The Unknown Bridegroom.

"It certainly was very strange," his companion returned, and then continued: "When Sir Julien and Lady Page arrived in London—late at night—having been detained several hours on their way—and did not find the nurse and child awaiting them, they were very anxious. The next morning the baronet telegraphed to Brighton to ascertain the reason of their non-appearance. The answer he received reassured him somewhat, as it explained that the nurse had left the previous day to join him at the Arcadia, according to his directions. He, of course, understood at once that his second epistle had gone astray, and he immediately hastened to the other hotel to inquire for the truants. He was told by the proprietor that such a woman and child had presented themselves there the previous afternoon, the nurse asking to be shown to the apartments of Sir Julien Page. She was told that he was not there, and that she could not be accommodated, as the house was full. She had then left, and had probably sought some other place for the night. The baronet was nearly distracted, and hurried back to his hotel, hoping to find the missing ones there. Of course he was disappointed, for she had no means of knowing where to find him. Thinking she might have returned to Brighton, he telegraphed again to the old housekeeper. She had not been seen. Every possible effort was made to find her—the city was secured from end to end during the next few weeks; but not the slightest clew to either woman or child was found—they had disappeared as absolutely as if they had been suddenly blotted out of existence."

"And was nothing ever learned of their fate?" questioned Walter Leighton, with an anxious heart.

"No—nothing tangible; it was ascertained, a month or two afterward, that a hotel, on another street not very far from the house where the nurse had been told to go, had been consumed by fire on that very night, and Sir Julien got the idea into his head that both woman and child had perished in the flames, although he could never gain any satisfactory information regarding the matter. The proprietor had been out of town that night, and the clerk was so overcome by the disaster that he shortly became a raving maniac. The books were all burned, so it was impossible to tell whether the missing ones had been registered there. It was pitiable to see the man haunt the vicinity and questioning people regarding the catastrophe; but in a great city like this such incidents are frequent, and soon forgotten, and three weeks after the fire a new hotel was going up on the old site."

"How long ago did this happen?" questioned Leighton.

"Some six or seven years—near seven, I should think," said Mr. Wellington. "It nearly broke the hearts of both Sir Julien and Lady Page—they were never the same afterward; and when, three years later, their little daughter died, it seemed as if the crowning blow to their misery had fallen upon them. Their silent home became intolerable to them, and, dismissing their servants and closing it, they traveled for a couple of years. They looked twenty years older when they returned to the Towers, and lived there in a very quiet way, shunning all society. It was not long until Sir Julien's health failed, and he was ordered to the Mediterranean, where he only lived a few weeks to be followed, a few months later, by his wife, and we have been searching for the nearest of kin ever since."

"Was there no will?" inquired the lawyer's listener.

"Yes; Sir Julien made a will after the death of his daughter, leaving everything to Lady Page, but her ladyship's mind failed so rapidly, during her last illness, she was incapacitated, and so the property must go to her nearest relative. I congratulate you, Mr. Leighton, upon being the fortunate man," the gentleman concluded, with great cordiality.

He had been very favorably impressed by the young man's appearance and bearing; and, truly, feeling that he must stake everything to win, Leighton had conducted himself in the most exemplary manner throughout his negotiations with the distinguished attorneys.

Thus an arch-schemer came into possession of one of the finest estates in all England; and, after securing a competent housekeeper and corps of servants, he repaired to Worthing Towers, where he immediately began to bring order out of chaos, and to make such repairs and improvements as his tastes and desires suggested. A couple of months passed, and everything was at last in perfect order, for plenty of money and a small army of workmen can accomplish wonders in a very short time.

It was a stately English home—an ideal spot, where lavish nature and the skill of man had combined to reproduce, as it were, another Eden.

"And all this is mine," mused Sir Walter Leighton as he stood on these flawless granite steps one morning late in October. "The fates have certainly favored me far beyond my highest expectations. Only one thing is lacking to complete my triumph, and that is to win Florence, and install her here as mistress."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Let me see," the newly-made baronet mused as he drew forth a set of ivory tablets from a pocket in his vest; "the address of the so-called 'Seaver party,' as I learned in London, is Florence for the month of November; Venice for December, and Hotel du Quirinal, Rome, for January and February. Hum, I believe, since I have got everything so shipshape here, I will run over to Paris for a couple of months; then I will put in an appearance at Rome about the first week in January, astonish the Seavers with the change in my fortunes, and try and persuade Florence that she belongs to me."

