Screeched all the tenors here
Boggled the tenors there.
Bassing the parson's hair,
While his mind wandered;
Theirs not the reason why
This psalm was pitched too high—
Theirs but to gasp and ory
Ont the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered,
Stormed they with shout and yell,
Not wise they sang, nor well,
Drowning the sexton's bell,
While all the church wondered.

Dire the Precentor's glare, Flashed his pitchfork in air Sounding fresh keys to bear Out the Old Hundred. Ewiftly he turned his back, Reached he his bat from rack, Then from the screaming pack. Himself he sundered.

Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind him,
Bellowered and thundered,
Oh, the wild howle they wrought!
Righs to the end they fought!
Some tune they sang, but not
Not the Old Hundred.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES. CHAPTER XXIV.

The days passed by with terrible swift ness, and when the Sunday was over Esperance found it hard to make the mos

of her present happiness—her thoughts would turn to the parting which was in store for her on the Wednesday. Gaspard had arranged to meet Mr. Seymour in town on Wednesday evening, and they were to travel down to Southampton together, their ship salling the next day.
Unfortunately, Tuesday was the evening
of the militia ball, and Esperance foresaw

a time of hurry and bustle, when she would most have wished for quiet. Sorrow was making her very patient, however, and though she was bent upon fluishing Gas pard's mendings in time to pack for him that afternoon, she bore her ceaseless interruptions quietly.

Never had Cornelia's room been invaded

so ruthlessly. First, Bertha appeared, with cheeks flushed rosy red, and a happy light in her usually languid eyes.
"Esperance, you must help me just for a

moment. See! George has given me these beautiful pink azaleas for to night, so I must wear my white net instead of the blue, and here is the kilting all in ribbons." Esperance looked in dismay at the torn skirt, which had been very roughly treated

at some dance.
"No one will mend it so beautifully as you," said Bertha, persuasively, "and, indeed, all the servants are so busy this morning; can you spare just half an hour for it?" Esperance could not refuse : she pu

down Gaspard's sock with a stifled sigh, and submitted to being half smothered by the folds of white net. Her dainty little fingers soon set matters right, and as she worked she could not help wondering when the very obvious attachment between George Palgrave and Bertha would be declared. Perhaps it might be that very night; Bertha would look very beautiful in the white dress and the azaleas, and there would be music, and bright lights and excitement. Ah, well! it was a good thing that some people could enjoy such things, and the little French girl knew well

things, and the little French girl knew well enough that they were enjoyable, but she was too ill and sorrowful even to wish for "distraction" just now.

She had just finished Bertha's dress when Mrs. Mortlake came in.

"You are always out of the way when you are wanted," she said, crossly. "The idea of shutting yourself up here when every one is so busy! I want you to come and see to Bells." and see to Bella.'

Esperance folded up her work with a heavy heart, and hastened away to the drawing-room, where she found Bella making herself a general nuisance. r her reading, will

raid Mrs. Mortlake, handing over her sroublesome charge willingly enough. "She ust be here because the other rooms are

igaged—keep her quiet." his was more easily said than done, as was in high spirits, and much more ad to torment good-natured Mrs. with rough, teasing play, than to her lessons. For at least half an a battle as the following went on: Bella, c-a-t; you know quite spells!"

-t," droned Bella, stupidly. "The my eyes, cousin. now then !"

what is Miss Lowdell singing

k; go on!"
-Oh! there's a wasp on the

ve me a chocolate if I say it y not; now quickly !" ," said Bella, with

ng at the corners of her to read this word or

French, and you don't oh me." whined Bella. nce shut the book and ing little pupil to the roared with all her

child to manage. I id Mrs. Lowdell, with e, as she hastily left of the sound of Bella's

eartily ashamed that her driving people away by her med to take her up to the was against Mrs. Mort-Miss Bella's two hours apt to make visitors beat their bedrooms.

ed on without the smallest for some minutes, and Esperdown despairingly with her hands over her forehead, half distractedly ouble noise of orying and singing. d on it went like some frightfu

men must work and women must -from Miss Lowdell.

roar-from Bella. ough storms be sudden and waters

h, hoo ! ooh, hoo I hate you! must people sing those frightful

on this day, of all others? And, would Bella scream so unmerci-The physical and mental pain ther was almost maddening.

m, Mrs. Mortlake came back, vexed at aring Bella's screams. "What is the matter? Things always wrong if I leave the room for a minute.

to me, my precious; what is it Bella could not speak for sobbing, but by degrees Mrs. Mortlake caught the words, "I hate her," and "chocolate," intermixed with

ou always do manage to irritate the child, Esperance; of course she may some chocolate if she likes. You really most provoking; she has been as good possible with me, and now you have upset her. Why was she in the corner?" She was very inattentive and rude,

said poor Esperance, looking down. "Rude, indeed! it is your ridiculous pride which is so ready to take offense; she is never rude to any one else, and I'm not going to have your French system of punishment brought in; so please remem-ber, no one punishes Bella but myself. Nothing tends more to make a child deceitful than constant punishment; your national character is quite accounted for." Then, as Esperance would have begun an

indignant remonstrance : " No, no, I will not have arguing before Bella; you have wasted quite enough of my time already; the best think you can do now is to leave the room, for the child can't bear the sight of you. I wish, instead of sitting up at night burning other people's candles, you would learn to make yourself

useful by day. You think so much of French manners; but for my part—." Mrs. Mortlake broke off in dismay, for looking round she saw Gaspard standing in the doorway, and from the expression of his face, she knew he must have heard most of her angry speech.

