# His Favorite Niece;

—OR—

## A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER XLII.

A clear frosty day in November, the first after Hettie's arrival at Brentwood, the sun shining brightly and the crisp air full of new life. Leah said that the lovely weather was sent for her sister's benefit, that she might see Brentwood at its best.

Hettie was made to feel perfectly at home. Her costly outfit was all packed away in the fine old oaken wardrobes; she had arranged her rooms according to her own idea of what was best, and her favorite books were all in their places. The sisters had enjoyed making these arrangements, and the general was happier than he had ever been in his life before. He rejoiced when he heard the sound of the two voices. The happy, sunny laughter was music in his ears; and after a day's shooting, he was never so happy in the drawing-room, when dinner was over, as when comparing the two faces, each so beautiful in its own way.

The general and his nieces were at breakfast together, and an argument arose as to whether three in a family, or in ordinary life, were not better than two. Hettie solved the question at once,—

"Two persons may have the same ideas, the same opinions and thought and thus may agree perfectly; but no three persons could possibly be alike. I should think, uncle," she continued, gayly, "that, in our case it would be Leah and yourself who would agree about everything, and I who should naturally oppose both."

By this time Sir Arthur and his niece were close friends. They paid due respect and did homage to the fine and noble qualities they saw in each other. Hettie had all the gentle graceful tact of a well-bred, refined gentlewoman; she never touched on topics which she knew annoyed Sir Arthur or irritated him. Once having become friends, they could have lived together forever without one word or shadow of disagreement. Sir Arthur realized that his happiness was decidedly increased. He looked forward with pleasure to the fact that Hettie would be always with them. At first, remembering the long and pleasant conversations that he had had with Leah, he had fancied the new-comer might be in the way. He found that it was just the reverse—indeed that she added to their happiness.

The general had determined that, as soon as they were settled, he would give a series of entertainments, and that Hettie should be introduced to the great world. There need be no concealment, no mystery; she was Leah's sister, and she had been living with a relative who now was dead. He was still desirous, if it could be managed, that it should not be known to the world in general that they were the daughters of Martin Ray.

"I must have a long talk with Leah this morning," he said to himself, "and later on I must see Basil. I have much to say to him; but the chances are that he will not return today. I must wait."

When breakfast was over, the general went to his study, where the Times and various other newspapers awaited him. There was no fear of his meeting with any more strong articles denouncing Martin Ray. He could open a newspaper now without hesitation. He was soon engrossed in some article on British rule in India, while the two sisters went out of doors. The morning was too bright and too sunny to be lost.

"I will show you some of my favorite nooks, Hettie," said Leah. "I like this terrace better than any other part. See what a magnificent view there is of hill and dale, stream and meadow, rich farm-land and picturesque woods. All that belongs to my uncle."

"And will one day belong to you, Leah," returned her sister. "Ah! my darling, you were born to be a great lady! Nothing else would have suited you."

"I should like it all the better if you were to share it," she said quickly; and Hettie knew that she was speaking sincerely.

"I was never intended to be a great lady," declared Hettie. "If I had had my choice in life, I should have preferred a pretty home, neither very luxurious nor very poor—a house among flowers and trees—and some one to love me—to love me very much, more than all the world. I envy no one wealth or fortune or fame, but I envy every one who is blessed with love."

For a moment the two girls looked at each other in silence, and then Leah spoke,—

"Come to the end of the terrace, Hettie," she said; "from that trellis-work you will see all down the avenue and drive. Sit down in this sunny nook and let us talk here. The morning is not too cold. No! you see all this tangle of faded green and dried branches?"

"Yes," replied Hettie, wondering.

"In the summer that presents the finest show of passionate-flowers in England; they grow all over the trellis-work, and even spread down to the terrace below. They are of all colors—brown, purple and the one I love best, rich scarlet; they spread like a great vine. Do you like passion-flowers, Hettie?"

"Yes, but not so well as roses and lilies. They are too sad and too mystical for me."

"And I like them best of any flowers. I wonder, Hettie, what there is in me which inclines me always to like what is sad better than what is bright and happy? I wonder if ever I should be perfectly happy?"

"Are you not perfectly happy now, Leah—so beautiful, so rich, so gifted, so beloved?"

