Mystery of Shaft No. 13. the room, he discovered and prompt-

No answer.

ly annexed something that, however

humble in itself, was destined to play

"And now for Mrs. St. George," he

CHAPTER III,

He knocked again and with the

Then he said quietly, with his lips

"You must be mad," said Elizabeth

morning by that horrible news. If he

Rose looked at her mistress steadily,

Mrs. St. George made a gesture of

indignant anger, then turned fiercely

on the man who stood there in the

narrow way, forcing himself upon her

of the publicity in which she must

"If any one is to be arrested," she

longer existed.

"He did."

dressing-table."

"By my maid."

"Unknown to your hu band?"

"Your letter was not of such a

"What time did he come up?"

"You were asieep," said the detec-

But Rose's back answered the ques-

Elizabeth faltered, trembled.

Rsoe made no reply.

servants?

had yet to be played out.

CHAPTER II .- Continued.

H'm," said Mr. Skewton, stroking

nis chin, "and a friend?" "So I thought him till last night. listen. He loved my wife, though she lid not know it, and before God I swear never suspected him of the treach- "The shallowest water makes maist ry in his heart. My wife went to bed, n that recess you saw, about eleven. The deadest pool the deepest linn." sat up reading for an hour, then went n to see that she was all safe, and the way. The house was fashionably vent back. I had turned out the gas, small, and he had already been twice and was about to cross the outer room in the second floor, so, unless on the o go up stairs, when the door com- roof, he must find Mrs. St. George in nunicating with the staircase open- the top rooms of all. id, and some one came in quickly, and He went boldly up and passing the went through the folding-doors. He doors of two servants' room that stood went straight to the recess-in the dim open, knocked gently at the third one, ight I saw him and-in a second-in which was shut. one lightning moment of fury-Ishot him as he turned to face me, and he fell down dead across the foot of the same result.

"And your wife slept through all to the keyhole: "Your husband is unthis?" said Mr. Skewton, incredulous- der arrest for the murder of Mr. Ross."

"Don't you know?" said Jack in surprise. "She is deaf."

"A tragedy, indeed," said Mr. Skewton, dryly; "but one would think even face with a woman whom he aftera deaf person would be wakened by a ward described as the sweetest little pistol shot within a yard of her." morsel he ever saw in his life."

"But she did not stir," said Jack, calmly, his always resolute jaw and on the instant, "my husband came up mouth more resolute than ever. to this room fast night, and never left "And after?" said Mr. Skewton. it till he was called from his bed this

"I went up stairs," said Jack. "And then?"

had gone down again," she turned For a moment Jack looked like one authoritatively to Rose. "you must uddenly checked at fault. have heard him, must you not?" "What does the way in which I spent | The detective turned to look at the the later part of the night matter to girl addressed, looked her through and

you?" said Jack, sharply, "I went to through, yet was conscious all the while of the narrow, low-pitched room, "To bed! Leaving that body as a the unsuitable entourage of this wopleasant surprise to your wife when man, who looked as if born to rule in she woke! H'm-and you shot an un- a palace. He observed, too, a smell armed man. Had you a grudge against of burning paper lingering in the air, her?" he asked, suddenly. and suspected mischief.

Jack made no reply. "Where is she?" said Mr. Skew- pityingly, even, but returned no re-

"Upstairs."

"You had had a conversation together since this-occurrence?" "Not one syllable."

"H'm," said Mr. Skewton, "then she, in her own chamber. A sudden sense does not know who did it?" "Yes,-she knows." henceforth live, smote on her chillily, "She knew," said Mr. Skewton, keen- and she felt that the sanctity of her

ly, "that you might have had a mo- home was gone, and privacy for her no tive for killing this young man?"

He said it defiantly, and as if he said curtly, "arrest me. If anyone had put shame for her miles away from in this house is guilty, I am that blue. Mr. Skewton went out softly, called "How did you do it?" he said,

a subordinate whom he left outside smoothly and raising his voice a little; the drawing-room door, and ascended "do you always carry firearms?" to the suite of rooms above. He had already visited them, but now she could not keep the look out of

after a glance at the quiet figure, on her eyes that told him what he wantthe bed, he stepped up to the toilet- ed to know. He caught also an expression in Rose's face that he stor-

'H'm,". he said, "evidently inter- ed up for future unravelling. rupted by something or somebody in | "Mrs. St. George did not do it," he the act of undressing. Cravat thrown said to himself, "but her maid knows off, but collar still round his throat, something about it. Then there is his watch and money lying about. the skylight." Aloud he said, and pro-What's this? An envelope and no post- ducing an envelope from his pocket: mark-a woman's writing of course, "Mr. Ross received a letter from a woman who is probably in the you last night?" house."

