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CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Florence Dane had, like many of the best people, a perfect mania for setting her fellow-creatures to rights. Her natural instincts had been fostered by the nature of her life and its occupations, so that she was constantly employed in season, and out of season, in reproving the world about her for its sins. She had no sinister motives. She honestly desired to do good, and to improve those about her, solely and simply for their own benefit, and welfare. When her father dismissed her somewhat curtly from his study, she was pained and hurt by what she considered his injustice to herself, but she was in no way deterred from her fixed resolve to turn her brother, if it were possible, from the error of his ways. This, she conceived it to be clearly her duty as a sister and Christian to do. She loved Geoffrey sincerely, and desired his temporal as well as his eternal welfare. And it was plain that if Madame de Brefour were bent either on entrapping him into a marriage with herself or in converting him to the tenets of the Roman Catholic faith, one or other, or perhaps both, he must be in considerable jeopardy.

As she wiped away her tears after she left her father's presence, she said to herself:

"Poor papa, he is so easy-going! He ca ls it uncharitable to suspect people of bad motives, and unchristian to open one's eyes to the truth of bad things. But I know better than he does. It is perhaps natural that he should take an old-fashioned view of things. But if he will not lift a finger to save Geoffrey, I must do it alone, for I am not going to see him fall into the hands of that woman and sit by and do nothing till it is too late."

And then she went upstairs and put on her jacket and hat, and sallied forth from the house by herself.

Rose de Brefour came sauntering slowly towards her house along the winding moss-grown drive. The thick trees interlaced their branches overhead, the sombre evergreens bordered the way on either side. Here and there a few crocuses and snowdrops had sprung up dauntlessly out of the brown wintry earth, making little patches of light and colour in unexpected corners. But Rose's head was bent over her book, there was more beauty to her in the "Essay on Man" than in all the silent voices of nature that were about her. Books took her out of herself and her identity. Nature brought her back to the dull monotony of material existence. In that lies the superiority of the one as a means of consolation over the other. Just as the turn of the road, however, brought her in sight of the house, she lifted her eyes and lowered her look at the same moment in sheer surprise, for she saw a lady come towards her from it. The lady wore very short black skirts, displaying a stout and serviceable pair of feet and ankles, whilst a rough brown jacket and a green felt hat completed her attire, both in the last stages of shabbiness. She carried a black leather bag on her arm, and when Rose was near enough to see her face she became aware that it was Geoffrey Dane's eldest sister whom she knew by sight from seeing her about in the village.

There was something very aggressive in the manner in which Miss Dane pulled up in front of her, and addressed her:

"You are Madame de Brefour, I believe?"

"Yes, that is my name. Can I do anything for you, Miss Dane?"

"I came to call upon you, but your servant shut the door in my face."

Rose smiled. "You must forgive my poor Martine; her manner is perhaps abrupt, but she does not mean to be rude, and she has my orders. I receive no visitors; my life is so very secluded. But if you will come back, Miss Dane, I shall be happy to see you, as you have come to speak to me."

Rose spoke very graciously and sweetly. She had within her the essence of truest gentility, in that she never willingly hurt any one's feelings. It is the most golden rule of manners in the world,—and the hardest, perhaps, to act up to. There are many hundreds of well-born and well-educated persons, who, for the lack of that one thing—consideration for the feelings of others—have failed in attaining the true secret of good-breeding. Rose was not at all pleased at Miss Dane's visit, nor by her short and almost uncivil method of addressing her; but she reflected that Florence was probably unaware of her own brusqueness, and that she had, no doubt, come to beg for some subscription for her poor people.

"Turn round with me, Miss Dane, and come in and rest after your walk."

"I don't want to rest, Madame," said Florence, turning, nevertheless, and walking a few paces beside her. "I don't want to force my way into your house; I only want to ask you one question, and may as well ask it here as anywhere else."

Rose bent her head politely.

"Pray ask me anything you like," she said; but the reply was a more startling one than she had anticipated.

"Madame de Brefour, are you engaged to my brother?"

"Miss Dane!"

It would be impossible to describe the indignation, the proud reproach, that was concentrated in the simple exclamation. Rose flushed crimson from brow to chin, and the light in her beautiful eyes was one of burning anger. Florence Dane realised all at once how gloriously handsome she was, and with the realization felt to the full what her brother's danger must be.

