Fragrant as
Fresh Violets
Blue Ribbon
TEA comes to the home as FRESH and PURE as when it left the plantation to be manufactured with special care, and closely sealed in LEAD PACKAGES.
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LOVE AND A TITLE

"All right," repeats Hal, patting her encouragingly on the back. "We'll talk it over when you come back—before then, for Vane has asked me to go down to Castle Ferndale; and, I say, that's where you're going to spend your honeymon—not abroad. And, aunt, why don't you get these fal-lals off her, and some decent togs on! Vane will be wanting to start directly, and she can't go looking like a figure off a Twelfth Day cake, you know."

The boy's breezy voice and sound common sense rouses them all from their stupor. Pushing him, with a kiss, out of the room, Jeanne slips off her veil, and her bewildered attendants proceed to attire her in her traveling costume.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When Jenne came down, the carriage, which was to bear her away from Newton Regis was at the door, and Vane was waiting for her, dressed in a loose traveling suit, and surrounded by Uncle John and Mr. Lambton and Bell, while Hal was rapidly and apparently superintending the placing of the luggage. To see the reverential airs with which Mr. Lambton watched Vane—the marquis—how he listened to every word he said with the most profound eagerness, was amusing. And when Jeanne came forward, bowing and smiling very much like his own butler.

But Jeanne had no eyes just then for anyone but her own people, and it was not until Vane glanced at his watch, and Hal declared stoutly that they couldn't possibly catch the train, that she could tear herself from the embrace of the only mother she had known.

"Are you sure your lordship hasn't any commands for me?"reiterated Mr. Lambton for the hundredth time. "If there is anything I can do, any of us can do, please remember that we shall be only to humbly delighted to be of service. James"—to the coachman—"be very very careful, be extremely careful, sir, how you drive. My lord, he's a very steady man, and you can rely upon him! Good-by, your ladyship."

"Good-by, Jeanne!" exclaimed Hal, poking his head through the window, at the risk of being run over. "Good-by, Jen! Good-by!" and the blue eyes suddenly dimmed by tears, as Jeanne reluctantly loosened his chubby hand.

"Good-by, Hal!" cried Vane, leaning forward. "It's not for long, remember. I'll take care of her. Good-by!".

"Good-by, Vernon," shouted Hal, who not once had caled him "my lord."

Jeanne kept her hand out of the window until the excited group was lost to sight, then Vane put his arm around her and drew her toward him.

"Well, darling," he said, "and now have you quite forgiven me, or not?"

"Forgiven you?" said Jeanne, softly; "for what?" and she looked up shyly."

"For my deception," he said, with a questioning smile.

Jeanne dropped her face upon his breast.

"Why did you do it?" she asked, in a low voice.

"I have to tell you that?" he answered, and Jeanne, quick to note the slightest inflection of his voice, remarked the sudden, half-pained gravity.

"Do not tell me,' she says, quickly.

"Yes," he says, "I must. From this moment there must be no concealment not the shadow of a shadow between us, my darling; and I must tell you. But weren't you surprised, Jeanne?"

This question made Jeanne's heart leap.

Now is the time for her confession; now is the time to tell him of the breakdown on the Newton road, and Lady Lucelle's visit; now is the time to whisper meekly, confidingly of her doubts, and fears which led her to keep from him the discovery of the secret. Why does she not speak? Why doesn't she say, "I knew it, Vernon, last night; I knew it was the Marquis of Ferndale whom I marrjed this morning!"

But Jeanne is silent. Jeanne, the proudly candid, and fearlessly frank, dreads the confession.

So precious is the touch of his hand, so sweet are his loving words and voice, that she dares not risk losing them. So Jeanne, alas, is silent.

He waits a moment, then laughs softly.

"O course you were; how could you be otherwise? It was my fault; I ought to have taken Bell into my confidence when I gave him the license, but I clung to my secret as long as I could—I preferred being Vernon Vane till the last moment; and no wonder. Was it not Vernon Vane you loved, and not the Marquis of Ferndale?"

Jeanne opened her lips to rush upon her confession; but he goes on, and his next words decide her forever.