Leah, thinking of the shadow that she saw at times on her lover's face, answered,—

"No, not perfectly. I do not know why. I have not a tangible sorrow, I have not even a very defined shadow of trouble; yet I could not from my heart say that I am perfectly happy."

"How strange!" said simple Hettie. "Perhaps, Leah, you have one of those natures that nothing on earth can render content. They are so noble, so lofty, the little loves and cares of this world do not satisfy them, and never will."

"How strange it seems to me to hear you, Hettie, talk in that fashion!" said Leah, with a smile; but she sighed as she thought that, if Basil loved her with the same worshipping love she gave to him, she would be perfectly happy.

"I have read of people," continued Hettie, "who are never quite happy, who always want something better than they have, who are filled with an indefinite longing, yet who have no idea what they long for. Do you know, Leah, that even when you were quite a child I noticed something in your face—a story, a shadow, a something quite different from the expression in other faces. You have it now—a shadow in your eyes. I cannot express in words just what I mean. You always looked restless, as though you were expecting something which never came."

"I ought not to have that now," said Leah, "for I have found what I wanted—that for which I hungered."

"Have you, Leah?"—and the blue eyes looked wistfully into the dark ones. "I have thought so."

"I brought you here, Hettie, to tell you about it. I would not tell you until I could show you the very spot where I saw him first. I want to tell you, Hettie, because you must love him too. I was sitting here one lovely summer morning, a morning that stands quite apart from the rest of my life. The sun was shining; the river in the distance there was like a line of silver; the sweet morning air stirred the leaves and flowers; the exquisite passion-flowers were all in bloom, and I stood here among them, looking over this beautiful scene that has scarcely an equal. In the distance I saw my uncle walking up the avenue with a stranger. I looked in the stranger's face and met my fate. Do you understand a swift, keen, subtle love like that, Hettie?"

"Yes," was the whispered reply.

"He came on my life as the sun breaks upon the flowers—suddenly, swiftly—and changed it all. What you say of me is quite true, Hettie; I had a restless fever on me. My life was all longing—nothing satisfied or contented me; but when I saw him, an exquisite calm came over me like the full shining of the noonday sun on a broad, quiet sea. My life grew suddenly complete. Ah, Hettie, how good it is to be able to talk to you! I had always thought that I should meet my lover in this way—that some day I should come face to face with him, and recognize him. I did so. You will think me strange, I am afraid Hettie; but, before I had spoken to him, I had said to myself, 'This is my love come from land or sea.' I stood just where you are sitting, Hettie, and I had a cluster of passion flowers in my hand. A great love is like a great wave of the sea; it sweeps over all before it, and bears everything away. A wave of love swept over me. I believe that, had any one asked me, I could not have told my own name."

Hettie's fair face grew paler and more wistful.

"Ah! Leah," said she; "such a great love could never be a happy one; it could not end happily!"

Leah smiled, a gentle, tender smile, which spread from her eyes to her lips.

"In most cases I grant that that is the case," she replied; "but in mine—mine—— Ah! Heaven be thanked, mine is a happy love, and will have a happy ending! I—I was going to tell you, Hettie, that we shall be married soon."

Hettie threw her arms around her sister's neck and kissed the expressive face.

"Is it true? I am so glad—O, Leah! I am so glad; for, of all things in the world, love is best! I am so glad! Then I have found you only to lose you again?"

"You will never lose me, nor shall I lose you," said Leah. "I am sure that you will love him, first for my sake, then for his own; he is so noble, so good. Ah! Hettie, I see such a happy life stretching out before me! I can hardly speak of it without tears;" and into the dark eyes came a mist, while the proud curves of the beautiful mouth softened. "We are like two sisters in a fairy tale," she continued. "How strange, Hettie, that we should be together again! I have told you my little love story; tell me yours, if you have one."

Over the face of the younger girl there fell a shadow.

"Mine is not like yours," she said. "It was not a great love that came to me all at once; it crept into my heart little by little, and was there before I knew anything about it; and then, when I found it, I knew that it must die. It has no happy ending my love story. Yours will end in marriage; mine has ended in parting and sorrow."

"Is it so, Hettie? I am grieved. How was it? Will this change in your life make any difference?"