Esperance turned, too, and with a cry of "Gaspard! Gaspard!" and she clung to

him as if for protection.

He put his arms around her holding her plosely, deaf to all Mrs. Mortlake's greetings, and only growing more and more angry as he felt how Esperance was trembling. As soon as he could trust himself to speak he turned upon Mrs. Mortiake, hut Christabel with an instinctive dread of what was coming, tried to intercept his

"Good morning; you are later than usual to-day; have you come to take Esperance for a walk?"

Her cool, clear voice so angered him that he dared not speak to her. He just bowed

an assent.
Christabel fairly trembled before that Calm, dignified anger, and she never forgot Gaspard's look—the clear, unflinching eyes, the proud, sensitive mouth, and the whole face rigid with repressed indignation. She gave a sigh of relief when he turned away, and led Esperance from the room.

When they had reached Cornelia's study

however, Esperance had recovered herself; and, indeed, though unable to help a feeling of relief in having Gaspard for a protector, she was very sorry that he had heard one of Mrs. Mortlake's scoldings; and tired out as she was she roused herself, trying to talk lightly of the morning occurrences, and to laugh him out of his anger.

'You see, mon ami, it is a busy day; people can't help being a little cross; there

is to be a ball to-night, you know." "It was not crossness, it was downright insolence," said Gaspard, angrily. "You may be patient for yourself, mon cœur, but I can't be patient for you. It is unbearable to think of leaving you with such people.'
She stooped down and kissed his fore

" I think it can be borne, when we believe that in three or four years it may perhaps be all over.' "Three or four years! yes. But till

Esperance could not answer; she turned away to hide her quivering lips, till Gas-pard, ashamed of his despondency, hurriedly rose and drew her toward him

once more. "Cherie, I have been a wretch! you who have the heavier burden to bear are preach. ing courage to me. We must, we will endure, darling, and the waiting may not e so hard as we think." Esperance was soon at work again, in

spite of Gaspard's entreaties that she would spare herself. "And by the bye," he said, suddenly,
"what did Mrs. Mortlake mean by that
reference to the burning of candles?" "I am sorry you heard that," said sperance, coloring. "It was only that I

Esperance, coloring. "It was only that I used to sit up sometimes at night, and she thought it extravagant, and was vexed."
"You sat up over my outfit? You naughty child; that accounts for your white oheeks, and you mean that that woman grudged you the candles?"

Yes; she puts little half-hour candles in my room now," said Esperance, laughing at Gaspard's indignant scorn. I only wish she were a man, and that I

could have it out with her," he said, between his teeth. "But there, we will not waste any more of our time over such a disagreeable subject." By the afternoon most of Gaspard's

things were ready, and Esperance was much relieved at receiving from Cornelia a dispensation from the cathedral service, so that she had time to pe geemed to make her realize things much more fully, and she began to feel that she could not keep up much longer.

" Is there anything I can do to help you, Cornelia?" asked Esperance in her

"No, I am ready, thank you. I hope you were with your brother; Christabel has not been hindering you, has she?" "There were several things to do; but we shall have a little time after you are

gone," said Esperance. "Very well, go to my study then, and you will not be interrupted. Ah! I hear the carriage," and Cornelia reluctantly closed her book, and took off her spectacles. After some trouble, Esperance gathered the lest of the dresses, and the party set off, Bertha turning back once more to wish

ner consins good-night.

The footman_closed the front door, and then turned to Esperance.

" If you please, miss, the dean wished me to tell you that he is engaged in watching an eclipse of the moon, and there will o family prayers to night." Gaspard, who had arrived, stroked his mustache to hide a smile.

"Well, cherie, where shall we go? I must ave a few minutes with you. Esperance led the way to Cornelia's study, but when the door was shut, her

strength all at once deserted her; she turned suddenly faint and giddy, and clung sobbing to Gaspard. aimee, what is it? You are ill. Esperance.

