

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

"Hast thou brought a doctor with thee, my brother?" she asked.

"I have brought no doctor except thy brother, my sister," answered Monsieur Laurence. "Also a treasure which I found at the foot of the Calvary down yonder."

He had alighted whilst saying this, and the rest of the conversation was carried on in whispers. There was some one ill in the house, and our arrival was ill-timed, that was quite clear. Whoever the woman was that had come to the door, she did not advance to speak to me, but retreated as soon as the conversation was over.

"Pardon, madame," he said, approaching us, "but my sister is too much occupied with a sick person to do herself the honor of attending upon you."

He did not conduct us through the open door, but led us round the angle of the presbytery to a small out-house opening on to the court, and with no other entrance. It was a building lying between the porch and heltry of the church and his own dwelling place. But it looked comfortable and inviting. A fire had been hastily kindled on an open hearth, and a heap of wood lay beside it. Two beds were in this room; one with hangings over the head and a large tall cross at the foot board; the other a low, narrow pallet, lying along the foot of it. A crucifix hung upon the wall, and the wood work of the high window also formed a cross. It seemed a strange goal to reach after our day's wanderings.

Monsieur Laurence put the lamp down on the table, and drew the logs of wood together on the hearth. He was an old man, as I then thought, over sixty. He looked round upon us with a benevolent smile.

"Madame," he said, "our hospitality is rude and simple, but you are very welcome guests. My sister is desolated that she must leave you to my care. But if there be anything you have need of, tell me, I pray you."

"There is nothing, monsieur," I answered; "you are too good to us—too good."

"No, no, madame," he said, "be content. To-morrow I will send you to Granville under the charge of my good Jean. Sleep well, my children, and fear nothing. The good God will protect you."

Minima had thrown herself upon the low pallet bed, and I too, together with my damp clothes, and laid her down comfortably to rest. It was not long before I also was sleeping soundly. Once or twice a vague impression forced itself upon me that Minima was talking a great deal in her dreams. It was the clang of the bell for matins which fully roused me at last, but it was a minute or two before I could make out where I was. Then Minima began to talk.

"How funny that is," she said, "there the boys run, and I can't catch one of them. Father, Temple Secundus is pulling faces at me, and all the boys are laughing. Well! it doesn't matter, does it? Only we are so poor, Aunt Nelly and all. We're so poor—so poor—so poor!"

Her voice fell into a murmur too low for me to hear what she was saying, though she went on talking rapidly, and laughing and sobbing at times. I called to her, but she did not answer. What could all the child? I went to her, and took her hands in mine—burning little hands. I said, "Minima," and she turned to me with a caressing gesture, raising her hot fingers to stroke my face. "Yes, Aunt Nelly. How poor we are, you and I! I am so tired, and the prince never comes!"

There was hardly room for me in the narrow bed, but I managed to lie down beside her, and I took her into my arms to soothe her. She rested there quietly enough; but her mind was wandering, and all her whispered chatter was about the boys, and the dominie, her father, and the happy days at home in the school in Epping Forest. As soon as it was light I dressed myself in haste, and opened my door to see if I could find any one to send to Monsieur Laurence.

The first person I saw was himself, coming in my direction. I had not fairly looked at him before, for I had seen him by twilight and firelight. His face was old and threadbare, and his hat brown. His hair fell in rather long locks below his hat, and was beautifully white. His face was healthy looking, like that of a man who lived much out of doors, and his clear, quick eyes shone with a kindly light. I ran impulsively to meet him, with outstretched hands, which he took into his own with a pleasant smile. "Oh, come, monsieur," I cried; "make haste! He is ill, my poor Minima!"

The smile faded away from his face in an instant, and he did not utter a word. He followed me quickly to the side of the little bed, laid his hand softly on the child's forehead, and felt her pulse. He lifted up her head gently, and opening her mouth, looked at her tongue and throat. He shook his head as he turned to me with a grave and perplexed expression, and he spoke with a low, solemn accent.

