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How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

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HEARLE.

BEYOND RECALL.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

I CAN'T MAKE OUT MY WIFE.

My wife was in a strange state of excitement that morning. I couldn't understand it. It seemed to me that she did not know what she was about.

At breakfast she asked me to repeat the paragraph from the paper about Kit; and I went over it word for word as I had invented it the night before, she listened with an inexplicable quivering in the corners of her lips, as if the next moment she might burst out into wild laughter or tears. "So you see," I said, "Kit's all right; only he thinks it wise to keep out of sight for a time."

"Yes, yes," she assented, cheerfully. "I am sure he is safe now, and that all he does is for the best."

Whenever I glanced towards her I found her eyes upon me; and though the expression of her face was at times pitiful, happiness predominated.

Was it the news of Kit, the flowers, or the British Encyclopædia, or the combination of all three that made this change in her? My muddy faculties failed to perceive.

"Any way," thought I, "she's got a heart-sense of gratitude than I gave her credit for."

In the morning, while I was at work behind the house, I heard her call—

"Kit! Kit!"

Instinctively I stepped forward to see what she wanted—forgetting in my occupation that my name was Gregory now. I found her looking towards me, and not at the pump she had called.

A little later on she came to me in great delight.

"Oh, come here, I have something to show you," she said.

I followed her, wondering what discovery we had made, round to the rocks behind the dairy, where she stealthily pointed out to me a hen sitting in a mud hole.

"Not a single one egg under her already," she said. "We will leave them, and then in a week we shall have a brood of young chickens."

"I'll make a coop for them when they come," said I.

"Oh, that will be famous!" she'd she, without questioning, any more than I, what purpose a coop could serve. Her delight was that of a young girl.

When I was putting up the shutters at night she came to my side, and looking over the moor, called my attention to the fleet of white mist that lay like a lake in the hollow, and then to the purple ridge standing up in savage majesty against the bright in the west.

"I never knew the moor was so grand and beautiful," she said in a low tone of awe.

"Well," thought I, as I lay down that night, "I did well to humor her. We shall get along comfortably now. It's ten times better to see her cheerful than with a face long as a fiddle. Now I can get on with my work comfortably. No need to bother my head about her for awhile."

And probably I should not have bothered my head any more if things had gone on in the same course. But the very next day something happened to renew my anxiety.

While I was on a ladder knocking out a window for my joist, Hebe came and called in a lowering alarm

"Gregory!"

"Well, what is it now?" I asked, still tapping at the stone. "Mind you don't put out with a chip."

"There's a man coming towards the house."

"A man?" I echoed, descending the ladder and chucking my hand, hammer in the other. In another moment I should have made into sight, but that she threw herself across me.

"He's quite close—he will see you!" she spoke in terror.

I stared at her in stupid perplexity, wondering what there was to fear.

It may be a detective—an officer in disguise come to take you away," she exclaimed, half forgotten my role of all escaped convict.

"Hide yourself, anywhere. Oh, don't stand a moment," she continued. "I will go on, and find something to say."

I hesitated. I had no fear of apprehension, but I did fear that this might be some trick of the enemy's in pursuit of Hebe.

"Can you trust me. You do not think I would betray you?" she asked.

Her look, her words recalled the past, and for a moment stirred up the embers of passion into a flame.

"I wouldn't be the first time you have betrayed a man," I said, harshly. "I will trust myself rather than you. Stay here."

I took her hand from my arm, and walked off to the front of the house. The quarry was not twenty yards off. He was a fine-looking fellow, and carried a knapsack on his shoulder; that did not satisfy me that he was not a detective. He nodded to me as I passed, evening me curiously.

I did not present a very inviting figure, standing there armed with my chisel and hammer, my face whitened with the dust from the stone and mortar I had been chipping.

"Can you let me have some refreshment?" he said, coming to a stand in front of me. "I'm tired to—less my way."

"I can't get nothing to give you. I'll pay what you want."

"I'm not asking for nothing to sell."

"Have you any objection to my sitting down where you like out of the sun?"

I did not sit down where you like out of the sun, but I did, after looking me up and down, say, "Why, you are a nice, hospitable sort of a man, I don't say! Do you mind telling me what you want here?"

"I don't mind your way here?"

"I expected your cottage from the road."

"You've got a pretty long sight—there's a good stretch for five miles."