"Has any woman the right to ask such a question of another?" cried Rose with those flashing eyes fixed upon her antagonist. But Florence was brave, too. Many was the drunkard and the blasphemer whom she had triumphantly faced and worsted. She was not going to flinch now at the storm she had evoked. Moreover, the righteousness, as she conceived, of her cause, sustained her. Her answer was as bold as her attack.

"Yes, Madame de Brefour, most decidedly, when, as in this case, the answer concerns the happiness of a man's only brother."

Rose controlled her anger with a violent effort. For a few moments she did not speak, but there was a tumult of emotion at her heart. Something of the nakedness of the truth became rudely and cruelly revealed to her, and she perceived that this woman had some show of right and justice on her side. Oh, yes; she felt that she had. Her heart still beat hotly within her, but her voice was cool and even when at last she spoke.

"I will answer your question, then, Miss Dane; I am not engaged to your brother, and, what is more, I am never likely to be. Is that all you wanted to know? Yes? Then I think you must excuse me if I wish you good-bye!"

And Florence Dane, as she walked slowly on the steep, rough, chalky, round from Hidden House to the valley below, was not quite sure in her own mind whether she had not been considerably worsted in the interview which she had sought with such rash courage.

Her adversary had indeed answered—nay, more than answered—her questions. But was she any wiser than she was before. Was her brother's position made any clearer to her? Was Madame de Brefour's connection with him more comprehensible?—or had she any further guarantee for his future conduct and security than when she had climbed the same road a little while ago, burning to encounter and to attack the woman whose privacy she had so rudely invaded?

As to all these things, Florence Dane was forced to own herself to be still plunged into a sea of doubt and uncertainty.

CHAPTER X.

She must go. That was what it meant to her. She did not conceal it from herself, or blind herself any longer to the inevitable, only her heart was torn in sunder.

Martine, who met her in the doorway, clasped her hands together in dismay, as she entered, for the faithful soul saw at a glance how her mistress trembled, and how the beautiful eyes were dim with tears!

"Ah, madame!" she cried despairingly, "you met her, then, that insolent one? What has she said to you? What has she done to you?"

But Rose put her back gently with her hand and went into the library, closing the door softly behind her. She went and stood by the window, looking out upon the trees. There was very little of the outer world to be seen, only that short bend of shrub-bordered drive, with the strip of rough grass at either edge, and the daffodils, and violets, and primroses, cropping up thickly along it, with a certain luxuriance in their untended sweetness.

Such a little remote corner it seemed of the world's wide face, in which to rest and to be at peace! And yet for her there was neither rest nor peace in it.

Only a day or two ago she had said to Geoffrey that she would leave it, and yet her heart had rebelled against the verdict of her own words, and she had told herself in secret that she would stay on—through the summer at least—that she would brave all and stop a little longer. She had learnt to love it as she had loved no other place. The utter seclusion of the little old house, the tangle of tree and briar about it, the free breezy Downs behind, where she had been able to wander for hours unseen and unnoticed, all this had grown dear to her. Dear, too, perhaps by reason of the perilous associations which were growing up, week by week, concerning every foot of ground around this small little domain in the hollow of the chalk hills. And now it had come to this—that she must leave it all. Driven forth once more into the world to find a new home—often this had happened to her before, either from the one cause, or for the other—that she had had to fly—only this time it hurt her more—much more.

"Ah!" she cried aloud, striking her hands one into the other with a piteous hopelessness, whilst the tears rained down over her face—"Ah! and it is my own fault—my own fault!"

Does not that always make the troubles of life worse? The poignancy of self-reproach adds so bitter an ingredient to all else, that it seems almost to treble the misery of the rest.

If she had not made that tiny first step in the wrong direction—if she had not stifled and smothered that small, small voice within, that is sometimes so hard, and sometimes so easy, to silence—if she had not blinded herself wilfully and persistently to what she must have known to be inevitable, then she might have been saved from this wrench, and she might have lived on here at peace.

She had listened to a siren song, and she had dreamt a fond and impossible dream, but now the siren's voice had been transformed into a cry of danger; now the dream was at an end, and she was awake to the unlovely reality.

She loved Geoffrey Dane; and her love for him was hopeless! There was no parrying these two facts any longer. The love was so strong as to have overmastered her judgment, and so hopeless as to render it almost a crime that it should exist at all. Turn where she would she could not escape from these inexorable truths which hemmed her in like walls on every side. Woman-like, she had deemed herself to be stronger than her love—to be able to cherish it in silence, to bury it for ever in the secrecy of her own heart. But, however jealously we guard the sacred things of our inner souls—howsoever secure we are in our strength, there comes a time when the world's rude hand draws aside the veil in which we have shrouded ourselves and the prying eyes of others look in upon our sanctuary, and rude hands scatter the ashes of our idols to the four winds of heaven; and so our innocent things are turned into sin, and our holy things become debased and degraded.

