ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER VI.

SPREADING THE NET.

If Mrs. Aspline's dinner had been successful in its pleasure-giving power so was that at the Dower House, which was larger and more inclusive. It took in all the former guests and some half dozen more, among whom where Mr. and Mrs. Clanricarde. Estelle would not go. She had been asked, of course, but in her self-elected state of quasi-widowhood she had preferred the solitude of home, where she might think of her distant and ever-adored Charlie, and carry her renunciation as so much sacrifice to the memory of their interrupted love. And as Mrs. Clanricarde was only cruel when the "sacra fames" was gnawing too fiercely at her vitals, she let her daughter indulge her somewhat wayward humor and forego the dinner, which perhaps, the mother reasoned, a girl could not be expected to enjoy. Had it been a dance, she might have insisted; but a dinner to a girl who prefers bread and butter to anything else, and calls "a la Soubise" onion sauce—that was of the nature of pearls cast before swine; and Mrs. Clanricarde disapproved of waste.

For herself, she went to the Dower House as a matter of duty; so she said. It was only right to cultivate neighborly feelings, and to help the Kingshouses when they took the trouble of entertaining such people as the Asplines. She had heard—who had not?—of this new rich man who had suddenly descended as if from the skies on the Asplines—like Job in that shower of gold which neither ancient nor modern Danaes can resist. As yet she had not seen him. She was not on visiting terms with the Asplines—she wished now that she had been - Anthony had not shown at church as a good citizen and sound Churchman should have done; and the weather had been too bad for walking out.

With the secret determination to fascinate this new-comer, whom yet she spoke of with not so much judicious reserve as prepared hostility, Mrs. Clanricarde dressed herself with more than ordinary care—and she was never negligent of her appearance. The result justified the means. She looked superb, and she knew it. She had that indescribable *chic*, that look of foreign distinction, which no daughter of Albion can imitate.

"How handsome you look to-night, Louise!" said that unlucky George, seeking to propitiate his tart-tempered goddess, as well as sincerely stirred to unwonted admiration.

He laid his hand on her white, plump arm with a caressing, half-timid touch.

"It is a wonder that I have any looks at all after your conduct," was her cold reply, drawing away.

At dinner Mrs. Clanricarde was seated next to Anthony Harford; and on her, as on every one, his wonderful manner of reserve and dignity made the sharp impression of a new experience. That odd combination of the wild West "scout" with the English gentleman gave him a flavor as of cultivated wild fruit. And he, though seated next to Lady Kingshouse, was not unwilling to divide himself between the two. The vivacity of this striking-looking woman, with her dark bright eyes and prematurely white hair dressed *a la Pompadour*, amused and interested him. He did not know, but he half believed, that he was in love with Lady Elizabeth. For all that, he was not sure, for he felt for her differently from what he had ever felt for any woman in his life before; and he was not quite able to analyze his own sensations. Nor did he know her mind. She was sweet and friendly and gracious as a wingless angel might be. But how about the woman? He fancied that her cheeks had taken a deeper color when he came upon her suddenly in the lane; that her eyes looked both brighter and softer when they met his; that, when he entered the room this evening, that inner kind of smile which tells of secret pleasure had come over her face like so much sunlight. He fancied all this; he did not know. The reserve of a modest English girl makes divination difficult. Anthony was no fop, and he was afraid to think that these shadowy signs meant more than so many accidents with which he had really no vital connection. And how beautiful she looked to-night! Not with the beauty which stirs a man's senses or mounts like strong wine to his brain, but with the beauty that calms while it inspires, that brings the glory of heaven down to the earth for sweet sustenance and illumination. Anthony thought her again and again the lovelist lady he had ever seen, and wondered with increasing wistfulness what she thought of him, and whether she liked him below the surface, and not only just upon it.

Thus the dinner passed.

When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, Anthony went straight to where Lady Elizabeth and Mrs. Clanricarde were sitting together, discussing Shakspeare and the musical glasses with apparent interest and real flatness—Lady Elizabeth thinking of Anthony Harford with pleasure, Mrs. Clanricarde with unrest. As he joined them, what was dark to Anthony was clear as daylight to Mrs. Clanricarde, and she read in a glance what he had not spelt correctly after long looking.

"She is in love with him," thought Estelle's mother; "and I will conquer."

