

The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE
OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON and J. MALCOLM FRASER

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

It snowed that night, and to some effect, as the morning light showed me. The broad, slovenly street beneath my windows was thickly coated; and though the fall had ceased, a dull sky, streaked with muddy whitewash, threatened a further downfall. It was bitterly cold and I flung on my clothes in a vile temper.

Graden was meditating before the stove when I entered our breakfast-room, with the strange book he had shown me during the journey in his hands.

"You look pale as a ghost. Are you quite fit?" he asked kindly.

"Oh, yes; though my night was not particularly peaceful."

"What do you mean?"

I told him briefly of my unknown visitor. He seemed greatly interested, questioning me minutely on various points.

"Your theory may be correct," he concluded. "Some guest may have mistaken his chamber, and hurried off on discovering his mistake. Yet, if he had a light with him, how came he to make such an obvious error; whereas, if it was the striking of a match that roused you, what was the man doing wandering in the dark?"

"To tell the truth, when I first woke, I imagined it was Marnac himself."

"I have considered that point. I do not think it could have been he."

"And why?"

"Before you were down this morning I had a talk with our landlord. The guests at his house are of two classes—commercial travelers and those having business at the dye-works. They do not stay long—usually a week at most. Of the nine which he now has, none has exceeded that limit. He knows them all personally—six commercials, two dye-works men, and a rich Englishman, one George Wakefield, who has been staying with some magnate in the neighborhood. But here is Herr Reski himself."

"Gentlemen," said the landlord, bowing low, "your sleigh is at the door."

"How far is it, then, to Castle Oster?" I asked him.

"Close on twenty miles; and with this fresh snow it will be heavy going."

Ten minutes later we slid on our silent runners, to the tinkle of the bells, out through the squalid, sprawling town, out through the wooden hovels of the suburbs, out past the dye-works, with their tall, melancholy chimneys, out into the snow-clad levels beyond, and there from out of the east there sprang upon us a great and bitter wind, chilled by its long journey over the boundless steppes of frozen Russia. Here and there, across the plains, a whiff of powdery snow, like the smoke of heavy guns, would leap up before the fiercer blasts, only to burst and fall as they lulled once more. To the south and east the pine woods ranged their formal ranks, black against the dazzling carpet at their feet. It was a scene of utter desolation.

We drove in silence. Graden sat in a huddled mass, his chin buried in the great woolen comforter he wore, staring out over the plain with fixed, unresponsive eyes. For myself, I sat amongst the rugs beside him in vague speculation. What could be this danger that threatened the scientist from St. Petersburg in his home at Castle Oster? After all, might not our whole journey be a folly born of Graden's imaginings, a blind guess that had dragged us half across Europe? I shivered, and shivering, muttered anathemas on the climate.

CHAPTER VII.

We entered the forest. On every hand stood the pines, stretching away in long, melancholy avenues floored with drifted snow. The laden branches bowed before us, now and again, at the whirl of a passing gust, flinging their burdens from them. Once a willow grouse, white as the snow beneath it, swept on steady wing through the trees. Once from the far, far distance, borne upon the eastern breeze, there came a cry, a weird, hopeless echo in the air, that set the horses snorting. I knew what it must be—a wolf who felt the first pangs of the winter's hunger gathering round him. But there was no sign of man nor marks of sleigh tracks on the newly fallen snow.

We did not travel fast, though our driver did his best. The snow had not hardened and settled into that enchanting surface on which the runners speed so swiftly. Midday was past before we saw, through a sudden gap in the forest, a rising mound crowned with a low, grey building. "Castle Oster!" cried our driver, turning in his seat to claim our attention. In ten minutes more we had halted at a gate set in a high stone wall.

Before we were clear of the gate the driver had slipped from his perch and tugged at a rusty iron bell-pull. We waited without an answer. Again he rang; but Graden did not wait the result. The door was not bolted; it opened to his vigorous arm, and we followed him into the broad courtyard of the castle.

Before us sprawled the main building flanked by little towers, like the pepper-box turrets of an old Scotch mansion. The windows were shuttered; the chimneys were smokeless save for one above the central porch, from which a dark plume rose and trailed away to the westward—the solitary sign of habitation. To our right and left were ranged outbuildings, stables, coach-houses, and the like; but all in a condition of ruinous decay. Patches fallen from the roofs laid bare the rafters; from the broken gutters trailed long pendants of ice. Against the old doors the snow had piled itself in heavy drifts. No sound broke the brooding stillness. It was a picture distressingly forlorn.

"Has Professor Mechersky, then, no servants?" asked Graden of our driver. I noticed that he hushed his voice in speaking; he, too, felt the uncanny influence of the place.

"Two, mein Herr—a man and a woman. I cannot think where they can be."

"I had understood he was a man of

means. Why does he allow this disrepair?"

"I do not think the professor cares. He shuts himself up with his experiments when he is here—which is not often now. His rooms look to the south on the other side. For the rest, the house is not furnished."

"Well, I suppose there is a servant who will—Heavens! what is that?"

From somewhere within the house there came a shriek, a cry of supreme terror. Again and yet again it was repeated before it shrank away into silence. Graden ran across the court to the main door, and I was hard upon his heels. He pulled the bell and hammered fiercely upon the heavy oak panels; but no one answered.

"I don't believe the thing is bolted," said he. "Keep the handle turned, and let me try what I can do."

He stepped back a dozen paces, and then came running at the door like a bull. The giant caught it squarely with the point of his shoulder; there was a sharp crack; the next instant we were both sprawling on the floor within.

We found ourselves in a great and dusty hall, indifferently lighted. Against the wall on my right I could dimly discern the figure of a woman crouched on the floor, sobbing bitterly, her face buried in her hands. She did not move, despite our violent entrance. At the foot of the main staircase an old man was bending over something that lay motionless. He looked up at us with a white, pitiful face.

