NOTES AND COMMENTS

Sir William Ramsay is not the first eminent scientist to raise a question which, on its face, points to shocking indorsement of the Nietzsche notion that benevolence, kindness and charity are "slave virtues" unworthy of strong and true men, and that contemptuous indifference to the fate of the inferior and unfit is a mark of real superiority. But few of the scientists really "mean business." They may raise the question academically, but they drop it like a hot stove practically.

Should not the unfit be allowed to die? asked Sir William, and then he predicted that the fit would have to take over the children of the unfit "entirely," since compulsory education without proper feeding and housing is too often a mockery. This shows that Sir William does not expect Nietzschean doctrines to prevail over our developing moral and religious ideas. And the truth is, our ideas are as scientific as they are human.

Letting the unfit die? But how are the unfit to be identified? Are the children of the poor unfit? The idea is absurb and revolting. Many of our greatest historical figures were born in poverty and squalor, and many who are so born to-day will govern us, carry on great enterprises, write books, invent labor-saving devices, compose splendid music, paint remarkable pictures, when they reach manhood and womanhood. The world is doing very well under its progressive moral and religious systems, and "letting the unfit die" is an after-dinner piece of nonsense.

While military authority has lately gained ground in Alsace-Lorraine, it appears to have lost correspondingly in Hungary. A certain field marshal in charge of affairs at Budapest stretched his authority so far as to prohibit the ladies of the city from appearing at a garrison ball in slit skirts. The ladies stayed away. The ball was called off. The whole social season at Budapest is imperilled.

The ladies have unmistakably indicated that they are under the control of a higher power than that exercised by anybody representing the Austrian army in Hungary. They bow loyally to the awful dominion of the modistes of Paris. The silly old man who tried to tyrannize over them—though a field-marshal, a baron, and what all besides—ought to have known better. There are powers and powers. They may be swords and bayonets in one place, needles and scissors in another. We sympathize with the hectored citizens of Zabern and we congratulate the high-spirited amazons of Budapest.

DREAD OF NOGI'S MEN.

In the Russo-Japanese War the Russians Feared Them.

It often happens that the reputation of a successful general and his men has a great effect in winning other battles. Such was the case with Baron Nogi and the third Japanese army, which he commanded. This daring and relentless officer led the famous flanking movement on the Russian right at Mukden. Says Mr. Stanley Washburn in "Nogi":

To the privates of the Siberian steppes and the peasants drafted from the valleys of the Volga and the far-off Neva, this man Nogi was the incarnation of fury, the demon of war. His men were pictured by camp fires at night as devils of blood and fire, who would stop at nothing, who eagerly sought death in their efforts to reach a hand-to-hand encounter with their foes. Again and again the story of 203 Meter Hill, where the Japanese sacrificed 15,000 men in order to gain an observation station, was told in the Russian ranks. The soldiers told one another also how the Japanese infantry, in one assault, exhausted and with ammunition spent, refused to retreat, and remained and threw stones at their enemies until the last man was killed. The great dread in every division of the Russian army was that Nogi himself would be thrown against them.

When at last the attack came, there could be no doubt of where and how Nogi was striking. At the first point of contact ,the veterans of Port Arthur, who thought fighting in the open was nothing after storming the grisly heights of the beleaguered fortress, appeared suddenly, without warning, on the Russian flank and well toward the rear. Their first assault crumpled up the Russian defense like paper. With characteristic Japanese subtlty their officers had taught them the battle cries in the Russian language, and they advanced, screaming between their banzais, "We are Nogi's men from Port Arthur!" The instant this fear-inspiring cry was heard on the Russian flank, the battle was lost. The spirit of despair spread like a prairie fire, and soon the whole great army was in retreat, not the retreat of sheer panic, but the stubborn withdrawal of men who knew that victory was impossible.

Young Folks

"Button, Button."

Tommy, who had begun to take lessons in woodworking, was feeling very happy on his birthday because his Uncle Joe had given him a new set of carpenter's tools.