"I_I don't know," she sobbed. " I wish it would all stop, I am so tired ! " Her cars were ringing with the words of Miss Lowdell's song :

"For men must work, and women must w And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sle Gaspard did not quite understand her, but he saw that she was quite worn out "You are tired, darling, and overdone," said, gently. "There, come to your old

he said, gently. "There, come place, and be a baby once more." He took her on his knee, and made her rest her head on his shoulder; but the quivering, tearless sobs alarmed him.
"Where are your tears gone to, cherieyou used to have no lack?"

am better," she faltered, still struggling bravely to conquer herself; and relieved, did not question her further, but began to talk of other things.
There were still many matters to be discussed, and on this last evening they both instinctively dwelt on old times. The clock had just struck one when he was startled by approaching footsteps, and the door was ned by Cornelia. She was of course

surprised to find her cousin still up. Gas pard made a low-toned explanation, and Cornelia, touched by the very unwonted sight before her, was unusually gracious. One of the Misses Lowdell turned faint

and I came home early with her. I am sorry you and Esperance had an interrupted evening "I am afraid she is overtired, she ha

been slaving over my outfit," said Gaspard, anxiously. "I wish I could have left her anxiously. "I wish I could have left her better. You will know, Miss Collinson, surely she is very hot and feverish! I wish I knew what was wrong with her. Cornelia felt her hand in a hesitating

way, painfully conscious of her own "I know nothing about illness," she said, " but certainly she is very hot. I think, as you say, she has overtired herself."

Gaspard's face only grew more troubled and Cornelia would have given worlds for that womanly skill and wisdom which she felt the need of so much. Their voices were making Esperance restless, she moved her arms uneasily, and talked in her sleep, at first unintelligibly, but afterward with terrible distinctness, though always in Cornelia and Gaspard each received some wounds from the uncor tongue. Now it was in relation to Gas-

pard's journey.
"To-morrow, to-morrow! How shall I bear it? And yet it will be good for you Gaspard." Then again, with little convulsive sobs

between the words, "It is so far away, so very far, and I am so lonely. If only they would love me a little!" By degrees she grew a little more quiet, and Gaspard looked up at Cornelia, great

tears in his eyes.
"Miss Collinson." he said. earnestly. she is all I have left; you will take care

of her. "Indeed I will," said Cornelia. with real sympathy, and Gaspard trusted those three words more than he would have done countless protestations from Mrs. Mortlake. He turned once more to his sister, while Cornelia watched them sadly, yet with a

sort of envy.

At last Esperance woke, wearied and confused, and Gaspard proposed that she should go up to her room. "Yes, come," urged Cornelia, "you will never rest down here; I will help you." She lighted a candle, and would have offered to help her up the stairs, but Gaspard was before her

Now, cherie, hold tight round my neck, and you shall feel as if you were going up the old pigeonnier at home." Esperance obeyed, and was carried up in his arms, Cornelia staying to see

her safely in bed. The next morning dawned brightly, too brightly for poor Esperance. It reminded her of that fatal 30th of November, when the sun had shone down so cruelly upon their desolation. She was too much worn out now to feel more than a dull, aching pain at her heart, as she remembered wha day it was; she dressed wearily and went down to the breakfast room, with only one idea strongly impressed on her mind—that

for Gaspard's sake she must keep up.
As if in a dream, she went through the usual routine, walked to the cathedral, meeting Gaspard at the door, stood, sat, and knelt mechanically through the service, went back to the deanery, and talked with Gaspard still dreamily, in Cornelia's room. At lunch she was pale and quiet; only when in the afternoon the time for Gaspard's departure really came, and the omnibus drove up with his luggage, a glow of intense color rose to her cheeks, and the mposure which all the morning had been her aid, forsook her. She could hardly see or stand, but true to her resolution she struggled on, talking still, though she could scarcely hear her voice because of a strange inging in her ears.

Gaspard was much more visibly agitated. He hurried through his good byes in the drawing-room, and came out into the hall where Esperance and Cornelia were waiting, looking so haggard and miserable that Cornelia's heart ached for him.

The sight seemed to give new courage to Esperance, she clung to him with whispered words of hope and comfort, and soft es. He turned for one moment to Cornelia. "Your promise—you will remember?"

"Yes, always," replied Cornelia, earnestly, pressing his hand.

Then, with one long embrace, the brother and sister parted, and Gaspard with bowed

head parsed down the steps, and gave directions to the driver in French.

Esperance with a great effort still stood at the door; the floor seemed rocking beneath her, a black mist was gathering before her eyes, but she smiled and waved her hand braveley. Gaspard looked back relieved, and when the omnibus turned the corner of the Vicar's Court, he saw her standing on the steps still watching him while Cornelia had come forward, too, and was holding her hand.

The sound of the wheels died away in the quiet court, and Cornelia turned to Esperance, speaking gently.
"My dear, you will come upstairs and

rest.' But rest had already come to Esperance and she sunk back senseless in Cornelia'

arms.

Every one came flocking out of the drawing-room at Cornelia's call, and exclamations of pity. The dean was greatly distressed, and bent over her with more anxiety and earnestness than he had ever shown before to a body that was not heavenly.