He went down to the drawing-room with the letter in his hand.

"This is your wife's hand-writing?" he said, "Mr. Ross evidently received this after he came in last Rose, "and I placed the letter on his

The young husband turned. He seem- "Where he found it at midnighted to have shrunk in his clothes and Mr. or later," said the detective to him- here." Skewton was answered instantly by self. the pale look on his face-a look aghast "Mr. Ross was a friend of yours?" terrible, and which illumined and con- he said. firmed the theory that the detective "He was," she said, coldly; "but is had set up, perhaps, disappointing him this quite the place in which to catenot a little, as at first sight there had chize me?" seemed to be stranger circumstances "If you will come down," he said

calmly, "I will ask my questions un-"After all," he thought, contempt- der more favorable circumstances." nously, "it was a very simple mur- But she shrank back, and shook her der, simple in its motive and clumsy head determinedly. In its accomplishment, and the course "When you come to take me away of justice will be swift and easy, so to prison I will go down," she said, that no possible kudos can be attach- "but not till then." ed to any detective concerned in it."

How could he tell through what shut the door in his face. lurnaces of agony Jack was passing as "Softiy," he said. not judely or ofhe stood with back turned to him mo- fensively, and indeed his manner had

That bitter cry out of Scripture was first, "if you will not come down, ringing in his ears, that cry out of then I must speak to you here. You the far ages, that will ring on for corresponded with Mr. Barry?" ever, "And it was even thou-mine own "I did." familiar friend. . . ."

"A splendid fellow," thought the de- "Unknown to mg husband." tective, mentally measuring his inches, "I may venture to inquire your "but who would have thought him cow- subject?" ard enough to shoot an unarmed "You may not."

Suddenly he stepped back, and character as would bring him to your through the folding-doors, looking room at night?" around with a glance that embraced | Elizabeth's eyes blazed-Rose's were everything, especially the window that cast down. Jack had left open overnight, and "What has this to do with your inwhich was open still. Beneath it was quiry?" she said. part of the roof of the dining-room, and beyond it, and a trifle higher a such a summons from you, and your large expanse of leads, bounded by the husband found him there--' the dewindowless backs of the houses in a tective paused significantly. by-street that ran at right angles with | Elizabeth's face blanched, and she seemed hardly to breathe.

Windowless? Ay, but in the brick- "My husband never set foot in that tiled sloping roof of one of these room after he wished me good-night," houses the quick eye of Mr. Skewton she said. detected a single skylight, shut, it is true, but more than wide enough to said the detective. admit the body of a man, while the drop to the leads below was not more go all over the house," said Mr. Skew"No," she said, boldly, "he may have friends, standing round his bed waitton to himself, "if it were not for thought me asleep, but I was not. It ing for the end, asked the reason. evidence against himself-though he is up stairs." too eager by half-I should say this "Did you hear your master come up medal!" might be a very interesting case in- stairs?" he said suddenly to Rose. riveted to the skylight, "it won't

be such plain sailing as I supposed." Rose?" cried Elizabeth, eagerly. He had the more reason to believe! himself correct in this supposition tion. when in the course of his travels round "Your maid looks as if she had not bronze!

ton. "At what hour did Mr. Ross usually come in?" "At all hours. The latch was always left up for him."

"You saw him every day?"

been in bed all night," said Mr. Skew-

"Very seldom." "But he and your husband were on perfectly friendly terms?" "Perfectly."

an important part in the drama that "And you also?" She looked him, full in the face and paused der bern e before she said: "Until last night."

> The detective put up his hand. "Stop," he said, "I am bound to tell you not to say anything that will incr.minate yourself." "When you been trying for the last

ten minutes to extract every damning He did not troub'e any one to show circumstance you can against me! Listen-" Rose came forward and caught at

ner mistress's arm. "Madam," she said, imploringly, don't! It isn't true-don't say

Somebody may have come after the sapphires." "What sapphires?" said the detec-

tive, quickly. "They have nothing to do with it," said Elizabeth, "no one knows where

keep them, often I don't know my-

self. I hide them, here, there, and everywhere." A sound of voices, a rush as of a robbed?" said the detective, his pulses whirlwind, and the door was flung quickened by this new element in the open to bring the detective face to

> Mrs. St. George looked indifferent "What was their value?", he said. "About five thousand pounds."