"I know what I will do," said Tommy, as he flourished his hammer in one hand and a little piece of wood in the other. "I'll make a button to fasten the pantry door. It is always flying open, and Mary says that it is a nuisance. I am going to surprise her when she comes home."

As it was Mary's afternoon to go out, and Tommy's mother had gone away, Tommy had the house all to himself. He took his box of tools, and went out to the pantry, at the farthest end of the house. The pantry door was half open; the door knob was loose and the catch did not work properly. The door opened from the outside into the pantry. Tommy examined it carefully.

"The button will have to go on the inside, or else it will not do any good," he said, wisely. He got down on the pantry floor, and began his work. First he whittled out a nice large button from a piece of hard wood. It was a round button. Then with his gimlet he bored a little hole through the centre of the button for the screw; he made the hole large enough for the button to turn easily. Then he fastened the button on the edge of the door-jamb, so that it overlapped the edge of the door, and kept the door closed nicely. He drove in the screw hard, but the bottom was still loose enough to be turned easily. The job was done. Tommy stood up in a glow of triumph, and looked at the neat job he had done. But, alas, it was a round button!

Yes, it turned very easily on the screw, but it did not turn so as to fasten or unfasten the door, as Tommy had planned. It just turned round and round. The door stayed shut, all right. It was fastened so tight that Tommy could not open it at all! When he found that out, he was angry. He pulled and pulled and shook and shook the door. But it would not open. He tried to loosen the screw; but in screwing it in he had worn down the slot, so that the screw driver did nothing but slip. Tommy had buttoned himself securely into the pantry, and he could not get out!

He ran to the pantry window. No, it was too high to jump out. The house stood on a side hill, and the window was ten feet from the ground. There was no one in the house; he would have to wait until some one came home. He sat down on a chair, and kicked his heels, which is not a jolly way to spend an afternoon.

It seemed years and years — it really was hours and hours—before he heard some one moving in the kitchen.

"Mary!" he called. "O Mary!" After awhile she heard him.

"Well, now," she cried, as she tiptoed cautiously to the door, "who's in my pantry, I wonder? Is it a burglar?"

"It's only me," said Tommy. "I tried to fix your door so it couldn't fly open. And I've done it, and it won't fly open. I can't get out!"

"You're a fine carpenter!" cried Mary. She pushed, and she thumped and rattled the door; but she could not get it open from the window. Then Tommy helped him to crawl in. It took even his father a long time to get out the worn screw from the button.

With a smile, Tommy's father looked at the button in his hand. "A round button, on the inside, Tommy! What good could that do? Well, I never!" That was all he said then.

But when Tommy's family want to tease him a bit, all they have to say is, "Tommy, let's play 'Button, button, who's got the button?'"

It is not Tommy's favorite game. —Youth's Companion.

HOW TO SHAVE.

Some Valuable Hints on How to Use a Razor.

Safety razors have been but a mixed blessing; they have made men forget how to shave. Apart from that, even a safety razor can only be used in one way if the best results are to be obtained.

Which ever kind of razor you use, you should be careful always to shave with the run of the beard. Never shave against the grain; it is bad for the skin, the beard, and the razor.

A safety razor should be pressed flat against the face, and the action of a scythe should be imitated. That is to say, instead of running the razor straight down the face, use a semi-circular motion.

Perhaps the most important part of a shave is the lathering. The more the beard is lathered the softer it will become; it is false economy to scamp this part of the performance in order to save time or trouble.

An ordinary razor should always be stropped before and after use, and the soap should be thoroughly taken off it by hot water. A razor is all the better for a rest occasionally.

Learn how to use a strop properly. The razor-strop should hang from a point not higher than the waist-line. Shaving, and the care of a razor, is a science; and the man who can keep his razor in good condition is a man to be envied, especially in the winter.

Equal to the Emergency.

Her Father—Young man, I shut up the house at 11.30 prompt!

Her Beau—Very well, sir—I'll begin saying good-night at 10.30.

BIGGEST INDIAN RESERVE.

