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THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow."—Hamlet.

"One, that was a woman, sir."—Hamlet.

Across the autumn grass, that has browned beneath the scorching summer rays, and through the fitful sunshine, comes James Scrope.

Through the woods, under the dying beechtrees that lead to Gowran, he saunters slowly, thinking only of the girl beyond, who is not thinking of him at all, but of the man who, in his soul, Sir James believes utterly unworthy of her.

This thought so engrossed him, as he walks along, that he fails to hear Mrs. Branscombe, until she is close beside him, and until she says; gently,—

"How d'ye do, Sir James?" At this his start is so visible that she laughs, and says, with a faint blush,—

"What! is my coming so light that one fails to hear it?"

To which he, recovering himself, makes ready response:

"So light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint."

Then, "You are coming from Gowran?"

"Yes; from Clarissa."

"She is well?"

"Yes, and I suppose, happy,"—with a shrug. "She expects Horace to-morrow." There is certain scorn in her manner, that attracts his notice.

"Is that sufficient to create happiness?" he says, somewhat bitterly, in spite of himself. "But of course it is. You know Horace?"

"Not well, but well enough," says Mrs. Branscombe, with a frown. "I know him well enough to hate him."

She pauses, rather ashamed of herself for her impulsive confidence, and not at all aware that by this hasty speech she has made a friend of Sir James for life.

"Hate him?" he says, feeling he could willingly embrace her on the spot were society differently constituted. "Why, what has he done to you?"

"Nothing; but he is not good enough for Clarissa," protests she, energetically." But then who is good enough? I really think," says Mrs. Branscombe, with earnest conviction, "she is far too sweet to be thrown away upon any man."

Even this awful speech fails to cool Sir James's admiration for the speaker. She has declared herself a non admirer of the all-powerful Horace, and this goes so far a way with him that he cannot bring himself to find fault with her on any score.

"I don't know why I express my likes and dislikes to you so openly," she says, gravely, a little later on; "and I don't know either, why I distrust Horace. I have only a woman's reason. It is Shakespeare slightly altered: 'I hate him so, because I hate him so.' And I hope with all my heart, Clarissa will never marry him."

Then she blushes again at her openness, and gives him her hand, and bids him good-by, and presently he goes on his way once more to Gowran.

On the balcony there stands Clarissa, the solemn Bill close beside her. She is leaning on the parapet, with her pretty white hands crossed and hanging loosely over it. As she sees him coming, with a little touch of coquetry, common to most women, she draws her broad-brimmed hat from her head, and letting it fall upon the balcony, lets the uncertain sunlight touch warmly her fair brown hair and tender exquisite face.

Bill, sniffing, lifts himself, and, seeing Sir James, shakes his shaggy sides, and, with his heavy head still drooping, and his most hangdog expression carefully put on, goes cautiously down the stone steps to greet him.

Having been patted, and made much of, and having shown a scornful disregard for all such [illegible] he trots be[illegible] funeral pa[illegible] Clarissa is [illegible]

"Better t[illegible] you here," [illegible] high good [illegible] miles away [illegible] —forgive m[illegible] ing you are [illegible]

Miss Pe[illegible] praise. She [illegible] ing little l[illegible]

"A compl[illegible]

"No wonder [illegible] lovely, Jim. [illegible] I should hat[illegible] She lifts her[illegible]

"You nee[illegible] Scrope, calm[illegible] you."

"I'm rathe[illegible] with a sigh of relief, "If only for—Horace's sake!"

Sir James pitches his cigar over the balcony, and frowns. Always Horace! Can she not forget him for even one moment?

"What brought you?" asks she, presently.

"What a gracious speech!"—with a rather short laugh. "To see you, I fancy. By the bye, I met Mrs. Branscombe on my way here. She didn't look particularly happy."

"No." Clarissa's eyes grow sad. "After all, that marriage was a terrible mistake, and it seemed such a satisfactory one. Do you know," in a half-frightened tone, "I begin to think they hate each other!"