Florence Dane, in her well-meant fervour for benefitting her fellow creatures, had done this thing to her.

All the romance and the sweetness was scattered, and all the poetry had gone out of it for ever. Nothing now remained but sundry unpalatable and crude realities. That she was doing Geoffrey an injury, from a worldly point of view, that his name was coupled with her own in a manner likely to be prejudicial to him with his family and friends, and that his character might very likely be discredited within the precincts of his father's parish. All this was hideous and unlovely. The idyll was at an end.

She forced back the scalding tears from her eyes and took up her cross once more.

"I did wrong," she said brokenly, half-aloud to herself. "I had better have been content with my books. God had given me so great a consolation in my loneliness. I ought to have remembered that I am not like other women—that I have had my portion out of this life—that nothing now is permitted me but to study and to stagnate!"

There was even a fine, scornful humility in the last words, by which she recognised and bowed to the exigencies of her position. Then, with a swift, impetuous movement, she turned and left the room.

Upstairs, the old man sat crouched by the hearth in his deep armchair. A book-rest was fastened to the floor by his side that swung from side to side on a long brass arm as his feeble fingers guided it. Upon the desk was an open book. He, too, sought consolation in books, but the book from which he read was not of philosophy, as hers were, but for prayer.

The door opened and the beautiful woman came in, breathing of life and spring to his tired eyes.

She sank by his side upon her knees and murmured a fond word as she laid her cheek for an instant upon his shoulder.

"Mon Pere."

How he loved the soft filial word upon her lips! His withered face brightened as she entered. His bony hand found its way caressingly to her dark auburn head. They had had nothing between them to begin with, these two—nothing but duty. Of different race—of different blood — without a taste in common, yet they were held together in a bond stronger than aught in life could dissolve. He, from the pathetic dependence of a man who is infirm and old and poor, to the woman who comes nearest to him, and who is strong and vigorous and able to support him. She, from that beautiful patriarchal piety which is essentially a French, and not an English, virtue, and yet which owes its origin to the days long ago in the history of human nature, and to that lovely legend of the world's primitive history that is so touching through all time in its utter simplicity and its unselfish devotion.

"Where thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

This had Rose de Brefour said in her soul to the poor old man who depended upon her, and upon this covenant the lines of her life were cast. Death alone could sever the bond.

Duty bound them together—a common duty, a common cause — and yet out of duty affection had sprung up unawares, as bright-hued flowers are wont to spring up out of the dry and arid crevices of broken stone walls.

One great and awful blow in the past had drawn them close together, as a common misfortune is apt to do, and since that day Rose had given up a life that was seemingly useless for any other purpose to the man who was her father only in name. When the shock of that blow had fallen upon him, bringing with it the paralytic seizure from which he was destined never to recover, when subsequent fears and anxieties had united them still more closely together, then Rose conceived it to be her duty to forsake her own people in order to cling more permanently to the man, who had no other friend but herself. She had money of her own settled securely upon herself. Without the help of this money he would be a pauper, with it she was able to make a home for him, now in one place and now in another—a home which was filled with every comfort and luxury that could alleviate his lot. Her own tastes were simple. She lived austerely and dressed herself in the old-fashioned stuffs and velvets which had come to her out of the wreck of the old house near Lyons, where she had gone as a bride. She had only two extravagant tastes—her books and her little English-built brougham—for all else her existence was one of primitive simplicity. But the old man had everything of the best, and the two French servants who had followed their master's fortunes, and who were friends as well as servants, waited upon both with an ever-affectionate devotion. For many years now this strangely-assorted couple, the paralysed and helpless old man and the beautiful, blooming young woman, had wandered about from place to place, making short, temporary homes, in the different places where they pitched their tent.

For a long time they never left France, a strong inclination kept kept them both upon French soil, but by and bye it became necessary to come to England, and for the last two years they had rented different furnished houses in remote corners of rural districts. They never made friends — they never seemed to desire any society but their own; and always a black shadow brooded unceasingly over their life, hunting them forth from time after time from their resting-places. Usually it was some rumor that went forth about the mystery which surrounded them—Some rumour that reached their ears and seemed to fill them with a nameless terror, but once or twice it had happened only that their flight was due to a very natural thing. Rose's greatly beauty had attracted some would-be suitor. The lovely young widow had been sought and wooed in her self-elected seclusion, and she had had no other alternative but flight from the unwelcome attention.