"Madame," he said, "it is the fever!" He left me, and I sank down on a chair, half stupefied by this new disaster. It would be necessary to stay where we were until Minima recovered; yet I had no means to pay these people for the trouble we should give them, and the expense we should be to them. I had not time to decide upon any course, however, before he returned and brought with him his sister.

Mademoiselle Therese was a tall, plain, elderly woman, but with the same pleasant expression of open friendliness as that of her brother. She went through precisely the same examination of Minima as he had done.

"The fever," she ejaculated, in much the same tone as his. They looked significantly at each other, and then held a hurried consultation together outside the door, after which the cure returned alone. "Madame," he said, "this child is not your own, as I supposed last night. My sister says you are too young to be her mother. Is she your sister?"

"No, monsieur," I answered. "I called you madame because you were traveling alone," he continued, smiling. "French demoiselles never travel alone. You are mademoiselle, no doubt?"

"No, monsieur," I said frankly, "I am married."

"Where, then, is your husband?" he inquired.

"He is in London," I answered. "Monsieur, it is difficult for me to explain it; I cannot speak your language well enough. I think in English, and I cannot find the right French words. I am very unhappy, but I am not wicked."

"Good," he said, smiling again, "very good, my child; I believe you. You will learn my language quickly; then you shall

tell me all, if you remain with us. But you said the mademoiselle is not your sister?"

"No, she is not my relative at all," I replied; "we were both in a school at Noireau, the school of Monsieur Emile Perrier. Perhaps you know it, monsieur?"

"Certainly, madame," he said. "He has failed, and run away," I continued; "all the pupils are dispersed. Minima and I were returning through Granville."

"I understand, madame," he responded; "but it is villainous, this affair! Listen, my child, I have much to say to you. Do I speak gently and slowly enough for you?"

"Yes," I answered, "I understand you perfectly."

"We have had the fever in Ville-en-Bois for some weeks," he went on; "it is now bad, very bad. Yesterday I went to Noireau to seek a doctor, but I could only hear of one, who is in Paris at present, and cannot come immediately. At present we have made my house into a hospital for the sick. My people bring their sick to me, and we do our best, and put our trust in God. But this little house has been kept free from all infection, and you would be safe here for one night, so I hoped. The mademoiselle must have caught the fever some days ago. Now I must carry her into my little hospital."

But you, madame, what am I to do with you? Do you wish to go on to Granville, and leave the mademoiselle with me? We will take care of her as a little angel of God. What shall I do with you, my child?"

"Monsieur," I exclaimed, eagerly, "take me into your hospital, too. Let me take care of Minima and your other sick people. I am very strong, and in good health; I am never ill—never, never. I will do all you say to me. Let me stay, dear monsieur."

"But your husband, your friends—"

he said.

"I have no friends," I interrupted, "and my husband does not love me. If I have the fever and die—good! very good! I am not wicked; I am a Christian, I hope. Only let me stay with Minima, and do all I can in the hospital."

"Be content, my child," he said, "you shall stay with us."

I felt a sudden sense of contentment, for here was work for me to do, as well as a refuge. Neither should I be compelled to leave Minima. I wrapped her up warmly in the blankets, and Monsieur Laurence lifted her carefully and tenderly from the low bed. He told me to accompany him, and we crossed the court and entered the house by the door I had seen the night before. A staircase led up to a long, low room, which had been turned into a hastily fitted-up fever ward for women and children. There were already nine beds in it, of different sizes, but with the patients who now occupied them. But one of these was empty. In this home-like ward I took up my work as nurse.

"Madame," said Monsieur Laurence, one morning, the eighth that I had been in the fever-stricken village, "you did not take a promenade yesterday."

"Not yesterday, monsieur," I answered.

"Nor the day before yesterday?" he continued.

"No, monsieur," I answered; "I dare not leave Minima. I fear she is going to die."

Monsieur Laurence raised me gently from my low chair, and seated himself upon it, with a smile as he looked up at me.

"Madame," he said, "I promise not to quit the chamber till you return. My sister has a little commission for you to do. Confide the mademoiselle to me, and make your promenade in peace. It is necessary, madame, you must obey me."