"They don't seem to hit it off very well, certainly," says Sir James, moodily. "But I believe there is something more on Branscombe's mind than his domestic worries: I am afraid he is getting into trouble over the farm, and that, and nothing hits a man like want of money. That Sawyer is a very slippery fellow, in my opinion; and of late Dorian has neglected everything and taken no interest in his land, and, in fact, lets everything go without question."

"I have no patience with Georgie," says Clarissa, indignantly. "She is positively breaking his heart."

"She is unhappy, poor little thing," says Scrope, who cannot find it in his heart to condemn the woman who has just condemned Horace Branscombe.

"It is her own fault if she is. I know few people so lovable as Dorian. And now to think he has another trouble makes me wretched. I do hope you are wrong about Sawyer."

"I don't think I am," says Scrope; and time justifies his doubt of Dorian's steward.

* * * *

Sartoris.
Tuesday, four o'clock.

"Dear Scrope,—

Come up to me at once, if possible. Everything here is in a deplorable state. You have heard, of course, that Sawyer bolted last night; but perhaps you have not heard that he has left things in a ruinous state. I must see you with as little delay as you can manage. Come straight to the library, where you will find me alone.

Yours ever,
"D. R."

Sir James, who is sitting in his sister's room, starts to his feet on reading this letter.

"Patience, I must go at once to Sartoris," he says, looking pale and distressed.

"To see that mad boy?"

"To see Dorian Branscombe."

"That is quite the same thing. You don't call him sane, do you? To marry that child of a girl without a grain of common sense in her silly head, just because her eyes were blue and her hair yellow, forsooth. And then to go and get mixed up with that Annersley affair——"

"My dear Patience."

"Well, why not? Why should I not talk? One must use one's tongue, if one isn't a dummy. And then there is that man Sawyer, he could get no one out of the whole country but a creature who——"

"Hush!" says Sir James, hastily and unwisely. "Better be silent on that subject." Involuntarily he lays his hand upon the letter just received.

"Ha!" says Miss Scrope, triumphantly, with astonishing sharpness. "So I was right, was I? So that pitiful being has been exposed to the light of day, has he? I always said how it would be: I knew it!—ever since last spring, when I sent to him for some cucumber-plants, and he sent me instead (with willful intent to insult me) two vile gourds. I always knew how it would end."

"Well, and how has it ended?" says Sir James, with a weak effort to retrieve his position, putting on a small air of defiance.

"Don't think to deceive me," says Miss Scrope, in a terrible tone; whereupon Sir James flies the apartment, feeling in his heart that in a war of words Miss Scrope's match is yet to be found.

Entering the library at Sartoris, he finds Dorian there, alone, indeed, and comfortless, and sore at heart.

It is a dark dull day. The first breath of winter is in the air. The clouds are thick and sullen, and are lying low, as if they would willingly come down to sit upon the earth and and there rest themselves,—so weary they seem, and so full of heaviness.

Above them a wintry sun is trying vainly to recover its ill temper. Every now and then a small brown bird, flying hurriedly past the windows, is almost blown agairst them by the strong and angry blast.

Within, a fire is burning, and the curtains are half drawn across the windows and the glass door, that leads, by steps, down into the garden. No lamps are lit, and the light is somber and severe.

"You have come," says Dorian, advancing eagerly to meet him. "I knew I could depend upon you, but it is more than good of you to be here so soon. I have been moping a good deal, I am afraid, and forgot all about the lamps. Shall I ring for some one now to light them?"

"No; this light is what I prefer," says Scrope, laying his hand upon his arm. "Stir up the fire, if you like."

"Even that I had not given one thought to," says Branscombe, drearily. Sitting here all alone, I gave myself up a prey to evil thoughts."

The word "alone" touched Sir James inexpressibly. Where was his wife all the time, that she never came to comfort and support him in his hour of need?

"Is everything as bad as you say?" he asks, presently, in a subdued tone.

"Quite as bad; neither worse nor better. There are no gradations about utter ruin. You heard about Sawyer, of course? Harden has been with me all last night and to-day, and between us we have been able to make out that he has muddled away almost all the property,—which, you know, is small. As yet we hardly know how we stand. But there is one claim of fifteen thousand pounds that must be paid without delay, and I have not one penny to meet it, so am literally driven to the wall.

