no one any harm. Wherefore he merely raised his eyebrows when he saw his daughter's act of condescension before the whole congregation, and said not a word to bring a shade of sorrow on that pure, sweet, holy face, which was to him the dearest thing in life.

Besides, again, my lord had the true English gentleman's feeling with respect to the action of women. He gave them their head up to a certain point; on the one hand, because they were half of his own order, whose status touched his own, and who were therefore entitled to respect as their birthright; on the other, for contempt as to what they might do. The two motives had their common source in pride; which is not wholly bad. When tenderness is superadded, as with my lord for his daughter, the thing takes another complexion, and what was the lofty toleration of contempt becomes the free gift of love recognizing equal moral rights.

All the same, the ex-miner and his family were of a different flesh and blood from the flesh and blood of those born in the purple, in my lord's estimate of human value; and his dear delight's undoubted virtue had as undoubtedly a queer twist in it somewhere.

It was a proud day for Miles Stagg when my lord's agent wrote to him, offering him that parcel of land known as the Redhill Braes for such and such a sum; which, truth to say, was about three times its market value. One-third had been added because of that abutment of the garden wall; the other, because it was the Earl of Kingshouse who opened negotiations at second hand with Miles Stagg, the ex-miner; the third, was the solid base line of which these other two made the sides of the triangle.

Without a trace of snobbishness in his rough-hewn character, Miles could not be indifferent to such topsy-turvydom of conditions as was implied in this offer. It was simply human nature that he should be proud of the consciousness that he, only a few years ago a mere day-laborer, earning his twenty to thirty shillings a week, should now be able to help my lord, who was like a little god among them all.

"Proud! ay, that was he, surely," as he said to Nancy, who was partly dazed and partly frightened by the event.

And yet he felt sorry—almost ashamed—that the great and powerful should be so humbled and brought so far low. He would rather have negotiated for Lady Elizabeth's hand on the more equal terms of money for rank, and as good a lad as ever stepped for a likely lady's husband and the father of her ladyship's bairns. That would have been a fair exchange and no robbery, he said; but this offer of a parcel of poor land for three times its market value was such a confession of need. It made him downright sorry for the grand old family, and he was no wise minded to sniff at the evident extortion, nor would he haggle over the price. He would pay my lord what he asked, and much good might the brass do him—not said ironically, but in serious earnest.

He, Miles, wanted naught with society for himself, though he was main glad that Caleb should have his whack. He wanted truly to see his lad wedded to a lass with a grand name, so that he should thus be able to found a family, as such wealth as theirs should do. He wanted Lady Elizabeth as his daughter-in-law, but he was not going to put down this on the back of the cheque. Things must come as they would, and Caleb must strike his own seam in his own way, knowing as how his daddy was at his back to second all his efforts.

Hence the bargain was concluded between the horny-handed Cœsus and the empty-handed aristocrat on the strictest business footing; and my lord never knew how much he owed to the generosity of the man he generally designated as "that brute" when he spoke of him at all. My lord paid part of his more pressing debts with the ex-miner's money, and the ex-miner wondered what on earth he should do with the land now that he had it, and what good would be the braes to him when they were of none to his lordship.

"They'll do to remind thee, Miles, that a fool and his money's soon parted," said Jim Fisher, striking his long chin.

And Miles answered, with a voice like a fog-horn, "Ay, man, that will they!" laughing as if the loss of so many thousands stood as a huge financial joke.

"The worst bit of land all round the country-side!" continued Jim, always in his quality of Janus-Mentor on the one side and Theraites on the other.

"That's about it, Jim," returned his former mate and present patron.

"Them thistles and ragwort fairly bet my garden," continued Jim. "It takes a man's time to keep down t' weeds as flies over the wall."

"We'll stub 'em up, Jim," said Miles, roughly cheery. "Thou'st got to be glad, man, as I've bought the land. Thy garden 'll be all the cleaner now that I've got my right to the ploughing on t!"