"No; it was all over, dead and buried, before the change came. Nothing can make any difference. There never was any hope. We did not know, either of us; it came upon us unconsciously."

"Hettie," whispered Leah, "will you tell me about it?"

"Not unless you like—not if it distresses you. But, if I knew, perhaps I could help you."

"I should like to tell you, Leah; but I have always been afraid it would distress you."

"Never mind that, Hettie; tell me about it. No one can understand it better than I."

"There is so little to tell," replied Hettie, "that I am almost ashamed to call it a love-story. It is more like a dream, only it ended more quickly than most dreams do." As she spoke her eyes, with a far-away look, were fixed on the winding river and the dark masses of wood. "I was so busy all my life, Leah," she said, "that I had no time to think about love. I do not believe that during the last two years of my father's life I had one leisure hour. Yet within me must have been the longing for love and a loving heart. Quite by accident I met some one. He came to see my father; and I and my father liked him. We saw each other not only every day, but sometimes twice in the day. My life was so hard, and he was so kind to me, that I looked forward to seeing him as the only gleam of happiness I had. When he went away, he left the music of his voice with me. Ah, Leah, I was mad! All love is madness. I grew to love him with my whole heart, and did not know it. When I closed my eyes at night, it was to dream of him; when I opened them in the daylight, it was to see his face. One day he came to say good-bye to me. He was pale as death, and his voice shook with pain. 'I must go,' he said to me; but I—oh, Leah, how could I do it?—I clung to his arm. We were both standing watching the waves break upon the shore, and I cried to him not to go. My father was ill and my life so gloomy; I felt that, if he went away, I must die, I could not live. He seemed sadly distressed. 'I cannot stay with you,' he said; 'it is impossible.' I should not like to tell any one but you, Leah. I clung to him, still weeping. He was all the world to me—all the world. 'Stay with me—at least until my father is better, and the darkest hour of my trouble is past.' Oh, Leah, much as I love you, I am ashamed to tell you the rest!"

Hettie buried her face in her hands and wept aloud; while Leah wondered why her fate should be so much better, brighter, and happier than her sister's.

(To be Continued.)

## "PAUPER BARONET" DEAD.

The Termination of a Singular Romance.

The death of Sir William brings a singular romance to an end. Succeeding his father in the baronetcy in 1879, when he was thirty years of age, the late baronet, who was born at Bothumsall, Notts, and educated at Haileybury, experienced a series of vicissitudes which resulted in his being admitted a patient at the Jubilee Hospital, Woodford, and his transference, in October, 1902, from that institution to the West Ham workhouse. He was ill, and was placed in the infirmary. Previously he had resided at Leytonstone, where he lived on a small annuity which was said to have ceased upon the death of a brother, General Macgregor.

That a baronet was an inmate of a work-house soon became known, and Sir William received dozens of letters from sympathizers, and many offers of marriage from ladies whose hearts had been touched by his misfortunes. A west-end matrimonial agency opened communication with him, and the head of the concern had an interview with the baronet. He was told that a wealthy American was willing to pay £25,000 for the privilege of marrying a titled Englishman. Ultimately an agreement was prepared by solicitors, in which it was stipulated that Sir William was to receive £5,000 in cash on the wedding-day. But this arrangement fell through because the lady looked for a duke, and would accept no one with an inferior title.

Soon after this disappointment a lady called at the workhouse, induced him to take his discharge, and to travel with her to Bristol. She was the deputy of her sister, who had become interested in the strange story. He met this lady, and they had a long conversation. After it, preparations were made, it is said, for their marriage, and Sir William spoke of the change of his prospects to his friends. But a hitch occurred; again the baronet was disappointed.

However, Fortune had not deserted him. The lady who had acted as deputy renewed acquaintance with him, and on April 5, 1903, she married him. She was Miss Alice Gulliver, fourth daughter of the late Captain Gulliver, R.N. They were married at the Southmead registry office, and after the ceremony went to live at Clifton.

Sir William was the son of the Rev. Charles Macgregor, at one time vicar of Dwallow, Lincs, and a minor canon at Bristol Cathedral. The first baronet, Sir Patrick, an Inverness doctor, who subsequently became Sergeant-Surgeon to George IV., received the title in 1828.