"You speak as if——"

"No, I am speaking quite rationally. I know what you would say; but if I was starving I would not accept one shilling from Lord Sartoris. That would be impossible. You can understand why, without my going into that infamous scandal. I suppose I can tell Sartoris, and pay my—that is, Sawyer's—debts; but that will leave me a beggar." Then, in a low tone, "I should hardly care, but for her. That is almost more than I can bear."

"You say this debt of fifteen thousand pounds is the one that presses hardest?"

"Yes. But for that, I might, by going in for strict economy, manage to retrieve my present position in a year or two."

"I wish you would explain more fully," says Sir James; whereupon Dorian enters into an elaborate explanation that leaves all things clear.

"If seven thousand pounds would be of any use to you," says Scrope, gently, delicately, "I have it lying idle. It will, indeed, be a great convenience if you will take it at a reasonable——"

"That is rather unkind of you," says Dorian, interrupting him hastily. "Don't say another word on the subject. I shall sink or swim without aid from my friends,—aid, I mean, of that sort. In other ways you can help me. Harden will, of course, see to the estate; but there are other, more private matters, that I would intrust to you alone. Am I asking too much?"

"Don't be unkind in your own turn," says Scrope, with tears in his eyes.

"Thank you," says Dorian, simply. His heart seems quite broken.

"What of your wife?" asks Sir James, with some hesitation. "Does she know?"

"I think not. Why should she be troubled before her time? It will come fast enough. She made a bad match, after all, poor child! But there is one thing I must tell you, and it is the small drop of comfort in my cup. About a month ago, Lord Sartoris settled upon her twenty thousand pounds, and that will keep her at least free from care. When I am gone, I want you to see her, and let me know, from time to time, that she is happy and well cared for."

"But will she consent to this separation from you, that may last for years?"

"Consent!" says Dorian, bitterly. "That is not the word. She will be glad, indeed, at this chance that has arisen to put space between us. I believe from my heart that——"

"What is it you believe?" says a plaintive voice, breaking in upon Dorian's speech with curious energy. The door leading into the garden is wide open; and now the curtain is thrust aside, and a fragile figure, gowned in some black filmy stuff, stands before them. Both men start as she advances in the uncertain light. Her face is deadly pale; her eyes are large, and almost black, as she turns them questioningly upon Sir James Scrope. It is impossible for either man to know what she may, or may not have heard.

"I was in the garden," she says, in an agitated tone, "and I heard voices; and something about money; and Dorian's going away; and——" (she puts her hand up to her throat) "and about ruin. I could not understand; but you will tell me. You must."

"Hush, Miss Dorian," says Sir James. But Dorian looks doggedly away from her, through the open window, into the darkening garden beyond.

"Tell me, Dorian," she says, suddenly, going up to him, and laying a small white trembling hand upon his arm.

"There is no reason why you should be disturbed," says Branscombe, very coldly, fitting a key into the lock of a drawer, as though he very much disapproved of him. "You are quite sure, Sawyer's mismanagement of the estate has brought me to the verge of ruin; but Lord Sartoris has taken care that you will not suffer."

She is trembling violently.

"And you?" she says.

"I shall go abroad until things look brighter." Then he turns to her for the first time, and, taking her hands, presses them passionately. "I can hardly expect forgiveness from you," he says: "you had, at least, a right to expect position when you made your unhappy marriage, and now you have nothing."

I think she hardly hears his cruel speech. Her thoughts still cling to the word that has gone before.

"Abroad?" she says, with quivering lips.

"Only for a time," says Sir James, taking pity upon her evident distress. "Does he owe a great deal?" asks she, feverishly. "Is it a very large sum? Tell me how much it is."

Scrope, who is feeling very sorry for her, explains matters, while Dorian maintains a determined silence.

"Fifteen thousand pounds, if procured at once, would tide him over his difficulties," says Sir James, who does her justice to divine her thoughts correctly. "Time is all he requires."

"I have twenty thousand pounds," says Georgie, eagerly. "Lord Sartoris says I may do what I like with it. Dorian,"—going up to him again,—"take it—do, do. You will make me happier than I have been for a long time if you will accept it."