"And you kept such valuable things lying about-here, there and every-"There were only two stones," she

said, indifferently. "Two! They must have been very AND THEY SEE IT WITH ENVY.

large to be of that value." thought they were real."

The detective glanced at the ill-pro- the bill. portioned room, a servant's room, however, beautifully furnished, and kept, ingupon sending its contingent to the ment he felt. With such jewels as those, how came she to give up the best more. rooms in the house for a paltry hundred or two a year?

her back, busying herself with tidying seas. the room.

An ejaculation of amazement from the detective made her turn. She drew nearer, and a frightful change

A low moan escaped her lips, instantly stifled, but as she turned aside to tic imagining to talk of combined hide her face, Mr. Skewton caught a glimpse of it-a glimpse that told him She had set her face as a flint, but

"Matchless," said the detective, "and you keep them rolled up in a twist of tissue paper?" as she carelessly put them back in her shallow pocket. And for a moment he mused over the recklessness of women.

Rose Dupont had moved away, and was folding up, and putting straight the things lying about. "Why do you not keep your sap-

phires in a safe?" he said to Mrs. St. George. She looked at him, disdaining to an-

"It was delivered by one of your swer, then said:

"Mr. Ross was not in, ma'am," said and on what evidence?"

> Elizabeth turned to that livid whiteness which betrayed mortal agony and fear. She tried to speak, but uttered only a hoarse sound that died in her throat; then, before he guessed her intention, with the delicacy of touch and lightning swiftness of a practiced thief, she had dived for and snatched the pistol out of his breast pocket,

and put it behind her back. It had been a moment's thought, an what she would find in the pocket he cestor prized because it is his ances- as those under which the anopheles had so significantly touched; but the tor's, but because of its intrinsic value. And she made as though she would chilled her blood, and she trembled visibly as she stepped back. not been wanting in respect from the

To Be Continued.

LAND OF MEDALS.

Presented With One.

owing to conscription, every French-12 awards of merit.

If you are a clerk, or have been employed in a commercial house for 30 each garment being of so durable a ings and malaria, is that, according each garment being of so durable a ings and malaria, is that, according years, you get a medal. All Govern- character that they are handed down to the belief of the German authoriment officials, from doorkeepers to to the third and even the fourth gen- ties, man himself is the connecting heads of departments, get a medal for eration. Wear appears to rather im- link in preserving the parasite of mabeing true to the republic. If you are a farmer—and any one who owned result that the coat of the father or a temperature of eighty degrees Fahresult that the coat of the father or a temperature of eighty degrees Fahresult that the coat of the father or a temperature of eighty degrees Fahresult that the coat of the father or a temperature of eighty degrees Fahresult that the coat of the father or a temperature of eighty degrees Fahresult that the coat of the father or a temperature of eighty degrees Fahresult that the coat of the father or a temperature of eighty degrees Fahresult that the coat of the father or a temperature of eighty degrees Fahresult that the coat of the father or a temperature of eighty degrees Fahresult that the coat of the father or a temperature of eighty degrees Fahresult that the coat of the father or a temperature of eighty degrees Fahresult that the coat of the father or a temperature of eighty degrees Fahresult that the coat of the father or a temperature of eighty degrees Fahresult that the coat of the father or a temperature of eighty degrees Fahresult that the coat of the father or a temperature of eighty degrees fa are a farmer—and any one who owns one acre of land can call himself one acre of land can call himself one one acre of land can call himself one value than the newer and less worn and this temperature is only found in summer

friends, standing round his bed wait- treating felt until it almost rivals lea- who has a relapse, and then to there for wear is kept a close secret. who has a relapse, and then to the mosquito shell the for wear is kept a close secret. "Ab!" he replied, "I have lived for

59 years without having received one Two days passed and still he lookin fer a chance to work-"He came up at twelve, did he not. third, as he was fast sinking, a parcel pile. lingered on the borderland. On the Lady-Very well; there's the woodcame by post. It was from the Ante- Tramp-Lady, it ain't perlite to in-

BRITAIN'S MIGHTY POWER MISERABLE

ALL EUROPE BEHOLDS HER PRE-PARATIONS FOR WAR.