The commission for mademoiselle was to carry some food and medicine to a cottage lower down the valley; and Jean's eldest son, Pierre, was appointed to be my guide. Both the cure and his sister gave me a strict charge as to what we were to do; neither of us was upon any account to go near or enter the dwelling; but after the basket was deposited upon a flat stone, which Pierre was to point out to me, he was to ring a small bell which he carried with him for that purpose. Then we were to turn our backs and begin our retreat, before any person came out of the infected house.

I set out with Pierre, a solemn looking boy of about twelve years of age. We passed down the village street, with its closely packed houses forming a very neat for fever, until we reached the road by which I had first entered Ville-en-Bois.

Above the tops of the trees appeared a tall chimney, and a sudden turn in the by-road we had taken brought us full in sight of a small cotton mill, built on the banks of the noisy stream. A more mournfully dilapidated place I had never seen.

In the yard adjoining this deserted factory stood a miserable cottage with a mildewed thatched roof. The place bore the aspect of a pest house. Pierre led me to a large flat stone, and I laid down my basket upon it. Then he rang his hand-bell noisily, and the next instant was scampering back along the road.

But I could not get away. The desolate plague-stricken place had a dismal fascination for me. I wondered what manner of persons could dwell in it; and as I lingered I saw the low door opened, and a thin, spectral figure standing in the gloom within, but delaying to cross the mouldering doorstep as long as I remained in sight. In another minute Pierre had rushed back for me, and dragged me away with all his boyish strength and eagerness.

"Madame," he said, in angry remonstrance, "you are disobeying Monsieur le Cure."

"But who lives there?" I asked.

"They are very wicked people," he answered emphatically; "no one goes near them, except Monsieur le Cure. They became wicked before my time, and Monsieur le Cure has forbidden us to speak of them with rancour, so we do not speak of them at all."

Who were these pariahs, whose name even was banished from every tongue? A few days after this, the whole community was thrown into a tumult by the news that their cure was about to undertake the peril of a voyage to England, and would be absent a whole fortnight. He said it was to obtain some information as to the English system of drainage in agricultural districts, which might make their own valley more healthy and less liable to fever. But it struck me that he was about to make some inquiries concerning my husband, and perhaps about Minima, whose desolate position had touched him deeply. I ventured to tell him what danger might

arise to me if any clue to my hiding place fell into Richard Foster's hands.

The afternoon of that day was unusually sultry and oppressive. The blue of the sky was almost livid. I was weary with a long walk in the morning, and after our mid-day meal I stole away from mademoiselle and Minima and betook myself to the cool shelter of the church.

I sat down upon a bench just within the door. There was a faint scent yet of the incense which had been burned at the mass celebrated before the cure's departure. I leaned my head against the wall and closed my eyes, with a pleasant sense of sleep coming softly towards me, when suddenly a hand was laid upon my arm, with a firm, silent grip.

(To be continued.)

NATIONS MORTGAGED TO DEATH

South American Countries Pledge Resources for Loans.

In South America a great many of the South American republics are owned by money lenders and capitalists, says a writer in Guntton's Magazine. Concessions after concessions have been granted to corporations and foreign governments for loans advanced. Railroads, mining privileges and revenues from nearly all taxable goods have been pledged. The ease with which money is squandered by the governments of the South American republics makes many of the smaller ones chronically hard up, and no sooner does one revolution dispose of a ministry and President than another movement to negotiate a new loan begins.

In many cases private corporations and capitalists have more to say in the government of the small South American republics than the Presidents or their cabinets. Virtually owning everything of real value in the country, it is only natural that they should demand a controlling voice in the management of affairs that concern their interests. Thus the Argentine Republic has practically been sold over to the auctioneer, and her finances are so involved that an expert could never straighten them out.

The ministers do not attempt to do this; they are satisfied to raise more money by mortgaging other property and industries of the country if in need of funds for special purposes. Argentina owes over \$300,000,000, and every chance she gets asks for new loans. Already her mines, railroads and other natural resources are pledged, and it seems doubtful if anything valuable can be found to hand over as security for new loans.