The Hot Lakes District of New Zealand includes seven lakes ranging in area from thirty-one to three square miles, besides many of smaller size.

# The Farm

### RELIGION ON THE FARM.

More and more do we see that Christianity must be to make ourselves and others, the mothers and fathers, the brothers and sisters, more happy and wise, more hearty and courageous, more manly, more womanly, more open in conduct. Christianity is a life and not a set of dogmas or a creed. It will make our social and home life broader; it will make us less selfish it will lead us to give our confidence with less reserve; ask advice with open heart and hold ourselves amenable to reason. If we are Christians we will out the Sermon on the Mount into practice on the farm.

Farmers want a faith that expresses itself in love to God and love to man. Such a faith lies back of all theologies. "It breathes in the worship of all the homes and churches. When it is present it sanctifies all opinions, when it is absent religion becomes a sham and a delusion. In the silent hour it is prayer; abroad, amid duties and trials, it is a law; in human intercourse it is charity; in temptation it is a shield; in suffering it is patience; in sorrow it is comfort; in death it is the wisdom of heavenly peace."

Let the religion on the farm be simplified so the children will understand it. Our character, which is an expression of kindness and consideration for each other, is far more essential than a creed. Our children must learn from our living if they are to respect our religion that we value a good life more than a perfect doctrine. Working with our children, let us strive to bring heaven upon earth, that love, kindness, truth and righteousness may spring up in our midst here and now.

Often our children fail to respect our religion because we do not fill our highest capacity. We allow some sudden passion, some overwhelming care to cause us to lose our self-control and drag us down to the lower levels of life. Our children measure us by the assiduity with which we follow and practice our beliefs and the eagerness and hope under which we strive to make them grow. Of what value is our religion if it does not smooth the temper and add cheer and comfort to our homes; if it does not put more justice, sweetness and love into human life?

We often survey what we term religion through an inverted telescope. We measure our piety by our creed, by our work for the heathen, by our attendance at church and Sunday school, by our effectiveness as solicitors of funds for church purposes. These are the things that we first think of as constituting our religion. Other qualities, charities, sympathy, nobility of purpose, steadfastness of character, do not count, though they are the true lords of life, the real tests of piety. These are the results that can be understood by the husband, the wife, the children, the friend, the neighbor and the stranger at the gate.

We wish to have influence count for something, but there is nothing whose effects may so easily be overestimated and underestimated. The wearing of badges, the attendance at church, the counting of beads, move neither the world nor the individual in the home. There is no one influence for good so powerful as that of a strong, noble character, where gentleness and not violence is the rule.

### POULTRY NOTES.

Time to begin to put the henhouse in complete condition for Fall weather.

Cleanliness is a health promoter, disease preventive and makes your flock profitable.

Get rid of the surplus cockerels as soon as they are of saleable size. They eat up the profits.

It is better to feed two or more kinds of grains at one time—helps to balance ration, results in better digestion and keeps the flock in better health.

Arrange your ventilation of the weaning coops at the sides at the top and so they will open out from the bottom. In this way they can be opened when it is raining and no rain will go in.

Don't forget to put away a few barrels or boxes of dry road dust for Winter use. It will come in handy when the ground is frozen or muddy.

Don't forget to provide a supply of grit for the yarded fowls. They soon exhaust this natural supply and going without grit results in indigestion.

Now that the fowls have begun to molt give two tablespoonfuls of linseed meal to every three quarts of mixed food twice a week.

Water standing in the sun at this time of year soon becomes unfit for use. Replenish frequently and keep it in the shade.

There is no time in the care of poultry when there can be a "let up" or neglect without penalty. Neglects in any business have their costs; system in any occupation is a source of economy.

When feeding grain of any kind to a large flock it should be scattered over quite a space so as to insure opportunity for all the fowls to get a suitable portion. Fowls are like human beings in many respects; some want more than their share, some are hoggish, others are satisfied with what little they get.

The profitable hen must consume and digest large quantities of food. A 5-pound pullet, 5 or 6 months old, has consumed in a year 10, 12, 16, times her weight in food, at a cost of about 80 cents. Eggs, on an average, are worth about 16 cents per pound, eight eggs to a pound. The owner should be willing to feed food at 1 cent a pound to get eggs at 16 cents a pound. A good hen ought to be made to produce 240 eggs per year, or 30 pounds. Most of the feed can be grown on the farm. Most hens get much corn, especially when they follow cattle and swine. The following proportion of cereals is good:—To 1 bushel corn add 6 bushels oats, 4 bushels wheat, 10 bushels bran. Use an abundance of skimmed milk. Indeed, one of the secrets of success with egg production is the generous use of milk.