He was here interrupted in his soliloquy by the approach of the butler, who, by the way, was an old servitor of the family, and who, upon learning that Worthing Towers was to be reopend by the new heir, had applied for his old position. He now informed the young baronet that he would like to have him come and inspect the wine vault—which had been thoroughly renovated and restocked—and remarked that he had just put the last bottle in its place.

Leighton signified his willingness to comply with his request and, accordingly, followed him to the cellar.

It was located beneath one of the wings and was complete in every respect. It was partitioned off into various compartments, each containing its special variety of wine or liquor, with the temperature exactly adjusted to best preserve the flavor of each peculiar vintage.

"Well, this looks very fine, Burns; you have certainly made a decidedly neat job and I am well pleased," Sir Walter observed, as he went from room to room and glanced around the clean, nicely washed vaults, regarding with an affectionate expression the various casks and countless bottles so nicely arranged.

"Thank'ee, sir; I've tried to do my duty, sir," the butler replied, with an air of conscious pride.

As they were about to leave the place, Leighton suddenly caught sight of a door, in one corner of the vault, which was fastened with a padlock.

"What is this, Burns?—where does it lead to?" he inquired, regarding it curiously.

"That be the way to the old vaults, sir," returned the butler, a peculiar look flitting across his face, while he turned abruptly, as it in haste to leave the place.

"The old vaults!" repeated his master, without moving from the spot. "I say, Burns," he added, looking back over his shoulder at the man, who had reached the door and was fumbling impatiently at the key, "don't be in a hurry; I want to know more about these old vaults. What caused them to be discarded and new ones built? Come back here and tell me about it," he concluded, peremptorily.

The man, thus commanded, returned to his master's side, although rather reluctantly, it seemed to him, and this only served to increase his curiosity.

"Well, sir, I don't know very much about them," he began, "for you see the new vaults were built during the time of the late baronet's grandfather. He made a great many improvements, for the house was very old; some of it was taken down and and he added a good deal more. You see, my uncle, on my mother's side, lived here afore me, and that's how I come to know about it——"

"Yes—yes," interposed Leighton, a trifle impatient, for he cared nothing for a genealogy of the butler's family; "but what part of the building was taken down?"

"The old dining-room and the rooms over it, sir; that part was not thought to be safe, for some reason—some say it had settled, and, not being a sunny room at all, the new dining-hall was built on the east side of the house."

"Hum! and so the wine vaults used to be under the old dining-room," said Leighton, meditatively. "I suppose the settling of the building made them unsafe, too."

"Yes, sir—perhaps so, sir," the butler answered, somewhat faintly.

"What is in them now?" questioned his companion.

"Nothing, sir—leastways I—I don't know as there is," said the man, with an uneasy shrug of his shoulders. "It was said, sir, that in the time of Sir Julien's grandfather, there was a brother of the old man who went mad, just about the time the new dining-room was being built. The family are very proud, and wanted to keep the matter still, and not have him sent to a mad-house; so, when the old part of the house was torn down, the vaults underneath were fitted up in comfortable shape, and the crazy man was put into it with a keeper. Everything was managed so cleverly, there were only two or three who new anything about it, and when he died, rather than have the story get out and make a great stir, the old taronet had one of the small vaults double walled and cemented tight, for a tomb, and put the poor creature in it."

Leighton himself shivered at this point.

"This is rather an unpleasant tale, Burns," he observed, and instinctively moving away from the padlocked door, "I think I will not meddle with the place, and I hope you will never repeat what you have told me, especially to any of the servants; you are probably the only one who knows anything about it, the others all being new."

"That is true, sir, and I'd never known it myself, only I happened to hear my old uncle and aunt talking it over between themselves one night when I was a boy and they thought I was fast asleep," the man explained. "You needn't fear, sir, that I'll ever tell it," he added; "it isn't to my taste even to think about it—let alone talking it over; and I'm mighty glad the key has been lost."

