

Won by Science.

I.

Mr. Silas B. Wokes, the celebrated Chicago millionaire thrust his hands into his pockets and planted his feet firmly on the hearthrug. His back was to the fire, and his face displayed obstinacy.

"I tell you, Elsie, I won't have it," he snapped. "You know my move, and I don't reckon on being checkmated by a slip of a girl!"

"But, dad, dear—"

"Ta-ta! I don't like veneered carresses. I know I ain't very dear to you just now, because you can't have your own way. Now, don't cry!" he added, with the air of a man who was forcing himself to be bearish. "Crocodile tears are as bad as—the other thing. You're my only daughter, Elsie—my trump card, d'ye see? So I guess I'm going to play that card for all it's worth—and that's a title in the family, by my calculation. A baronet's easy, even chances on a lord, and it ain't ten to one against an earl—a real, live, belted earl, Elsie. What d'ye think I brought you to England for? To marry that pale-faced wisk of a sawbones?"

"I should think, dad," Elsie said, with her eyes flashing through her tears, "that, as I'm your only daughter, your 'move' might have been to make me happy!"

"Happy? And why shouldn't you be happy?"

"Do you think a girl can be happy," she sobbed, "if she can't marry the only man she can ever love?"

The pimply face of the American flushed purple.

"Love?" he roared. "Do you dare to say you love that lemme-look-at-your-tongue puppy?"

"He isn't a puppy! He's clever—everybody says so—and I do love him! So there, dad!"

Mr. Wokes swallowed his rising wrath.

"Very well!" he said at length. "You've had your say, Elsie, and now I'll have mine. I reckon you can choose your own husband, so long as he's got a handle to his name. I can't say fairer than that. But if you marry pestle and mortar I'll disown you—I'll cut you off without a penny! In this matter once and for all, I guess I'm going to have my way!"

So saying, the ambitious pork merchant put on his hat and went out, closing the door noisily.

On the following day Dr. Henry Bennett made a formal call, and asked the American for the hand of Elsie.

"I love your daughter, Mr. Wokes," he said simply, "and my income is sufficient to allow of our living in comfort, although not luxury."

"Now, look here, my lad," said the American, with his hands in his pockets and his back to the fire again. "I talked this over with Elsie yesterday, and I tell you plainly I'm sorry, but it's quite impossible. I reckon I've other views concerning her."

"Higher views, sir, I presume?"

"Possibly," said Mr. Wokes laconically.

The young doctor's face flushed a little.

"If that is your final decision, sir, he said, evidently endeavoring to stifle some sudden emotion which seized him, "I suppose I must bow to it."

The American granted. He could not help liking this straightforward young fellow.

"Of course," said the young man, with a stifled smile, "I should not think of marrying Elsie without your consent; but if you—that is, if I—I mean if ever you should give your consent, sir, I suppose you will never again withdraw it?"

"If I ever consent," said the millionaire, grimly, "I—well, I promise you I won't withdraw it."

The conversation of the two men dropped into ordinary topics. After awhile Dr. Bennett arose, and holding out his hand, said:

"You will excuse me, I hope, Mr. Wokes, if I mention a matter about which I am naturally exceedingly curious?"

"Well?" was the suspicious interrogation.

"As you perhaps know, a medical man who is ambitious to make a name in the profession nowadays must study deeply and almost exclusively some important special feature of pathology. The special feature I have singled out for myself is the study of those families of bacteria in which, it is known, are the causes of various painful and—er—unsightly diseases of the skin."

The millionaire's face puckered a little but he made no remark.