And Hesitates to Move Against Her-Com bined Howlings Have No Effect on the Lion-The National Spirit.

The New York Post's London correspondent says: It is no exaggeration to say that the publicists of Europe at 83 1-2 Arago street, St. Roch, Quefright. They for weeks have been watching England's entanglement ternal troubles, peculiar to her ser, in the heart of the African continent. and also from continuous weakness she said, with a curious faint smile. duced to send one of the largest expeditions over the seas the modern give up teaching, and go to an hosworld ever witnessed, they felt as- pital, but the treatment there did not sured that the time was approaching materially benefit her and ultimately it! when Fashoda would be avenged and ferer. Meantime her husband having when England's aggravating pushful- heard of the great value of Dr. Wilness in all concerns of the globe would liams' Pink Pills for Pale People,

pecially Russian journals, official and pills Mrs. Comeau gave her story to unofficial, joined in one wild howl the reporter about as follows:against England; but Englishmen "My trouble came on after the ywhere."

against England; but Englishment birth of my child, and up to the time quietly smiled. During the whole I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink session of Parliament, brought to a Pills I could find nothing to cure me. close last night, I do not believe one I suffered much agony, was very single retort was uttered by any one weak, had frequent severe headaches, of the six hundred members, and as and little or no appetite. It was not far as might goes, Englishmen can long after I began the use of the pills afford to smile. They see their naval that I found they were helping me Department sending a great army very much and after taking them for 6,000 miles over seas, and that without a couple of months I was as well as disturbing the traffic of a single ever I had been. My appetite imsteamship line.

They see the British Parliament, "They were," she said, carelessly, with practical unanimity and without household work. Since using the pills "so large that very few people needing to add one penny to the present taxation, vote \$50,000,000 to pay others and have heard nothing but

They see each British colony insistand his eyes expressed the astonish- front at its own expense, and almost angry because it is not allowed to send

They see England, such is her com- ing the functions they restore health mand of the cables of the world, switch and strength to exhausted women, "Where were they last night?" he all Europe off from telegraphic con- and make them feel that life is again tact with half the African continent, worth living. "Here," said Elizabeth, thrusting and all the while her navy remains her hand into the pocket of her dress- unfettered, practically with steam up ing-gown. As she did so, Rose turned to maintain her supremacy on the

This is the situation as nine out of Ont. Refuse all substitutes. ten Englishmen see it at this moment. and the spectacle of England's armed power is reflected in the quieter tone came over her face as she saw lying of official messages to-day from Paris, on her mistress' palm, two glorious Berlin and St. Petersburg. It is true, sapphires of enormous size and in these inspired messages seem to say color, the intensest, darkest, vividest that we have our own view of the rights and the wrongs of this South African war, but its pure journalis-

EUROPEAN INTERVENTION.

"France," says an official pronouncement from the Quai d'Orsay, "has no embodied in his forthcoming book on ground or desire for any intervention the subject, are very interesting, Maj. at present." Russia is more probably in the same position.

Germany is the only power directly a species of mosquito called anophconcerned in the matter, and as Ger- eles, a spotted winged mosquito, is to many is England's avowed ally, and be found concerned in the transference Kaiser Wilhelm will in a few weeks be England's guest, European intervention may be dismissed as out of the barracks of Wilberforce, a suburb of question.

Will England, then, cancel the mo- hundred men there was a daily averbilization of her fleet now in mysterious progress at her dock yards? Not "Have you arrested my husband, at all. The British Government remains supremely distrustful of Rus- seems to have been infested with mos-"Strictly speaking, he is not under sia's intentions in the Persian Gulf quitoes, but only the genus anopheles arrest, but he is watched, and could and at Pekin, and of France's intennot escape if he tried. The evidence," tions in Morocco, and they do not he touched his breast pocket, "is mean to be caught napping.

CHINESE CLOTHING.

It Is By No Means of the Common Blu Cloth They Look to Be.

To wear your grandfather's coat would not seem much of an honor, but not grow unless they received some of to John Chinaman it is the greatest the algae to feed upon. felicity. Not only is the common-lookwhat she would find the knowing ing, shapeless blue blouse, of his an- ly, in stagnant puddles—are the same The clothing usually worn by the Chinese is of the purest silk, and costs during the dry season only near a anywhere from \$100 to \$250 a suit.