W. J. Dilworth Has 1,200 Indians Under His Care at Slide Out.

W. J. Dilworth, the man appointed to control the largest Indian reserve in Canada, has entered upon his duties at the agency at Slide Out, Alberta. Mr. Dilworth will have some 1,200 Indians under his care, besides a dozen or more reserve officials who do the actual work of superintending the several activities of the band. The Bloods are a sub-band of the Blackfeet tribe, the last to be subdued and induced to take treaty and settle upon a reservation.

Mr. Dilworth is likely, in the early months of his superintendence to be called upon to deal with some very important questions. The matter of cutting the reserve up into small grazing leases is earnestly pressed now by the small ranches south and east of the tract. The actual sale of the southern portion of the tract

Mr. W. J. Dilworth.

is also a question which, undoubtedly, will be voted on.

The new agent was born at Ethel, Ontario, in 1877. He is of Irish parentage on his mother's side, and Scotch U. E. Loyalist on his father's. He is a graduate of Listowel, Ont., High School. Moving to North Dakota he completed three years of the four years Arts course in the University of North Dakota, teaching school at the same time. He then entered into the implement business at Fargo, North Dakota, as a salesman, continuing till 1901, when he became a farmer in Ward County of the same State. In the autumn of 1903, Mr. Dilworth came to Macleod, again entering the implement business, and continuing till his appointment as Indian Agent.

Mr. Dilworth has grown up with the West, has had practical experience in all Western conditions, and will no doubt make good in his new work with the red men.

Fashion Hints

Seen in Paris Shops.

The gown that is shirtwaisted in the back has gone out of fashion.

Hats with flower trimming and edges of fur are worn by many smart women

Young girls are wearing white velvet hats, the edges bordered with a fluted ruffle of moire ribbon.

Embroidery with colored dots is one of the features of novelty underclothes. The colors are not delicate, but strong.

Clear, fresh, flowery colors are said to be about to follow the brilliant futurist effects. They are sweet pea shades.

The tango nightgown is the newest, and resembles a chemise and Turkish trousers combined. It is said to be comfortable.

Sashes and belts are a feature of children's dresses. Sashes are quite wide. Belts are of suede and colored and patent leather.

It is said that since aigrets are barred Parisian milliners are turning their attention to flowers and ribbon trimmed hats.

At the theatre women are adorning their heads with wonderful Egyptian bandeaux, set with amber or jade and very flexible.

The woman who is well dressed wears the jersey silk or jersey woolen top petticoat. They take up small space and do not wrinkle.

Some of the new bolero coats of the street costumes just reach the waist line at the back. Broad belts of taffeta or moire extend to meet the jackets.

The daintiest bonnets for little girls are made of lace and tulle and the favored trimming consists of narrow bands of tailless ermine fastened with small satin flowers.

Children's colored wash dresses are of cotton crepes, ratines, and plain colored linens, chambrays, and piques. The long waisted effect is as much favored as ever.

Almost any dress can be brought down to date by removing the old collar, cutting the neck in a "V," and filling it with airy folds of tulle. Always there must be the little decollete front.

A distinct fluffiness begins to show in the lighter costumes, but the size of the solhouette is increased less than one might suppose, simply because the ruffles are so filmy.

Smart.

"How old are you, Johnny?"

"Seven."

"And when were you seven?"

"On me last birthday."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDY

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, FEBRUARY 22.

Lesson VIII. Faith Destroying Fear. Luke 12. 1-12. Golden Text, Luke 12.8.

Exhortation to Courageous Sincerity. This lesson is closely connected with the one of last Sunday. Jesus had been invited to dine at the home of a Pharisee and had brought upon himself the disapproval of his host for not first observing the ceremonial washing. This led to Jesus' severe condemnation of the Pharisees for their exactness in trifling matters observed by men, in contrast to their neglect of the weightier matters of justice, mercy, and sincerity. Doubtless the earnest note in his speech had attracted the attention of those outside the house, and they were crowding about the doorway to hear. Perhaps Jesus felt that the listening multitudes were unfriendly toward him. As he turns from them and addresses the words of our lesson to his disciples, urging them to have no fear for the persecutions of men, knowing that fear often causes hypocrisy, he urges them to be ready always to give courageous testimony to the truth, assuring them of the heavenly Father's protection and of the aid of the Holy Spirit if they are brought to trial for their faith.