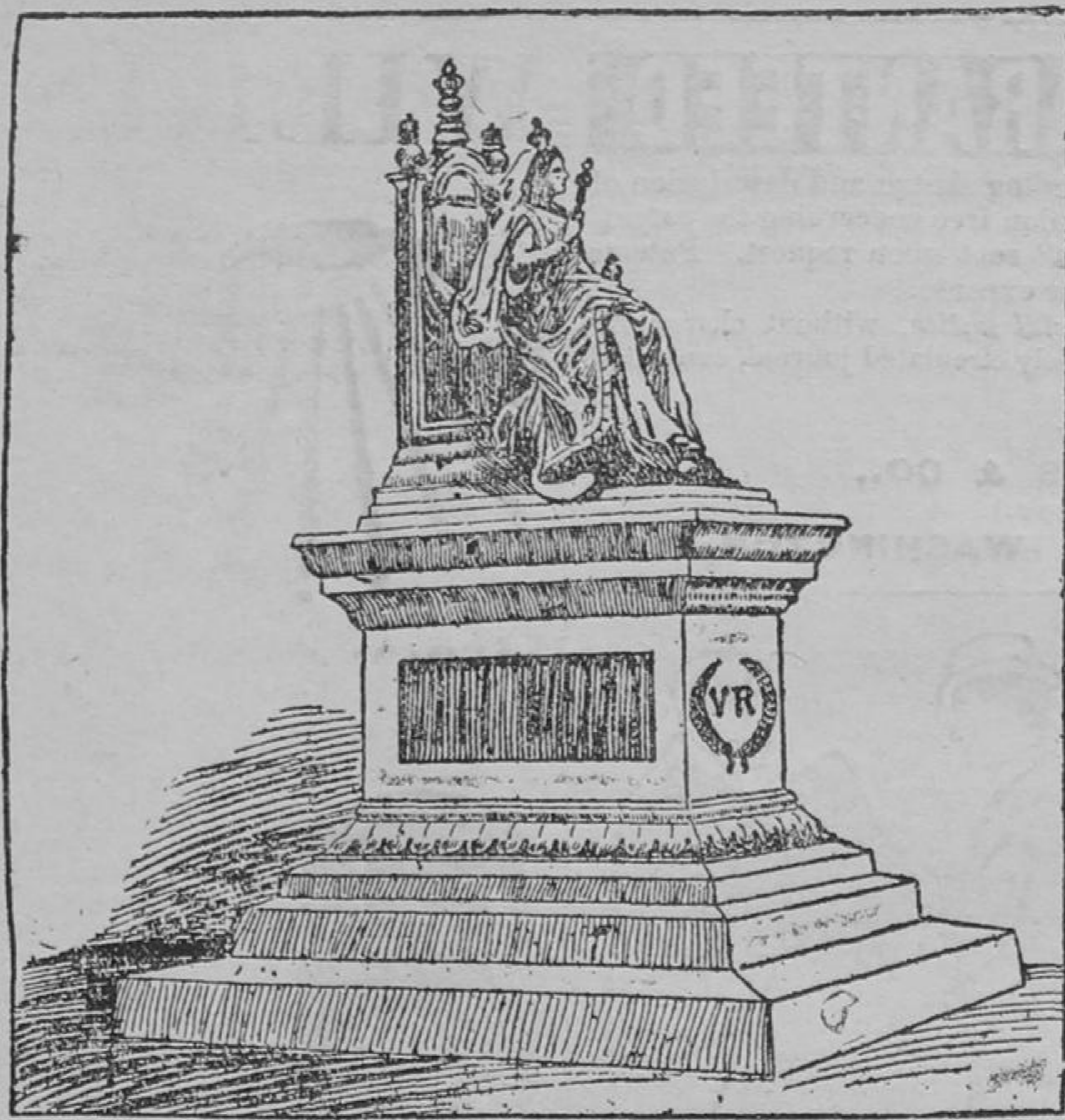
"If," resumed the young man, with an effort to summon the necessary amount of cheek, "you would not consider me too impudent in—er—mentioning the matter, I should like to—er—study your case."

"Study my what, sir?" roared the millionaire, with a face the color of beetroot.

"Those disfigurements upon your countenance," said the young doctor softly, quite ignoring the wince of the irascible Yankee, "are caused by microscopic living organisms called bacteria. I can kill them."

The millionaire smiled, queerly.

"You're cute," he grinned. "If you can kill them—that is, if you can give me a clean complexion—I'll



STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT TORONTO.

The statue to be erected in Queen's Park in front of the Parliament building, at Toronto, Ont., will be a worthy memorial of Queen Victoria. It is by the Italian sculptor Raggi, who has long been one of the foremost exponents of his art in England where he has lived for many years. The statue will be of bronze, a replica of one in Hong Kong. Her Majesty gave the sculptor a number of sittings, and warmly praised the result. The panels in bronze set into the granite base will represent scenes in Her Majesty's life.

give you a hundred-guinea fee—two if you like; but I won't give Elsie."

Dr. Bennett smiled good-humoredly.

"I haven't said Elsie was to be the fee," he said.

"No; and you'd better not! That gun won't carry lead, my lad!"

"Will you call at my rooms to-morrow at four?" said the bacteriologist musingly.

"Yes; I'll come," said the millionaire.

II.