" Some one should go for a doctor, surely, my dears, she is very cold, poor child, poor child! I'm afraid this has been a grief to her."
"My dear father," said Mrs. Mortlake

impatiently, "she has only fainted. French people always do faint when they think it becoming, they like to make a scene." The Misses Lowdell looked on wonder ingly, Bertha made pitying remarks in a indertone to George Palgrave, Cornelia

knelt on the ground supporting Esperance' head, and looking at the faces around her with angry impatience. Will no one do anything? Why do you all stand staring like this; can't you fetol

ome water Just then Mrs. Lowdell came down stairs "Some one fainting? Dear me? poor child!" and she began to chafe Esperance's hands in a capable sort of way, which relieved Cornelia.

"What ought we to do with her?" asked, turning with confidence to the motherly old lady.

"I should carry her up to bed," said Mrs. Lowdell, "she can't breathe with

every one standing round her here."

Cornelia did not hesitate for a momen but to the surprise of all, suddenly rose took Esperance's inanimate form in he strong arms, and quietly walked upstairs Mrs. Lowdell followed, bringing variou restoratives, and together they did all i mrs. Lowden londwed, bringing various restoratives, and together they did all in their power for the poor child; but is seemed as if nothing would bring her to lift again, and Cornelia growing frightened as just proposing to send for a doctor when faint signs of returning consciousnes

regan to show themselves. The eyelids quivered at last and slowly opened. Esperance looked up half hopefully hen remembering all with a swift pan turned her face away and relapse semi-consciousness. But Mrs. Lowdel insisted on her taking some sal volatile and then a terrible idea crossed her mind

and roused her fully.
"Cornelia," she said, in a weak yet eage voice, "Gaspard did not see me faint, did ho? "No: he was quite out of sight," said

Cornelia, reassuringly.
"You are quite certain?" "Perfectly."
And with that Esperance was satisfied he had kept up to the last; for a momen

she was quite soothed by the relief of

knowing it, then the reaction set in, her desolation broke upon her, and she burst into a passionate fit of sobbing. The tearless sobs which had so alarmed Gaspard on the previous evening were even Gaspard on the previous connelia. Was it possible that her stern words had really possible that her sters? Good Mrs. Lowdell's exhortations made her feel the more miserable. "Cry, my dear, have a good cry, and you will be bester." But still there were only those heart-rending

terrible to witness CHAPTER XXV. The deanery was all in commotion the before long it was known that

sobs, and a gasping, quivering agony

Mortlake was, as usual, sure that she could

have helped it.
"I do think it is very inconsiderate of people to be ill in other people's houses,'
she grambled; "just think of the expense
it will be, and there's my father being
persuaded by Mrs. Lowdell to have a
trained nurse, who will eat dreadfully, those nurses are always regular cormon

"My dear Christabel, the money does not come out of your pocket," said Cornelia

impatiently.
"It's all very well to say so," replied
Mrs. Mortlake. "But you know it comes
to the same thing, it will be ours some day, and why should my poor little Bella b defrauded of her own rights? And besides t's very awkward to have illness in the nouse, and there's no knowing that it isn't infectious; perhaps the water is poisoned or something wrong with the drainage."
"Probably," said Cornelia, with much coolness. "We shall have everything looked to, and in any case you and Bella

had better go away, for that child is unbearably noisy." This was more true than polite and Mrs.

Mortlake colored angrily.
"It is all very well for you to talk, but do feel being turned out of my own father's house by a foreigner. If you had been left widow with one little child. I think you would have been rather more considerate Cornelia.'

"Should I?" said Cornelia, with sarcasm, "well, all I ask is that you wil consider somebody but yourself, Christabel perhaps you would have the goodness to order the carriage in time for the 8.35; the Lowdells are going this evening."

With this, Cornelia swept out of the coom, to be waylaid on the stairs by George

with a telegram form in his hand. "I am just going to the office with this," he said, showing it to her; "my mother will be delighted to have Bertha, I am sure and she ought not to stay here, ough she?'

(To be continued).

The Queen and the "Bumbee." An amusing incident, which happened t escape the notice of all but a very few cocurred at Ferryhill (says the Aberdeer Express) while the Royal train was wait ing for the completion of the preparation necessary for its despatch to the south The Earl of Aberdeen, as Lord-Lieutenant of the country, paid his respects to Royalty, and during the stoppage of the train had the honor of an interview with Her Majesty. The Queen, as usual on such occasions, spoke to His Lordship from the carriage window. Her Majesty had very kindly inquired as to the health of the Countess, and had expressed her delight at the favorable report which His Lordship was able to give of Her Ladyship's health and the illustrious talkers were proceeding to more general subjects, when all at one the conversation was brought to a sudder stop. What do you think was the cause! A big yellow honey-laden "bumbee." Thi adventurous insect, just at the ori-tical moment in the Royal con-versation, impudently buzzed right versation, impudently buzzed right up to the royal nose. Now "a cat may look at a Queen," and perhaps royalty would not resent the liberty; but the proximity of a big fiery-looking "stinger" is an uncomfortable ordeal at which the line must be drawn. You know what ording line must be drawn. You know what ordi nary people do in such circumstances. They close their eyes, shake their head, raise the shoulder and retreat a step. The Queen adopted the plebian practice. The Lord of Haddo, all ignorant of the cause, presumed that Victoria Reg. meant to terminate the interview and withdrew with all the grace of a courtier. Of course Her Majests and not intended to put the closure on s suddenly, and when the rash winged intruder had passed (by the way he found refuge in the Royal saloon issel!), she made to resume the conversation, but by that time the Earl had fallen back amongst the other gentlemen in attendance. The bumbee" left with the train. [As already stated the Earl and his lady are coming spend some time in Hamilton