Hitherto this peculiar phase of the fate to which she was subjected had occasionally, indeed, annoyed her, but more often it had amused her. If she had caused suffering in others she had been temperately sorry for it, in that mild and vicarious fashion in which women, who are accustomed to the idea of worship, are wont to be sorry for the pains which they inflict. But a new element had entered into the situation—the love which she was forced to crush was in her own heart as well as in the lover's. It caused her an unspeakable anguish to uproot it, and the usual remedy of flight offered her no consolation, but only a prospect of unprecedented pain. Nevertheless, it was without flinching determination that Rose knelt by the old man's side and told him that the flat had gone forth, and that they must strike their tent once more.

To be Continued.

CHILDREN AND NOISE.

A Problem of Home Life as It Presents Itself to a Middle-Aged Man.

"Really the one thing that makes me realize that my years are stacking up," said the middle-aged man, "is my love of quiet at home and my disturbance when the children are noisy. The fact is that I have no greater test of my self-control than that to which I am subjected daily by the children. They are lively and jolly and full of fun, and of course they make more or less noise, and it's impossible to stop them, any more than by asking if you could stop a brook from babbling; it isn't in the nature of things.

"The noise of the street is music to me just the same as ever. I love the tumult of the city, but I don't like tumult at home. After dinner I like peace and a cigar. I can have the cigar, but no peace on account of the children. It is really a pity that I should let myself be disturbed by them—and I know it well enough—because thereby, besides being disturbed, I deprive myself of the enjoyment I might have in the children's company.

"Here is youth, and I might enjoy it, but I don't. The children and I are friends, of course, and I think they have a more than friendly sentiment for me; I'm sure they'd more than welcome any overture on my part toward the establishment of a closer fellowship but instead of that it makes me nervous when they are noisy.

"This is too bad, because they are steadily and inevitably growing older; it won't be so very long before they will be children no longer, but grown-up men and women; a solemn thought. And then I shall say to myself; they are gone; and they will never come back. Why didn't you make the most of them when you could?

"Well, I am constituted that way, I suppose, I don't think it's all selfishness; not all of it."

Three women are members of the Board of Aldermen at Lincoln, Neb.

ABOUT THE FRENCH ARMY.

M. URBAIN GOHIER'S EXPOSURE OF ITS CONDITION.

"No Better Than in 1870"—Army and Navy Departments Declared Corrupt in Every Branch—Gohier's Prosecution Another Interesting Phase of the Present Crisis in France.

Sensation succeeds sensation, and crisis follows crisis, with such rapidity in France just now that it is almost more than the casual reader can do to keep track of them all.

Corruption is alleged to have crept into every branch of the public service, and the several departments of justice, war, the navy, and in fact, every administrative branch of the government, appears to be permeated with most peculiar conditions.

In the crowd of dramatic exposures which have marked the past year in France, a scathing denunciation of French army methods by M. Urbain Gohier has escaped the attention which, in less troublous times, it would have received to the full.

These exposures, however, are none the less startling, and his persecution, now in progress, for the authorship of "L'Armee Contre la Nation," is one of the most interesting phases of the present crisis in the Republic.

A very interesting resume of the contents of the book is given by the Paris correspondent of the London Chronicle. This correspondent writes:

M. Urbain Gohier is a reformer and a satirist combined. There is little reason to doubt that his cruel exposures are true. The general thesis of the volume is not incriminated. M. Gohier has in a few sentences managed to commit the legal offence of dishonouring, not only the army, but the fleet. All that he has compiled has been repeatedly affirmed by M. Edouard Drumont, M. Paul de Cassagnac, and by organs of widely different political schools of thought. Another exceptional feature is that of M. Lockroy, now Minister of Marine, and one of the prosecutors has written letters of approval, which strongly militate against his governmental opinion.

"VIVE L'ARMEE."