Punctually at four on the following day Mr. Silas B. Wokes was ushered into the private room of Dr. Henry Bennett. The budding scientist was reading and smoking furiously at the same time—a characteristic of students. Over the table hung an immensely powerful electric light, around which were movable screens of different vivid colors.

He arose with extended hand as the American approached.

Proceeding to a cabinet in a darkened corner of the room, the doctor unlocked it with great care. Inside were a host of small phials, gelatine tubes, and watch cases containing drops of fluid, all labelled and arranged with much method and care.

Selecting one of the small bottles, he read the label carefully, then drew part of the contents into a hypodermic syringe.

"One slight injection in the centre of each cheek will do for to-day, Mr. Wokes."

The American submitted with an ill grace to the operation. Afterwards, when the doctor went to replace the phial and syringe in the cabinet, he, excited by curiosity, arose and followed him.

"Funny little wild-beast show in there, doctor, I guess?"

"Well," said the young bacteriologist, "some are, perhaps, funny. Those little bottles on the left, for instance, each contain a family of the parasites which color the noses of certain monkeys a delightful red."

"Ha, ha! You're joking?"

"Not at all, I assure you. Some, though, are not so funny. You see that tiny piece of gelatine to the right? If you mistook it for sticking plaster, and placed it around a wounded finger, you would most probably be a leper in a month."

"Great Scott!" gasped the American, retreating hastily. "You might make a mistake!"

The doctor smiled curiously.

"Our methodical training does not allow us to do that, Mr. Wokes. And now, good-day, sir. Will you call on me again in a fortnight?"

"Good gracious, dad," exclaimed Elsie, at breakfast one morning, about a week after the American's visit to Dr. Bennett, "what's that blue spot on your cheek? And I do believe— Well, I never—if there isn't one on the other side, too!"

He stirred his coffee viciously and took up the morning paper.

"What is it, dad?" Elsie asked anxiously. "Is anything the matter?"

"It's nothing, my girl!" her father said, in a somewhat gentler tone, for her evident anxiety touched him. "It'll be all right in a day or two, I guess."

But it was not. At the end of the fortnight the spots on his face were as large as half-crowns. His health was perfect; but those patches—shiny unerasable, and intensely blue—kept him a prisoner in his own house. The champion of pork-cornerers dared not put his foot outside his own door.

One morning, as Dr. Bennett sat in the luxury of an after-breakfast smoke, the American was announced, and entered in a state of considerable agitation.

The young specialist eyed him keenly.

"I see you've come, Mr. Wokes," he murmured.

desk, prepared for presentation at the next meeting of the Royal Society, dealing with my discoveries, and especially certain methods which I have perfected for destroying bacteria and various colored rays."

The millionaire neither moved nor spoke. The doctor flicked the ash from his cigarette, and stared into the bright fire meditatively.

"When you came to me," he resumed, after a pause of some length, "I injected into you a cultivation of the species of microbe whose colonies cause the harmless blue patches on the skins of certain tribes of monkeys. I am the only man on earth who knows how to destroy them!"

With the whoop of a wounded savage, the American leaped to his feet.

"Listen to me, Mr. Wokes," said Dr. Bennett sternly. "A fortnight ago I asked for the hand of your daughter Elsie. You refused, knowing well that we love each other. I would have married her without your consent, for I never wanted a half-penny of your dirty money; but Elsie is a dutiful daughter, and would sacrifice her happiness and mine to a mistaken sense of duty to you. You, for the sake of gratifying a vulgar ambition, would accept the poor girl's sacrifice and ruin her happiness for ever, to say nothing of mine."

"My love for her is greater than any other passion or ambition of mine. I have no desire for success in my calling, no wish even to continue living without her. What I have done, if you choose to give your secret to the public, will most certainly blight my career; but for that I don't care a fig."

"In a secret drawer of my writing-desk is the paper dealing with the combination of colors and focus of the light-rays which alone can destroy the living organisms which thrive upon your countenance. If you insist upon spoiling Elsie's life and mine, by Heaven I'll spoil yours, and send you from middle age to the grave a blue-faced baboon! I can kill the organism in six hours if I desire."

"Hear me out!" he continued, hastily, as the American made a movement. "I know well enough that men of your type look upon love as mere nonsense. You think that human affection should play second to human vanity. You are wrong. I love Elsie, and can make her happy. If you do not consent to our marriage, I vow to heaven that paper shall be burnt to-night!"