Verse 1. In the mean time—While Jesus had been speaking (see preceding lesson).

The many thousands—A hyperbolical expression for a great multitude..

He began to say unto his disciples first of all—Jesus began to address the disciples and then, perhaps, turned to the people. His words were, however, primarily to the disciples.

Beware ye of—A warning phrase peculiar to Luke, meaning, "Take heed and avoid."

Leaven—In Scripture leaven is generally used as a type of evil which spreads and puffs up and sours in its influences. The parable of the leaven (Luke 13. 20, 21; Matt. 13. 33) is, however, an exception to this general meaning.

2, 3. Hypocrisy is not only wicked, it is useless, for the true character cannot always remain concealed. Sooner or later the facts will become known. So Jesus urges his disciples to speak and act honestly and openly, and to have no fear for the consequences.

Inner chambers—In the East, outer walls are easily dug through. Things which a man wished to guard carefully were placed in inside rooms.

Proclaimed upon the housetops—In the East, proclamations are still made from the flat roofs of the houses.

4. Be not afraid of them that kill the body—Jesus may have felt that in the persecutions which were sure to arise the disciples would be tempted to deceive.

5. Fear him, who after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell—This passage, like the parable of the unjust steward, is given two distinctly different interpretations. Some think "He who hath power to cast into hell" refers to God, others think the reference is to Satan. Some reasons in favor of the former interpretation are: (1) In the Greek construction of the word "fear" means "fear without trying to shun," which is the word usually used when referring to fearing God; (2) in Scripture we are not else where told to fear Satan, but to resist him; (3) the Evil One may endeavor to entice us into Gehenna, but he has no authority to send us there. However, the idea of God here expressed is more like Old Testament teaching than the teaching of Jesus about the Father.

Hell—Gehenna, derived from Gi-Hinnom, meaning "the valley of Hinnom" near Jerusalem, where sacrifices to the heathen god Moloch were made, and where later the refuse from the city was consumed in a fire kept continually burning. Hence it became a symbolical name for the place of punishment in the other world.

6. Five sparrows sold for two pence—They are of almost no value at all, but not one of them is forgotten in the sight of God.

7. Fear not—Cease to fear.

Ye are of more value—that is, superior to—many sparrows.

8. Me—More correctly. "in me."

Him—"In him," that is, in his case. The confession of the disciples is that Jesus is the Messiah and his confession is that they are his faithful followers.

10. Matthew and Mark record the words of Jesus, regarding the unpardonable sin as spoken in connection with the charge that he cast out evil spirits by the aid of the Prince of evil. The Pharisees were denouncing as evil that which they knew to be good, for the moral power of Jesus had been manifested. The deliberate rejection of the good, the persistent calling of good evil, showed a state of darkness into which the divine light could not penetrate. Sins which are due to impulse, passion, or erring judgment are very different from the arrogant designation of good as evil. No penitent has ever been guilty of this unpardonable sin, and any man who will earnestly call upon God for pardon may be assured that there is forgiveness for him.

Blasphemeth—Showing persistent irreverence and disrespect.

11. Synagogues —Jewish local courts were held in the synagogues, over which elders, who were responsible for discipline, presided. The elders could sentence to excommunication or to scourging.

The rulers, and the authorities—Higher powers than the local Jewish courts, such as the Sanhedrin, and Roman courts.

Even a girl's heartache is forgotten when she has the toothache.

HEALTH

Shortness of Breath.