M. Gohier, in his preface and first chapter, endeavours to show that in France the cry of "Vive l'Armee!" is a deceiving shibboleth, which has been monopolized by a set composed of names, around which there is no genuine lustre of patriotism. The writer is not afraid to mention these and the list at the end of the book is as full as it is significant. I give one characteristic passage in the opening portion of the volume:

"Amongst them are the partisans of hidden procedure. "Vive l'Armee!" The arguments used in camera are a positive insult to the army. We do not dare to pronounce the word Germany. We quake lest William II. should frown. Our twenty-eight milliards of military expenditure, the Russian alliance, and other specious shams concerning the martial revival in France, or the reconstitution of our army, are worthless. Notwithstanding all that has been said, we are not free, and we are not our own masters at home. Our forefathers celebrated their victories. We are vain-glorious over our defeats. This may be described as the apotheosis of surrender, of desertion, and of treason. We had better be satisfied with victories gained during the manoeuvres and with invincible conquests on paper. We shall thus be only ridiculous."

FRENCH BARRACK LIFE.

If French barrack life answers the description of the writer, there will be little hope for the rising generation of "pioupious." Referring to the true soldierly spirit, he says:

"Our barracks do not give it. They are schools of every filthy vice, of idleness, of sneaking and lying, of unclean debauchery, moral cowardice, and drunkenness. The surprising vitality and progress of every section of the Anglo-Saxon race requires no ingenious explanation. It arises in part from the fact that it escapes the degradation and corruption of 'la caserne.'"

The other passages on this subject are too plain-spoken. Systematic depravity is not only absolved, but recommended. In a word M. Gohier trumpets forth that France sends the sons of her people into garrison towns with the freshness of youthful purity upon them. They return to their homes soiled, vitiated and stupid.

OFFICERS CONDEMNED.

The officers receive their meed of condemnation from the author. He compares the want of education, narrow horizon, and moral depression of the French officer with his German competitor, who reads the numerous French books in his library, while the military heirarchy of France is ingloriously ignorant of German literature, and even of the language. M. Gohier's authorities lie in the extracts from reports by such experts as Generals Thoumas and Galliffet and M. Joseph Reinach. The correspondence of Admiral Courbet on the officers of the French navy was so severe that every effort has been made to withdraw it from circulation. The Caffarel, d'Andlau and Thibaudin periods receive a passing mention which only goes to accumulate the terrible indictment. And once more follows a string of names, with charges of iniquity appended which no duel or criminal libel suit could wipe out. After this book, the offence of insulting French commanding officers appears to be an extinct species. A whole chapter is devoted to stories of "brigandage," and the prostitution of that so-called "Star of the Brave"—the Legion of Honour.

STORY OF MADAGASCAR.

The sad story of the Madagascar campaign is told in language which appeals to popular opinion. The real conqueror was "Fever," and in comparing results with those of the Ashanti and other British expeditions, the startling figure of one in three deaths against one in sixty shows, according to the writer, that the so-called conquest was a murderous and pestilential snare, founded upon two financial projects, which he names.

Another and a higher personage is mingled with the mismanagement of the gunboats. At that period M. Felix Faure, was Minister of Marine, Either by gross official neglect or monstrous dissension between two departments thousands of soldiers perished miserably and unnecessarily.

"Selfish ambition," he concludes, "jealousy, in its basest form, fabulous ignorance, infatuation, criminal obsequiousness—nothing is changed in the higher command of the French army since 1870. We no longer have the same soldiers but we have the same class of chiefs."

THE FLEET ALSO.

The chapter on the fleet summarises in readable form all that was divulged during the injuries at Toulon, of which M. Lockroy was chief of the prime movers.

There is little of a novel character in the Gohier version of the events which preceded and followed the Dreyfus scandal. The attitude of the army during the first Zola trial is stigmatized as an aggressive and factious revolt against civil society and a free democracy. Its logical ending, if not averted will be a reign of military terror in France. The writer incidentally quotes the following counsel on this head, given by the late General Faidherbe, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour:

"The First Republic, wrote the General, ordered all commanding officers to be shot who dared to revolt against the civil power. In such cases no indulgence and no pity could be admissible. Where would France be if she tolerated excesses of this kind? There would soon be neither army nor fatherland left."

M. Urbain Gohier adds:

"This is probably what we shall see if the present group of factious generals is to remain unpunished, and if the few who remain with hearts in their bosom do not try to merit the glory of Vaneau."

WHY IS THERE SUICIDE?

A Mystery Physicians and Scientists Have Failed to Solve.

Why does a man commit suicide? asks the New York Herald. Why does a handsome woman take rat poison or carbolic acid—liquid fires that condense the agony of a lifetime into death's half hour, ending in convulsions and annihilation so far as life is concerned?

A staight, sober man, who has been a good husband, indulgent to his children, just to all dealing with him, a sincere and useful member of society, honourable in business and a purifying influence in politics, comes home some afternoon, unusually jolly. He makes the children presents, tells his wife to buy a new bonnet at the French milliner's, then saunters around the corner and hangs himself to a beam in the barn.