"Ploughing!" repeated Jim, disdainfully; "as if ary a plough as was ever forged would go in among them stones! I think thou'st losing thy eyesight, Miles. Why, t'land is fell-land, top and bottom; and unless ye can stuff pillows with thistle seed, I don't see what ye'll make of it, or where the vally of it lies, nohow."

"We'll see!" said Miles, laughing amain, and slapping his pockets as he was wont when pleased. "If I don't find a vally for the land, tell me my name's not Miles Stagg, and call me Jack Robinson instead."

"Jack-pudding, Jack-fool, Jack-ass! That's what I'll call thee," grumbled Jim, walking back to his turnips as stiff as a soldier on parade, and as sour as an unripe lemon.

But if the purchase of this parcel of land, this part of the great earl's estate, with its rich crop of ragwort and thistles, did not add much to Miles Stagg's essential position as a landed proprietor, still less advance by even a hair's breadth that darling dream of aristocratic alliance which he caressed, as Bottom might have caressed Titania; it touched Caleb's position in the society of the place, and materially improved his questionable holding. It was one thing for this rough and hirsute Sly, this ex-miner Stagg, to have bought Redhill; to have built a hideous new house on the site of the old, dark, tumble-down, inconvenient Elizabethan gem; to have set up "glass" by the acre, and to let surly old Jim Fisher neglect all their potentialities when he had done so; and another thing to buy the braes direct from my lord himself. The former owner of Redhill had been an absentee, holding a coffee plantation in Jamaica, which he could neither leave nor sell, and which did not pay its working expenses, and the house had been let to any one who would take it—now to a shady captain, who, as they said in those parts, "shot the moon" one night when the place had got too hot for him, and now to a farmer who turned the banqueting hall into a granary. Thus the neighborhood had felt no twinge of resentful sympathy for dispossession of an honored holder when Miles Stagg had bought the place, nor disapprobation of the new man's "land grabbing." Nor had it felt personally or locally enriched by the miner's gold which had flowed over the seas and had done no good to any one at home. When it came to the opening of a direct conduit—when my lord lowered his crest so far as to condescend to sell part of the great Kingshouse estate to the former miner, and had got three times its market value for the parcel—then the neighborhood pricked up its ears and rubbed its dry hands together, and wondered if, perchance, any drops of this beautiful golden ointment would ever moisten this and that and the other of those curved and hungry palms.

CHAPTER VI.

STAR OR MOON LIGHT.

The Earl of Kingshouse was devoted to astronomy; the countess to embroidery. Between these two absorptions lay a wide tract of domestic freedom by which Lady Elizabeth profited, no one interfering. Her father, whose favorite pursuit caused him to turn night into day, was asleep when he should have been awake. Her mother who had grown indolent in her comparative poverty and seclusion, asked only to be let alone, wrestling with the difficulty of shades and stitches and mourning in completion the annihilation of endeavor. Hence Lady Elizabeth lived her own life emphatically, and carried out to the utmost of which she was capable the philanthropic doctrines which in "Parson Lot's" time would have gone under the name of Christian Socialism. She received whom she would, and did as she would, and the only one who ever dreamed of objecting was her brother Eustace, and he found no audience. His father pooh-poohed him in favor of his delight, and his mother followed suit in favor of her indolence. If Elizabeth really went too far, and did what she ought not, that, proved, would necessitate her own stricter surveillance and more active companionship; and for this the effort would be too great. Of the two, she preferred to be an ostrich rather than a fly, and to stick her head into the sand, seeing nothing rather than to light on a window-pane, looking all ways at once.

Eustace was so fidgety! she said, plaintively, to my lord; and he had always been jealous of Elizabeth. Why could he not let her alone? If she liked to have dirty little children about her, and give them tea and cakes in the park, there was plenty of room and no one suffered. And if she choose to admit this wonderful young man—this hideous young Stagg—and to talk to him as if he were a human being like any other, that was her affair, and no other person's. She, my lady, supposed the girl was not thinking of marrying him, and it was very amiable of her to try to make him less odious than he was; in view of his responsibilities, indeed, it was more than amiable—it was meritorious; for assuredly the napkin in which this immense nugget was wrapped left much to be desired on the score of pattern and get-up generally.