There is not much attempt to pay the interest on this debt, and the country is satisfied if the creditors content themselves with seizing a few more square miles of territory to call the matter even.

Nice Turkish Customs.

It is said by a correspondent of the London Telegraph that the habits of the Turkish ladies in Constantinople are wonderfully fastidious. When they wash their hands at a tap from which water runs into a marble basin, they let the water run till a servant shuts it off, as to do this themselves would make them unclean. They cannot open or shut a door, as the handle would be unclean.

One of these fastidious ladies was talking to a small niece the other day, who had just received a present of a doll from Paris. By and by the child laid the doll on the lady's lap. She was horrified, and ordered the child to take it away.

As the little girl would not move it, and no servant was near, and the lady would be defiled by touching a doll that had been brought from abroad, the only thing she could think of was to jump up and let the doll fall. It broke in pieces.

The same lady will not open a letter coming by post, but a servant opens and holds it near her for her to read. If her handkerchief falls to the ground it is immediately destroyed or given away, so that she may not again use it. Among the men this curious state of things does not exist.

Pope on Woman's Clothes.

The Pope has recently manifested a preference in regard to ladies' apparel over and above the strict regulation in regard to ladies who are received by the holy father at the Vatican. A niece of the Pope was about to be married, and her distinguished relative took so great an interest in the young lady should stipulate that the young lady should only have white, blue or black gowns, adding that these were the three colors most becoming to young girls. "Gray and brown," remarked his Holiness, "are only suitable for old women, and I do not like any other colors."

Possibly the Pope prescribed white because it is the symbol of purity, blue because it is the color dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and black because it is the time-honored hue of dress for outdoor wear for Spain and Italy.—London Pall Mall Gazette.

Improved Methods in Surgery.

It was in Boston that the first administration of ether for anaesthetizing the patient under the surgeon's knife, and a Boston physician, Dr. W. B. Hilden, has perfected an appliance with which the surgeon operating secures the full effects of ether and chloroform without any waste, while the insensible subject breathes in the same amount of pure air with each inspiration as though not using the anesthetic. The blood is thus kept oxygenated, and the patient is left in the best possible condition for reaction and recovery.

The Speed of the Blood.

It has been calculated that, assuming the human heart to beat sixty-nine times a minute at ordinary heart pressure, the blood goes at the rate of 207 yards in a minute, or seven miles a day, and 61,220 miles a year. If a man 54 years of age could have one single corpuscle floating in his blood all his life it would have traveled in that time over 5,150,000 miles.

Equal to the Occasion.

Liveried Menial—"Me lud, the carriage waits without!"

His Lordship—"Without what?"

"Without horses, me lud; 'tis an automobile."—Tit-Bits.

Fish of the Nile.

The Nile is noted for the variety of its fish. An expedition sent by the British Museum brought home 2,200 specimens.

HAPPY WEDDED LIFE.

MANY LIVE IT, BUT ALL HAVE THEIR DISAGREEMENTS.

When the Old Couple at Their Golden Wedding Say They Have Never Quarreled, Do Not Take Statement as Literally True, for They Probably Have.

An old couple in New Jersey recently celebrated the sixty-eighth anniversary of their wedding. The newspaper reports closed with the statement: "They have never had a quarrel." Frequently, indeed, almost invariably, couples on the occasion of their silver or golden wedding declare that they never had a quarrel; that the serenity of their companionship never has been interrupted by harsh words or the most trivial bickering.

Never give any credit to such statements. The persons who make them may really believe them at the time, as warmth and kindness of infatuation intensify by the occasion corrupt the memory of aged couples and move them to boast of their good fortune. No one should criticize this falling, which is harmless and even beautiful, but which nevertheless is treason of the cold truths. The old man sits at the head of the table with his old wife at his side. Both have been toasted and it is necessary to reply. He rises and says: "We have lived together for half a century and have never quarreled," and the good wife, in her black gown and her best lace, beams on her children, her grandchildren and assembled friends, and confirms the falsehood with a nod.