Dr. Henry Bennett now appends F.R.S. to his name. He has no more ardent admirer than Silas B. Wokes, millionaire, unless it be his pretty wife Elsie.

PRIZES FOR LONG SERVICE.

On the Austrian Emperor's fete day a number of prizes were distributed to servants who had been a long time in the same situation. The prize was about \$75 in each case. First on the list was a valet, aged seventy-one, who had served forty-six consecutive years in one family; the second was nurse, seventy-two years old, who had served forty-two years in one family; a maid-of-all-work, seventy-seven years old, who had served forty-one years in a nunnery, came next; then an under-cook, aged fifty-five, who had served thirty-nine years in a boys' orphanage. There was a maid-of-all-work, aged seventy-six, who had served thirty-nine years in one family; a kitchen-maid, sixty-nine years old, who had been in the household of Princess Clementine of Coburg for thirty-nine years, came next; and then, sixty-eight years old, came one who has been a lady's-maid to Baroness Schley for thirty-eight years. Although there were twenty-one names on the list, and the shortest term of service was thirty years.

About the ...House

SHORT TALKS ON HEALTH.

Rye is very nutritious, but not so digestible as wheat.

All manicures will tell you it is better for the nails if you file them instead of cutting them.

Ether is not likely to lose its efficacy in repeated trials, but the person may rebel against repeated applications.

The parched, drawn condition of the skin is due to lack of natural oil. Use a good skin food.

The requirements of health are few. The rewards many. Good air, good food, exercise, cleanliness, rest and suitable clothing.

Heavy bed clothing does not allow the proper radiation of heat from the body, and restlessness is the result. Give the body a chance to breathe.

Feather pillows are more heating than is desirable for comfort or health. The head cool and the feet warm is a trite saying.

Dandruff, in many cases, may be destroyed by rubbing a cut lemon into the roots of the hair as frequently as the case may demand.

Tired feet may be quickly rested and greatly benefited by bathing them in warm water and then sponging them or rubbing them with alcohol.

All cereals containing much starch require thorough mixing of the saliva before deglutition (swallowing) in order that the starch may be properly acted upon, otherwise the paste like substance coats the lining of the stomach and prevents the flow of the gastric juice.

For tender feet we would advise the use of footwear made with specially prepared soles, low heels, soft, pliable uppers.

Barley contains almost as much nutrition as wheat, but has more fat and salts and less proteids and carbohydrates.

One who is ill should not be forced to eat. Give the stomach a rest. The brain, in this case, draws upon the fatty tissues of the body when there is a shortage in the region of the stomach.

Large pores are caused by an inactive skin and lack of attention. Use only pure soap on the face, cleanse thoroughly and then apply a good cream or skin food.

Oats contain all the nutrient properties, but not in so well balanced proportions as in wheat. Oatmeal should be thoroughly cooked to open the starch cells, else it is indigestible.

The use of any drug to produce sleep is injurious. It does not remove the cause. "Only eight or ten grains?" Beware. Only eight or ten grains now may mean eighteen or twenty by and by.

A cold water bath in a cold or cool room is a luxury to one having sufficient vitality for reaction. The use of cold water in a warm room is to be recommended in preference to the use of warm water in a cold room.

Sugar is useful in warm weather or in warm climates, as it supplies energy in the body without the overheating effects of large quantities of fat. It is more readily assimilated than starch, fats or oils.

A CATSUP CHAPTER.

In making catsup, use a granite or porcelain kettle; vinegar boiled in copper forms acetate of copper, which is a greenish poison. Always stir catsup with a wooden or silver spoon. The vegetables and fruits should be fully ripe, solid and free from decay. Put the contents through a colander, then through a sieve to make the pulp fine. Simmer rather than boil, and stir often to prevent burning. Mix and sift all the condiments before adding them to the pulp.

Seal catsup in bottles, which should be perfectly clean and free from cracks. If they are stained inside put some finely chopped raw potato in them, add a little water and shake vigorously. Soak the corks in boiling water; while hot drive them into the bottles as far as possible, then cover with sealing wax; over this tie two thicknesses of cloth saturated with the wax. Seal the catsup while hot. When cold, put in a dry, cool place, resting the bottles on their sides.

Plum Catsup.—Wash the plums and stew until tender in enough water to prevent burning, then strain and weigh. To four pounds of pulp allow one pound of sugar, four teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of pepper and salt to taste. This is an excellent relish to serve with roast meats.