A curious expression lights Dorian's face. It is half surprise, half contempt; yet, after all, perhaps there is some genuine gladness in it.

"I cannot thank you sufficiently," he says, in a low tone. "Your offer is more than kind; it is generous. But I cannot accept it. It is impossible I should receive anything at your hands."

"Why?" she says, her lips white, her eyes large and earnest.

"Does that question require an answer?" asks Dorian, slowly. "There was a time, even in our short married life, when I believed in your friendship for me, and when I would have taken anything from you,—from my wife; but now I tell you again, it is impossible. You yourself have put it out of my power."

He turns from her coldly, and concentrates his gaze once more upon the twilit garden.

"Don't speak to me like that,—at least now," says Georgie, her breath coming in short quick gasps. "It hurts me so! Take this wretched money, if—if you still have any love for me."

He turns deliberately away from the small pleading face.

"And leave you penniless," he says.

"No, not that. Some day you can pay me back, if you wish it. All these months you have given me every thing I could possibly desire, let me now make you some small return."

Unfortunately this speech angers him deeply.

"We are wasting time," he says, quickly. "Understand, once for all, I will receive nothing from you."

"James," says Mrs. Branscombe, impulsively, going up to Scrope and taking his hand. She is white and nervous, and, in her agitation, is hardly aware that, for the first time, she has called him by his Christian name. "Persuade him. Tell him he should accept this money. Dear James, speak for me; I am nothing to him."

For the second time Branscombe turns and looks at her long and earnestly.

"I must say I think your wife quite right," says Scrope, energetically. "She wants you to take this money, your not taking it distresses her very much, and you have no right in the world to marry a woman and then make her unhappy. This is faintly quixotic, considering all the circumstances, but nobody says anything. "You ought to save Sartoris from the hammer no matter at what price,—pride or anything else. It isn't a fair thing, you know, Branscombe, to lift the roof from off her head for a silly prejudice."

When he has finished this speech, Sir James feels that he has been unpardonably pertinent.

(To Be Continued.)

SPRING SMILES.

"What are you crying for, child?" "Lolo hurt me." "How, pray?" "I was going to hit him with my fist, when he ducked his head and my fist hit the wall."

"Why did Mr. [illegible] state messenger boy joke? It seems to have disappeared." Scribbins—"Some one must have given it to a messenger boy to deliver to the papers."

"I wonder if Johnson tells the truth when he says his wife has such a sunny disposition?" "Of course he does. Every time he does not do exactly what she wishes she makes it hot for him."

"Why, Tommy, you are not at the jam again and only whipped for it an hour ago?" "Yes, mamma; I heard you tell auntie you thought you'd whipped me too hard, and I thought I'd make it even."

Kitty—"I won't let them repair my wheel again. They charged me a dollar for simply sticking my tire on." Tom—"For simply sticking it on?" Kitty—"Yes." Tom—"By Jove! that was simply sticking it on!"

"I shall apply for a divorce. He is treating me like a dog and he makes me work like a horse." "Well, then, you should make your complaint to the Society for the Protection of Animals and not to the courts."

Fruddy—"Frasher has the reputation of being a great wit, but for my part, I can't see anything very bright in his writings." Duddy—"That's a queer. Why, his jokes have been used by the greatest wits that ever lived."

Victim—"You say you supply balloons to guests on the top floor in case of fire. Are they already filled?" Chicago Hotel Clerk—"Oh, no. Just wait until the fire has made progress enough and you can fill your balloon with hot air."

Editor—"This fellow is littering the office up with miserable poetry. We'll have to put a check on him." Poet (who has heard the word check, rushing up)—"I'll be obliged if you'll let me have the check right away, sir."

"James," remarked his better half, caressingly, "we need a ton of coal; when you pass the dealer will you order it up?" "Impossible, my dear," responded her enchre-loving spouse. "You cannot order it up and pass at the same time."

Pride and Prejudice—"I'll be ashamed to go around begging," said the prosperous citizen. "Pride's a funny thing, isn't it?" answered Mr. Everett Wrest. "Here you are, too proud to beg, and here I am, too proud to work. Takes all sorts to make a world, I guess."