Something stirred her as if it had been a sword drawn from its scabbard. The passion of the fight, love of intrigue, desire of conquest, all leaping up in a sudden flame in her heart. Born for the kind of warfare as she was, how seldom had her talents been utilized here in this old Sleepy Hollow—this Noah s ark kind of society! But now had come the hour—and the man; and Mrs. Clanricarde consecrated herself to the struggle as fervently as ever a young squire consecrated himself to the laws of his new knighthood.

"Will you come and see me, Mr. Harford?" she said, in her blandest way. "I have a few old Japanese curios that are very rare. They are fine, are they not, dear?" to Lady Elizabeth.

"Beautiful!" answered that guileless Aslauga. "Quite worth seeing," sheadded.

"Thank you. I will go with pleasure," said Anthony.

He had not the faintest notion who Mrs. Clanricarde was, nor where she lived, but Delight would tell him, and perhaps accompany him. She was a very amusing and vivacious lady—that was all he knew and all he cared for at the present moment.

"When will you come?—to-morrow?" she asked. "How long do you stay at Hindfleet? Perhaps, in any case, you had better come to-morrow."

"Yes, I will call on you to-morrow," he answered. "I am not staying many days longer. I have outstaid my time as it is."

"I am sure you will admire my curios," she repeated.

"I am coming for you, not for your old relics," he said, bluntly.

And Mrs. Clanricarde's heart gave a throb like a girl's. If this stranger were so easily charmed with her, what would he be with Estelle? And what a splendid-looking creature he was! really a conqueror among heroes! How far had he gone with Lady Elizabeth? Not very far, she thought. She was as astute as any human being could be, not to have more than the normal senses, and she did not see any indications of an express understanding between them.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Aspline, with the briskness of a sour ferment, when he told her of his engagement; "that's in the wind, is it?"

"What's in what wind?" he asked.

"Well, you have fallen into the hands of the Philistines, that's all," she answered. "This Mrs. Clanricarde is the best manœuvring woman in Kingshouse. She is like a spider with flies. You are done for, Anthony, if you do not see through her."

He laughed.

"I am not afraid of her," he said, lightly.

"It would be better if you were," said Mrs. Aspline, sharply. "Pride goes before a fall, Anthony, and you are not the first man who has fallen into a trap."

"Don't see the trap," he returned.

"And I do," said Cookey, with a certain viciousness by no means usual to her.

"And then she is so proud," said Anne, languidly; "and what of, I should like to know? They are ruined, and every one expects to hear of their being sold up—any day. Why should they be proud?"

"Then you too don't like them?" asked Anthony.

"I? Like them?" she answered, quite quietly. "I seldom dislike any one—do I, mother? But if there is one person in the world that I hate, it is Mrs. Clanricarde. I wish she was dead!"

Anthony looked at her in amazement.

"What queer cusses women are!" he thought to himself.

What was the meaning of all this? What corn of poor, fat, good-natured Cookey's had this quasi-Bostonian trodden on? Where had sleepy, stupid, unpractical little Anne been pinched? What tempest in a teapot had shaken these atoms into antagonism, and what was the solution of the mystery?

All that, however, was their affair. He had nothing to do with it. As a gentleman he must keep his promise to this vivacious French-marquise-like woman.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS FATE.

The next day Anthony prepared to go to Les Saules, as agreed on. Mrs. Aspline had evidently forgotten the engagement, for she proposed that her guest should drive with her and Anne to see the Fairy Howk, which was one of the "points" of the place, and which would be so lovely to-day! There had been a two days sharp frost, and the icicles would be now beautiful—really something worth seeing.

"You will come, of course?" she said, with a flushed face and rather quick voice.

"Where is your Howk?" asked Anthony. "In what direction?

"Through Kingshouse, and on the Lancaster Road."

"Anywhere near Les Saules?"

"Les Saules!" Mrs. Aspline spoke in a tone of surprise. "Oh dear no! What have we to do with Les Saules?"

"Well, I have, if you have not," he returned. "I am going to see Mrs. Clanricarde to-day."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Aspline, crisping her lips. "So you persist, do you?"

"Persist in keeping an appointment?" he laughed. "Why, of course, I do."

"Then you'll repent it," said Mrs. Aspline, turning coldly away, as one turns from a son of perdition finally abandoned to his evil ways.