Joe Murphy's Means. A very rich actor who makes no boas about himself is Joseph Murphy. He is a worker and a saver. He commenced his life in needy circumstances, and has never orgotten the lessons it taught him. Im provident members of his profession who like to see a man squander his last penny in a cafe or over a bar are inclined Mr. Murphy as miserly, but Mr. Murphy has several points in his favor in spite of them. He pays his debts, and he keeps his contracts. He lives in genteel comfort, and akes care of Joe Murphy and of Joe Murphy's business. He is an illustration steady habits and sagacity will enrich a man. He has never earned pheno menal sums, but from the time he com nenced his career as a star has laid by handsome yearly amount. This money Mr Murphy has put in property of one kind and another, any kind, in fact, that was safe to bear interest, and while he has allowed the interest to accumulate and bear interest in its turn, he has never allowed a year to pass without adding to the principal. "It is the only way," he remarked to a friend. "Make up you mind to save something every year, and you will find that things will shape them-selves to do the saving for you pretty soon." Operating upon this principle, never deviating from it and never forgetting it ing from it and doing business always with this end in view and doing it on business principles Joseph Murphy could, to-day, doubtles poison. a cheque for \$250,000 and have it honored.

Musical and Dramatic Notes, Mr. Julian Sturgis is Sir Arthur Sulli an's collaborateur.

Pauline L'Allemand will head an English opera company next season. Mme. Minnie Hauk is engaged to sing with the German Opera Company in Nev York for a part of next season.

Mrs. Gilmore, wife of the famous bandnaster, arranges most of the music for the band, and in many ways assists her hus-band in his professional work. The Agnes Huntington Opera Company

will fill the engagement held for Mme. Sara Bernhardt in this country next season, as the latter named artist does not come. It is said that the subject chosen b Mascagni for the opera he has been com missioned to write by Sonzogno will be taken from Alexander Dumas' well known drama, " The Danicheffs,"

Salisbury as an Auctioneer.

The main cartoon in a late issue of the Pall Mall Gazette has for its subject the Anglo German Territorial Convention. Lord Salisbury is represented as an auctioneer conducting a sale, the gathering of intending purchasers including faces typigal of France, Germany, Russia, Spain, Italy and the United States. Behind the auctioneer's desk are bills announcing that Mesers. Salisbury & Co. will sell by aug-Gibraltar, Malta, the Channel Islands, the Isle of Man, also Canada, Newfoundland, Heligoland, Ceylon. No reasonable offer

An Expressive Name for a Horse. Brown-What's the name of that colt? Jones -Ten dollar Bill.

Brown-That's no kind of a name for a orse. What did you call him that for? Jones-Because, dear boy, he'll go so fast when he's broken.

Caffeine, which may be prescribed with advantage to soldiers on the march. is said to faciliate muscular work in augmenting the activity, not directly of the muscle it. Esperance was ill with typhoid fever. Mrs. | self, but of the motor nervous system.

A MESSENGER OF LIFE.

rofessor Vaughn, of Ann Arbor, Makes Great Discovery—The Poison of Cholera Infantum and of Typhoid Fever Laid Bare-Dr. Jenner's Great Feat Rivalled

Medical circles in this city were thrown into considerable elation yesterday over the news fresh from the working laboratory of Professor Victor C. Vaughn, of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, that he had extracted and studied in his test tube the poison that assails humanity in cholers infantum and diphtheria. vas this same noted man that found the poison in milk, cheese and milk products

which he named tyrotoxicon.

The story came like a gift from Heaven to a community now savagely attacked by oholera, whose babes are dying at a terrible rate, while the learned world of doctors has been powerless to stay its course. This disease with cholera cut a wide swath in the mortality of the city. A SAFEGUARD POSSIBLE.

Dr. Vaughn alleges that these disease are caused by albuminous poisons which

he has discovered. Full well acquainted with the character of this deadly substance, he hopes to disover an antidote, which may be introduced into the system as vaccine is in small-por ases, and which will act similarly in fortifying the system against cholera and diphtheria.