ADVANTAGES OF MATRIMONY.

Jo. Wallace—It seems to me that if I were a bachelor restless his unhappy lot would be when he is in bed sick.

Mrs. Wallace—Yes. There is a great difference between a hired nurse and a wife. If he goes to throwing the medicine bottles and things at the nurse she threatens to hurt his feelings. But, if he does it to his wife, she will leave.

SENSATIONAL MURDER.

A Mysterious Crime Unearthed by the Detectives—A Father Killed His Own Son.

A despatch from Paris says:—All Paris is excited over a sensational and mysterious murder. Two pedestrains walking in the Bois de Vincennes found the corpse of a young man in a thicket. The victim had evidently, after a desperate struggle been strangled. The body was recognized as that of Eugene Vasseur, a waiter, aged seventeen, whose parents vied with each other in blackening his character, and asserting that he had disappeared long since, and that they knew nothing of him.

There was absolutely no motive for the crime, and the police were nonplussed. Then it was discovered that a certain railway employe named Boucher, a cousin of the victim, had been in the habit of giving young Vasseur small subsidies to keep the youth, so he declared, from vagabondage, and from dishonouring the family.

The chief of police summoned Boucher, and discovered he had a deep wound in the left hand, caused, as Boucher said, by a dog's bite. Boucher, however, prevaricated, and his wife gave a different explanation of the wound, ultimately confessing in a fit of hysterics that her husband and Vasseur, sr., had murdered the latter's son. Thereupon Boucher fully confessed his part in the ghastly crime. He told the prefect of police that his part in the assassination was to lure young Vasseur to the ambuscade, where the father was hidden. As they passed the fatal spot the father sprang out like a tiger, and seized his son by the throat. Eugene, shouting for help, offered a desperate resistance, and the father, black in the face, called to Boucher:—"Why don't you help, you coward?" Boucher seized the younger man by the face, and was bitten in the hand. He loosened his grip, whereupon the father with a desperate effort threw his son down, and, bending over him, strangled him. The men then dragged the corpse into the thicket, and slunk back to Paris. Vasseur, at parting with Boucher, calling out that he would not fail to pay the money he had promised.

Boucher, however, told the police he had not courage to touch the blood money. As for Vasseur, when questioned by the police, he murmured without a shade of emotion:—"It's a crushing piece of bad luck that my fifty years of honor and uprightness should end thus, but what could one do? Eugene was a scamp, an infamous scamp."

Both men are in custody. Vasseur is well-to-do, and has another son and daughter. He once before tried to kill his son, then aged thirteen, by throwing him into the Seine, but the lad escaped from the paternal grip.

A FORTUNATE HABIT.

Read This and It may Save You From Death Some Day.

Among the various instructions given for the guidance of persons in imminent danger of being struck down by a street car is one which urges the person in danger to seize the car and hang on to it, if it should be so near thatescape is impossible. The value of this recommendation was shown recently in Baltimore. A fire engine was coming down a cross street while a trolley car was going at right angles. The motorman had shut off power to speed his car rapidly, in order to cross the street before the fire engine. A tall locomotive engineer was standing in the middle of the track, watching the fire engine. He did not see the approaching car, nor did the motorman see him. Every one held his breath, expecting to see him dashed to pieces. The car was within 20 feet of him, going at full speed, when he realized his position. Instead of trying to rush off the track, he calmly reached out, took hold of the top of the dashboard, and swung himself up so as to gain a footing on the narrow ledge which runs around the front of the dashboard. His escape seemed to the bystanders almost miraculous, but he explained afterwards to a reporter that [illegible] ...ever, take it several years to manufacture a pound of honey, which will fill about 3,000 cells. A hive contains from 20,000 to 50,000 bees, half of which prepare the honey, the other half attending to the wants of the hive and the family. On a fine day, 16,000 to 20,000 individuals will, in six or [illegible] trips, be able to explore from 30,000 to 1,000,000 flowers, say several hundred thousand plants. Again, the locality must be favorable for the preparation of the honey, and the plants that produce the most nectar must flourish near the hive. A hive inhabited by 30,000 bees may, therefore, under favorable conditions, receive about two pounds of honey a day.