It was all very inexplicable to Anthony, and he exhausted conjecture in vain. He finally came to the conclusion that the vivacious half-foreign-looking woman was a runaway wife, whose little slip society had agreed to condone in a half-hearted way—strict sisters, like that virtuous and astute Cookey, holding aloof no matter who drew near. He was sorry to offend his hostess, but an engagement is an engagement; and Anthony was not the man to allow his actions to be influenced by any one, man or woman, and woman no more than man. Meanwhile he would go round by the Dower House, and see that dear Delight, whose presence always brought him the sense of spiritual harmony and mental rest.

But Lady Elizabeth could not help him. All she could give him was the rather bald bit of information, "They do not like each other."

"But why?" asked Anthony, who knew the fact and wanted the reason.

"I do not know, except that Mrs. Clanricarde did not call on the Asplines when they came," she answered.

"But why?" he asked again.

"Mrs. Clanricarde is very proud, and has great ideas of birth and all that," said Lady Elizabeth, reluctantly.

She did not like to allude to Mrs. Aspline's industrial origin to her friend and guest.

"Because she was once a cook?" said Anthony, bluntly, cutting the Gordian knot with one blow.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the answer.

The Americanized Englishman laughed.

"Good Heavens!" he said, with that kind of mirth which has in it more gall than honey. "As if it signifies a red cent whether she were a cook or not, if she knows how to behave herself, and bore a good character before and after! I should have thought that lady—Mrs. Clanricarde—had more sense than to stumble into this hole. Also," he added, looking at Lady Elizabeth, with eyes as soft as satin, "I should have thought that what Lady Elizabeth Inchbold patronized might pass muster with all the world besides in Kingshouse."

Lady Elizabeth smiled with the pretty faint embarrassment she so often showed when with Anthony Harford. Flattery, which from any one else was especially displeasing to her, from him was delightful.

"But there is nothing against either the one or the other?" he asked again. "My old friend Mrs. Aspline, I know, always conducted herself like a lamb. Has Mrs. Clanricarde as clean a record?"

"Quite," was the answer. "It is only a personal feeling. Perhaps, as mothers, they are as mutually jealous of their daughters."

"Daughters? Has Mrs. Clanricarde a daughter?"

"Yes; Estelle; a very pretty girl, and a very dear one."

Lady Elizabeth spoke warmly. She dearly loved Estelle—and she pitied her as much as she loved—which gave a certain flavor of tenderness exquisitely charming.

"Why did she not come here yesterday?" was Anthony's next query.

"She is not very well," answered Lady Elizabeth. She did not say, "She is broken-hearted because her lover has gone away."

"Oh! now I see it all," cried Anthony, with sudden illumination. "Why, of course. How dense of me not to have seen it before! Jealousy. There it is. Well you women do beat creation for that!" he added. "You are jealous among yourselves, and that's a fact! We men are nowhere compared to you."

"I think you do pretty well, however, in that line," was Lady Elizabeth's laughing reply; but Anthony, with emphasis, repeated his assertion, and declared that women were the most jealous beings on earth, and beat all creation hollow, let what else would make the running.

Then he arose to leave, and holding Lady Elizabeth's hand just a moment longer than necessary, he said, looking at her again with his satiny eyes, "But you are above that trash, I am sure! I should as soon expect lightning from a rainbow as jealousy from Lady Elizabeth!"

"I hope I should never be so poor-hearted or mean spirited," was her answer, made gravely and with earnestness.

"The loveliest lady in England" was Anthony's unspoken thought, repeated two or three times, as he went on his way to Les Saules—"just the loveliest! She has a heart as pure as crystal and a mind as bright as silver. I wonder if she could ever be brought to love me? She is worth trying for. With such a wife as that all my unrest would be over—all my fever would be quieted

He turned into the gate of Les Saules, and soon found himself in the room where Mrs. Clanricarde was alone.

She received him graciously, with just that amount of cordiality which keeps on the right side of gush, and is as far from niggardliness as from excess. She said she was glad to see him, and she did not ask after his hostesses. She spoke of the pleasant dinner they had had yesterday evening, and called Lady Elizabeth a dear soul. But she greatly lamented her want of practicality.

"In what way is she unpractical?" asked Anthony, feeling as if his lance were in rest and the bugle had sounded.