"Yes, Jeanne, it was cruel, it was unkind to keep you in the dark, and let them spring a mine upon you at the last moment, and before them all. But, Jeanne, listen, and confess that I have some excuse."

He pauses a moment, and gently caresses her hand, and, lover-like, lets his eyes wander over her graceful form longingly.

"Jeanne," he says, "it is too true, unfortunately—I am the Marquis of Ferndale."

"Unfortunately?" murmurs Jeanne.

He nods, and musingly divides the slim fingers and entwines them in his own.

"Unfortunately," he repeats. "Jeanne, it is better for a man who has an honest heart to be born peasant than peer—better to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water than to wear a coronet and a peer's robes. Your peasant gets the truth sometimes, and wins true friends and true love—but your lord, in his crimson and his ermine, seldom or never. Some live and thrive in an atmosphere of lying adulation and flattering falsehood; but, thank Heaven, there was enough honesty and truth in me to make the life I led unbearable. Jeanne, but for you I should have been a misanthrope, a hater of my kind, a disbeliever in the honesty of men and the purity of women—but for you, my sweet rescuing angel—my wife!"

His wife! For the first time the words fall on Jeanne's ears, and make her heart beat with a thrill, half of pleasure, half of pain. Like an innocent child—for no child could be more ignorant of the full significance of the word than Jeanne—Jeanne, who had been brought up like a nun in a convent, spotless and unconscions of all the deep mystesier of life, she nestled closer as if for protection from her own love.

"Listen," he says, as he presses her closer to him. "I was younger than you were when I first saw you, when they came and told me that the grim old man, my father, was dead, and that I was the Marquis of Ferndale. Up to that hour I had only a vague idea of the meaning and significance of my rank and power. Suddenly I realized that I was the possessor of one of the oldest and highest titles in the land, that I was the lord lof thousands of acres, which I had never seen or heard of, of castles castles and houses into which I had never set foot, of wealth which went beyond the dreams of avarice. Pleasure, they told me, was henceforth to be my handmaid; the world was at my feet. So I found it. I tried pleasure; I launched myself upon the charm of life, and went madly upon my voyage, and it led me—where? To Newton Regis, Jeanne, disgusted with pleasure which I had found bitter as Dead Sea fruit, weary of the world which had proved false, and distrustful of every soul that approached me. I loathed my title; 'my lord' sounded in my ears as a term of reproach—as the preliminary to some falsehood. Friendship I had tried in the balance and found wanting, save in one instance. It was not the man they cared for, but the marquis. But all this I could have borne with an easy contempt for myself and my kind—but—but, Jeanne, ah, Jeanne! how can I tell you, you who have had no lover but me, save poor Bell—poor Bell!"

Jeanne blushes and clings closer.

"How can I tell you," he goes on; "you who have brought me a heart so fresh and unstained, of this dark, mean passage in my history? Jeanne, I tried to love—"

Jeanne starts, and her face pales.

My lord marquis, if you were a wise man you would have stopped short ere that word was said. With all your knowledge of the human heart you have failed to learn that where the passion of love is, there also lurks, dormant and asleep, the dread demon jealousy. Jeanne scarcely knows herself the meaning of the thrill of wounded pride and sharp pain which runs through her, scarcely knows why she shrank a little way from the broad breast which she had found so comfortable an abiding place. But Vane, much as he loves, had not yet gauged the hidden depths of the nature of the child-woman he had made his wife. Knows nothing or little of the intense pride, the intense independence, for exacting honesty which beats in the breast of the girl whose frist maiden love he had won. He hesitated a moment.

"Jeanne," he says, "there shall be no shadow between us, that I swear! I will tell all. I tried love. Among the women who—shame be to them— hung about me—the marquis, mind, not the man—was one whom the world had looked upon, and still deems its purest. She was—yes, she was beautiful. Not with your sweet, fresh young beauty, my darling, but with a loveliness that had dazzled courts and made the world of fashion agape. She was of my own rank and above the petty mercenary motives of most of her sex. I will give her that credit. It was not my rank that she coveted—no." He pauses and absently draws out his cigar case. "I beg your pardon, darling," he says, arousing.