By the grace of which reasoning it came about that Lady Elizabeth was unmolested, and Lord Eustace went back to his regiment decidedly not the victor; and Caleb Stagg was made free of those wide and shallow stairs which led up to Lady Elizabeth's quaint and artistically furnished room. This was one of the doors which opened for him in some sense consequent on that sale of Redhill Braes.

Thus it came about that Caleb was really a good deal at the Dower House, which at one time he would rather have gone into a lion's den than enter; and that Lady Elizabeth, taking her mother's view of his responsibilities, and agreeing with her as to the pattern and get-up of the napkin, did what she could to bring this heir to millions somewhat into line with at least the ordinary gentry of the country, and her example influenced others.

It influenced Mrs. Clanricarde perhaps more than any other. Where Lady Elizabeth went, meaner folk might follow, and Mrs. Clanricarde followed so fast as to outrun her pioneer altogether. Her door opened as wide as it would go, and not a week passed without some expression of material interest on the part of the mother of Estelle for the only son of that rough-hewn Cœsus of Redhill. But it was uphill work. Between her resolve to domesticate Caleb Stagg and his distress under the process and evident disinclination to submit to it, who would win?

"It shall not be," said the French woman, setting her teeth hard, when she read the young man's refusal to the third invitation she had sent him.

"But if he does not want to come, poor fellow, why ask him, mother?" said Estelle full of compassion for the unhappy creature, whom her mother so amiably persecuted and so humanely distressed.

"It's our duty," said Mrs. Clanricarde, with admirable self-command. "As Lady Elizabeth says, it is such a pity that the owner of such large responsibilities should be so little fitted to the use of them."

"But it makes him so unhappy," said Estelle. "He is just miserable all the time he is here. He gives me the impression of a worm that has been trodden on. I am sure he is far happier with his own people than with us."

"You might be of more use to him than you are, my dear," said Mrs. Clanricarde. "Young people understand each other so much better than they understand us older folks. If you would take him in hand as Lady Elizabeth does, you would perhaps make something of a gentleman of him."

"He seems even more miserable with me than with you," objected Estelle.

"That is because he sees you shrink from him—that you despise him," said her mother.

"No, I do not despise him, mother," returned Estelle, gravely; "that would be uncharitable and unchristian."

"Yes, that is just what it is," said Mrs. Clanricarde, a little eagerly. "It is really uncharitable, really unchristian, Estelle, and I am very sorry to see my daughter cherish such an unholy temper. You know that I am not one of your dreadful democrats, and that I hold to the distinction of classes and all that, but this is quite different from anything of that kind. It is not an ordinary case at all. God has endowed these people with wonderful means either for good or evil—and it is our duty—all of us to do what we can to insure that they shall be for good."

"Yes, I see," said Estelle, slowly.

"So that I hope, my dear, you will be kinder to this poor desolate young man," continued Mrs. Clanricarde, bringing down the hammer of principle once more with a will on the heated iron of sympathy. "You are doing a religious duty, remember, and Lady Elizabeth sets you the good example."

Warmed by her mother's words, and with all her conscience roused, Estelle took heart of grace for her charitable work, and the next time that Caleb Stagg suffered himself to be caught she was so sweet and kind and gentle that her trodden worm scarce knew on what leaf he was resting, nor what bird was singing there in the bushes overhead.

And at this moment Mrs. Clanricarde hated the young millionaire, and would have slain him if she could.

But Estelle was not so passionately discouraged as her mother. She had not the same reasons.

"Poor fellow!" she thought, pityingly. "What a misfortune to be so shy and ungainly! And fancy his being so much afraid of me. As if any one in the world need be afraid of me!"