"She is too good," returned Mrs. Clanricarde, with a soft smile. "As if any one can be too good! I suppose I ought to say that we are all too bad for her." She said this with the nicest little air of apology and self-accusation. She was really a wonderfully charming woman!

"To be too good is not a very general fault," said Anthony, answering her smile. "For me, I think Lady Elizabeth just perfect."

"She is indeed delightful," returned Mrs. Clanricarde. "It is a pity she belongs to such a family."

"What of them?" he asked, gravely.

"Do you not know?—there is madness among them," she answered. "Some of them are now, I believe, in a lunatic asylum. It is that which makes me regret the dear love's decided eccentricity as I do. If her family history was not darkened by this terrible scourge, she might be as odd she as liked, and one would only love her all the more, and say it was her way, and, being hers, beautiful! But now come and look at my curios, Mr. Harford. I have really a very notable collection."

She had, however, taken the heart out of him for the moment, and he could think of nothing but the terrible shadow on the path of his sweet friend. And for a while Mrs. Clanricarde thought she had made a mistake and done more harm than good by her false information. She recovered her lost ground with infinite pains, and only after a time. Her vivacity was infectious, and Anthony could not resist the contagion. He handled her queer little squat figures and dislocated monsters with wry necks and shaven heads, pronounced them interesting and thought them hideous.

Then, as Anthony, having exhausted the outside world as represented here in the drawing-room at Les Saules, was beginning to take leave, she stopped him by saying, as a kind of after-thought—a kind of minor and even minus attraction—"Oh, by-the-way, I must introduce you to my daughter before you go. She is upstairs, painting. She is so fond of art!—and is really not a very despicable artist; at least, naturally, I think so."

"Oh yes! your daughter. I should like to see Miss Clanricarde," said Anthony, who had forgotten her existence.

Mrs. Clanricarde rang the bell and asked the servant to beg Miss Clanricarde to come down.

In a few minutes the door-handle turned and the door opened. Framed as in a picture—checked by the momentary surprise of finding a stranger where she expected to see only her mother—Anthony saw a tall dark-haired girl, with soft brown eyes and a pale flower-like face, dressed in a quaintly fashioned gown of clinging material and indeterminate color—neither blue nor green, but between both; a girl whose beauty was great, but whose charm was greater—that subtle, nameless charm which belongs to the fated and fateful women of men's passion and destruction; the charm which Helen and Cleopatra and Mary Stuart had to their sorrow, and the sorrow of those who loved them. Her eyes were worlds in which the soul was lost. Her smile was a net wherein the senses were entangled. Her dark and curling hair was like the perfumed tendrils of a dusky vine. Her lithe and graceful figure had in it the sense of melody and rhythmic harmonies in every line and every gesture. She stood there as she might have been the blessed damozel against the golden bar of heaven; and Anthony caught his breath as at a vision seen in the twilight. He felt as if the whole meaning of his life had suddenly been made clear, as if he had looked into a magic crystal and seen the hidden secrets of fate and the future.

In the brief moment while Estelle stood there and he looked at her, he seemed to live years, and to go through the experience of a lifetime. Something woke up in him that had been dormant for all his life, and he came suddenly to the possession as of another sense, to the full inheritance of his soul. Then the spell shifted, it did not break, as Estelle, letting the door fall from her hand, came slowly into the room and was formally introduced. And Anthony, who had adopted the American habit of shaking hands on an introduction, was afflicted with a sudden, and to himself an incomprehensible shyness, and felt as if he dared not touch that long white graceful hand, no more than an ordinary knight dared have touched the San Graal had he seen it.

After this he lost count of time. He could never remember how long he stayed, nor how he tore himself away. He only knew that he found himself at last at Hindfleet, in his heart, as it were, a bird singing, a fountain playing, a garden blooming, and the dull winter evening changed to an infinite glory of great gladness which yet was akin to tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE KINGSHOUSE ARMS.

The position was undoubtedly awkward. Anthony Harford was the guest of Mrs. Aspline, who hated the Clanricardes, and irresistibly attracted by the Clanricardes, who did not visit the Asplines. What was to be done? Anthony would not leave Kingshouse just yet, and he could not stay at Hindfleet if he intended to improve his acquaintance with the Clanricardes, as he certainly would. For what else should he remain here at all? Even Lady Elizabeth, sweet as she was and delightful as he had found her—just on the brink, too, as he had been; just on the brink, looking for her face in the magic fountain—even she could not have kept him; nor could her people, nor could his present hostess. But that tall dark-haired girl, with her fated charm—ah! that was another matter. To see her again and often—to get to know her and to prove her—to win her to himself, and wear her on his heart for all his life, as his flower of love and jewel of his treasury—yes, for Estelle he must stay and could not go. And yet he could not stay at Hindfleet.