But Jeanne stops his hand ere it can replace the case, and she takes out a cigarette and holds it out to him. He takes it, kissing the little, soft hand as he does ,and puffs quietly for a minute or two.

"Jeanne, it did not last long. I brought my whole heart and she—well, she had no heart to throw into the bargain. It was all outside—a lovely hollow shell. Some men would have been satisfied, hollow as it was, but not I, Jeanne. We parted with a few quiet words on both sides. I asked what she could not give, and she thought me unreasonable, a sad sentimentalist, and so on. Then, tired, disgusted, I determined to throw aside the rank which had brought me nothing but disappointment and disillusion, and came to—Newton Regis. I had my art—that was enough for me, and I swore that for that alone I would live the rest of the life which fate—under the guise of good fortune—had made so bitter.

"Jeanne, do you remember the winter night you stood behind the old wall with the snow falling softly down, and the stars beginning to peep out of the clear blue sky? I had taken leave of the world in the shape of one man who had proved himself the one true, disinterested friend, and I was going to my lonely life of solitude with a heavy, sinking heart.

"What put that madcap freak into your little head? Was it chance? I think not. I remember, as I felt the cold snow falling down my back, that I awoke from my dismal dream and turned to see—what? Only a little, slim girl, with silken hair blown and tumbled about her face, and a pair of soft eyes, bright with childish mischief. I remember the very dress you wore that night, remember the half-defiant, half-fearful curve of the red, pouting lips, as you looked up at me, half boldly, half shyly, and panted out your little impertinences."

Jeanne smiles and blushes.

"It is so long ago—I was a child then!" she murmurs, almost inaudibly.

"Long ago! Yes!" he says, putting the hair from her face and kissing her passionately—"six months! Well, I took that little face home with me against my will. It haunted me! I even asked Mrs. Brown to whom it belonged, and I looked for it the next morning like a hungry man for a morsal of bread. And, Jeanne, I fell in love with that little, proud, defiant face that night. Then came the days that followed close upon it; how I fought against the spell that the little child-face had cast upon me. How I swore that love had passed from me; but how I looked and longed for you. How I hated those gold people—the Lambtons, and that vulgar place that saw so much of you. Why, Jeanne," he says, with a little laugh. "I was even jealous of Fitzjames—my Lord Lane, who was more than half in love with you himself, but you didn't know it, did you?"

Now, Jeanne! There are to be no concealments, no shadow, speak out.

"I envied Hal—dear old Hal, the truest, bravest boy I had ever seen. I envied him the caress of those little hands, and the kisses of those soft lips—oh, but I may kiss them now as often as I please, little wife," and he kisses her passionately. "Well, Jeanne, what a long story it is. But I like telling it. I loved you more pasionately each day. Then came the question—shall I tell her my real name and position? No, I thought. Here is a chance of winning love, if it is to be won by me, for itself alone. Here's Clarence Fitzjames—the Honorable, and there's the Reverend Peter Bell. These are my rivals; now, if I, plain Vernon Vane, supposed to be a poor, struggling artist, can win her from these, why, then, I shall have found true love at last. And so I went on, still fighting against my desires, until Fitzjames goaded me one night—it was at the park—into revealing my love. Do you remember?"

Is it likely Jeanne has forgotten—will ever forget?

Vane pauses and draws her other hand into his.

"Then I ought to have told you, but I could not. The greatest happiness I had ever known came to me as Vernon Vane, and Vernon Vane I wished to remain. Jeanne, your love is twice as sweet to me, giving it, as you do, to the poor artist; though you had loved me ten times more than you say you do, I should have been tormented with the demons of suspicion and doubt if I had wooed you as the marquis; some time or other, in one of my black fits—"

Jeanne looks up, with a little smile of incredulity curving her lips. Black fits. He, the most courteous, large-hearted and good-natured!

"Yes, Jeanne," he says, with a little remorseful smile, in answer to that look of hers, "I have my black fits; we all of us have. You haven't heard of the 'Ferndale temper' yet."