Frequently, too, younger couples circulate the same fiction about themselves. In company they are very devoted to each other. She continually gives him playful fillips on the cheek, and "dearest" is the coldest name by which he addresses her. From their own stories it appears that their married life has been uninterrupted beauty. They bask in each other's glances and are exalted, transfused by love.

Other young couples, who are fond of each other and who get on very well together, though not without little quarrels, may behold how extremely peaceably the first young couple dwell together. Perhaps a young wife will accuse herself of being too quick of temper and too sharp of tongue. Perhaps both will think that their marriage has not been as successful as it might have been. Then they may put their arms about each other, deplore past quarrels and past hardships, renew their vows of love and resolve to make the future atone for what cannot be undone.

Such self-criminations will do no harm. Such renewals of the vows of affection will make a day or a week more pleasant, perhaps, than it would have been. It is well for husband and wife now and then to beg pardon of each other. But no young couple should believe that, because they fall out once in a while, exchange sharp words, lose their tempers and spoil a dinner by quarreling, their marriage is a failure; a failure, at least, by comparison.

Nothing could be more untrue or more unjust to themselves. All married couples have had their little bickerings, and when any couple say they have lived together fifty years, or even ten years, without a quarrel, they are either the one exceptional couple out of one thousand or they say what is not true. True, the husband may never have attempted to poison his wife, nor the wife plotted to stab her husband, but sure they have more than once scolded each other, taunted each other, been angry at each other and, in short, quarreled outright with each other. They have been reconciled, of course; their life together has been harmonious, except for occasional discords; they really love each other; but believe this, they have had their quarrels.—San Francisco Bulletin.

At Arch street a middle-aged woman who carried a small valise, got on the car. It jolted along and the slender, three-looking woman glanced around appealingly for a seat. She stood close to where the two ministers sat and her face wore an expression of pain as the car rattled along and she clutched nervously at the handstrap. The Chinaman rose from his seat, and holding his heavy bundle with his left hand, tapped the woman with his right hand gently and motioned her to the seat he had vacated. She accepted the favor with a smile and a gracious "Thank you, sir."

All the men seated in the car stared at each other as if each of them had received a rebuke.

IS YOUR BUTTER GENUINE?

No Need for Doubting When There Are Simple Ways of Testing It.

There are so many kinds of butter and butter substitutes on the market nowadays that the housekeeper is often unable to ascertain if she has really got the genuine article or not. Here are two tests that will enable anybody to discover whether spurious butter has been foisted on them.

One of the best ways to learn just what sort of stuff is being spread upon the family bread is known as the "boiling test." It was invented by a detective about ten years ago, and was, of course, used simply for the purpose of discovering whether or not merchandise being sold as the genuine article was spurious. This test consists merely in boiling briskly a small portion of the sample and observing its behavior while.

Melt the sample to be tested in an old iron tablespoon, hastening the process by stirring with a small splinter of wood, as, for instance, a match with the phosphorus removed, or a toothpick.

Then, increasing the heat, bring to as brisk a boil as possible, and after the boiling has begun, stir thoroughly the contents of the spoon—do not neglecting the outer edges—two or three times at intervals during the boiling, always shortly before the boiling ceases.

Genuine butter boils usually with very little, if any, noise, and produces an abundance of "foam." "Process" butter and oleomargarine sputter as they boil, and produce practically no "foam." The composition article may produce a little, but the amount is so small that it can easily be distinguished from the genuine article.

The utensils required for another method of testing are one half-pint tin measuring cup, common in kitchens, or marked at the half and quarters, or a plain one-half pint tin measure, or an ordinary small tin cup, two and three-quarters inches in diameter and two inches in height, holding about one gill and a half; a common pan, about nine and a half inches in diameter at the base, and a small rod of wood the thickness of a match and of convenient length for stirring, and finally a clock or watch.

This process for distinguishing oleomargarine is as follows: Use sweet skimmed milk, obtained by setting

fresh milk in a cool place for from twelve to twenty-four hours, and removing the cream as fully as possible.