Wherefore, making so far a clean breast of it, he told Mrs. Aspline what was on his mind as relating to her and "those people at Lissols," as she called them; and how impossible he felt it to accept her hospitality while using his time in visiting a house which was shut against her, and which now she would not visit were it opened to her.

"I am sorry for you, Anthony," said Mrs. Aspline, flushing a violent crimson passing into purple. "You are the first man that manœuvring old cat has caught and you will not be the last. I thought you had more sense. You are old enough, I am sure!"

"Old enough to know my own mind?" said Anthony, gravely. "I hope so."

"When you say the Clanricardes, you mean Miss," continued Mrs. Aspline. "I do not suppose you care much for that fool of a man who is next thing to a natural, or for Mrs. Clanricarde either, with her pride and her finery. At her age dressing as she does to look like a picture! I have no patience with such vanity! It is not decent; and so I tell you."

Anthony was silent. It did not come into the programme of his duty, as he conceived it, to defend Mrs. Clanricarde's millinery; but he thought again, as so often before, "What queer cusses women are when they come to loggerheads among themselves!"

"Take our advice," said Anne, putting on a little maternal air that was both becoming and entertaining; "go home to Thrift, and keep out of danger. You will repent it if you stay here. We know all about these people better than you do."

"I do not suppose there is much harm to know of them," said Anthony, even graver than before. "Well, I don't know what you call harm," said Mrs. Aspline. "If right and left, and Tom, Dick, and Harry's no harm, then there is none, I suppose. But I know I would have been sorry enough if any daughter of mine had been hawked about all over the place, as Mrs. Clanricarde has hawked hers!"

Anthony's bronzed face became strangely livid, as well as stern. It seemed to suddenly set like so much metal, and to become rigid like death.

"I reckon there's not much chance of hawking any girl about in such a God-forsaken old place as this," he said, with forced quietness.

"Then isn't there just!" returned Mrs. Aspline. "First that Mr. Charlie Osborne, who has a cough like a church-yard, and not a penny-piece to bless himself with; and then that moon-calf up at Redhill yonder, that Caleb Stagg, that I declare I would not touch with the end of a mop-stick. That woman there flung her daughter at these two, and would have given her ears for either. The way she went after that young Stagg was what I call a disgrace. And all the world knows it as well as I."

Anthony drew his lips close together, as people do when they are deeply moved, and yet wish to keep their self-command. Could he have ever liked this woman—this vulgar traducer of that exquisite vision? Mrs. Aspline took a new face and form and meaning for him. She was no longer the kind old Cookey of his boyish days, still less the improved, hospitable, almost lady-like woman of this latter time. She was a vulgar scold, and his heart sickened against her.

She saw that she had made a mistake.

"Well, there! I am wrong to put myself about like this," she said, with a forced laugh. "You are old enough to know your own mind, as you say, Anthony, and you have seen enough of the world by now to find your own way about. And I dare say I am prejudiced against this Mrs. Clanricarde and all her kith and kin."

"It is as well to know all sides," said Anthony, speaking with difficulty. "They stoned the saints once on a time, and they keep up the practice yet."

Mrs. Aspline flushed again, as before; Anne bit her lips; but both kept silent, and chewed the bitter cud with decorous resignation. It seemed little less than blasphemy to compare the Clanricardes—Estelle or her mother—to saints; but Anthony Harford was—well, he was a Harford, and the Harford mouth was hard.

"I reckon," he said after a moment's pause, "I shall be doing the square thing if I clear out of this and make new tracks. As I am going to see for myself what these ladies are like, and calculate to be pretty near half my time at Les Saules, it will be better for us all if I take rooms at the hotel, where I shall offend no one, and be in no one's way."

"That, of course, is as you like yourself," said Mrs. Aspline, with the dignity of displeasure. "You are not in our way here, Anthony, and I hope we have not shown that you were. I hope we have made you comfortable, and let you see that you were welcome. We have done our best."

Here the poor dear woman's voice a little broke, and her eyes grew red. The rain threatened after the thunder had growled.