The words do not mean difficult breathing, which usually comes from some obstruction in the air passages, but a quickening of the respiratory movements, because the person who is affected feels the need of more air. There are many ways in which shortness of breath may arise. It is often one of the symptoms of illness; sometimes the illness affects the blood, so that it cannot carry oxygen enough for the needs of the body; sometimes the heart does not maintain a sufficiently rapid circulation of the blood; sometimes the lungs are so wasted that they have not enough surface left to receive the air that is breathed in. In some cases the chest is deformed or undeveloped, so that the lungs suffer from mechanical obstruction.

In considering the cases where the blood is at fault, remember that shortness of breath is always found in connection with anaemia, whether it be chronic or temporary in character, and whether it be caused by disease or by mere loss of blood. When the symptom arises in diabetes or uraemia, it is a sign of the serious blood changes that occur in those diseases.

When a person begins to complain of habitual shortness of breath, it is important to have a physical examination made without delay. One reason is that tuberculosis often begins with no other symptoms than shortness of breath and a slight cough. If these cases are seen and diagnosed very early, it is not hard to arrest them.

The symptom is, of course, present in such troubles as pneumonia, broncho-pneumonia, and pleurisy, which attack the organs of breath directly. Violent exercise naturally causes temporary shortness of breath. In the case of healthy people, it disappears quickly when the exercise ceases. If it does not do so, it is a good plan to have a careful examination, in order to find out what is wrong. Young people sometimes persist in a favorite form of exercise after they have begun to notice their shortening breath; in that they may do themselves lifelong injury.—Youth's Companion.

Work for Your Health's Sake.

The best health is enjoyed only by hard workers. The athlete's arm attains its size by virtue of the greater quantity of nourishing blood attracted to it by the severe exercise which it undergoes. The mental athlete accomplishes his extraordinary amount of brain-work only after years of mental training and effort. Sir Walter Scott, whose work stands as a monument to his industry as well as to his genius, was most indefatigable in his pursuit of physical exercises of all kinds in many of which he excelled, and in which he could tire most men as easily as he could excel them in feats requiring long-sustained mental effort. Much the same thing is told of Goethe. These men fulfilled to the utmost the advice of the adage, "Work while you work and play while you play." Those whose enjoyment of life is largest, and whose accomplishment of work is greatest for the longest time, are those who go into their work and play in a whole-hearted fashion, or, as it is often expressed, "for all they are worth." For such health is supplied in greatest measure.

ETHERIZING PLANTS.

A French Horticulturist Has Obtained Excellent Results.

Forcing plants by the vapor of ether seems to have proven one of the most successful methods yet tried. A French horticulturist, G. Bultel, has experimented with ether as a means of obtaining early strawberries, and reports berries much in advance of those obtained by any other method.

In the winter of 1911-12, Mr. Bultel compared a lot of 300 plants treated with ether with an equal number submitted to hot baths. Of the first lot, 107 were in bloom on Jan. 8, and blooming ended on Jan. 16, while the first berries were matured on Feb. 21, and the last on March 15. In the second lot, with only thirty-three in bloom on Jan. 8, blooming ended on Jan. 29, maturity being reached from March 6 to April 15.

The best time of exposure to the ether fumes seemed to be about forty-eight hours. Of the treated plants, 150 were exposed for this length of time, and 150 for sixty hours, and the earliness of the latter was only slightly greater than that produced with the shorter exposure.

His Trouble.

The Caller—You say your son dislikes the country and wants to go to the city. Does he seem restive at home?

Mrs. Tungtwist—Yes, he's awful restive. He ain't done nothin' but rest since he graduated from college.

The Silencer.

The Magistrate (to offending motorist)—You are fined ten dollars.

The Motorist—All right, old man! You must take it out of this $20.

The Magistrate—You are now fined $20. Anything more to say?

The Motorist—By jove, Sir, no! You're too quick at repartee.

Lost His Happy Home.

"I once had a comfortable home, ma'am."

"Poor man, how did you lose it?"

"Me wife lost her job, ma'am."

THE REWARD OF SERVICE

An Opportunity For Larger Service Which Cannot Be Taken From You

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."—Revelation iii., 8.