And then she thought of Charlie Osborne—dear, handsome, well-mannered Charlie, that *facile princeps* among men, who would do everything better than any one else, and who was the dearest fellow in the world—as beautiful in heart as he was in person—and without a flaw that she, his lover, and, in a manner, his worshipper, could discover. Ah, if mother would only believe in him as he deserved to be believed in, and allow the engagement between them to be openly confessed—standing foursquare on that sound ground of future success—that ground which was to Estelle as true as jasper foundations of the Great City wall!

But mother was inexorable on this point. It was like asking one parched with thirst to eat ham and anchovies, to beseech her, penniless as she was, to allow of a prospective marriage and present engagement between her daughter and Charlie Osborne—burying her one available talent in the earth and planting her best investment in foredoomed failure. It was absurd to ask it; it would be criminal madness to grant it. And there the matter ended, and no more need be said.

Which was but cold comfort for Estelle to carry on her quivering lip when Charlie had urged her to press his claim on Mrs. Clanricarde once again as so often before—when, perhaps, he had written a letter as sad as tears and has warm as living blood, and had had for all reponse a negative as sharp as knives and as cold as it was sharp. Then the two poor tortured lovers had nothing for it but to hold each other by the hand, look into each other's beautiful eyes swear to be faithful through life and unto death, and separate in haste—fear of detection mingled with doubt whether they could meet again to-morrow—on Estelle's side, doubled with shame at her deceit. For by this time Charlie was forbidden Les Saules altogether, and all his intercourse with Estelle was contraband from the start to the finish.

And really for a girl who had been properly educated and sagely lectured to have run like a lapwing under cover of a hedge, then suddenly to appear in the garden sauntering up the broad walk, as cool as a cucumber, with eyes yet bright from unshed tears, and lips a little redder than usual by force of being unduly pressed—really to have to stoop to these subterfuges for the sake of a lover as against a mother, is a trial to the conscience of a severe kind!

No wonder, then, to indemnify that mother for this unconfessed infraction of her orders, the poor girl made herself so sweet and gentle to Caleb Stagg that he was sometimes dazed as by a vision of glory, and sometimes made to feel like a bruised worm trodden under foot by a bird of paradise. Then he would plunge into the woods and bury himself out of sight or he would mount the fells and disappear over the other side; and often in these latter days he would lie down with his face turned to the earth, and sob like a child for some strange pain about his heart for which he could give no name nor cause. When in these moods he used to be so still that the birds flew low about him, and the bees buzzed round his hair, losing their way among the heather. Hours would pass while he was in this state, half of trance and half of agony. It seemed to him as if he bore on his heart all the sorrows of the world—as if he and his nature made common cause with death, and joy was blotted out forever. And then sometimes this mood would pass for nothing more intrinsic than the cry of a lark in the sky, or the sunlight shining on a tract of grass of Parnassus or on the bronzed spikes of the bog-asphodel.

Changeable as an April day, he did not know himself at times; and if he did not, still less did his parents. Miles was of the two the more seriously disturbed. He thought his lad was losing such wits as he ever had; but Nancy said it was just dyspepsia—which she pronounced "dishpepsy"—and prescribed peppermint drops as a fine remedy. Then the mood would pass altogether, and not a trace of this deep, if dreamy, sadness would remain. Invitations would come either from the vicarage or from the Clanricardes, from the curate or the doctor, the retired major or the half-pay captain; and Caleb would go to the gatherings with the rest, and be the "cynosure" on more accounts than one. When he had been with Lady Elizabeth he was calmer, more reconciled with himself and life, and fitter for such duties as fell to his share. She had that power over him, which some women possess, of soothing the perturbed spirit, as when a cool hand rests lightly on a fevered brow; and had it not been for her, the poor omad'haun would have found things harder than they were, though why they should be hard at all was a puzzle to him, for which he had no solution handy.