Jeanne flushes and starts slightly. Was Lady Lucelle also true in this point too, that Vane was fickle, passionate, capricious and changeful?

"I say, in one of my black fits, the ugly doubt would have crept into my mind. Oh, she loves me for my coronet, and not for myself; she is like the rest. But now," and he takes her face in his hands, and kisses her, "but now, no doubt is possible, for it was Vane you loved, and you had no suspicion that he was anything more than a disagreeable, struggling and out-at-the elbows artist. No suspicion!" he laughs, not the faintest. Jeanne, it was cruel; but I enjoyed, I reveled in—"

But confidences are cut short for the present. The carriage pulls up at the station, the park footman—who has learned the importance of the individuals he is attending—hurries to and fro with unwonted excitement; wraps, books and paraphernalia are arranged in a carriage, and the second stage of the journey is just commencing when a groom rides a panting and sweating horse into the station yard, swings himself from the saddle and dashes on to hte platform.

Looking up and down the platform, he sees Vane standing by the carriage talking to the guard, and hurrying up, he, with a touch of the hat, held out a letter. Vane took it, and glanced at it, and his face darkened. With a curt nod he dropped the letter into the huge pocket of his travelling jacket, and as if with an effort, cleared his brow.

"Are you ready, my lord," asks the guard—it is wonderful how soon a men's title is known—Vane jumps in, and the train starts.

CHAPTEH GIX.

"Oh, Vernon, look, what a pretty station!" exclaims Jeanne, leaning forward to open the window, through which the innumerable perfumes of a summer evening are wafted as the train pulls into a rural station, as if it were dropped from the clouds, amid the Surrey hills. They had been travelling all day, and it is nearly eight o'clock when Jeanne gives tongue to her admiration. A long journey is a wearisome thing generally, but there are exceptions, and this is one of them. Jeanne is dusty and slightly—only slightly—stiff, but she is deliciously and bewilderingly happy, and owns to a slight reluctance to arriving at their destination.

They have halted midway and partaken of luncheon—whose luxuries had been prepared for them at the railway hotel—and where, though unknown to Jeanne, some of the castle servants had come down expressly to wait upon them. With each mile, my lord marquis had grown more thoughtfully attentive, and deliciously loving and tender; sometimes being prevailed upon to light a fragrant cigarette, and once, actually once, insisted upon Jeanne's lying at full length and resting her silky head upon him for a pillow. Yes, notwithstanding the heat, and the dust, and the slight stiffness, Jeanne is happy, and it is with a certain pang that she hears Van reply:

"Pretty, is it? Well, this is Exton, and our station."

"Ours?" says Jeanne. "Look, Vernon! isn't that a magnificent carriage! I wonder—"

Before she can finish, two footmen, in handsome liveries of almost a royal kind, come forward to the railway carriage, and opening the door, stand for a moment with their hands to their hats, then lead the way to the grand travelling carriage outside.

Jeanne starts and pulls down her veil to hide the sudden blush. The carriage is hers.

"All well, James?" inquires Vane.

"Yes, my lord," is the respectful reply, as the man closes the carriage door.

"Home quickly," says Vane, and in another minute, as a wagon, with more handsome liveries, drives up for the luggage, the magnificent bays dash along the road.

"Now, my Jeanne," says Vane, "look out to the left—see there's the village. I wonder how long it is since they've had these bays out? We are going pretty quickly. There's the village; pretty, isn't it? That's the river running under that hedge, and there's—"

Jeanne breaks in with a sudden exclamation, wrung from her by the sudden vision of a palatial castle, its Gothic turrents and battlemented walls gleaming brightly in the setting sun, and looking down from a greenly-clothed hill. It is a sight that many an artist has exclaimed at, and yet it is only one of the many noblemen's seats with which the little island is studded. What was it the shah said to the prince, when he was being shown over a certain nobleman's vast estate?

"Your highness should behead this duke, he's too powerful."

And what was the prince's laughing reply?

"Your majesty, there are too many as powerful as he to make it worth while to behead one."

A faint smile of satisfaction sets upon Vane's face as he looks at the rapturous admiration on Jeanne's.