Here is the reward which God promises to the ancient church in Philadelphia for all that it has done in His behalf. "I know thy works," says the Most High, and "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it!" Which being interpreted is:—I have given you as a reward for service an opportunity for larger service which cannot be taken from you

To those of us who have no conception of rewards beyond the glittering baubles of the world it must seem as though this valiant church was given a miserable recompense for all that it had endured and achieved for the cause of Christ. Here was a little group of Christians who had sacrificed property, friends, reputation, and social standing; who were suffering constant revilement and

Occasional Persecution

at the hands of their fellow citizens, and who, in the face of every temptation to recant and thus return to the easy ways of conformity, had kept God's word and had not denied His name. And now, instead of promising them, in return for their fidelity, power and fame, large numbers and abundant wealth, success and happiness and prosperity in all that the world holds good, God does nothing more than assure them that their reward is the opportunity to go right on serving Him, probably under conditions of even greater peril and more cruel suffering. What wonder if in the face of such treatment as these Philadelphians had become disheartened and had abandoned forthwith the cause which they had espoused.

And yet, what better and nobler reward could these valiant souls have asked than just this which God gave into their hands? When have the brave and true ever craved anything more than just this priceless boon of new opportunity for continued service? The great artist asks not money or fame from his contemporaries, but only the freedom to spread upon his canvass the crowding dreams and visions of his soul. The eager scientist is not indifferent to the degrees and emoluments of the world of scholarship, but he would not exchange even the greatest of these for the undistracted leisure to pursue his studies in laboratory and closet.

The True Servant of Humanity

looks not for bays or laurel or plaudits of multitudes, and cares not at all whether he gain or lose them; the one thing he asks is the opportunity to go on leading mankind to new heights of righteousness and peace, and this opportunity he would purchase gladly even at the price of a new cross on another Calvary! Not wealth, or fame, or applause, or ease, or power—not anything that the world can offer—do such as these want, but only the chance to continue indefinitely, and if possible on larger lines, the work which they have begun. "The open door" which "no man can shut"—this is the reward which they ask.

And this, as happens, is just the reward which God always grants unto his servants. The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another. "Do right," said the great English preacher, Robertson, "and God's recompense to you will be the power to do more right."—Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

FREAKS PUZZLE DOCTORS

AN ENGLISH BOY WHO WRITES UPSIDE DOWN.

A Man Named Hermann Can Move His Heart From Side to Side.

Doctors were recently much interested in the case of Eddie Burn, a five-year-old schoolboy of Chester-le-Street, Durham, England. The lad has one of the most wonderful pair of eyes ever set in a human head. While writing he not only unwittingly reverses his letters, but writes from right to left, and as a result his work appears as ordinary handwriting would be reflected by a mirror. It is thought that some defect in the nerve centres prevents young Burn's brain from carrying out its proper task. In persons of normal vision objects are reflected on the retina (the membranes at the back of the eye) upside down, but the brain translates the vision right side up. In the case of Burn the brain refuses to reverse the vision.

During recent years several children have been discovered who possess peculiar eyes. Lionel Brett, of Massachusetts, and a young girl of Narbonne were both found by oculists to have eyes which were capable of penetrating substances in the same fashion as the X-rays, while a German lad named Schaefer, although he was practically blind in the daytime, had wonderful keenness of sight in the darkness of the night and could pick up pins from the floor of a pitch-dark room.

All Have Two Hearts.

It was reported the other day that a doctor at Easton, Pennsylvania, had discovered a family of four, composed of mother and three children, each of whom has two hearts. The medico was called to attend one of the children for chicken-pox, and, much to his astonishment discovered a heart beating on the child's right side as well as the left. This led him to examine the two other children and the mother, with a similar result. This remarkable two-hearted family bear the name of Perkins, the children being Anna, Allen, and Doris, aged thirteen, eleven, and four, respectively. It is imagined that the hearts of the mother and her three children grew in two parts. That is to say the component parts of the organs did not unite, the right ventricle of each heart (the chamber which receives the blood from the auricle and veins) and the right auricle growing on the right side of the body, and the left ventricle and the left auricle on the left.