The Redhill miner lad, whom so lately no one had known, was now quite a personage in the place; and though he was as roughly cast and rudely moulded as could well be, he was all the same the Golden Calf to those wanderers in the desert of impecuniosity, and being golden, though a calf, was gently entreated and courteously entertained. Who would not have been? Whose father could and would give three times its market value for a piece of land, bearing mostly ragwort and thistles, and pay the money down, like a man, on the spot, neither discount asked nor objection made? No wonder that he was made much of by the society of Kingshouse! No wonder that he was courted by Mrs. Clanricarde, to whom at this moment Caliban himself, if a millionaire, would have been welcome as a potential son-in-law! and no wonder that, as a consequence, this unwonted excitement was almost too much for him, and, together with other things, disturbed his mental equilibrium somewhat gravely.

CHAPTER VII.

pang. It was the birth hour of his soul with the one, of his social humanity with the other. In both he suffered; but the pangs of the latter were unspeakable and unappeasable, while the joys in the former overshadowed the pain. When the soul confesses its sins, is not the very confession self-healing?

And all this time his father added to his anguish by his coarse congratulations whenever he came home from one of those Kingshouse gatherings, his ripe imagination plucking the fruit that was not yet even in the bud when he urged his son to carry the earl's daughter in terms that burnt the poor fellow's heart within him like so much shrivelled parchment.

Meanwhile all this mental torture was hidden from the two who caused it. To Lady Elizabeth poor Caleb was a well-desiring, well-deserving, unformed, but capable creature to instruct and develop; to Estelle he was a human animal to whom, for compassion's sake, she was as gentle as she would have been to a horse or a dog, but with whom she felt no more possibility of comradeship and infinitely less familiarity of affection. Of a truth, it was Beauty and the beast; and the Beast was the sacrifice.

Sometimes a horrible thought crossed Estelle's mind, but it was one so degrading to her mother as well as to herself as to be almost blasphemous. And yet she could not wholly banish it.

Her mother's praises pricked the poor girl like witches' needles. She felt their invisible points and smarted under them, but she had to keep silence. Of what good to cry out? and to whom could she cry? Lady Elizabeth's liking for the Beast—which, by-the-way, seemed to her a kind of madness—sealed her lips to her; and Charlie had enough troubles to bear as things were, she need not to add to them her own share.

(To be Continued).

Superstitions and Figures.

Virgil tells us that the gods esteemed odd numbers

There were seven wise men in antiquity and seven wonders of the world.

Miraculous powers are supposed to be possessed by the seventh daughter.

Nine grains of wheat laid on a four-leaved clover enables one to see the fairies.

It is an ancient belief that a change in the body of a man occurs every seventh year.

Falstaff says: "They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either by nativity, chance, or death."

The number three was the perfect number of the Pythagoreans, who said it represented the beginning middle and end.

In the Faroe islands there is a superstition that seals cast off their skins every ninth month and assume the human shape.

Among the Chinese heaven is odd, earth is even, and the numbers 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 belong to heaven, while the digits are of the earth, earthy.

The Siamese have a regard for odd numbers, and insist on having an odd number of doors, windows and rooms in their houses, and that all staircases must have an odd number of steps.

Rules for Fat People and for Lean.

To increase the weight: Eat, to the extent of satisfying a natural appetite, of fat meats, butter, cream, milk, cocoa, chocolate, bread, potatoes, peas, parsnips, carrots, beats, farinaceous foods, as Indian corn, rice, tapioca, sago, corn starch, pastry, custards, oatmeal, sugar sweet wines and ale. Avoid acids, exercise as little as possible, sleep all you can and don't worry or fret.

To reduce the weight: Eat, to the extent of satisfying a natural appetite, of lean meat, poultry, game, eggs, milk moderately, green vegetables, turnips, succulent fruits, tea or coffee. Drink lime-juice, lemonade and acid drinks. Avoid fat, butter, cream, sugar, pastry, rice, sago, tapioca, corn, starch, potatoes, carrots, beets, parsnips and sweet wines. Exercise freely.—*Medical Index.*

The United States troops drove 600 families out of Oklahoma, Tex., on Wednesday. They are now encamped around Purcell, I. T. Some of the people resisted, and had to be tied to waggons and pulled out.