Who can explain these twisted problems of life? It is said that there are some things in love and politics that no man with or without an almanac, can understand. The most conservative become freaks when they suddenly want to die without assistance from law or physician.

ECCENTRICITIES OF SUICIDES.

A famous Nautucket sailor allowed himself three jumps from a church tower head first down on an iron picket fence, but, missing the spike each time, he gave it up as a bad job after the second dive, and turned into a useful citizen to the end of his days.

In England and Scotland, where they eat oatmeal in the fog for breakfast, and read Carlyle and the heavy reviews when they need recreation, the suicide mania was said to have reached alarming proportions. But the recent increase in the circulation of the London newspapers throughout the rural district, it is claimed, has really reduced the number of annual suicides.

Dr. Sibbald, Commissioner of Lunacy for Scotland, recently read a paper before the British Medical Association, showing that statistics had overestimated the number of persons declared to have committed suicide. He says it is impossible to discover all the cases of suicide that actually occur. The proportion of those who die by hanging is much larger than that of those who leave the world by poisoning.

Many persons are constantly reported to have disappeared, and no one knows whether they have gone to Australia, or made away with themselves in some secluded swamp.

SECRECY OF SUICIDES.

Often suicides object to leaving evidence behind for their friends to grieve over, and so they board a Channel steamer and leap into the sea in the night, never to be heard of. Dr. Sibbald, in calling attention to several sources of error in published statistics, says that the number of deaths by suicide reported nowadays as due to natural causes is falling off.

Of all methods of self-destruction, hanging, he said, is the one that can be least concealed or laid to accident or homicide. It will come to light sooner or later.

About twenty-five persons in every million of population commit suicide in England. In Scotland the number is considerably less — seventeen suicides to the million. Suicide by drowning shows the greatest increase.

It is a singular fact that during the period covered by the statistics accidental deaths by firearms, cutting instruments, poisoning and drowning have decreased.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Another paper by Dr. Haig, dilating elaborately at length on the causes leading to suicide, gives his opinion that many cases of alleged poisoning are caused by uric acid. The Philadelphia Medical Journal, in commenting on Dr. Haig's views, says: "That uric acid should be such a potent cause of suicide as Dr. Haig believes, is quite incredible. His paper is in marked contrast with that of Dr. Sibbald in its lack of facts and high figures."

In taking leave of this somewhat mournful subject it is cheering to recall the definite information imparted by an American humourist. He quoted statistics at length showing that very few people — none to speak of, in fact — ever committed suicide on board fast express trains. He therefore inferred that trunk line railroads with modern equipments were humanity's best friends.

LUCCHENI'S TERRIBLE FATE.

The Neues Wiener Tagblatt states that the dungeon in which Lucchini, the assassin of the Empress Elizabeth, is now confined, has no windows, its walls are of cold, generally damp, stone, its floor of stone, its ceiling of stone; and that Lucchini will probably pay for his crime by the loss of his eyesight and his reason. Only once a fornight is he permitted to walk in the prison courtyard for half an hour. He does not even see the attendants who bring him his daily rations at six o'clock every morning, and pass them through an opening over the iron door which closes the dungeon.

OF COURSE HE COULDN'T.

Angry Father, to little Willy — Why are your clothes soiled so frightfully?

Little Willy, whimpering.—I fell in the gutter.

And with your new pants on!

Yes, pa, I didn't have time to come home and change 'em.

Here you went and told me you would trust Beasley with your life, and on the strength of that I loaned him $10, that now you tell me I'll never get. Well, what of it? I said I'd trust him with my life, and I would. Beasley may be a beat, but he is no assassin.

SECRETS OF LIVING LONG.

SAID TO LIE IN THE WILL POWER OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

All People Cannot be Methuselah's but a Hale Old Age Should be Enjoyed by Everyone—What a London Doctor Says.

If we are to believe certain medical alarmists in five hundred years' time the creature man will be a totally different being from what he is now. In fact, according to numerous authorities the world is going to be inhabited by persons who, although tracing their descent from our unworthy selves, will not be men and women as we know them.

Not to mince matters, the present man is to be abolished. Already one distinguished wiseacre — an anti-cyclist presumably—has discovered that in 2400 the earth will be populated by bald-headed, bicycle-humped, apparitions without legs; another has made the awful revelation that the coming man will be minus his little toe, because his forbears neglected to find employment for that retiring ornament.