"I don't lost my way. Is Newton Abbot south or west: that's all I want to know."

"I have known that was a lie, for he asked me again from tip to toe in a way that seemed to give you a lesson in manners, and clinked my money on the door."

I had no time to reply, and clinked my money on the door significantly.

"I'm stopped a minute, regarding me with a fixed stare, as he would fix my features in his memory, and then he asked the direction of Newton.

"Newton lay out there, why?"

"How had he strayed so far out of the most desolate part of the district, the chance of finding a road in Devon was practically out of the question a thousand times more than it would come by design rather than accident, and that case he must have taken advice, not employed by the major. Without a doubt he had seen what conclusion could he draw from my sudden disappearance and my very cool reception, but that I was bound to go out of sight and keep out of reach to avoid discovery?

"These thoughts passed through my mind in a flash of sight.

"I asked my wife, still agitated when I went back to her. 'Was a fool who had lost his way, and asked for an inn he was nothing else,' I said, with a meaning movement of the hammer in my hand.

"My mother trembled her.

"'Do you think he said, "you wouldn't—I go to murder."

"I would I would brain him. And I asked, if he comes again."

"I asked, if he with indescribable pain, and went away without another word.

"I took it into my head to suspect her of treachery. Why had she been so solicitous on my behalf? I asked myself—to entrap me into a conversation with this man. Why had she been so pleasant the last two days?—to beguile me into a sense of security. I even conceived it possible that some understanding already existed between them—that he had found means to communicate with her in my absence by slipping a letter under the door. Wild and inconsistent as these suppositions were they seemed feasible enough to me.

"Two or three times in the course of the afternoon I went round to the front door of the house to look over the moor. Hebe was there as eagerly as I.

"'I will watch carefully,' she said. 'Nothing shall escape me.'

"I had to find an ill construction to put on this promise of devotion.

"She smiled no more that day. Her depression I attributed to disappointment in the failure of the scheme.

"Twice in the night I crept stealthily down from the loft, under the conviction that I heard the lock of the cottage door being picked.

"Before it was fairly light I was on my way to Tavistock. The landlord of the inn where I usually baited the pony was a dog fancier.

"'I want a dog,' said I. "What is that one that I hear barking—is he for sale?"

"'Oh, he's for sale, as far as that goes; but he ain't what you would call a lady's dog.'

"'I don't want a lady's dog.'

"'And he ain't much to look at, and he ain't a sporting dog, and he ain't much of a breed neither; in fact, it's easier to tell you what that dog ain't than what he is. But I will say this for 'im he's got more bark in him than half a dozen ordinary dogs, and he's that nasty tempered with strangers that I has to keep 'im in an empty pigstye by himself, and so if you want a watch dog for a farmyard—'

"This was exactly the dog I wanted. I bought him, with the necessary appointment of a muzzle, a massive collar, and a heavy chain. He was a formidable animal, with a most forbidding aspect—bandy, blear eyed, and underhung. In his most peaceful moments he seemed to be meditating an assault.

"'It does not matter a bit about being ugly," my wife said, when I showed my new purchase. "If he answers our purpose and gives us a feeling of security, that is everything."

One would have thought I had bought the brute to please her.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NO LOVE.

At night I put the dog in the living room; as soon as I began to move in the morning, he gave tongue, and never stopped until I opened the door when he would have torn me to pieces if I had not prudently left him muzzled. During the day he was chained up in the stable. His ears twitched in his sleep. When he awoke he scented the air, and whined unhappily on finding nothing to bark at. And now, feeling safe, my fears and suspicions faded away, and by the end of the week we had resumed our former tranquillity and good understanding, thanks to the equable temper of my wife and her unceasing efforts to make the best of things.

If anything troubled her, she did her utmost to conceal it; if anything pleased her, she was eager to make me participate in her pleasure. She found subjects for conversation, appealed to my judgment, acted blindly on my advice when frequently she would have done better to disregard it; told me of her plans for the future; and kept nothing secret from me but her fears. By her unmistakable tact she thus drew me out and humanized me. The process was slow, indeed, but her patience was invincible, her courage indomitable.

I have seen a rugged stone in Italy that is worn quite smooth on one side with the kisses of passionate pilgrims. I, too, must have become less harsh under the tenderness lavished upon me. The very presence of grace and refinement corrects rudeness and coarse habits. She could not have continued hopeful unless she had been encouraged by some signs of improvement in my nature.