The poison is generated by germs in the alimentary canal just as ferment is generated when yeast is put in dough. Heat is necessary for the fermentation, and that is why the diseases are more prevalent in hot veather than in cold

Dr. Vaughn took the germs with which he experimented from the dead bodies of persons who died of the diseases, and by ceding them on sterilized meat he suc oeeded in producing the genuine poison in large quantities. A number of Philadel-phia doctors spoke favorably of the dis-

oovery. DR. VAUGHN'S ACHIEVEMENT.

Dr. William H. Ford, President of the Board of Health, said yesterday: "Dr. Vaugnn's discovery is a theory. It will be tested by other experts before it will be accepted. The fact that such poisons exist n the alimentary canal of persons suffering with the disease is not new. The only new thing is that Dr. Vaughn has found

this poison and separated it from the gern which produced it. which produced it.

"The tendency of medical thought is to
ascribe cholera infantum to poisonous
germs. Some doctors give antiseptics to kill the germ, but this treatment is usually accompanied with the death of the patient If an antidote for the poisons can be dis overed, that is, something that will harm the patient and will destroy the poison, then Dr. Vaughn will have conferred a lasting boon upon humanity. But it is not an easy thing to do, for what wil kill a germ or poison in a test-tube will not do it always in the body, for it hasn't the same opportunity to act.

A RIVAL TO JENNER. Professor Roberts Bartholow, of the Jefferson Medical College, was very outspoken in his praise of Dr. Vaughn and his latest discovery. He said: "This is altogether new, we never knew anything about it before. Although the existence of the germ was known, Dr. Vaughn has just found the prison which produces turnbuild found the poison which produces typhoid fever and cholera infantum. It is as though men had known what yeast was and had seen bread baked by the yeast process, but had never seen the fermenta-

tion or known how the yeast acted. "This discovery will have a great effect upon medical science and practice, and it will undoubtedly be the means of saving thousands of human lives every year. I regard it as one of the most important gifts to the world since Jenner discovered the use of vaccination to prevent smallpox. the use of vaccination to prevent smallpox. I don't think he will be long in finding an antidote for the poison which he has eliminated, and then these fearfully devastating summer weeks will be robbed of their terror. Typhoid fever and cholera infantum can then be prevented by inocula tion. The germs will get in the body just as they do now, but the poison generated by them will leave no effect upon the

system." THE POISON TO BE COUNTERACTED

Dr. Joseph Hearn was much interested in the subject and talked very freely. "If Dr. Vaughn can find an antidote for the poison caused by the germs," he said, "many lives will be spared. We now know of nothing that will kill the germ in the body of persons having typhoid fever and cholera infantum, without also killing the patient. But it will be an easier A TRIUMPH FOR THE STATES.

matter to overcome the poison.' Said another gentleman probably the ablest bacteriologist in Pennsylvania, and physician who is every day making practical tests with germs, their growth and products, but who desired his name withheld: "An Italian physician has been working on the same line as Dr. Vaughn, and trying to discover the same thing. The American has come out ahead. It is much harder to kill a germ than a poison. For a long time it was supposed that the growth of germs caused death, but now we know that the poison which is the out growth of the germ is the fatal thing. I think it is slightly improbable that Dr. Vaughn can discover an antidote for the

Everybody Wants to See Explorer Stanley

A London cable says: Applications for tickets to Mr. Stanley's wedding are so numerous as to indicate the overwhelming interest generally felt in the happy event. The Abbey authorities, powerless before this avalanche, have found it necessary to announce that the issuing of tickets the hands of Miss Tennant, but that the North Transept will be open to the public. Mr. Stanley will receive the bride from the hands of Charles Coombe Tennant, her only brother. The petite bridesmaids, Sylvia Myers and Miss Finlay, will wear Stanley's presents, orystal lockets, surrounded with pearls and turquoises. The distinguished traveller and his bride will spend their honeymoon at Melchett Park, Romsey, Hauts, which has been loaned to him by Louisa, Lady Ashburton. Mrs. Stanley's travelling dress is dove-colored orepe de Chine, embroidered with silver. Her bonnet is ornamented with feathers of the same hue. The wedding presents are accumulating hourly, and are already too numerous to cable you. Sir Makinnon has sent a diamond tiara. Mr. Stanley's presents to Miss Tennant are sapphire diamond ornaments and a magnificent diamond star and diamond brooch.

Stropping a Razor. Few persons know how excellent a razor strop is the human hand or arm. If a razor is in fairly good condition and not in is in fairly good condition and not in need of the oil stone it may soon be whetted to a fine edge on the paim of the hand or the inner side of the forearm. The latter is the best if it is free from hair, as it frequently is, for it presents a whetting surface quite as long as the ordinary razor strop. The fat portion of the palm, between the little finger and the wrist, however, makes an excellent strop. The proges of stropping a razor on the forearm appears a bit alarming to the locker on, though there is little danger that a skillful man will do himself harm.

Mrs. Carl Dimble, of Cincinnati, who had some children in instalments the other day, was much surprised to learn that one of them had two lower front teeth as large as an 8-year-old child ought to have.

THROUGH A WINDOW.