"Oh, Vernon," she says. "What a vision. Is it Windsor Castle?"

"No," he says, "it is the palace of another queen, however."

(To be continued.)

SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

The very best medicine in the world for summer complaints such as cholera infantum, diarrhoea and dysentry is Baby's Own Tablets. During the hot weather months no wise mother should be without a box of Tablets in the house. These troubles come suddenly, and unless promptly checked, too often prove fatal. Baby's Own Tablets act almost like magic in these cases, and speedily remove all cause of danger. Mrs. Alex. Poulin, Caraquet, N. B., says: "I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for children. I have used them for cholera infantum, teething and other troubles, and it is astonishing how quickly they relieve and cure these ailments." An occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets will keep the stomach and bowels right and prevent summer complaints. No mother need be afraid of this medicine—it is guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. It always does good—it cannot possibly do harm. Be sure that every box bears the full name Baby's Own Tablets and picture of four-leaf clover on the wrapper around the box. Anything else is a dangerous substitute. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BIG ASSOUAM DAM IS STABLE.

Experts Say Fears That It May Give Way Are Without Foundation.

The great success that has attended the operation of the Assouan dam in extending the area of cultivable land in Egypt recently led to the consideration of the question of raising the height of the dam by about eighteen feet—an addition which would greatly increase the capacity of the reservoir.

At the request of the government Sir Benjamin Baker, who is responsible for the design of the Assouan structure, was requested to make an investigation, in the course of which the fact developed that the rush of water passing under great head and high velocity through the sluice gates had worn out a series of cavities in the bed of the river below the dam. The structure is built in places upon a rock of a somewhat friable character, and in order to secure a perfectly broad table or bench of concrete was laid in the river bottom, upon which the masonry of the dam was built up.

At the time of its construction it was realized that the scour due to the rush of water through the sluice gates must be provided against, and the concrete platform was extended for a certain distance forward of the down stream face of the dam. Acting upon Sir Benjamin Baker's recommendation, the concrete platform will now be carried a farther distance down stream so as to make sure, that the effects of scour can never work back toward the dam and endanger its stability.

Simultaneously with the investigation of the dam, there appeared in England an academic discussion by two college professors of the question of the stability of dams in general. They advanced a rather fanciful theory as to the probable line of failure of dams, which was quite at variance with accepted and well proved engineering theory on this subject.

The proposal to increase the height of the dam, the chief engineer's investigation of the structure, and the curious theories of dam failure above referred to offered an attractive coincidence for the reportorial sensation monger, who seems to be getting wonderfully well acclimatized in the field of London journalism, and the British public has been treated to whole columns of matter tending to prove that this costly engineering improvement is doomed to short life, if indeed it is not liable to be swept down the Nile valley without a moment's warning.

As a matter of fact, the Assouan dam, so far from being in any danger of failure, has a margin of stability so great as to render it possible to add the eighteen feet of height suggeste,d and still leave the structure proof against overturning or rupture for all time to come.

MAN'S INORDINATE VANITY.

Universe May Hide Greater Intelligence Than Ours.

Man's greatest vanity is the placing of the human race at the head of creation. Prof. Oliver J. Lodge points out that the universe is large enough to hide vastly superior intelligence, and that our imperial Caesar—or our American billionaire—is but a creeping dust atom upon one of the dark lumps attending one of the smaller of the five hundred million great suns. In a recent illustration, T. E. Heath represented the distance traveled by light in a year by one mile. On this scale the sun is a dot 1-107 of an inch in diameter, the earth—to which human activity is confined—is a microscopic particle 1 inch from it, and a table 5 feet long suffices for the entire solar system, the nearest fixed star being nearly 4 1-2 miles away. Even on this scale a circle thirty miles across would embrace only twenty-seven of the nearest stars, the millions being far outside.

CURRENT COMMENT

Famine in Russia! Are there any more luxuries of misery coming to the Czar's people?

With 125,000 bushels of fine wheat the Northwest should be able to enjoy a large loaf.

Denmark refuses to allow Greenland to be made a place for the treatment of consumptives. Is King Christian afraid that his polar bears may catch some germs?