The change in her attitude from passive resignation to hopeful activity dated, as I have shown, from the day I first felt a dread of losing her and showed her kindness. The change was so astonishing that it might have raised a suspicion of insincerity in a more generous mind than mine; but the alteration in her physical condition was scarcely less marked, and there was no ascribing that to subtle design. The dark lines in the orbit of her eyes gave place to a healthier tint; her face grew fuller and changed the expression of resigned endurance it had hitherto borne to cheerful expectancy. Often I found her beautiful eyes and mouth animated with a smile of satisfaction.

"Oh, it is good to feel well!" she exclaimed, one day, impulsively; she told me she had not felt so strong for years—oh! for many, many years! "It must be the simple diet, the pure air, the occupation of our quiet life," she added. And I had counted upon this quiet life wearying her to despair; upon the daily drudgery and debasing association with myself degrading her to my level. Degrading her! I mistook which of us two was the weaker; unconsciously she was elevating me to her own degree.

She was proud of her bread, which improved with every baking, and the excellence of her butter.

"Don't you think we ought to find some means of selling our butter, Gregory?" she asked one day. "We have more than enough for our own use, and we must think about saving money for the future when time is all gone."

I took some to Tavistock to please her, and gave her the money it realized to take care of. I believe she regarded those few shillings as a fortune, for she had no knowledge of the value of money. She kept them in a box I made for her; and the box stood on the table at which she worked with a glass of flowers to suggest pleasant ideas when she sat alone.

My journeys from the cottage were full of dread to her now, believing as she did that I stood in danger of recapture. No matter how late I returned, I was sure to find her sitting in the living room. She economized the fuel to put off the day when I must hire a cart to bring a fresh supply, and herself suggested that I should not get it again at Newton for fear of creating suspicion.

It was a red-letter day for her when I finished my room; another when the brown hen brought out eleven chicks; a third when the beans began to show through the brown earth. She seemed to derive a real pleasure from these trifles. Her affection for all the living creatures about her struck me as being ridiculous, until I awoke to a perception of its pathos; those creatures to her stood in the place of her lost children. But if she found pleasure in her own pursuits, she was not less interested in all that concerned me. She did not wait to be asked for admiration of my achievements; she watched their progress, and tried to enter into all the details that occupied my thoughts, only too delighted if she found herself able to help me by a suggestion.

One wet Sunday, when I was brooding over my everlasting Encyclopædia, Hebe came timidly to my side, and said—

"Will you tell me what you are thinking about, Gregory?"

"Washing."

"Washing! I must think about that too. We can't always be using new things."

"No, that's what I thought. I'm finding out which is the best way. Here's an account of how the Egyptians did it—a whole history of washing; but the continental system seems to me most reasonable in principle."

"I know something about that," said she, drawing a chair close to mine, and seating herself. "I have watched the women lessivant in Normandy."

"Tell me how they do it, for I don't quite follow this description."

"They hang a great cauldron over the fire filled with water, and the lessive—that's the ashes from wood fire—tied in a bag, is put in there. Then, on a stool a little way from the fire, stands a big tub with a bag of iris root at the bottom, and all the linen on top. From the bottom of the tub there's a pipe for the water to run off from the tub into the cauldron. When the water boils, a woman scoops the water out with a ladle and pours it out on top of the linen; it runs through and back into the cauldron. After this process, the linen is taken down to the river, and rinsed in clear, running water. I think that's how it's done."

"A nice, old-fashioned, barbarous waste of time and labor."

"But it makes the linen beautifully white and the iris gives it a sweet smell.

"Oh I don't doubt that; but the same could be got without any trouble at all."

"Do you think you could invent a machine?" She had a certain awe and diffidence with regard to machinery common to most women, but a profound belief in my ability.

"Think!" I exclaimed; "I'm sure. Why, look here—there's the copper," sketching the copper that stood by the oven, "you put your lessive—all those ashes out of the oven—and your iris in, and half fill it with water. Now, here' your washing tub with a lot of holes in the bottom to drain through, and a piece of five-eighth tubing going through the middle. You stick the tube on top of the copper on a bed of rags to keep it fairly steam tight, like a bung. The tube goes down nearly to the bottom of the copper, and up just above the level of the linen packed in the tub round it. The top of the pipe is stopped with a cork, and half a dozen holes pierced in the circumference of the tube just underneath. Now you light your fire, and what happens?"