A third—more daring than his fellows—has given out that instead of children being born into the world the future "infant" will be a grey-bearded fossil with shattered nerves, a head like a golf ball, and a lease of life extending

TO ONLY TWENTY YEARS

before him—and all because the business people of the nineteenth century lived in a ceaseless whirl of excitement and paid no heed to the principles of health.

Whether these pessimistic predictions are to be realized depends not a little on that very self sacrificing class of men—the inventors. There are some half-dozen individuals who are under the impression that they have discovered the secret of longevity. One of them is endeavouring to cheat the tombstone maker by living on oatmeal porridge and turnip water in the South of England. As passive as a block of wood, his one idea is to shut his door against worry. He refuses to read the papers for fear of unsettling his emotions, and never goes to London.

No doubt most of these would-be Methuselahs are sad cranks, but, all the same there is no question that the exciting times in which we live

PREJUDICE OUR CHANCES

of living to a ripe old age. The consequences of living day in and day out in a state of rush and worry are, of course, more apparent in business circles than anywhere else, and the forms in which they manifest themselves are decidedly curious.

Hearing that there was a gentleman in London who makes a speciality of the ailments of city men and longevity as well, the writer took upon himself the liberty of calling upon him.

"Let me tell you first of all," observed the doctor, "that it is possible to so fortify the human system as to make it absolutely impregnable to the assault of disease."

"That means that we can live for ever?"

"Not necessarily but the majority of mankind die very much sooner than they ought to do. My opinion is that man should be able to live until he is 120. It is quite usual for people in Hindustan to live

LONG PAST A HUNDRED,

and if they do this why can't we? As for myself I put my patients in such condition that if they only act up to my formula they won't contract disease."

"How long are you going to live yourself, may I enquire?"

"I think I shall live to be 130. There is no cause for death if the balance of forces can be maintained."

"You treat business men, I believe?"

"Yes; I have made a special study of all the ailments that city men are heir to, and most peculiar they are. Scores of rich men come in here thoroughly shattered in health by the anxieties and competition of business. And really I don't wonder at it. Apart from the stress of life we exist on an artificial system. Why the trade in pick-me-ups in the city has grown to enormous proportions. There are men who can't do a stroke of work until they have taken a brandy and soda. Indeed, they have become so accustomed to stimulate themselves, both with brandy and drugs, that they can't dispense with them."

"And you put them on their legs again?"

"What I do is to inculcate the secret of self-control. Half the business men who go out of their minds do so because they are unable to control themselves. They haven't the will. They are the slaves of their emotions. My point is that emotion, being the expenditure of force

IS AT THE ROOT OF ALL DISEASE.

Give your emotions unlimited play—as nearly everybody does nowadays—and you weaken your body to such a degree that in the course of time you are fit for nothing. To be in good health and attain old age you must know how to live a natural, calm, and collected life.

"One of the principal complaints of city men is loss of memory. Some of my patients have so overtaxed their brains that they can't trust themselves. I had a peculiar case the other day. A patient came to consult me and half an hour after I had wished him good-bye, I was surprised to see him back again. It appeared that he had gone to the railway station and forgotten the name of the place in which he lived. He asked me to write it down for him!

"The basis of my treatment," the doctor continued, "is to make the patient equally sound in mind and limb—so sound that he has absolute control of himself.

THE SECRET OF LIFE IS WILL POWER.

If you have will you can do almost anything. There is a case on record of an Italian nobleman who, at forty years of age, was at death's door. He suddenly exerted himself and declared that he would live. He succeeded, and died at 103."

"I should like an ounce or two of your methods."

"It would take too long to go into details, but I may say that I attach enormous importance to music, colour and baths. I order these things to my patients, like other doctors order drugs. For example, if a person is suffering from melancholia, I give him stirring music. As regards colour, it has an immense effect on the health and I frequently advise my patients to have their windows made of coloured glass. Colour has the same effect on the constitution as music. My advice to a person who requires stimulating is to put red, orange and yellow panes into the window of his sitting room.

"Those who need soothing I recommend green, violet or indigo."

"By the way, converting to loss of memory," my informant added, "I know a lady who, fifteen years ago, suddenly lost all recollection of her youth. Extraordinary to relate, her memory is now returning gradually."

Freaks of memory, it may be added, puzzle the doctors more than any other mental peculiarity. Some time ago an author contracted a fever, and when he recovered he was unable to remember his alphabet, and it was impossible to persuade him that he had ever written a line in his life.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Few Paragraphs Which Will Prove Worth Reading.