As a Thirst Quencher
There is no other beverage can compare with
"SALADA"
Ceylon Tea, which is absolutely the purest and most delicious tea the world produces.
Black, Mixed or Green. Lead Packets only. By all Grocers.
Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

### FARM NOTES.

The city may be the better place for the man, whose talents are commanding in some particular direction, but it has been proved again and again that for the average man—and most of us are average—the country is infinitely superior.

Some of the writers for the agricultural press are claiming that the proper way for farmers to improve their financial condition is to farm better and raise large crops on fewer acres. This would depend on whether the value of the increased production would out-balance the increased cost of labor and fertilizers to produce it.

Every grower knows that the greater number of the eggs of the Colorado beetle are laid on the lower leaves. The insecticide must be on these lower leaves when the eggs hatch, then the first bite of the slug will be its last and there will be fewer partly eaten leaves inviting a starting point for the blight spores. The second application should be in about a week or ten days.

In a growing forest it is not less unfortunate for the trees to stand too far apart than too close together. What is wanted is a healthy stand of the most valuable kind of timber, and for that we must have tall, straight trees with trunk clear of branches far above the ground. They must have room enough, but not too much room. I find in dealing with men on the ground that their first idea is to thin out, and generally to thin out far too strongly. In that way danger lies. Give your trees sufficient growing space, but be careful not to give them too much. If you admit too much light to the ground, so that it dries out and the grass starts, it becomes difficult for the young seedlings to gain a footing. You must keep the soil moist.

### ASYLUM FOR ANIMALS.

A workhouse or asylum for infirm beasts and birds was established some thirteen years ago by a society of influential Hindus. It is near the Sodepur station, about ten miles from Calcutta, and is under the control of a manager with a staff of eighty servants and an experienced veterinary surgeon. In the place at present there are 973 paupers—129 bulls, 307 cows, 17[illegible] calves, seventy-two horses, thirteen water buffaloes, sixty-nine sheep, fifteen goats, 141 pigeons, forty-four cocks and hens, four cats, three monkeys, and five dogs. This remarkable asylum is described as being most systematically and mercifully managed. The cow paupers especially have a good time of it, inasmuch as on the occasion of the "mela" natives go from far and near to decorate and worship them.

### THE APPROACH TO LHASSA.

A member of the Younghusband expedition to Thibet describes the approach to Lhassa: "Between and over the glades and woodlands the city of Lhassa itself peeps, an adobe stretch of narrow streets and flat-topped houses, crowned here and there with a blaze of golden roofs or gilded cupolas. But there is no time to look at this. A man can have no eye for anything but the huge upstanding mass of the Potala Palace to the left. It draws the eye of the mind like a loadstone, for, indeed, sheer bulk and magnificent audacity could do no more in architecture than they have done in this huge palace temple of the grand lama. Simplicity has wrought a marvel in stone nine hundred feet in length and towering seventy feet higher than the golden cross of St. Paul's Cathedral."

### A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

"Say, old man, I have a terrible thirst."

"Pardon me, my boy, a thirst is never terrible."

We like best to call
SCOTT'S EMULSION
a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

## THE RUSSIAN WORKMAN

HIS TRAITS, HIS FOOD AND HIS HOME.

Superstitious and a Fatalist, But He Is Not a Hard Worker.

The Russian workman 43 years ago was a mere slave—could be bought and sold like a beast. Alexander II. freed him, and we must now see what freedom has done for him writes a correspondent.

He is, above all things, pious. His religious fervour astonishes one. He is horribly afraid of the vengeance of the saints, and for this reason the Russian calendar has never been altered—they still count old style.

He is a believer in fairies, always malignant spirits to be guarded against, but who may be coaxed into good humor by little gifts. He is extremely afraid of "The Evil Eye," and many and weird are the charms practiced with the object of averting it.