As a nation the Chinese object to plenished. wearing clothing of any other kind, and centuries of experiment have killing the larvae, and Major Ross, taught them how best to make up the who considers the anopheles the one Frenchmen Cannot Hope to Escape Being costly caterpillar thread into the genus concerned in propagating malmost durable form. On this account aria, believes that he can free a local-France is the land of the medal. Not the Chinese dress, though of purer mathem. taking into account the 30 odd mili- terial, has none of the sheen usually Professor Koch, however, considers mosquito, tary ones, all of which no soldier—and, associated with silk, a peculiarity that another variety of mosquito, which has resulted in the erroneous culex pipiens, can propagate malaria, man is one—has been able to dodge, garments are made in China, and are the anopheles, and if this is the case there are 13 labor medals and some only exported for the personal use the anopheles, and it this is only exported for the personal use the difficulty of exterminating the in-

Owing to their cost, however, they magnified as to be almost impossible. of the Leek. Crossing sweepers also Chineses. Another article peculiar to the mosquitoes during the summer of the Leek. Crossing sweepers also Chinese is the felt slippers they in- months. It is at the beginning of the mosquito draws than twenty feet. "The window open, and a skylight in another house by which any one could get in here and reading late?"

Apropos of this they tell a story of tive in his dangerously soft suggestive voice. "He may have sat up yet, although he was dving of starvation followed by the parasite from the blood of patient who is infected with it, and the parasite for the native country, where the method of patient who is infected with it, and the parasite for the native country, where the method of patient who is infected with it, and the parasite for the native country, where the method of patient who is infected with it, and the native country where the method of patient who is infected with it, and the native country where the method of patient who is infected with it, shell the native country where the method of patient who is infected with it. and a skylight in another house by which any one could get in here, and which any one could get in here, and reading late?"

The may have sat up tive voice. "He may have sat up yet, although he was dying of starvation, he seemed happy. His few the mosquito shell the mosquito she

IMPOLITE INTERRUPTION.

Tramp-Lady, I'm hungry, an' I'm

Medal Society and decorated him with terrupt. I was jest sayin' I'm lookin' its badge of membership made in fer a chance to work somebody fer me

HOW WOMEN LOSE INTEREST IN THEIR HOUSEHOLDS.

The Ills to Which Women Are Heir Cause Much Suffering-The Experience of a Lady Who Has Found a Speedy Cure

Mrs. Isaie T. Comeau, who resides bec, is a teacher of French, English, and music. For many years Mrs. Comeau has suffered greatly from inthe result of headaches, neuralgia and nervous prostration. Her trouble became so bad that she was forced to purchased a few boxes and prevailed French, German, Austrian, and esterviewed as to the merits of the

proved, the pains left me and I gained considerably in flesh and am again able to attend to the lessons myself I have recommended them to praise in their favor wherever used."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a, boon to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulat-

Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville,

MALARIA AND MOSQUITOES.

Zajor Ross, of the British Army Makes Some Interesting Investigations to Africa.

Some of the features in the investigations, which Maj. Ross, of the British army, has made respecting the malarial mosquito, and which will be or Ross first confirmed his belief that of all the forms of malaria, In the Freetown, Sierra Leone, outt of four age of forty. ill in hospital: with all three forms of malaria. The place was found, and of those examined onethird were found to contain para-

The second point was that in searching for the haunts of the anopheles larvae the members of the expedition found them chiefly, in small stagnant pools in which green algae were growing. The larvae appear to feed upon this, for larvae hatched from eggs did

The inference is that the conditions larvae will hatch out and thrive. Stagnant puddles are found only during the rains on low lying ground, and spring, from which they can be re-

Kerosene oil poured on the surface of these puddles was successful in ity from disease by exterminating

of Celestials in foreign countries. fecting mosquito would be so greatly

ters it, allows it to breed, and transfers it. Human beings with malaria in their blood are therefore the "refuge home" for the parasite during the nine months when the temperature does not allow of its development in the mosquito. If, by the use of quinine during there nine months relapses in the human being could be prevented, the mosquito would have nowhere whence to draw his parasites when

the heat began.

Love is Specialized.