"I don't know, Gregory" (in a tone expressing dread of a general blow up).

"Why, when the water boils, the steam, having practically no vent, would press on the surface of the water and force it up the pipe, sending it in a spray over the linen in the tub; it would percolate through the linen and escape back into the copper through the holes in the bottom of the tub, and, then, as soon as it boiled again, the same process would be repeated. Thus you would do automatically exactly what is done by your old women with their ladles."

"That seems very wonderful," said Hebe, still faintly hoping.

"Wonderful! It's as simple as A B C. And then when the linen is sufficiently cleaned, it can be taken down to the brook and laid among the rocks till it's rinsed and ready to lay on the heather to dry."

"But wouldn't the steam get away through the holes in the bottom of the tub?" she asked, studying my sketch intently.

"That's what I call intelligent criticism," said I, highly delighted to be faced with an objection that I could over come. "On the face of it it would seem so. But you will find that the soaked linen opposes a greater resistance to the steam than the water that is free to flow up the pipe."

"If you are not afraid of spoiling the tub, might we not try it?"

"We will try it. I'll go and get a length of tubing—inch will be better than five-eighths—to-morrow night. You're out of paraffin."

"Oh, there's enough to last until the end of the week," she said, with sudden anxiety.

"May as well fetch it to-morrow as then. Besides I want some half-inch brads.

I was about to crunch up my sketch, but Hebe rescued it; and some time afterwards I saw it neatly folded in the box with her butter money.

I made the washing apparatus, and spent the whole of one morning watching it at work, Hebe as delighted as I whenever the water came spluttering out from the top of the pipe over the tubful of linen. That was a great success. To be sure I scalded my hand badly, but that was through my own carelessness; my flannel shirts, too, were so shrunk by the process that I could not again wear them; that Hebe declared was her fault; she ought to have known that flannel must not be boiled. The linen, however, when it has been rinsed and dried in them, was beautifully white, and I forgot all about my scald and the spoilt shirt in my triumph. As for my wife, I verily believe she was as proud of my achievement as I was.

One morning I spied her going down to the brook with a can.

"That's my work," said I, overtaking her before she reached the water.

"I did not like to take you from your work, and I am so strong now."

"Never mind that. You tell me if I forget it again."

Her face flushed with pleasure.

"Wouldn't it be a good thing if we could have a pipe laid from the stream to the house, Gregory?" she asked as we were returning side by side.

"Water won't rise above its own level," I said contemptuously.

"But this set me thinking; and I had pumps on the brain for the rest of the morning and afternoon.

When I went in to tea I saw one of the volumes with a piece of paper marking a place. Opening it I found the article marked was "Water," and on the paper certain notes—"A powerful refractor of light"—"An imperfect conductor of heat and electricity"—and the like, showing that she had been trying to acquaint herself with a subject that interested me. She saw that I was pleased.

"I have not come to the part about its not rising above its own level," she said.

"Perhaps I had better see 'Hydrostatics.'"

"You'll find it there. I've been turning your idea over in my head, and I think I'll lay on the water as you suggested. It's horrid going down there after the rain."

"Or in it."

"Yes, that's worse; and it would be an immense saving of labor."

"But if it won't rise above its own level, Gregory?"

"Why, then I'll make it," said I thumping the table.

She regarded me in silent admiration. For her there was nothing contemptible or ridiculous in my masterful spirit.

"I see how it's to be done, and I'll do it."

She came to my side as I turned up the cloth to make my plan on the table, and stood behind me, her hand on the back of my chair, looking over my shoulder as I drew.

"There, they are three cylinders," I said.

"Sort of tin canisters," she ventured.

"That's it. Air tight. The first and second hold, says a couple of gallons—the third a pint. The two big ones stand on a shelf—we'll make 'em 1 and 2; the little one stands underneath No. 2, and a lamp stands under that. A tube connects the little cylinder with No. 2, and a syphon connects No. 2 with No. 1. A tube from the brook enters at the bottom of No. 1, the entrance closes with a valve; another tube from the bottom of No. 1, serves a as reservoir out here, and also closes with a valve. Do you understand?"

Hebe looked attentively at the rough plan, and said—"Yes, I think I see that."