He turned to lead the way from the place as he concluded, Leighton closely following him.

The master and servant parted at the head of the stairs, the former going out of doors, where he took a stroll around the massive building to ascertain where the new wall had been erected.

It was a finely constructed piece of masonry, and composed of immense blocks of granite; but the wall was solid from base to coping—there was not even a window in it, it being in the rear where windows were considered unnecessary; but a couple of chimneys arose from the top, and ivy and woodbine had grown luxuriantly over the whole, and made beautiful contrast with the soft grey of the stone.

"The vaults must be about here, and doubtless run quite a distance underground," the young baronet mused, as he paced the fine walk that was bordered on each side by velvet turf.

Sunddenly he stoppd short as a peculiar sound struck his ear, and then his eyes sought the ground.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, this walk is made of heavy blocks of glass while they give back a hollow sound with every step. Strange that I never observed it beforee. The vaults must be just beneath me, and the old baronet probably used glass paving to give light to that madman and his keeper in their prison.

"Hum"—smilingly—"I wonder how it was ventilated? Doubtless by means of one of those chimneys," he concluded, as he glanced up at them.

"I declare," he added a moment later, "I begin to feel a revival of my curiosity regarding the place. If there were a key I believe I would be tempted to investigate, in spite of that gruesome tale about the sealed vault."

But other matters now claimed his attention, and the uncanny secret of Worthing Towers was forgotten, for the time and a week later found him en route to Paris.

He spent nearly three months in this gay and wonderful city, dipping deep into all the amusements and intoxicating pleasures for which he had so long yearned.

It was during his sojourn here that he met Miss Inez King, a beautiful Californian—a dark, voluptuous beauty, of perhaps twenty-five years, who was traveling with an eminently respectable chaperon and a Spanish-looking young man, who acted as her private secretary.

She was reported to be immensely wealthy—the daughter of a "silver king,"—and this, combined with her beauty, won her hosts of admirers; but she had been indifferent to them all until she was introduced to Sir Walter Leighton, for whom she at once conceived great admiration, if not deep affection.

The attraction appeared to be mutual, for the young baronet at once became very attentive to her, the result being that one was rarely seen without the other.

But the time that Sir Walter had allotted himself in the French metropolis was drawing to a close, and one evening, while calling upon his gay comrade, he observed that the first of the following week he should leave for Rome, where he expected to join some friends.

His companion started slightly at this information, gave him a quick, penetrating look, and grew suddenly white about the mouth.

Then, quickly recovering herself, she remarked with one of her brilliant smiles:

"Well, that is rather a singular coincidence, Sir Walter, for we also are booked for Rome for the last of January." The young man was not remarkably well pleased by this announcement.

"Ah, that is news, truly," he said, "I did not suppose that anything could tempt you to leave Paris—you appear to be in your native element here, and I warn you that you will not find Rome nearly so congenial."

"How about yourself, my gay cavalier? Ah, Sir Walter, you dearly like a good time yourself, and how will you be able to endure the dullness of Rome?" questioned the girl, as she lifted a laughing, witching look to his eyes.

"Yes, I have had a good time here," said Sir Walter, with a sigh and a smile; "I shall not soon forget it; but I am obliged to go to meet my friends."

"Who are your friends?" abruptly demanded Miss King, her face suddenly clouding.

"A Mr. and Mrs. Seaver and their ward——"

"Their ward! Who is she?" curtly interposed the California beauty, a dangerous gleam leaping into her eyes.

"Her name is Miss Florence Richardson," he remarked, in what he tried to make a matter of fact tone.

"What is she like?" Miss King questioned, with averted eyes and rising color. "Is she a beauty?"

"Well, yes, I must confess that she is—of a certain type; but you will see for yourself what she is like when you come to Rome."

"Will you introduce me to her?"—and the girl held her breath as she awaited his reply, while she regarded him suspiciously.

"Certainly, if you wish."

"I shall wish," said his companion, with an imperious uplifting of her head. "Is she rich?" she inquired, with her next breath.

"Well, she has a snug fortune of perhaps half a million."