STARTLING NEWS.

The British Intend to Force the Passage of the Orinoco.

A despatch from Kingston, Jamaica, says:—Trinidad advices have it that the British intend to force the passage of the Orinoco, and that Venezuelans are determined to resist the attempt to their utmost, having reinforced the garrison at the river's estuary. It is said that if the British are repulsed an attack is planned on La Guarya, the seaport of Caracas.

The undoubted object of the British in sending a warship up the Orinoco is to rescue the schooner New Day, which last January, after landing men and supplies for an iron mine owned by a London syndicate, and on applying for clearance papers, was seized for alleged violations of Customs regulations, and taken to Ciudad Bolivar, where she has been held ever since. The warship spoken of is no doubt the British cruiser Cordelia, which recently was reported preparing to sail, and it was then believed she had orders to go to Ciudad Bolivar to rescue the New Day.

It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it.—Rothschild.

O, guard thy roving thoughts with jealous care, for speech is but the dial plate of thought, and every fool reads plainly in thy words, what is the hour of thy thought.—Tennyson.

All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits hotel servants, he may learn to improve his over, and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy his own.—Johnson.

It is the same with impertinence as with scent; if it goes to throwing the [illegible] process of digestion is too hurried, that cider is a valuable remedy. For the gouty it is especially recommended as a corrective of the uric acid diathesis. Gout is held responsible for so large a number of ailments nowadays that cider should be shown much favor.

POOR ITALY.

The Triple Alliance Has Been a Curse Instead of a Blessing to That Country.

The condition of Italy attracts widespread attention and sympathy. The country is still suffering from the necessities of the position which she has assumed among the nations. Her "unification," consummated nearly forty years ago, entailed on her enormous expenditures. She needed lines of railway to bind her territories together, and a military display to make her influence effective.

To escape isolation, to hold her own against France and still further to assert herself in the eyes of the world, she joined Germany and Austria in the famous "Triple Alliance. This brought new burdens in its wake. The army was gradually strengthened, and warship was added after warship, until Italy now maintains the navy of a first-class power.

The effort to build up a "united Italy" disorganized the finances of the country. As the armament increased, the treasury became empty. For years past the nation has had to meet large annual deficits. To raise the needed revenue, taxation has become more and more excessive, both because the amount needed was great, and because, owing to corruption in municipal and national administrations, a part only of the sum collected reached its rightful destination.

Bank scandals, involving the highest statesmen in the land, have aggravated the situation; despair of reaching a solution has furnished new opportunities to the radical and socialistic agitators of the violent type, and not long ago came an insurrectionary movement in Sicily.

In many ways Italy is only at the beginning of the career which, as a great European power, she seems to have marked out for herself, as compared with those of Great Britain or Germany.

She has a population of artisans and laborers whose wages barely suffice to give them the bountiful sustenance of five lean months, and actual starvation prowl over large areas of the territory. The peasantry [illegible] ...ians possess qualities that connect them with an interesting and glorious past, they have also inherited some of the less praiseworthy traits of their ancestors.

In their proneness to anger, and the ease with which they commit crimes of violence, the line of descent can be traced—for southern portions of Italy, at any rate—from the earliest period of Roman history down through the Middle Ages to our own day. The mob that might have been harangued by Cicero in the time of Caesar, or could have understood an oration from the lips of Dante during the struggles between the Guelphs and Ghibelines, is still, in its baser passions, the same mob as that which the other day, on receipt of the news from Abyssinia, proceeded to "smash things up generally."

The return to power of the Marquis di Rudinì puts an already tried man into a position of acute responsibility, but promises no important change in the policies of the nation. The ferment of the past month, while it revealed the excitability of the populace, showed also the unshaken loyalty of the Italian people to their king.

REVIVAL IN SHIPBUILDING.

The Clyde trade shows a wonderful expansion. Orders for 40,000 tons of new shipping were placed there in April. Steel vessels are especially in demand. The greatest of the Japanese shipping companies, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, intends to start a line of steamers to Europe. It has ordered six vessels that are to be built at Belfast and on the Clyde. The contracts call for their completion by the end of the year.