"Now, suppose that No. 1 is filled with water, the little cylinder is also filled with water, and No. 2 contains air. In that condition the water could not run out of No. 1 if the vessels were air tight; but if you lit the lamp under the little cylinder the steam and heat generated in No. 2 would allow the water to run out of No. 1 into the reservoir marked B. Do you see that?"

"I think so."

"Well, if you turned out your lamp when the reservoir was full, the steam in No. 2 would condense, and run back in the form of water into the little cylinder, at the same time that the vacuum formed in No. 1 would cause the water to run up from the stream through the valve A, until the former condition of things was renewed."

"So that by just lighting the lamp you could bring two gallons of water from the stream right up to the house?"

"That's it; and as often as you choose."

"That seems more wonderful than anything you have invented yet awhile, Gregory," she said, with fresh admiration.

"It's curious," I admitted, with a fatuous pretence of carelessness, though the blood was tingling in my veins with an excitement only known perhaps to inventors.

"But if it's so simple, why hasn't it been done before?" she asked, still marvelling over the plan.

I had to admit that perhaps it had been done before; but to this day I am ignorant of the simple contrivance being practically applied.

"You must make that, Gregory," my wife said, tenderly. "Not only will it be useful to us, but because it will give us fresh interest in life."

This gratified my pride; it ought to have touched my heart.

"I've never tried my hand at practical mechanics," I said, forgetting my assertion that I had been a watchmaker. But she marked the contradiction. I misunderstood the look of triumph in her eyes at the time; I understand it now.

"I might be able to do it," said I, turning again to my drawing.

"Oh! I know you could!" she exclaimed; "I am sure you could do anything!"

"I should have to set up a bench. There's room for it in the shed."

"Why not in here?"

"Why not in here? It will be cold out there in the winter."

"The file will make a horrid grating noise."

"What of that? It will give me pleasure to hear it. I shall like to watch the work growing into shape under your hand."

I promised her I would think about it. And I did; nor was I quite forgetful of her. She was certainly going on very nicely, I admitted. But my soul was unwarmed with any feeling of love for her. I regarded her simply as a pleasant and useful companion, while admitting that life under her influence was growing every day more agreeable.

The fact is, I had no love in my heart—nothing but vanity and selfishness. Even Howler, the dog, recognized this. The great ugly brute had fallen in love with my wife; he hated me. Every night he slept on the little landing at the top of the steps to be as near my wife as possible; every morning he came scuttling down the steps with every hair on his back bristling, his teeth bare to walk stiffly round and round my legs, growling all the while. He knew there was no tenderness in my heart; but my wife would believe nothing of the kind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CARAMEL PUDDING SAUCE.—Boil a cup of sugar with a cup of water for ten minutes adding at the beginning three cloves and some chips of lemon peel. When this has boiled for that length of time set it back. Now stir two tablespoonfuls of sugar in a frying pan with one teaspoonful of water until it turns a dark brown. Pour the syrup over this caramel very gradually until the two are thoroughly mixed. This sauce has as pungent a flavor as wine sauce without its deleterious effects.

WORK AND LONG LIFE.

Occupations Which Shorten One's Existence.

Some one has facetiously observed that of all occupations that of the assassin is the most conducive to longevity. Certainly it is, says the Pacific Medical Journal, that no sooner is a person known to have committed murder than all the safeguards that human ingenuity can devise are thrown around him, and everything is done to prolong his days on earth in comfort, ease, and even luxury. If the vast sums of money, the valuable time, the brilliant talent, the profound learning, the resistless energy, and the nauseating sympathy now wasted on murderers were applied to improve the sanitary condition of our schools, it would be more humane, and the result would be increased health, wisdom and morality. There were twenty-nine homicides recorded in San Francisco last year, and the number not recorded probably reached up into the hundreds, for there are many here who live by taking human life and advertise their bloody trade openly in the newspapers; yet we feel sure that it would be a more profitable business venture for any insurance company to issue policies at reduced rates on the lives of this great army of assassins, from the bold and venturesome highwayman to the sneaking and cowardly abortionist.