A sneer curled Miss King's scarlet lips.

"And I have three millions, besides a fine orange plantation in Santa Monica," she said, flushing, but leaning forward and looking straight into Sir Walter's eyes; "and," she added, with sudden passion, "I hate blonde beauties."

Three millions beside an extensive orange plantation in far-famed Southern California!

Surely that was a fortune to tempt any man, and Sir Walter Leighton now knew that he might have it, and the brilliant beauty beside him, for the asking. But Sir Walter shrank with repugnance from such a union. Six months ago the temptation would have been irresistible, but now circumstances had changed, and he banished the thought.

After chatting sociably for a few moments longer, he excused himself, pleading that he had some business that must be attended to without delay, as he would leave Paris so soon.

The moment he was gone the girl sprang excitedly to her feet, her face all aflame, her eyes gleaming with an angry, jealous light, and began rapidly pacing the elegant room.

"Has he simply been playing with me?" she cried, her white teeth set fiercely over her scarlet under lip; "have all these weeks spent with me meant nothing to him? I had set my heart upon becoming his wife and Lady Leighton; I have vowed that I will achieve a position in the English aristocracy, and no one, no obstacle, shall stand in my way, to thwart me. Ha! ha! Inez, my girl, how ambitious we are! What would those coarse, ill-bred, uncouth miners think to see you now? you, who, bareheaded and barefooted, used to make mud pies with the raggedest little urchins that ran about the streets of that mining camp? and what a struggle it has been since," she continued, with a weary sigh; "how I yearned for better things to lift me up, and battled my own way, until Monica's father took me under his wing and let me share with her. The race after knowledge with her wasn't an easy one, and while I was bending every energy to outstrip her, my father was cunningly following close upon the heels of his rich cousin—watching his every act until he finally fathomed his secret and sprung the trap that sent him to—well, to his ruin—and gave his vast treasure to us. Ha! ha! if he could know where his petted darling is now, what would he say? He little thought that I—the downtrodden daughter of his good-for-nothing cousin—would one day flourish upon the millions which he fondly hoped she would have, while she would be dragging out a miserable existence behind locks and bolts. I always hated her, poor little fool! with her white skin, her yellow hair, and those smirks and smiles that always stole everybody's heart away from me."

At this moment a door at the further end of the apartment opened, and a portly, rather distinguished-looking woman entered.

She was Mrs. Clairemont, who acted as chaperon to Miss King.

"Well, Inez, what is it now?" she questioned, as she observed the girl's lowering brow and flaming eyes.

"Sir Walter Leighton goes to Rome on Monday," was the curt response.

"And has he said nothing definite to you yet?"

"No."

"Possibly he may, even yet."

(To be continued.)

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

Baby's Own Tablets have a remarkable record. All over the land you will find mothers who will tell you this medicine has saved the lives of their little ones. When you give Baby's Own Tablets to your children you have a guarantee that you are not stupefying them with poisonous soothing stuffs. No other medicine for children gives this guarantee, and no other medicine safely cures all such ills as colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea and teething troubles. The tablets not only cure these troubles, but an occasional dose given to a well child prevents them, Mrs. G. A. Sawyer, Clarenceville, Quebec, says: "I have used Baby' Own Tablets for my little girl and find that they are the very best medicine I can give her." Try the Tablets for your children—they will not disappoint you. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SHIPPING APPLES.

Advice From the Chief Government Inspector at Liverpool.

1. Ship only very choice fruit of the early varieties, as early apples have to compete with home-grown fruit on the British markets.

Table varieties of choice quality, packed in cases, should be shipped in cold storage at a temperature ranging from 35 to 40 degrees. A lower temperature is not required. A great and sudden change of temperature always causes damage to perishable food products, causing apples, to become "slack," "wet" and "wasty."

Apples in barrels should be shipped in holds which are equipped with forced ventilation (electric or steam fans).

2. Ship regular supplies at regular periods and not too large quantities at any one time.

3. Do not force apples out of season on the British market; for example, do not ship winter varieties when there is a demand for early varieties. The British trade do not buy to hold in storage, so hold late varieties of apples until they are seasonable and in demand.