Some years ago an Italian doctor discovered that one of his patients, a young man, had two hearts, one of which, however, was quite insensible and immobile. The heart that discharged all the cardiac functions was on the right side of the body.

A Movable Heart.

A man named Hermann, of Hungary, has an extraordinary heart. He has the strange power of dislocating the organ and moving it from its proper position on the left side of the body to the right, keeping it there for several minutes at a time, while Professor von Bergmann declared that he knew a man who has such power over his muscles that he could move each of them as he pleased, and in this case he was not only able to move his heart from side to side, but stop his pulse from beating.

Miss Tardo, who was born on the Island of Trinidad about forty years ago, was devoid of physical feeling, and medical men were of the opinion that there was no connection between the sensory and motor nerves in her body. She was proof against poison and disease, and she could control the beating of her heart, stopping it at will and permitting it to beat again.

There is a woman living in Spain who has a pair of horns, five inches long, on her head. The first indication of the horns were gatherings above the woman's ears, which afterwards grew into hard, fleshy lumps. At the end of four years from the commencement of the dis-

the rock, charged with the explosive and carrying a fuse, was placed in a wrought-iron cage, the sides of which were surrounded by a strong wire-netting to prevent the splintered rock from flying out at the explosion. After Gigas had placed the cage upon his head, the fuse was lighted, and in a few moments there was a sharp explosion which shattered the rock to pieces.

Thick skulls are comparatively common, and a man was discovered by a Liverpool doctor to possess a bullet-proof skull. This man attempted to commit suicide with a pistol, and when taken to the hospital the bullet was found flattened against the skull. All the man suffered was a very bad headache after he had recovered consciousness.

BACTERIA IN DUST.

Heat of the Sun and Bright Light Keeps Them Down.

That there is a surprising scarcity of bacteria in dust has been shown by recent experiments. By means of the Aitken dust counter, one scientist discovered that in the open suburbs of London there are 40,000 particles in every cubic inch of air. The same investigator found in London but one microbe to every 38 cubic inches of air.

When air is constantly floating about and man is constantly moving about, he comes in contact with a great deal of air space, and so in the course of a day runs a chance of breathing many microbes into his lungs. If, however, every dark and damp place could suddenly be dried up and stirred up, the micro-organisms would be found in terrifyingly large numbers. It is the heat of the sun and the bright light that keep down those micro-organisms, and so, even on a dusty day, there is a poverty of microbes in the air, and if the sun be bright and hot.

Dr. Guthrie said:—I am in good spirits because I take no spirits. I am hale because I take no ale. My reasons for being an abstainer are—My health is stronger, my head [illegible] and my purse heavier.

Her Great

Or, A Struggle

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(Cont'd.)

Trevor leaned over the edge of the box.

"I say that a man entered Lord Gaunt's rooms that night. He called at the house in Cardigan Terrace and inquired for Mrs. Dalton." A fit of coughing choked him for a time; when he had recovered from it he resumed, with difficulty, and still more hoarsely: "The man was told that Mrs. Dalton was confined to her room with a headache. He was turning the corner of the street, when he saw her leave the house and get into a cab. He wanted to know where she was going; he called another cab and followed her—"

The attorney-general rose. He was going to say that this was not evidence, but the judge held up his hand, and Mr. Attorney-General resumed his seat.

Trevor had not glanced at him, but waited stolidly until the judge signed to him to go on.

—"He saw her go into Prince's Mansions. He thought she had gone to visit a man who lived there, a man he knew. He went into a public-house and got a drink—several; then he went down to the Mansions. He meant to ring the bell, but he found the door ajar and he went in. There was no one in the corridor. He went into the drawing-room. Mrs. Dalton was there—alone."

At this point the excitement in the court became so intense that a murmur arose, which rendered the voice of the witness almost inaudible. Heads were craned forward in his direction, every eye was fixed upon him. Trevor seemed utterly indifferent still.