Large Lady Has to be Hoisted Into The General Tendency of the Times is Wonderland With a Derrick-Ar Unusual Sight.

"She's immense!" That was the verdict from thousands who crowded Clinton street and Lafayette Park this morning, when Big Eliza, nearly half a ton of feminine flesh and charms, was hoisted by a derrick through a window into Wonderland. Eliza is a marvel. Undoubtedly she is

the heaviest woman in the world. She caught a little cold last week and lost a few pounds, but still she tips the scales close to 900 pounds. She arrived seated on a plat-form placed on a heavy truck, which was drawn by four white horses. She was pre-ceded by a brass band and the novel procession was gazed at with great interest as it passed through the streets.

Thousands of people thronged about the

Arcade building waiting for her, and when she came in view the boys sent up a great oneer. It took half a dozen men to get Big Eliza off the truck. She stepped with infinite care and was beauty infinite care and was handled very gingerly by the men. The platform on which she ascended was six feet square, of double planks, and the hoisting ropes were two

nches thick.

Big Eliza is a colored woman, and it was not noticed that she paled any during her three-story ascent, but afterward she said she was too scared to speak.

Arrived in lecture hall in Wonderland a

News reparter had opportunity to see the mammost creature at close range. She is prodigious. Her arm is in size like a leg of pork. It looks for all the world like a prodigious. Her arm is in size like a leg of pork. It looks for all the world like a smoked ham. It measures 37 inches at type, and stands 48 feet high. It is dethe muscle. This refers to the arm that harself on and which is diameter.—Engineering and Mining Jonrnal. rm measures 38 inches, but she modestly claims only 37.

"Put it like the printing," she said.
Eliza could go on a tremendous bust—to
steal one of the ideas with which Twain invested Columbus. She measures 118 inches around and she can't see over herself to save her soul. Eliza wears a No. 11 shoc—made to order and laced. She never

laces her own shoes.

"I feel pretty cool," she said to a Neus
reporter, "and I think it is quite comfortable in here. No, I never was sick a day in
my life. And eat—well, you ought to see "We've had her two years," said the

Cannibal Princess who stood near, " and she's a very good-natured, nice woman. Her folks are all small people—I saw some of them. Her parents were both small."
The Cannibal Princess was chewing hard at something. Perhaps it was gum, but perhaps again—horrible cannibal thought it might have been a piece of Eliza. Certainly there's enough of her and to spare. Eliza was 41 years old. She was born

in slavery at Cynthiana, Ky. She is a widow. Her husband didn't last long, poor fellow. It is said that Eliza rolled over once in her sleep and he was dished up for slapjacks in the morning to the cannibals. In stature Eliza is regal. The top of

her head is about five feet ten inches above the great Northern American continent Her head is crowned with coral ornaments. Her eyes are large and expressive. She has a handsome head and face. a cheerful smile. Her dress is low-necked and arm less, probably for economy's sake. It must take a sight of dress goods to fit her out. One of the first things she called for was a fan, which the Cannibal Princess handed her, and a little cannibal gave her a whole package of hairpins. Eliza has beautiful hair, ourly of its own volition.
J. F. Kulp, the cartman who makes

specialty of moving heavy machinery and safes, moved Eliza from the station to Wonderland. He did it so carefully and well that he won the big woman's personal thanks. "Did you ever hit anybody?" a News reporter asked her.
"Not lately I haven't," she replied, and

her huge bulk shook with laughter as i memory was at work.—Buffalo News.

A FIGHT FOR A KISS. Mr. Bansom Loses His Mustache an Big Eliza is the greatest drawing card that Wonderland ever enjoyed. The 900-pound mountain of flesh is just now engaged

in kissing contests. The management last night offered \$5 to any man with a mustache who would have presence of the audience and then kiss Eliza. Eliza declared her intention of sitting on the man who attempted the feat but she didn't succeed with Mr. Hansom of Buffalo, who performed the act last Hansom had a barber shave off his upper lip adornment and then advanced and was met with an upper cut from one of Eliza's large fists on the jaw. The second attack proved successful, however. Hansom avoided the arms of the large one and landed with both arms around Eliza's neck, his lips at the same time pressing Eliza's. The crowd was in an uproar at the unique battle. Hansom pocketed the \$5 and skipped.—Buffalo News.

Grandmother vs. Mother in-Law. There are quarrelsome mothers-in-law

and meddlesome mothers-in-law, but mos of them are devoted, self-sacrificing women, whose coming is a joy to the homes of the sons and daughters in law. It is a ourious thing, by-the-way, how dif ferent is the place in popular estimation of the grandmother and the mother-in-law. The grandmother is a gentle, soft-hearted, motherly old lady, the embodiment of every virtue, the idol of the children and the joy of the home. The mother-in-law is a fierce, meddlesome, aggressive individual, a mischief maker, a scold and a deceiver. Yet as a matter of fact the grandmother and the mother-in-law are generally the same person, only by the time she wins the name of grandmother her children have learned to appreciate her. Treat your mother-in-law, young husbands and wives, as you would wish your own mother to be treated, and you need not fear that her coming will bring anything but peace and gladness to your home. Don't begin by regarding her as an interloper and an enemy.—Brooklyn Times

References Required.