4. Ship as few varieties as possible in the same consignment.

5. Canada ships too many varieties.

Export shipments should be confined as nearly as possible to the following varieties: 1. Baldwin. 2. Greening. 3. King. 4. Russet. 5. Spy. 6. Ben Davis.

The best class of trade buy when and where they can get large quantities of uniform grade and variety, leaving the shipments of different varieties and mixed grades to the smaller dealers and costers.

ADVICE TO FARMERS.

Should Investigate Before Buying Stock In Proposed Concerns.

It appears that there are a number of promoters of binder twine and other proposed industrial companies doing business in this district, and while these propositions may be all right, it would be well if farmers who are approached by men, strangers to them, with requests to take up stock in the concerns, would hesitate before putting up their money or the equivalent. In so doing they may save themselves from loss and trouble later on. And in any event, a little delay, a little consideration and a little investigation before investment can work no harm. The wonderful profits to be made can generally wait. If they are bona fide, as a rule, they would not be looking anxiously for subscribers, since there is an abundance of money in the country for all schemes that are money-making. Farmers do not make their money so easily that they can afford to put up sums of money into schemes of any kind to lose. And if they would be sure of retaining what they have they will go very slow, as advised, and will not accept off-hand what may be told them by strangers or friends, or what they may see in prospectuses and the like. With regard to the binder twine situation, there ought to be no trouble in ascertaining what has been the fate of more than one of these undertakings. There is nothing impossible about such projects being made a success, but to the farmers and others who may think of investing their hard-earned money, it would be a wise thing to look before they leap.—London Free Press, Sept. 13, 1904.

An insurance doctor at Leipzic has collected facts which show that the changes in the human blood vessels (arteriosklerose), brought about by the use of alcohol, tobacco, and other excesses, including overwork, cause 22 per cent. of all deaths, whereas the much-dreaded tuberculosis is responsible for only 7 per cent. in that city.

Constitutional Vigor in Cows.

This is the element that produces endurance under great strain of any sort—in the race horse under the strain of terrific speed, in the milch cow under the strain of enormous production. Under the strain of a severe climate it is called hardiness. The presence or absence of this element is specially manifest in the growth and development of the young of the different breeds. Observe the calves of two different breeds. Of one they live and grow without special care or attention; of the other, they perish easily if they do not have the best of care. The difference is simply in constitutional vigor or vital force born in the calves of the one and not born in the calves of the other. This difference continues throughout the lives of these animals. It may not be manifest so conspicuously in after life, yet it affects all their relations to their food, care and productions. In what does it consist? Is it in possessing what is sometimes called the nervous temperament? Not unfrequently we find the offspring of breeds that lay especial claim to this temperament especially lacking in the ability to live and rapidly develop without especial care. It is a secret force hidden in the race, in the breed and in the animal. Perhaps it may be properly called the vital temperament. The bulls of the Holstein-Friesian breed possess this vital force or temperament more strongly than those of any other improved dairy breed. The breeders in Holland and Friesland have always avoided in-and-in breeding. In proof that this breed has maintained a high standard of vital force we point to its use in almost every climate, including that of Northern Russia nearly up to the Arctic circle. Here in America it is hardy as our native cattle. Its calves are raised without difficulty. Taken from their dame at three days old and reasonably fed on skim milk and a little oil meal they grow like weeds. Given plenty of food, no matter if much of it is roughage, they develop rapidly. The heifers usually drop their calves at about two years old, and henceforward are profitable to their owners. Yours truly, G. W. Clemons, Secretary Holstein-Friesian Association. St. George, Ont.

BOOMING NEW SONGS.

Coaching a Singer a Task Not Without Its Special Dangers.

Music publishers do much scheming each year to boom their new songs. This year some of them employ coachers to take charge of the rehearsing of songs. The coachers go to the halls where the shows are rehearsing and instruct the singer and chorus in the necessary business, so as to get all the merit out of the song. They teach new steps and invent new dances to help out the song.

Sometimes the business is copied from last season's successful muical comedies, but in many instances the ideas are original. Most of the coachers are sent to the cheap burlesque companies.