He will never sleep in the dark, nor will he live alone. He is nervous, superstitious, ignorant, but withal kindly, hospitable, generous. But he is idle. He will rarely work five days in the week, and he cannot be depended upon.

Employers will understand that when they learn that hiring is done from day to day.

### THE WILL OF GOD.

I was at one time in Moscow. Thaw had set in, and gangs of working men were clearing the streets of frozen snow.

When the clock struck noon they threw down their tools in the middle of the street, lay down beside them, and went to sleep.

Greatly surprised, I turned to a Russian friend and said, "Can that be allowed? Those men will be killed by the passing vehicles."

She merely shrugged her shoulders and said, "Even so, it is the will of God."

They are such fatalists. "The will of God" is always their cry.

Mistresses have the right of administering corporal punishment on their handmaidens, but may be fined as much as five roubles (about ten shillings) should the girl complain to the police.

Such a little episode as this does not necessarily terminate the engagement. Although the right exists it is very seldom practiced, for Russian girls of that class are, as a rule, very amiable and good-tempered, although idle in the extreme, and the mistresses understand them and are forbearing towards them.

In the Russian palaces no manservant does duty for more than a week at a time; he then goes off duty for another week.

### ENOUGH TO EAT.

Though wages may seem low to our minds, the Russian working man is not so poor as many people think. Their standard of comfort is low. Provisions may be obtained at a very low rate in the open market, and the Russians are very sharp bargainers.

Meat may be had for 12 kopecs—about 6 cents—a pound of 14½ oz., black bread at half a cent and white from a cent. The Russian peasant lives largely on what is called "kasha," semolina, rye barley, boiled with milk. Cabbage soup is also largely eaten. In winter this is made of salted cabbage. He is also a fish eater, and fish is cheap and plentiful throughout Russia. He lives, generally speaking, in a corner of cellar. A miserable habitation, likely to be inundated at any time, for floods are frequent in St. Petersburg.

In the floors above him live counts, barons and princes, and their wives and daughters. Dressmakers and milliners may live above them, for the flat system prevails in Russia, and great nobles will cheerfully let out part of their houses.

### ILLITERATE PEOPLE.

Should the children in the cellars die, or the wives get crippled with rheumatism, the father says with great submission, "It is the will of God."

Very few working men or women are able to read. Education is backward, though improving, and there are few children now who do not attend school. But we must wait a little for results.

Largely owing to their unsanitary habits, the population increases very slowly, for the children die off. All over Russia from 35 to 40 per cent. of infants perish. The Government are trying to combat this terrible evil, but the people are so conservative that they have a difficult task.

### MOVABLE HISTORY.

A traveler who passed through a small English town noticed a post on which was remarked the height to which the river had risen during a recent flood.

"Do you mean to say," he asked a native, "that the river rose as high as that in 19—?"

"Oh no," replied the native; "but the village children used to rub off the original mark, so the mayor ordered it to be put higher up, so as to be out of their reach."

## THE ANT AS A MEDICINE

ANCIENTS HELD THEM IN HIGH REGARD.

Formic Acid In its Body Has the Power to Impart Energy and Vitality.

Having thoroughly exploited the curative powers of the bee, [illegible] have now apparently turned [illegible] ant. The latter, like the [illegible] owes its medicinal virtues [illegible] formic acid it contains. [illegible] acid owes its name to the [illegible] while the living bee is able [illegible] minister a hypodermic in[illegible] the drug, the ant must be [illegible] order to get it. If we are [illegible] from some recent French [illegible] tions, formic acid is likely [illegible] valuable as a stimulant and the high regard in which [illegible] were held by the ancients as [illegible] cine would seem to be justified [illegible] a contributor to Cosmos.

"The pharmacopoeia of the [illegible] cients borrowed from the [illegible] kingdom a number of [illegible] serpents' flesh, snails, ants [illegible] the most part now quite f[illegible]

"The work of Brown-Sé[illegible] ed the way to research [illegible] justified the use of certain odd medicines and has gi[illegible] sible explanation of some [illegible] and of [illegible]

THEIR MODE OF ACTION.

"We now extract from [illegible] gland and the suprarenal [illegible] active drugs that must [illegible] with great prudence and the modern pharmacist has [illegible] to get the flesh of the ser[illegible] list, the scientists of the [illegible] stitute make a very act[illegible] with its venom.