HE WAS SUPERSTITIOUS.

Whatever drove you to marrying fourteen wives? asked the judge, regarding the prisoner with more than ordinary interest.

Thirteen was such an unlucky number, your Honor! answered the penitent prisoner, wiping his eyes with his coat sleeve.

NOT IN IT.

Papa, said little Johnny, they're not in "it."

What are not in it, my boy?

Why the other twenty-four letters of the alphabet.

ONE SYMPTOM.

Watts—How did you ever get the notion that Briggs was thinking of joining the Prohibitionists?

Potts—Got it from his talk. He has taken to calling his sideboard his medicine chest.

HIS NEVER-FAILING TEST.

Old chap, I've been duck shooting, don't you know.

Duck shooting? Why, you don't know a tame duck from a wild one.

Oh, yes, I do—the wild ones got away.

MARCH OF SCIENCE.

Ardent Lover—If you could see my heart, Belinda, you would know how fondly——

Up-to-Date Girl (producing camera)—I intend to see it, Hiram. Sit still, please.

ADVERTISING IN LONDON.

It is estimated that £4,000,000 is spent in advertisements and that something like 1,500,000,000 copies of newspapers are sold in London every year.

Gold often lays the sum of his opening providences in very dismal situations, as the Roman first pays as the money, which is what he intends to draw the contrivance of some [illegible]

HEALTH.

PLASTERS.

Plasters, according to text-books on medicine, are solid compounds intended for external application, adhesive at the temperature of the body, and of such consistency as to render the aid of heat necessary in spreading them.

Most plasters have as their basis a compound of olive-oil and lead, while others owe their consistency and adhesiveness to resins or a mixture of these with wax and fats.

Plasters are mainly employed on sound skin as counter-irritants to draw inflammation to the surface, or open cuts, etc., to draw the edges of the wound together.

Rarely, if ever, are plasters used at present upon ulcerated surfaces, since they have been found to interfere with the process of healing.

All medicated plasters which are to exert a local effect should be made porous, to prevent excessive irritation by checking the natural prespiration of the skin.

Although about seventeen kinds of plaster are listed in medicine, only a few of them are in extensive use, and these are usually kept prepared by the druggist.

Probably the kind which is most often resorted to is the belladonna plaster. In many cases of muscular pain and weakness, especially in that form of rheumatism or neuralgia which attacks the loins, a plaster made of belladonna, either with or without the addition of cayenne pepper, is of decided benefit.

Plasters of gum ammoniac were at one time much in use as a remedy for swollen glands and enlarged joints. The action of the drug is slightly stimulating.

Capsicum, or cayenne pepper, plasters are of great value as counter-irritants, as the action of the drug is prolonged, and yet sufficiently mild to ensure only a healthy result.

Of the other plasters in common use, we may mention those made of opium and tar. For blistering, soap plaster, as it is called, will be found safe.

The surgeon's plaster, used to draw together the edges of wounds, is made up with lead which has slightly antiseptic properties.

It is needless to add that a correct recognition of the nature of the trouble must be arrived at before the proper form of plaster can be applied.

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

Dr. Footsoft says that this is the secret of avoiding colds. The man or woman who comes out of an over-heated room, especially late at night, and breathes through the mouth, will either catch a bad cold or irritate the lungs sufficiently to cause annoyance and unpleasantness. If people would just keep their mouths shut and breathe through their noses, this difficulty and danger would be avoided. Chills are often the result of people talking freely while out of doors just after leaving a room full of hot air, and theatre-goers who discuss and laugh over the play on their way home are inviting illness. It is, in fact, during youth that the greater number of mankind contract habits or inflammation which make their whole life a tissue of disorders.

DANGER IN FUNERALS.

Burials in the winter are a prolific source of disease. To ride several miles in a cold carriage during inclement weather; to stand, perhaps bareheaded, beside an open grave under the influence of depressing emotions, is certainly not conducive to health. It is a loving sentiment which leads us to follow the mortal remains of a dead friend to its last resting place. But invalids and delicate people should take a more practical view of the subject, especially when their own health may be in serious danger.

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