Grape Catsup.—Wash, drain and put into a preserving kettle. Mash well, place on the fire and cook until tender, and then strain. To every ten pounds of pulp allow six pounds of sugar, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and pepper, and a teaspoonful of salt.

Tomato Catsup.—Scald, peel, slice and core a peck of ripe tomatoes. Use the bright red tomatoes. Place in a porcelain kettle and cook until tender, and then strain. To this quantity of tomatoes and three large onions chopped very fine one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, five tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, and a tablespoonful each of ground black pepper,

ground cloves, and celery seed in a bag. Simmer about six hours.

Cucumber catsup.—Pare large, ripe cucumbers, remove the seeds; grate fine and measure. Place the pulp in a colander and drain well. To every quart of the pulp allow a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of grated horse-radish, and a pint of good cider vinegar. Mix together thoroughly; do not cook; bottle and seal. Try this with fish and game.

PLASTER OF PARIS.

It is not at all uncommon for the brass top which is fastened on the lamp in which the burner screws, to come unfastened. With the smallest quantity of plaster of paris wet to a thick paste with cold water, and enough put in this brass top to fill up the space in which it was first then fit down quickly (for it hardens rapidly) on the lamp, and the lamp will soon be as good as new. As soon as you fit the top on, press it down firmly and evenly with a soft, damp rag, wipe off all the plaster that oozes out, and set your lamp where it will not be disturbed until dry, which will generally be in less than an hour.

Nail holes in plaster can be quickly mended with this, and should be done before re-whitewashing or repapering the walls.

Plaster of paris eggs answer for nest eggs.

A pretty use to put the plaster to is to make paper weights of it by putting it either in a round or square paper box, and while soft press down into the plaster either a leaf, or spray of leaves or a flower, anything with large veins to make a distinct impression, and when dry and firm you can remove the leaf, leaving a perfect impress of itself. Ten cents' worth of the plaster will do much work.

TO CLEAN BROADCLOTH.

A bottle of ammonia, a small sponge and a piece of dark flannel will clean a broadcloth skirt as well as the best cleaner if one takes time and pains. The cloth should be wet only slightly, broadcloth never being soaked through. The proportions of ammonia to water should be for black goods one tablespoonful to a cup of water. For light colored material it is better to make a weaker solution, lest the ammonia fade the color.

QUEBEC AS A GRAIN PORT.

Shippers Said to be Satisfied with Their Experiment So Far.

The Leyland Steamship Company and the American capitalists who are associated with it in its efforts to divert the export shipments of Western grain from New York, Boston and Portland to Quebec are more than satisfied with the result of their first shipments from Quebec. H. H. Melville of Boston and Col. James McNaught of New York, who are heavy stockholders on the Great Northern Railway of Canada, by which road the grain is shipped over the shortest existing route from the Great Lakes to the ocean steamships are authority for the statement that immediate steps are to be taken for more than doubling both the sailing of grain ships and the terminal facilities of the railway at Quebec.

In little more than two months the Great Northern has already shipped nearly a million and a quarter bushels of grain from Quebec, while for the month of August the Leyland Steamship Company has decided to run four grain-carrying steamships to Quebec instead of two, one of which will be the new cargo-carrier Kingstonian of 9,000 tons capacity, now on her maiden voyage to Quebec.

The doubling of the railway terminals at Quebec to accommodate the increased shipments of grain from the West has already begun and the discharging of barges and other vessels having cargoes of Western grain, by means of the marine leg of the new elevator equipment belonging to the Great Northern Railway, is going on concurrently with the elevating of grain from the cars.

The enormous spurt which the company's operations have given to the business of Quebec is illustrated by the fact that all the available storage accommodation upon the wharves has been taken up, necessitating the immediate construction by the Harbor Commission, of a series of new sheds, each 850 feet long, and 80 feet wide, one of which has already been completed. So promising is the development of this trade that large improvements are being made to the roadbed of the railway to enable it to meet the new demands upon it. New stretches of road are being built to avoid difficult curves and grades, and heavier rails are being laid wherever necessary.

Customer—That was a splendid insect powder you sold me the other day, Mr. Oilman. Mr. Oilman (with justifiable pride)—Yes; I think it pretty good—the best in the trade. Customer—I'll take another couple of pounds of it, please. Mr. Oilman—Two pounds. Customer—Yes, please. I gave the quarter of a pound that I bought before to a blackbeetle, and it made him so ill that I think if I keep up the treatment for about a week I may manage to kill him.

British railways pay income tax on £36,400,000, mines and quarries on £13,420,000 a year.