Among the learned professions, that of pointing the way to Heaven keeps its votaries longest on earth, while those who engage in holding others back, or smoothing their path, if go they must, glide swiftly on themselves and soon loose their feeble grip on worldly things; thus, according to English statistics, the death rate among physicians, between 25 and 65 years of age is more than twice that of clergymen of the same age, lawyers keeping about equally distant in the race for immortality between those who preach and those who practice. Of course, it is easy to see why medical men die young; irregular habits, loss of food and sleep, exposure to the extremes of weather, jolting and shaking over rough roads, inhaling microbe-laden dust or the foul air of a close carriage, the constant mental strain of weighing diagnostic symptoms and therapeutic indications with the fear of erring where human lives are at stake, and, last but not least, alas! with many of us, the use of expressly forbidden by the Master according to St. Matthew vi., 25-34—all these various agencies speed our journey.

Of the manual toilers, those whose occupation keeps them outdoor are, with some few exceptions being due to other causes as outcrowork, especially sudden muscular efforts or strains, liability to accident, and exposure to inhalation of dust and poisonous vapors. Thus gardeners, farmers and fishermen are exceptionally long-lived, and sailors would be so but for the poor quality of food, insufficient and frequently bad water, and the cramped-up, damp, dingy sleeping quarters furnished them. In these respects there has been a great improvement of late years, but much remains yet to be done. Jack's riotous living ashore and too often insufficient clothing at sea are also responsible for many of his ailments.

Carpenters and masons, whose work keeps them mostly in cities, where the air is less pure than in the country or at sea, are not as healthy as farmers or fishermen, and painters and plasterers, who are almost constantly exposed to noxious vapors, and suffer more or less at all times from chronic poisoning die comparatively young.

Tailors and shoemakers, who not only live in a foul atmosphere, but also sit all day in such a cramped position that respiration and digestion are interfered with, as well as drapers, wool and cotton workers, cutlers, filemakers and printers are liable to phthisis.

Liquor sellers and hotel waiters are extremely short lived, their death rate being respectively two and three-quarters and four times as great as that of clergymen.

Railroading and other occupations, requiring one to be more or less constantly on the road, are extra hazardous, not so much because of the accidents to which one is exposed, as because of the continued jarring, the superheated and foul air in the car and severe drafts every time a door or window is opened, and the fine dust which settles not only in the air passages, but almost completely clogs up the pores of the skin, throwing extra work on the kidneys and giving rise to the so-called "railroad kidney." For this reason, as well as for the broken sleep and irregular meals, commercial travelers are undesirable life insurance risks.

To be a capitalist, whether busy or idle, is somewhat risky; for, besides being a target for dynamite bomb-throwers, if busy, the physical wear and tear and the mental strain and anxiety of speculations will soon shatter both your mind and body, consigning you either to the mad-house or a premature grave; and, if idle, dissipation or ennui are apt to finish you early.

On the subject of political excitement we can not do better than to quote an editorial in the *Medical Free Press and Circular* of June 22, 1892:

"The excitement associated with an elevation possesses a distinctly medical interest. Apart from the surgical injuries and sections of cutaneous continuity caused by the impact of brickbats and missiles of a similar description, to be treated *secundum artem*, the excitement and the exhausting physical exertions which canvassing and electioneering entail upon the candidate and his chief agents determine a tangible proportion of break-downs. It has often been noticed that the election is barely over before a certain number of the candidates collapse and are forced to retire from active political life. Indeed, one is surprised that life assurance companies do not insert into the conditions of the grant of a policy a saving clause relieving them from all responsibility during the electoral period. Given a mature age and a sturdy determination to succeed, the position of a parliamentary candidate certainly falls within the category of dangerous occupations. The wonder, indeed, is that a larger number do not give way under the strain, but the effects can not be measured by the immediate mortality. The moment seems opportune to advocate the value of blood-letting in heart failure. Such an operation, carried out on a public platform with promptitude and dispatch on a syncopal chairman or lecturer, would be enough to secure a popular reputation for the operator, especially if by good luck the victim survived the ordeal."

Several defeated Presidential candidates have lain down and died shortly after their defeat, and Generals Garfield and Arthur might have been alive to-day had they left politics alone.

From what we have said it follows that if you would enjoy a happy life, as well as a long one, and be prepared to go to a better place when your time comes, practice not, but rather preach; spend not your days in houses built by man, but under God's fair sky; seek not wealth, for "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven;" keep the Ten Commandments, and read and heed daily the divine injunction: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on."

A Gallant British Officer.