Baby carriages propelled by electricity are in use in Paris.

Love is the business of the idle, but the idleness of the busy.

If it be not seemly, do it not; if it be not true, speak it not.

One is alone in a crowd when one suffers, or when one loves.

The heart of a woman never grows old; when it has ceased to love, it has ceased to live.

A man may be great by chance, but never wise or good without taking pains for it.

He who seeks only for applause from without has all his happiness in another's keeping.

Doctors in Sweden never send bills to their patients. They cheerfully accept whatever sums the patients choose to give them.

Believe in the badness of men and you will have charming surprises; believe in their goodness and you will have bitter deceptions.

It is extremely unhealthy to sleep in a small room where there is a burning gas jet. One gas light gives out as much carbonic acid gas as two human beings.

A maker of fireworks in Nagasaki, Japan, constructs pyrotechnic birds. These, when exploded, sail gracefully through the air, and move their wings just like living birds.

A floral weather prophet is found in the marigold. When the day is to continue fine, the flower opens about 3 or 4 o'clock; but when wet weather is near, the marigold does not open at all.

The punishment for cruelty depends to some extent upon locality. In New Orleans a man who had beaten his mule was fined $25; in Boston a man who had beaten his wife was let off with a fine of $10.

Mrs. Cora Henner, who was chief of the women detectives at the World's Fair, Chicago, is to be honored with a similar position at the Paris Exposition in 1900. She will have one hundred female assistants.

An extremely useful clock has been invented by Thomas W. Hunt, of Macon, Ga. At any moment at which the alarm is set — say at 5 A.M. — it arouses the sleeper, lights a candle and kindles a fire in the range.

Two athletic young men in Passaic, N.J., fought a duel with pillows. It lasted thirty-seven minutes, when a vigorous swing across the neck with the five-pound pillow, floored one of the contestants, and for five minutes he lay senseless.

Untamed camels are not the docile creatures they are taught to become after months of breaking. In the wild state they are extremely vicious, and can kick harder, higher, swifter and oftener than a mule, and sometimes seem to use all four feet at once.

Ira T. O'Brien is a learned blacksmith of Rome, Ga. He speaks French, German, Italian, Spanish and Greek, and can read several other languages. His lingual acquirements have been picked up during intervals between shoeing horses of his patrons.

A society for the education of cats has been organized in Pittsburg. The president of this society declares: "We feel assured that under our process of culture many hidden and unsuspected good qualities in the nature of the cat will be brought to the surface."

In Bermuda the soil often produces four crops of vegetables in a year. Consul Greene notes the case of one farmer there who last year planted an acre in tomatoes, and derived therefrom a revenue of $1,500, while another acre, devoted to the culture of lilies, yielded $1,800.

The savings of years, amounting to $15,000 were put in a tin box, and buried in an outhouse, by Joseph Stoertsbach, of Stevens Point, Wis. While he was absent from home some one stole the treasure, and carefully reburied the empty box. The treasure consisted of $6,000 in cash and the remainder in securities.

A horse belonging to Charles Winters, at Monticello, N. Y., wandered close to a beehive and a bee stung him. In his efforts to dislodge the insect, the animal overturned the beehive. The angry bees swarmed upon him, stinging him on all parts of the body, and in less than two hours he was dead, swollen almost beyond recognition.

The mourners at a funeral in Sligo, Ireland, had just brought the body into the cemetery when it was discovered that the coffin was so long the grave had to be enlarged. "Your husband must have been a very tall man," said the officiating clergyman. "Oh, no," responded the widow, "but he expressed a wish to be buried with his silk hat on."

A guest at a Vienna hotel where he had stopped for weeks, gave a gratuity of six florins to the head porter. The latter demanded ten, and blocked up the guest's baggage until the sum should be forthcoming. The guest tried legal measures to recover his property, but the court decided that the guest must pay, as the hotel did not allow wages to its porters or waiters.

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

Little Archibald was saying his prayers the other evening, while his mother was stroking his curly head and thinking of something else. Suddenly it struck her that the child had wandered from the text of the supplication that he had been taught to repeat.

What is that darling? she interrupted. Go over that part again.

Give us this day our daily pie and cake, and forgive——

Why, my love, that isn't right, the surprised mother broke in; that isn't what mamma taught you to say.

I know, little Archibald replied, but I don't want any more daily bread. I'd rather have pie and cake, and when we're prayin' for things you might as well ask for what you want the most.