Often the chorus is made up of young girls with little or no stage experience, and not often overburdened with intelligence. In order to get any results a lot of patience is needed, and often in the end the work has to be gone over again and again.

The stamping ground of these shows for rehearsal is in the halls on the East Side. The work is in progress usually from 10 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening.

The publisher's representative approaches the manager of the company with the announcement that he has a number of new songs which he is confident will be the hit of the show. The manager looks at the songs and then tells the man to go ahead. Sometimes he starts at once.

He calls the chorus together and gives a copy of the song to each member. The chorus of the song is rehearsed first, and the verses next. When this is done other songs are rehearsed, until the entire list has been gone through.

"Now, Miss——," says the coacher, glancing at a plump young woman with no voice in particular, "you are spoiling the song. You are singing it between your teeth. Now this is the way the song should be rendered," and then he repeats the chorus or verses.

The woman usually imitates him to the best of her ability. Sometimes, though, she objects to his criticism. One of these women got back at a coacher the other day with her finger nails. On another occasion the coacher had to fight the husband of the leading soubrette because he told her that she was thick-skulled and would never do for the stage.

The husband, who happened to be the chief comedian of the organization, resented the statement, and asked the coacher to apologize. When an apology was not forthcoming they fought all over the stage, and both were much used up.

The rivalry betwen the representatives of the different publishers is so sharp at times that the coachers clash. The manager of one of these companies likes to be on friendly terms with the publishers, and sometimes make promises that he does not keep.

He may tell the coacher of one publisher that he will use his songs exclusively. He makes the same promise to other publishers, and when the first rehearsal takes place there may be from three to half a dozen rival coachers on hand. A row is apt to be the consequence.

Publishers, in order to get a proper rendering of their songs, often compensate the singers by furnishing their wardrobes or advertising them in the theatrical journals at their own expense. This may cause trouble between the singer and the manager, who may himself have a favorite publisher he wants to boom.

RUBBER PAVING.

Gives Satisfaction in London, But Cost Makes It Prohibitive.

Mr. H. Clay Evans, United States Consul-General at London, sends home the following particulars regarding the rubber paving of the two streets under the hotel at Euston: This paving was laid down in 1881 by Kirk & Randall, the contractors for the extension of the hotel. Its cost per square yard was as follows:

Concrete foundation work	$5.60
Rubber paving, supplied by Messrs, MacIntosh & Co.	27 10
Total approximate cost	$31 70

When the rubber was laid down in 1881 it was two inches in thickness. In May, 1902, after twenty-one years' wear, the portion on the incoming road into the station was taken up and carefully examined, when it was found to have worn down to about five-eighths of an inch in the thinnest place, namely, at the incoming end, where horses first step onto it from the macadamized road. Other parts of the rubber were worn down to one inch and one and a quarter inch, these places in each case being near the centre of the roadway. Renewal was, therefore, considered necessary.

In recent years the price of india rubber has largely increased, and its qualities vary. Tenders were invited in August, 1902, from four firms, and the prices received varied from £5 11s 4d ($27.09) to £17 10s 3d ($86.22) per square yard, Messrs. MacIntosh & Co.'s price being £10 2s 6d ($49.26). The lowest price was accepted, namely, the tender from the India Rubber, Gutta Percha & Telegraph Works Co., of £5 11s 4d ($27.09) per square yard. The material to be used is not, however, supposed to be pure rubber, but appears suitable for the purpose, and is vulcanized. Rubber of a similar quality was laid in the year 1895 in Wellington Court, 42, Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, London, and it was ascertained that "it had worn most excellently and given every satisfaction" at that place.