The further details now to hand of the death of Lieutenant Gordon in the recent attack on the dacoits in Kattywar show that the lieutenant behaved with the greatest gallantry. The dacoits had taken up a strong position in the Gondalis taluka, and Gordon, having got scent of their whereabouts, went after them with a small force of police. The dacoits fought stubbornly, but Lieutenant Gordon and his men succeeded, after a desperate encounter, in killing the whole party. In leading the attack the lieutenant received several terrible wounds, and died shortly after. Lieutenant Harry Laurence Gordon joined the army on August 25, 1886, when he was appointed to the Durham Light Infantry, and was admitted into the Staff Corps on October, 19, 1887. He was then attached to the 2d Bombay Lancers, and at the time of his death was holding the temporary appointment of assistant-superintendent to the Kattywar Agency Police, which he had taken up only in October last. On the information of his death reaching Lord Harris, he at once sent a telegram of condolence to the deceased's relatives in England.

KNEELING IN DEATH.

Mrs. Walker, of Fort Erie, Suddenly Taken Off By Heart Failure.

A Fort Erie, Ont., despatch says:—Mrs. Walker, an elderly lady, who lived in a little cottage by herself in this village, was found dead this morning by her son, young Hagarty, who had been to Ridgeway on business and called to see her on his way back to Buffalo. When found she was kneeling by the side of the bed, where it is supposed she had fallen in her attempt to reach it. The body was still warm when found. She had been ailing for some time, her attending physician giving heart failure as the cause of death.

Prussia has a treasury deficit of nearly $14,000,000.

SMUGGLERS AND POACHERS.

The Contrabandists' Ingenious Evasions of the Revenue Laws.

When Napoleon the Great calculated the chances of the Russian campaign, the Duke of Otranto advised him to remember that "the attempts at universal dominion have always provoked universal war," and it is equally true that legislation in favor of class-privileges has never failed to beget an increase of lawlessness.

The fearful heresy laws of the sixteenth century did not prevent the outbreak of schisms in the heart of Europe, and the traditions of Robin Hood suggest the probability that even in the zenith period of feudalism the British barons did not have the good things of life all to themselves. The system of espionage and official supervision of modern Russia is unrivaled for thoroughness as well as for ingenuity, yet the traffic in that most obnoxious of all contrabands, called seditious literature, is carried on in the very capital of the empire, and the favorite game preserves of the Czar are subject to the inroads of poachers. In the great forest of Byalistock herds of deer, elk and urus cattle are watched by a standing army of game-keepers, yet a recent investigation revealed

THE REMARKABLE FACT

that venison to the value of 8,000 rubles is stolen from that stronghold of sporting privileges every year. The urus herd represents the last survivors of a species of wild cattle once abounding in all the forests of Northern Europe, and being considered special pets of the Romanoff dynasty, were supposed to be as safe as the saddle horses in the stables of Czarsko-Selo, till accident suggested a suspicion that the number of the imperial protegee was decreasing more rapidly than that of the Moscow Hebrews. A committee of inquiry was then ordered to collect the available evidence and reported that from a total of 2360 head in 1890 the urus colony had dwindled to 900 or so in 1892, for reasons not altogether unconnected with the circumstance that in the markets of the neighboring towns urus meat half for years been sold under the thinly disguising synonym of "black beef." The Government foresters, confronted with the risk of a salt-beef diet in the Siberian mines, at first talked about the contagion of a cattle plague, but were finally forced to plead the difficulty of watching a forest of 250 square versts in dark winter nights, when the horrors of an Arctic frost are aggravated by snow tornadoes.

But in the genial climate of Sardinia the Italian Government has had the same bad luck with a herd of wild sheep (the muflion species) whose survival in the highlands of the sunny isle they had tried to insure by a code of rather truculent game laws. The interesting relatives of our Western bighorns are on the point of becoming extinct, and the sheep-rot theory being one of the question, it is not improbable that the Sardinian provision dealers have been carrying on a moonlight traffic in black mutton.

The game-keepers of the Austrian Empire are trained in special *Forst-schulen* ("colleges of forestry") and are assisted by rangers who know every fox-tail of the neighboring mountains; yet chamois meat can always be bought under discreet pseudonymes, and overvigilance every now and then results in the mysterious disappearance of a zealous *forster*.