Mr. Hightone—My dear, you must send that new girl away at once. She is not fit to have around. Mrs. Hightone—I will, just as quick as

intend to give a creature like that a refer "Of course. How can I help it? If I don't she'll tell everybody about the condition you came home in the other night and the-the way I talked to you."

can write her a reference.
"Reference? Do you mean to say you

THE DAY OF BIG THINGS.

There is a notable tendency in industrial

enterprises in recent times not only to con-centrate capital into large concerns but to have structures and machinery of the largest possible kind, and to drive it with extreme rapidity. This is pre-eminently the day of big things, using the word in its ordinary sense to mean large, massive, heavy and bulky. Ocean steamships are growing larger and more powerful. Local motives are sense to mean large, which we have been sense to mean large. motives, cars, railway tracks, bridges, and all made heavier. Blast furnaces have in-creased in size, and their output has increased enormously, so that a product of 300 tons a day is no more uncommon than one of 300 tons a week was twenty years ago. A Bessemer steel works has recently made the record of 30,000 tons of steel in one month. Open hearth furnaces are now erected with a capacity of 30 tons, or three times the capacity of those of ten years ago. In rolling mills the same progress has been shown. A plate was rolled in Pittsburg, 30 inches wide by 85 feet long 7.8 inch thick, weighing 7480 pounds. In steam and electric engineering the same tendency is seen. At the Homestead Steel Works, Pittsburg, there is about to be placed one of the largest Corliss engines in the world, with a horizontal cylinder 54x72 inches. The fly-wheel will weigh 200,000 pounds. The weight of the whole engine will be over 500,000 pounds, and it is expected to develop 3,500 horse-power. The Corliss engine, the largest in the world was

FRACAS AT A WEDDING.

An Interloper Marries the Bride and is Soundly Thrashed Afterward.

decidedly sensational wedding occurred at Odessa the other day. Marc Pogorezky led his blushing bride to the altar. While the Russian priest, or pope, as he is called, was preparing to perform the ceremony, Marc went out to get a drink, saying that he would return in a few moments. In his absence, however, a handsome young stranger approached the handsome young stranger approached the bride and offered himself as a substitute. She immediately accepted him, and the pope, who was half drunk, never noticed the change. The ceremony was performed. Just then Maro reappeared, refreshed and ready for matrimony. But when he found out what had happened he proceeded at once to make things lively. once to make things lively. He thrashed the brikegroom, slapped the bride, knocked down the father-in-law, punched the pope, and kicked the mother-in-law.

arrested, but as the case involves a tion of ecclesiastical law, it was referred the Crary the head of the Chyride.

Culture in India.

the Czar, the head of the Church.

The natives of India are taking kindly to the higher education. Here are two notes received by a lady and gentleman in Cal-cutta from native servants;

Rosporting Missus.—I humbly beg Missus will excuse poor, sorry Maty not coming work to-day, sometimes Missus asking what for Maty not coming work, therefore I beg humbly and respectfully to state that Gooringa Peon has run away witn my wife. Oh Lord, how magnificent. Your humble You'r humble
To Master Esq.: Sir,—I caunot come working
to-day I am very sick as per margin ishtumack
payne]. Yours obediently,
Michael.
—St. James' Gazette.

There are many ways of judging eggs. One is to drop the egg in a pan of cold water. The fresher the egg the sooner it will drop to the bottom. If bad it will float like a life preserver. The best way to keep eggs is to bury them in bran or meal and turn them frequently, box and all. Salt will preserve them in any climate if properly packed.

Making Him Hear.

Scene, a Swiss Cafe—I say, waitress, why did you shout so loud at the gentleman sitting at the other table? Is the poor fellow He's not deaf, but he's an Englisman and doesn't understand a word of German

Poor Little Bird.

Lottie-Why, Victor, are you no ashamed to kill a poor little bird like that Victor-Well, you see, cousin, I though

t would do to put on your hat.

Lottie—Ah! so it would; it is the sam shade of gray. How kind of you! A Treasure.

Mrs. Winks-What kind of a girl hav you now?
Mrs. Minks—A very nice one—ever s much nicer than the others. She does' seem to object to having us live in the hous with her at all.

A Clinging Creature.

"When I asked her to marry she bega

to shrink like—like a flannel shirt."
"That's an odd comparison; what do yo mean ?' Just what I say. She got up and my neck."-Philadelphia Times,

o machinery—the grand propelling powe -Macaulay. D C. N. L. 30, 91,

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sumption if they will send me their Express and Post Orice Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOOM M.C., 188 Work Addelade. Ct., VORCHTO, GNTARIO.

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