The total cost of the renewal in 1902 of the paving of the incoming road was £5 18s 2d ($28.75) per square yard, including laying, after credit had been given for the old rubber taken up. Since the paving was laid down in 1881 the average cost of general maintenance and examination has been slightly under 3 1-4d (6 1-2 cents), per square yard per annum. At the recent addition to the Savoy Hotel, London, the court yard was paved with rubber. The contractors, James Stewart & Co., courteously supplied the following particulars concerning this pavement:

The amount of rubber used in the Savoy courtyard is 2,195 square feet, 2 inches thick, and the weight of the rubber is 15 1-4 pounds a square foot. It is laid on a concrete foundation, finished with cement floating to make it smooth. The cost of this material laid is 18s 8d ($4.54) per square foot, and it may be added that the cost for the same quality of material varies in direct proportion to the thickness. We have had no actual experience with this subber paying for any length of time, but we investigated it pretty thoroughly at the time it was decided to lay it here, and found that the small piece at the entrance to the station at Euston was laid some twenty years ago. The traffic there has been very heavy. We think there is no doubt that the result of rubber paving will be entirely satisfactory, but the cost will undoubtedly make the adoption of it for general use prohibitive.

The court measures 75 feet by 50, and the cost of paving was £2,000 ($9,733).

DISEASE DANGER IN STRAY CATS.

Considered one of the Great Sources of Danger in a City.

The wandering cat is the greatest source of danger to any city or town. The evil that it does as a carrier of disease has been made a subject of special study by Dr. A. W. Martin, the health officer for Gordon, an outlying district of Manchester, England. He says that the recent great increase of diphtheria in London was due to the disease being conveyed by fleas from infected animals. He clearly shows that pigeons and fowls suffer from a form of diphtheria, and are infested with fleas. He also shows that the cats of the neighborhood congregate wherever there is a pigeon cote or fowl run, and from these facts he deduces that the cats bring the infected fleas from the birds into the house and thus spread the disease. Other diseases of a contagious nature, he says, are spread in similar ways. One of Dr. Martin's experiments with a cat showe dthat in four nights it deposited 248 fleas' eggs on the spot where it lay in the house, and he demonstrates that children are especially liable to contract diphtheria in this manner. He says that a child under 1 year of age is nearly always in the cradle, to which the cat comes and goes at will.

When the child is from 1 to 2 years old it is frequently crawling on the floor and on the rug where the cat sleeps, and from that age on till it goes to school the child is playing with and nursing the cat. The result is that if the cat has any disease germs about its thick fur the child is almost certain to get them, and in this way diseases are spread from one family to another. The same, he says, is true of pet dogs, but not to such a large extent. Dr. Martin holds that the enormous increase of diphtheria in the last few years is due to the cat and dog.

As an evidence of the fear of the spread of contagious diseases by domestic animals the authorities of many cities do all they can to destroy cats and dogs. The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which has its headquarters in New York, in the last ten years destroyed 766,089 dogs and cats. Of this number there were 250,444 dogs and 515,245 cats. While some of the animals destroyed were not diseased, a great percentage of them were and they were killed for this reason alone. Last year there were 51,159 cats and 83,012 dogs destroyed in New York. The expense of maintaining the shelters or pounds last year was $58,247.

John F. Haines, who for fifteen years has been the President of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and who is probably one of the best informed men in the country on the habits of domesticated animals, said there is no question in his mind that dogs and cats do carry diseases of a contagious nature among human beings. "The cat," he says, "is the household pet of the tenement, the very place where diseases are the most likely to spread. This is also true of the dog, but cats are more numerous, and I believe the most dangerous in this respect. They infest the alleys and the byways of a city. They prowl at night in the back yards and in the daytime they are fondled by the children and go from one flat to another. The stray cats are a nuisance and the house cats are worse, for they are among the most effective propagators of infectious diseases. They enter dwellings where diphtheria or smallpox, for example, is prevalent, and while they themselves are exempt from the infection, they bear it in their fur to the other houses. Though an infected dwelling may be closely guarded from the entrance or exit of human beings, nothing can prevent the entrance of the cat or hinder the spread of disease to other dwellings by its unperceived agency."

Veteran Organists.

Organists are proverbially long lived, though doubtless the oldest organist is Mr. Gervase Cooper, an English musician. He is more than ninety years old, but still does active service as organist of a Wesleyan Church. He has been associated with the musical services of that denomination for seventy-five years, and for fifty-eight years has officiated as organist continuously. Another notable veteran is Mr. T. N. Webber, who played the national anthem at Westminster when Queen Victoria was crowned, and did the same at the coronation of King Edward. He has been organist at the parish church for sixty-four years.

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