"The secretions of certain [illegible] such as musk and castor, [illegible] their places in modern [illegible]

"The ancient utilized [illegible] as a topical application [illegible] ternally, especially in ca[illegible] [illegible] paralysis of the [illegible] some countries the peasant[illegible] plunge the paralyzed lim[illegible] anthill. In Germany ants [illegible] times used in general bat[illegible] vapor baths and fomenta[illegible] paralysis, rheumatism and [illegible]

"Formic acid is a viole[illegible] acting perhaps with [illegible] energy than nitric itself [illegible] could probably be utilize[illegible] cauterization of tumors. [illegible] is sometimes used on inv[illegible] cers whose cure it seems [illegible]

"Formic acid enters [illegible] preparations of the ol[illegible] such as the acoustic balm[illegible] er, the water of magnanimity and even into several [illegible] used in Germany.

AT THE PRESENT DAY.

"According to the invest[illegible] M. Clement of Lyons, [illegible] is a very important drug [illegible] ments considerably [illegible] strength and the resista[illegible] gue. Its use causes to dis[illegible] sensations of fatigue [illegible] often felt on awakening [illegible] ing. These statements [illegible] bly only relative value [illegible] has supported them [illegible] with Moso's ergograph [illegible] man of 22 years. The [illegible] ed that, after the use of [illegible] the subject was able to [illegible] periods of work instead [illegible] to raise a weight 179 [illegible] of 232, making an expendi[illegible] kilogrammeters of energy [illegible] 21. In brief the formic [illegible] the man do five times [illegible] than his normal amount [illegible] substance has hitherto g[illegible] excess of energy.

"This note of M. Clement [illegible] out another from M. [illegible] who has been studying [illegible] years the influence of [illegible] the organism. Garrigue [illegible] minutes of soda and lime [illegible] the pure acid. He first [illegible] tions into the veins and [illegible] sue of rabbits, after which [illegible] not hesitate to experimen[illegible] self. The results were [illegible] increased appetite and [illegible] physical activity.

"The first effect of the [illegible] when injected or absor[illegible] stomach, is to lower the [illegible] tension. The subject soon [illegible] steady, his thoughts are [illegible] nights better, his appetite [illegible]

WHAT IS THE ACTION?

It remains still somewhat [illegible] M. Garrigue says: 'The [illegible] do not act by their mass, but [illegible] impulse that they give to [illegible] changes; they remain in the [illegible] ism, so that their effects [illegible] cumulate but are indefinitely [illegible] plied.'

"A recent communication [illegible] Huchard to the Academy of M[illegible] would appear to confirm these [illegible] sions. The facts, however, [illegible] yet well established, despite [illegible] vestigations. We must still [illegible] confirmatory experiments; but [illegible] drug is not poisonous these [illegible] easy to carry out. It used to [illegible] said: 'Go to the ant, thou [illegible] gard.' Now we must say, 'O sl[illegible] eat ants; thou shalt thus incorp[illegible] their courage, their resistance [illegible] fatigue and—who knows?—[illegible] their spirit of economy!'"

### GREAT WAR INDEMNITIES.

In 1896 Greece agreed to pay Turkey $[illegible]0,000,000. Turkey demanded $50,000,000 at first. Half has paid.

China gave England $10,000,000 in 1864 on account of the T[illegible] rebellion.

Austria in 1866 gave Prussia $[illegible] 500,000, of which a large part was paid by her allies.

Turkey in 1877 promised to Russia $160,000,000 after [illegible] and has paid less than half to date.

France was asked in 1871 to [illegible] Germany $1,000,000,000—and [illegible] so.

### JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

"What a debt we owe to medical science!" he said, as he put down the paper.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "haven't you paid that doctor's bill yet?"

# HEALTH

### INJURIES OF THE FACE.

The face receives an undue share of the injuries that result from the rude but expressive manner of celebrating national independence. It is more exposed than any [illegible] excepting, perhaps, the hands, to the disastrous results of premature explosions.

The injury must be very [illegible] does not require the [illegible] attention of a surgeon. [illegible] wounds of this character [illegible] contaminated with foreign [illegible] some kind, burned [illegible] der, cinders, or [illegible]

[illegible]