The novelist is kept hustling in his research concerning things psychical these days. A half century ago, when it was his agreeable task to portrag the demeanor of a love-sick maid, and when was that not the case, we should like to know, what was his usual procedure? Didn't he seat her at a table where lay a piece of work which need. ed a button hole - a neat little business, presupposing concentration and subversive of romance? He gets his maiden to say "Heigh ho" if she has rosy cheeks and her curls are insecure ly fastened in a net; if she is a lily maid, with Cupid's bow lips, they form the more elegant expletive of "Alas alas!" while she pushes away her work languidly. And then this composite photograph

of the novelist's women goes to he desk, where lie three unanswered letters, and she toys with her wafer and bites the nib of her quill pen in the abstraction which is incident to love. Sometimes she seizes one of these letters and presses it passionate ly to her lips before secreting it in he gown, as close as possible to the organ that is throbbing with the most an proved sentiments of the period. Some times, too, a high resolve lighting he pure face, she draws toward her the silver candlestick and snuffers, he hand trembles as she lights the beau tiful toy, but without shrinking sh watches the black flakes fall, mourn ers of that happy hope that once wa

The scribe of that time, you see, wa a baby. He could push himself jus so far in his little go-cart, and no on expected more of him. Entrance to ward the bogs or precipices of psycho logical investigation would have elic ed shrieks of horror from the fon nurses and mothers - that is to say the readers of polite literature of the day. It was not until he grew bi snough to admire Gwendolen Grand court that he stepped out on his ow little legs and told her what h

thought of her. The readers of polite literature a justed themselves with half anxiou half eager interest, ready to lift u warning fingers, and yet edified by h boldness. Long, long ago they had r cognized the futility of coercing the little man, so that now they wande with him, companionably and without reproach, over the England of Thoma Hardy, and don't mind the mud the collects on their boots when they ca learn something new "in Zolaland Which excursions are pleasant enoug -for the mothers and nurses. The novelist has had a hard time to make such fields traversable; nor is he con tent to let Gwendolen's nose turn u at the dullness and ridiculousness men and things. He must needs pus her hair back and show you the cer bral dimensions, which are all suffice ent reason for her disaffection, mean while commenting on the softness

> "Fold after simple fold Binding her head."

ficance than merely.

that hair, which has a subtler sign

Bless your soul-any one that wou be at the fatigue of holding a boo demands a fullness between its cove that will leave no square inch of gra matter unexplored.

The novelist pulls off his gloves the days and he would better, for it tak a naked deftness to form types a incarnations and symbols, when t 'prentice work that turned out pla men and women no longer suits a ge bration that is ready for its man wi all the rules of psychometry. T question of human love enters just fully into the novel of to-day as did 50 years ago, with this different it is falling into the hands of speci ists; it is shown in its infinite prism tic lights from the red to the lowe animal passion in which grovel I becca West, Dr. Pascal and Kiplin sunken scholar, to the other end who it shades off from the blue that len its luster to the true eyes of Evad

to the silver white which bathes t

head of Balzac's saint.

We have love presented to us as disease which is germinally present the most enraptured lover's kiss; so transcendentalist or other whispers conviction that it is an essence, conc trated and precipitated fortuitous Neo Buddhism and other cults of the ilk assert that every lover is an Ava of Spirit, and that his involunta function brings extrinsic salvati alienists tell us dreadful things about its repression and license, and all these have some representation in modern novel. Oh, for the "good times" when the lover's smile at us of "happiness ever after;" or thrill with the nobility of their grand quent renunciation, without be merely "facades of a temple" wh interior is the recondite subtlety of modern Zeit Geist, when we could

the plot in words of less than if Byllables, albeit in many words. In this day of effete culture only the scribe has to open his me physical dictionary while he poises pen over the well that has truth at bottom of it, sometimes, but mad as well, his professional sine qua n is fain to send to the library her co panion, Miss Theosophia Sophist Ph.D., for the volume of Hegel, Fich Kant or the Great Current Magazi without which she will not be prepa

And so on. Medicine is specializing art is pulling up the rootlets of grass blades and subjecting them the microscope, that it may be res to reproduce them on canvas when multimillionaire is tired of gloat over his dollars and listlessly turns art as being the thing nearest rea able after the unreasonable mo Love is specializing, and so literat must specialize, too. Quo vadimus?

to discuss the New Novel.