Half fill the half-pint cup with this milk, or fill the smaller cup mentioned two-thirds, measuring accurately the gill of milk when possible; heat nearly to boiling, add a slightly rounded teaspoonful of butter or butter substitute, stir with a wooden rod, and continue heating until the milk boils up.

Remove the milk from the heat as soon as it has boiled up, and place in the pan, which has been prepared, containing pieces of ice with very little ice water, the ice to be in pieces the size of one to two hen's eggs.

Fragments of ice melt too rapidly. There should be enough of the ice to cover two-thirds of the bottom of the pan.

As the ice melts the water will, of course, rise to a higher level. Stir the contents of the cup rather rapidly with a rotary and a crosswise motion in turn continuously throughout the test, except during the moment of time required for the stirring of the ice water in the pan.

This stirring should be at intervals of one minute, and is accomplished by moving the cup about in a circle around the edges of the pan.

If the sample is oleomargarine, says the London Mail, by the time the stirring has been going on ten minutes, sometimes in a very much shorter length of time, the fat will gather in a lump or soft mass, and will harden quickly. If it does not gather it is either genuine or "renovated" butter. Either of these two methods of testing will enable you to find out what sort of stuff you are buying for butter.

GETS OUT DIVORCE CHART.

Gives States of the Union Where the Law is Lenient.

An enterprising publishing firm has put on the market a rather unique document. It is nothing less than a divorce chart of the United States, from which unhappy couples can quickly learn in what State they can get separated with the greatest celerity and ease.

"By a mere glance," it explains, "the particular information sought may be obtained. The form and manner in which the laws are placed before the reader are as simple of comprehension for the layman as they are for the lawyer."

The chart, it is to be feared, will do much to put a damper on the divorce industry of South Dakota, Idaho, Nebraska and Nevada are equipped with just as rapid-fire divorce laws as the more widely advertised State. In fact, they beat South Dakota on one very material point, for while the last-named State does not permit the remarriage of a guilty defendant the other three lay no restrictions on either party. They also require less notice of an action than South Dakota, construe causes just as liberally and demand no longer residence.

But easy divorces can be had in the East just as well as in the West. Staid old Connecticut, Maine and Delaware bother themselves not about length of residence, so long as the cause originates on their soil. They also provide a liberal number of causes for couples desiring separation to choose from.

South Carolina is the most inhospitable State of all to the would-be divorcee, says the Salt Lake Herald. The laws there are strict, to the verge of blueism. But in the majority of States this interesting chart shows that to a couple so minded divorce can be very easily obtained and in some the untying of the knot is not much more difficult than the tying.

Chinaman Gave Up His Seat.

A Columbia avenue car, with a good crowd aboard, was wending its way up Ninth street late one Saturday evening. Only a few of the gentler sex were on the car and these had seats. Among the seated passengers were two severe-looking clerical men, several prosperous business men and a docile Chinaman who carried a large bundle on his knees.

At Arch street a middle-aged woman who carried a small valise, got on the car. It jolted along and the slender, three-looking woman glanced around appealingly for a seat. She stood close to where the two ministers sat and her face wore an expression of pain as the car rattled along and she clutched nervously at the handstrap. The Chinaman rose from his seat, and holding his heavy bundle with his left hand, tapped the woman with his right hand gently and motioned her to the seat he had vacated. She accepted the favor with a smile and a gracious "Thank you, sir."

All the men seated in the car stared at each other as if each of them had received a rebuke.

"That Chinese is all right," remarked the conductor, according to the Philadelphia Record. "He's a good sample of those supposed barbarians we are endeavoring so hard to civilize."

The Pullman Sleeper.

"I heard a funny conversation not long ago on a Pullman," said a traveling man. "It was bedtime and two ladies near me were getting themselves ready to turn in. They were talking about the inconveniences of it, when I heard one remark:

"Well, I must say that I do not like these sleeping cars at all!"

"Oh," responded the other in a more cheerful frame of mind, "wait till you have lilyed awhile in a flat, as I have, and you won't think the sleeping car is so bad, after all."—Detroit Free Press.