"You have been just as kind as ever you could be," said Anthony. "There's nothing to be said on that, and I'm ever so much grateful to you. But I reckon it will be the squarest to clear out now, and most likely to keep us good friends."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Aspline, curiously lachrymose and indignant at one and the same time.

"Perhaps you are right," said Anne.

Vexed to see her mother so moved, she took a tone as hard and cold as an iron rod, as acid as so much lemon juice. For all her vague dreams, she had not dreamed herself in love with Anthony Harford.

"Then that is all fixed and straightened out," said Anthony, with a sense of relief.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Aspline; and "Certainly," echoed Anne.

Which ended the matter and clamped the proposition into its final affirmative. So that night saw Anthony Harford installed at Kingshouse Arms, where he intended to remain for at least some weeks.

He could not go back to Thrift! How cold and gloomy and desolate that fine old place looked in his memory!

Every one was glad to hear that Anthony Harford had moved into the town.

A curious little warmth spread over Lady Elizabeth's heart when she heard the news; and her fair face took the color of her feelings.

As for Anthony, had he been there he would no longer have noticed whether the fair cheeks flushed or paled, whether the soft eyes brightened or were abashed. These signs were signs to him no more.

"What can Harford be staying for at such a place as Kingshouse?" said my lord when he heard the news, like a man unable to see through a millstone.

"For society. I dare say his own place is dull," said my lady, like a woman having a reason always ready.

"I should not think the Kingshouse Arms a very lively lookout," he returned.

"But he has us, and that compensates."

"And he seems so much interested in astronomy," said Lady Elizabeth, with unconscious diplomacy.

"So he does," said her father; "and now that we have the frost again we will ask him to dinner, and we can make a night of it up aloft."

"You will freeze yourself to death some night up aloft," said the countess, just a point of querulousness—of quasi grumbling—mingled with what else was care and consideration.

"Oh, we have wraps and mufflers, as you know," was her husband's reply.

Both he and Lady Elizabeth were in riding costume.

"We will ride round by the town, and leave a message at the Arms," continued the earl. "I do not suppose he is engaged anywhere else."

"I should think not," said Lady Elizabeth, who was anxious he should be asked.

"Why, to whom should he be engaged?" asked her mother in surprise. "Society is not so numerous here as to ask him every day to dinner."

"He might be at the Asplines," said her daughter.

"Or the Clanricardes," said the earl. "He seemed monstrously taken with Mrs. Clanricarde the other night; and upon my soul she looked uncommonly handsome! I never saw her look better. She might have been one of her own ancestors at the court of the Grand Monarque."

(To be Continued).

IS IT GENUINE?

Probably thousands of people in this section of country, and this section is no exception to any other in this respect in Canada, have read the report said to have been written by Prof. S. A. Lattimore, Ph. D., LL. D., Analyist of Foods and Medicines, New York State Board of Health, and Professor of Chemistry in the Rochester, N. Y., University, stating that all of the Safe Remedies manufactured by H. H. Warner & Co. were pure and wholesome, nor did any of them contain any mercury or deleterious substance. To shorten the controversy, however, we will give Prof. Lattimore's report entire:

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER,
CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

Mr. H. H. Warner has placed in my possession the formulæ of the several medicines manufactured and sold under the general designation of "Warner's Safe Remedies." I have investigated the processes of manufacture which are conducted with extreme care and according to the best methods. I have taken from the Laboratory samples of all the articles used in the preparation of these medicines, as well as the several medicines in which they enter. I have also purchased from different druggists in this city "Warner's Safe Remedies," and upon critical examination *I find them all entirely free from mercury and from poisonous and deleterious substances.*

S. A. LATTIMORE, Ph.D., LL.D.,
Analyst of Foods and Medicines, New York State Board of Health, Professor of Chemistry, University of Rochester, N. Y.

We cannot think that a firm of the standing of H. H. Warner & Co. would dare publish such a statement if it were untrue, and we now have that firm's authority to say to our readers that it is absolutely and unqualifiedly true in every particular.

MARGARET LADY SANDHURST, who has been elected a member of the London County Council for Brixton, is a very remarkable County Councillor, with exceptional gifts, both social and magnetic, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Some of the feats of healing which she has been able to perform at her little hospital in northern London are almost incredible, were they not well authenticated.