Montreal Council has banished the hand organ and crank piano men from the city streets, on the plea that "the music was too diverting to people who should have been going on with their work." The instrumental performances were not held to come under the by-law against "unnecessary and disturbing noises."

Illinois' new divorce law prohibits divorced parties from marrying again within less than a year after the divorce, and prohibits the party divorced for infidelity from marrying within less than two years after the divorce, except that a divorced couple can remarry at any time. This will prevent people marrying before the ink is dry on their divorce papers, as was often the case.

A contemporary calls attention to the enormous number of men lined up in the Russ-Jap. battles. In no battle of the past, at least not until the outbreak of the present war, have more than 500,000 men been lined up in opposing armies. The following were the totals engaged in some of the great historic battles, from which the colossal scale of the present war can be understood:

Plevna, September, 1877, 130,000.
Sedan, September, 1870, 244,000.
Gravelotte, August, 1870, 300,000.
Sadowa, July, 1866, 435,000.
Gettysburg, July, 1863, 220,000.
Solferino, June, 1859, 284,000.
Waterloo, June, 1815, 217,000.
Leipzig, October, 1813, 472,000.
Borodino, September, 1812, 251,000.

James B. Dill, at the Oberlin College commencement, gave a definition of "graft" in these words: "Graft is the advanced stage of the craze for unearned money. It is not only the desire to get something for nothing, but it is an attempt to get something for the grafter in consideration of his parting with something that does not belong to him." Furthermore, Mr. Dill said, that a large part of the prosperity of the United States "consists of an overproduction of fraud and sham." Many branches of financial business had been in one way or another "taken possession of by the unscrupulous for the purpose of deceiving the unwary." "My pocket" is the creed of many men of the day.

The London Lancet quotes Dr. George's Petit as saying that there is great danger of tuberculosis being spread by bakeries. He says English bakers' laborers are affected with tuberculosis to the proportion of some 70 per cent., it is easy to see what facilities there are for the entrance of the tubercle bacillus into the dough in the process of hand kneading. Moreover, when the bread is baked, it does not attain a temperature of over 100 degrees centigrade in the middle of the loaf, and the slight portion of time which elapses between the baking of the bread and that of the consumption is favorable to the dissemination of the bacillus of tuberculosis. Experiments by Galtier, Mare and himself have shown that his fears are well grounded. The matter is one of great importance to the general public.

Since 1896 the product of the world's gold mines has amounted to $2,526,000,000. Of this about $860,000,000 have gone into the vaults of the principal banks of Europe, while about $300,000,000 have gone into the reserves of the national banks of the United States, making a total of $1,160,000,000, which is represented by the increasel holdings of the principal banks of Europe and the United States. It may be etsimated that $757,000,000 was used in the arts and sciences, this being based upon an allowance of 30 per cent. of the gross production, though perhaps 25 per cent. would be a closer estimate. This leaves about $600,000,000 unaccounted for. A part of this has gone into the vaults of banks other than national in the United States, and other than the chief Government banks in Europe. But these holdings would, after all, represent only a part of the $600,000,000. Where the remainder is is a mystery.

London is a microcosm, a world in itself, and a very strange one, too. It is a place of great figures, great activities and great people. Here are some points from a book of statistics issued by the County Council lately:

Greater London has 2,017 miles of public highway, and there are 74 public and private bodies which can open them at their own sweet will. It has 181 miles of tramway, besides about 15,000 cabs and omnibuses, and 225 miles of railway. It has 290 miles of main sewers. The population of the administrative County of London in the middle of last year was estimated at 4,613,493. Fifty years ago the marriage rate was 22.3 per thousand, among Londoners living, in 1902 it had fallen to 17.8. The birth rate in 1902 was 28.5 and the death rate 17.2. London gets annually 30 million telegrams and 750 million letters. It has fifty-three theatres, forty-three music halls, and two hundred and forty-five other places of entertainment. Its charities income is £7,000,000 a year. Its hospitals cost £785,285 yearly and treat 98,959 in-patients and 1,290,838 out-patients. About 140,000 receive help from the rates; 30,000 dwell in lodging houses. There were six and one-half millions of users of the public baths and wash-houses last year. London, too, sends 764,026 children to school, and provides 17,000 teachers to look after them. There are over a million books in the municipal libraries, and the issue last year was about six millions.