A Proposition.

First Summer Girl—I liked George at first, but I've become tired of him.

Second Summer Girl—Yes? That has been exactly my experience with Harry!

First Summer Girl—Indeed? Why can't we arrange an exchange of prisoners?—Puck.

According to Contract.

Jonkley—I understand there's considerable talk now in naval circles about some orders that were forged very skillfully.

Conkley—Ah, another scandal, eh?

Jonkley—Oh, no. They were orders for some 8-inch guns.—Philadelphia Press.

If you want to make your enemies feel particularly sore, be happy.



is "Dutch metal," an alloy of copper and spelter. The larger the percentage of spelter the more yellowish the alloy. Seven principal tints are produced varying from golden yellow to bright copper red. The alloy is first prepared in the form of leaf metal, which is afterward ground into powder.

The shining metallic dust that is used to produce the effect of gilt and bronze in wall papers, printing, lithography, mirror and picture frames, fresco painting, and so on, has its principal source in the bronze-powder factories at Furth in Bavaria, where this industry has been highly specialized. The material

The people of Davos, Switzerland, propose to dispense with fuel of every description and to resort to electricity for all industrial and domestic purposes. Already electricity is extensively employed for cooking, heating and lighting in several valleys, while one of the largest bakeries in the district is electrically equipped in every respect.

The increase in the number of tall buildings has resulted in a larger use of ribbed and prismatic glass for windows, as well as in the production of improved varieties of such glass. The illumination of dingy rooms, shut in by lofty walls, is increased by the reflection, from the many facets of the glass, of light which would otherwise pass the windows without penetrating the interior of the rooms. The employment of diffusing glass is regarded as introducing "a new era in interior lighting."

Along the river Orinoco the caoutchouc, or rubber, trees are scattered about in families, in forests composed of many other valuable woods. The men engaged in the collection of the raw rubber make entrances into the thick forest on the banks of the stream, and then open tracks penetrating the leafy wilderness. They find from 100 to 200 rubber-trees along the course of each of these tracks, although the distance seldom exceeds two-thirds of a mile. The milk, which is white when it issues from the tree, is coagulated with smoke into dark balls, weighing about forty-four pounds apiece. Recently the planting of rubber-trees has become a considerable industry in Venezuela.

As we are believed now to be at the beginning of a new maximum sun-spot period, the question of the relation of sun-spots to the weather is coming again to the front. The observations of Prof. E. Bruckner indicate that there is a periodical variation in the climates over the whole earth, the mean length of the period being about 35 years. Mr. W. J. S. Lockyer believes it has been demonstrated that there is a variation in the intensity of sun-spot phenomena also having a mean length of about 35 years. The spot maximum, whose beginning is now at hand, will, according to Mr. Lockyer, resemble that which culminated in 1870, and which was remarkable for its intensity. A cycle of hot, dry weather corresponds with this type of maximum.

A "FAKE" CAMERA.

By Means of Which a New Jersey Man Scared Tramps Away.

A gentleman who last week visited a friend who has a country seat in Burlington County relates the following experience:

"I was very much interested in a camera which stood on the lawn near the house, and which had a commanding view of the gates to the grounds. I asked my friend why he kept it there, and, turning to me with a smile, he said: 'Don't give it away, but that is only a fake camera. Come along and I'll show you.' I went and found that which I took to be a camera was nothing but a cigar box mounted upon a tripod, and having an old silk spool fastened in front as a lens, the whole being covered by the usual dark cloth. To my question of what it was for, he said: 'It is the most effective means that I have yet devised for keeping off tramps. If there is anything next to soap and water that a tramp dislikes it is to have his picture taken, particularly when he knows it might be a means of leading to his identification. I tried dogs, but found they were no good. I used threats, but only to be blackguarded; and, as a last resort, I rigged up the camera, and it has proved a wonderful success. Last week a hobo came wandering along the road and gave me the first opportunity of trying the trick. He made straight for the gate, and was coming up the walk when I leveled the camera at him.