"She was alone. The man and she had some talk. He loved her; he was jealous. A few nights before she had promised to marry him. That night, in Lord Gaunt's rooms, she laughed at the man; she told him that she was married already, had been married all the time, and had been fooling him. More than that she had been helping her brother to rob him. The man went mad for a moment, and he stabbed her—"

A cry escaped the crowded court. Deciman's hands were stretched out toward Gaunt for an instant, then clasped on her bosom. Trevor was quite unmoved by the excitement surging around him, and he went on in a hollow and impressive voice:

"There was a foolish kind of a dagger lying on the ground near him, and he caught it up and stabbed her with it. She was dead in an instant; it must have gone straight into her heart. He laid her on the sofa and covered her with a fur coat he found lying there. Then he left the rooms, and, by luck, no one saw him."

A fit of coughing seized him again at this point. He went on after a moment or two, holding his blood-stained handkerchief in his wasted and twitching hand.

"No one saw him, and he got away. No one would ever have suspected him, and an innocent man would have suffered. But certain things happened. The cabman who drove him to the street in which the Mansions are is in court." He glanced toward the end of the room. "So is the bar-maid who served him with the liquor. They have not come forward before, because the cabman thought the case was clear against Lord Gaunt and didn't want to be troubled, and the bar-maid—well, she had no reason to connect the man with the case." He paused, struggling for breath. Sir James rose. He was very pale, and his usually firm voice shook during the first few words.

"All through this statement you have spoken of 'the man.' You have charged some one with the murder of Lady Gaunt. I ask you the name of the man you thus charge?"

Trevor put his handkerchief to his mouth and wiped his blood-stained line.

"Ralph Trevor," he said in a hollow. "I am the man!"

No one who was present in court has ever been able to give a clear and connected account of what followed, though every one has a confused impression of seeing and hearing several witnesses in the box after Trevor had been carried out. But the impression is blurred by that which followed when the jury, without leaving their seats, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," and the judge, in a few faltering words of sympathy, pronounced Lord Gaunt a free man.

The officials found it utterly impossible to check the roar of applause with which the crowd received the verdict and the judge's expression of sympathy, and Gaunt found himself carried, swept, as it were, into the open air—a free man indeed.

CHAPTER XL.

Eighteen months after the acquittal of Lord Gaunt, and the death of Ralph Trevor—he died in prison within a week of the trial—there was a garden-party at Lady Roborough's.

It must be confessed that the usual garden-party is a deadly dull affair who has not suffered at it?—but Lady Roborough's was an exception to the dreary rule.

As has been intimated, she was a clever old lady, far too clever and good natured to get together a mob of people and permit them to bore themselves to death through the hottest and most trying part of a summer's day.

At Roborough you were sure to find plenty of shade—the gardens were the pride of the county—and plenty of amusement. There were four capital tennis-courts, for instance, a wonderful bowling green; a lake with boats, tents with an unlimited supply of teas, ices, and more solid refreshments, a first-rate band—not too loud—in the open air, and music in the drawing-room, if the day should be wet—as it sometimes is in England—and there were shrubberies and shady walks in which one could flirt or smoke the surreptitious cigarette in safety.

People came from far and wide to these garden-parties, and, marvelous to state, were always sorry when the time came for them to go, and the butler to collect and check the plate and spoons.

Lady Roborough, looking scarcely a day older, moved about the grounds applauding the tennis players, commiserating the flirting, cautioning the boating parties to "be careful," and seeing that no one went without the precious cup of tea.

Now and again she persuaded herself to take a rest, and seated just inside the big marquee, from whence, like a general, she could survey her forces, she indulged in a little gossip with some of the elder guests, who liked the shaded tents better than the tennis, the boats, or even the shrubberies.

"A great success, as usual, my dear," remarked Lady Perndale who sat next her.

"Everybody seems very happy—at any rate, they appear to be amusing themselves," admitted Lady Roborough. "The next best thing to being young is to be old enough to like to watch young people."

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