The poachers of the Tyrol could give our moonshiners points on the art of night travel, but can not always avoid a daylight campaign and the risk of having to run the gauntlet of the best long-range marksmen in Christendom. The traveler Gerstacker relates an episode of the Passeyer Thal, in the wild highlands of the Central Alps, where a chamois-poacher was

TRACKED FROM HILL TO HILL,

till his pursuers fell in with a large hunting party who agreed to join them in the interest of law and order. Thus reenforced, the posse advanced in a wide semicircle and managed to drive the outlaw toward a mountain-side flanked with a range of precipitous cliffs, where death at the bottom of a 1,000-foot abyss seemed the only alternative of surrender. But when they approached the brink of the beetling rocks a shot rang out from the depth of that very abyss, and the pursuers hurried down again expecting to find the body of the poacher who seemed to have evaded capture by a suicidal leap from the cliffs. They found his rifle, but not a trace of its owner, whose whereabouts remained a mystery till a more thorough search of the summit region revealed the ruse of the wily fugitive. When the posse began to close in upon him he had clambered down the rocks to the very edge of the abyss, but instead of a *salto mortale* had tried the desperate expedient of crawling through a tangle of wackolder (a sort of juniper shrub), which temporarily screened him from view. Then, after cocking his rifle, he had deliberately dropped it into the chasm below, where it exploded by the shock of the fall. Its proprietor, in the meantime, had grasped a branch of the protecting shrub and dangled between heaven and earth till his pursuers hurried back, thus giving him a chance to emerge from his hiding place and continue his flight in the opposite direction.

On the Italian border those poachers recruit the ranks of the daring smugglers who carry highwines from the mountain stills to the Piedmont, and silk and velvet into the dominions of Francis Joseph. They travel by night, passing the daylight hours in thickets or in cabins with hidden cellar vaults, where considerable deposits of contraband have now and then been discovered by the sleuth hounds of the law, but hardly ever by the treachery of a contrabandist.

A similar traffic is carried on in the Pyrenees, where the sympathy of the population, with rare exceptions, favor the cause of the outlaws. With a view of utilizing the enormous surplus of its standing army, the French Government put several regiments of regulars under the orders of the Revenue Department, but, as a rule, that plan seems to have defeated its main purpose. "As a preparatory school for the training of our light infantry," says the report of the Commissioner, Mognault, "the system is highly commendable; but its practical result has been an increase of nearly 400 per cent in the former average of smuggled merchandise." In their encounter with the wily outlaws of the Sierra the incompetence of the French recruits was, indeed, apt to become painfully evident.

On one occasion a troop of forty smugglers passed the cordon of pickets without a shot fired, by sheer dint of cunning and superior check. In order to test the vigilance of the sentries it had been made a rule that the hours and half hours of the night must be called out by the Corporal of each bivouac guard and repeated from picket to picket all down the line. In the small hours of a specially dark night

THE SENTRIES

near St. Sauveuse, in the department of Hautes Pyrenees, called out "Three o'clock!" fifteen minutes too soon, but, with a disciplinedness that awakened hundreds of responses and roused a hornets' swarm of wrathful non-commissioned officers. Angry discussions failed to reveal the cause of the untimely vociferations, and a few minutes later a gang of shadowy forms passed the line within a few steps of a bewildered recruit who had come to the conclusion that in a world of mystifying contradictions, silence was, on the whole, the best policy.

In the neighborhood of Gibraltar a lively trade in British merchandise is going on by land and sea in spite of all precautions, especially northwest of the harbor, where the rock coast favors the escape of the little sailboats engaged in the irrepressible traffic. Larger vessels can be searched upon their arrival at the Spanish ports, but out at sea they can not be prevented from watching their chance for dropping little packages wrapped up in oilcloth and bouyed by means of cork strips. At peep of dawn these floaters are picked up by fishing smacks, provided with "tips," that enable them to get ahead of the revenue cruisers—not to mention the wholesale transactions favored by an occasional sea fog.

But the largest trade in contraband is that of the Upper Nile, where whole caravans of smugglers run the blockade of the Egyptian frontier guards in broad daylight. The enormous extent of the thinly populated border defies all vigilance, and the British Consul at Khartoum estimates that the number of slaves smuggled across the Soudan border will exceed 12,000 a year.

At The Bank.

Depositor: "Is the cashier in?"

The Porter: "He is, ma'am, for ten years. Perhaps th' assistant cashier'll do, ma'am."—[Pearson's Weekly.

Will Probably Dig It Up.

Rivers—"Somebody, I see, has been defacing your front fence."