In these times when we hear so much about microbes, and when a war eaginst spitting is being actively waged, it is somewhat reassuring to find that there is something to be said for sunlight, air, and even dust, as germicides. Dr. Cassidy, of the Provincial Board of Health, writing in the Sanitary Journal, combats the alarmist views that have prevailed in some quarters. He does not deny the possibility of the spread of tuberculosis by germ-laden dust inhalation, but he thinks the wight of evidence goes to show that the germs are dangeous only in proportion to the extent to which they have been shielded from air and sunlight. He conetnds that the street dust has really a strong disinfectant power on the sputa of scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, whooping cough, influenza, etc., destroying instead of enhancing its virulence. Germs in a closed room will retain their virulence for a considerable time, while they are soon destroyed by fresh air and sunlight. This view finds support from no less an authority than the New York Medical Record. The anti-spitting campaign is good as a matter of cleanliness; it is vile to spit on the sidewalks and floors; but as a matter of sanitation it is no less bad—it may even be worse—to spit in the grass. Cast into the sunlight of the paved streets there is reason to think the life of the germ of tuberculosis is likely to be short. Sunlight is a great purifier; if we lived more in the sunlight and inhaled more pure air we should have less consumption.

Sons of Norway.

(This is an English translation of the old and popular Norwegian song that just now is heard all over Norway, and breathes the spirit of courage and independence that are conspicuous in the present national crisis.)

Norsemen, awaken the harp from its slumbers;
Strike for old Norway, the land of the free!
High and heroic, in soul-stirring numbers,
Land of our fathers, we strike it for thee,
Old recollections,
Wake one's affections
Each time we speak of the land of our birth,
Heart beating loudly, and cheeks glowing proudly,
Honor old Norway, the dearest on earth.

Spirit, look back on her far-flashing glory,
Gaze on the splendor that bursts on the glance.
Chieftains and vikings immortal in story
Gaze on the splendor that bursts on the glance,
Chieftains and vikings immortal in story
Pressed to the battle like maids to the dance.
Blood flows before them,
Billows clash o'er them,
Over the ocean they carry her fame,
Champions enough, though, are left in the country,
To battle and bleed for her freedom and name.

Pride of the Norsemen, the temple of freedom,
Stands like a rock where the stormy wind breaks,
Tempests howl around it, but little he'll heed them,
Freely he thinks, and as freely he speaks,
Birds in their motion,
Waves of the ocean,
Poorly can rival his liberty's voice;
Yet he obeys, with a willing devotion,
Laws of his making and Kings of his choice.

Land of the forest, the ford and the fountain,
Blessed with the wealth of the field and the flood,
Steady and restful, the sons of the mountain,
Pay the glad price of thy rights with their blood.
Ocean hath bound thee!
Freedom hath found thee!
Flourish, old Norway, thy flag be unfurled
Free as the breezes and breakers around thee,
Pride of thy children, the first in the world!

As to the Eagle.

He mates for life.

He makes extraordinary flights.

He has strength, size and grace.

He has aways been considered king of birds.

Eages' nests are built in lofty fastnesses.

For swiftness, his flight is not approached.

As an emblem we share the eagle with many nations.

The eagles lives and retains his vigor to a great age.

No bird soars so high nor so rapidly and impetuously.

On July 4 no one noticed the slightest elation among the eagles at the Zoo.

Eagles are solitary. Though found throughout the word, no two pairs ever occupy the same neighborhood.

The golden eagle was the ensign of the Persian monarchs long before it was adopted by the Romans. The Persians borrowed the symbol from the Assyrians.

An Odd Epitaph.

An old churchyard near London is famous for the inscriptions on its tombstones. There is one on the memorial of Susannah Barford, died 1052, aet. 10 years and 13 weeks. The concluding lines beneath the skull and crossbones on her monument are:

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