"He is dead—the master is dead!" he whimpered.

Graden strode up to him, and I followed at his heels.

Professor Peter Mechersky—for such I knew it must be—lay huddled under an old grey cloak that spread wing-wise from his neck, a blot upon the polished oak of the floor. From his face, thin though it was and wasted with disease, he must have been a middle-aged man who had preserved a singular beauty. He had died as a child might fall asleep. Yet the horror that he had escaped he had left to the living; for his attitude was abnormal, impossible, and ghastly to behold.

It was not right that a body should resemble an egg that is broken.

My cousin swept aside the cloak for a moment, and replaced it reverently, though with a hand that trembled.

"He has not a sound bone in his body," he muttered, and then, turning to the old servant, "How did this happen?" said he.

"He had been ill for some weeks, mein Herr, and we begged him not to leave his room. But to-day he declared himself better. He insisted that he should descend to the library. Half way down the stairs he tripped and fell. I ran to his side and found him, as you see him, crouched—like—like—"

"Like a toad?"

"Yes, mein Herr, like a toad."

The man broke into hysterical weeping.

"The Englishman, Herr Wakefield, was most anxious about my master's health," he stammered out. "The Herr professor became indisposed some ten days after his arrival; since then he has been most kind, most considerate, sitting by the master's bed for hours. He would allow no other doctor to visit the master. He is a kind, good man, this doctor, the Herr Wakefield."

"So I believe. How came he to know your master?"

"I am not sure; but I think he brought a letter of introduction from a Professor Marnac, of Heidelberg, a gentleman of whom my master disapproved, yet admired for his learning."

"And this Englishman, did he prescribe for your master?"

"Of course. They loved each other, and sat late into the night in their discussions. When my poor master was taken ill, Herr Wakefield took complete charge of him. Ah! If he did but know what had happened!"

"Then he is not here?"

"No; he drove to Lemsdorf yesterday afternoon. He had to return to his own country. Ah! If he did but know!"

It was plain enough—Marnac, the linguist, was Wakefield, the Englishman. It was he, new from this thing that he had done, who had come creeping to my room in the night, being suspicious of the strangers from the south. It was he that had brought about this mysterious horror. I turned from the poor monstrosity upon the floor and leaned, shuddering, against the wall. As I did so, Graden strode past me to the open door.

"Driver, can your horses take us back?" I heard him say.

"Not without rest and feed, mein Herr. The snow is very bad, and they are tired."

"Would a hundred marks to the driver assist them?"

"It is impossible. They could not reach half way. Wait, mein Herr, and it may be done."

My cousin came up to me and laid his great hand upon my shoulder.

"I'm afraid it's the truth," he said. And then turning to the dead man's servant, "Your master—had he horses?" he asked.

"Three, mein Herr, but they have not yet returned from Lemsdorf, where they went this morning with the big sleigh for provisions."

With a sharp order Graden sent our driver hurrying to the stables. Then, with his arm linked in mine, we followed the old servant into a low-roofed dining-hall. As I dropped upon an oak settle before the great china stove, he thrust his flask into my hands and, with a word of encouragement, slipped away. I knew that he was examining the body, but, doctor though I was, the spirit of investigation had gone out of me. I could no more have assisted him than a medical student can watch, unmoved, his first operation.

In about twenty minutes he returned, bearing a tray upon which was set bread

and cheese, flanking a great ham. I turned from the food with disgust; but my cousin fell to diligently, complaining the while at my folly in not eating when I had the chance.

"You must pull yourself together," he protested, with his mouth full. "Try this ham now. It isn't half bad."

More to humor him than with any intention of following his advice, I drew my seat to the table.

"Come, now; that's better," he cried, carving away. "To tell the truth, I haven't the slightest idea what that villain Marnac has been up to. But what I do know is that we've got to catch him—dead or alive. Therefore I recommend you to stoke up your body with this excellent—hallo!"

"What's the matter now?" I asked irritably; for, indeed, his hearty appetite annoyed me.

For answer he rose and peeled the bell. The old manservant, with the brandy flushing his white cheeks, tottered into the room.

"I am sorry to trouble you," said Graden courteously, "but we both set such store by your hams that we wish to know where they can be obtained. Do you cure them yourself?"

"No, mein Herr, but it is done near by," answered the man, with a look of blank surprise.

"Indeed, the Lemsdorf ham is a discovery; it should make a stir. I wonder I had not heard of its merits before."

"You see, mein Herr, the big curing station has not long been established."

"A new enterprise?"

"Yes, mein Herr. It belongs to Herr Drobin, a South German. Two years ago he took the big farm at Gran, which you passed on your way here. It is this side of the dye-works. He has many pigs in the forest. His hams are becoming famous from Warsaw to Konigsberg. It is said he has some secret in the feeding or curing—no one knows which."

"Thank you—that is all."

The door was scarcely shut when I turned hotly upon Graden. "How dare you sit here in this house of murder and talk of the excellence of the food?" I cried furiously. "It is shameful, indecent!"

"Yet we will visit the farm of Gran on our way back. I have some little inquiries to make."

"We shall do nothing of the sort," I snarled.

"If you were a soldier or an explorer, Cousin Robert," he said, leaning across and tapping me kindly on the arm, "you would know that in any expedition one alone can be responsible. The rest obey, whether they be few or many. As it is, I beg you to recognize that fact and to obey."

He was right, and I knew it. But to save appearances I walked to the window and stood drumming upon it with my fingers for a while before I answered him.

"Well, do as you please," I said at length.

"I think the sleigh may be ready by now," he said. "Come, let us go out and inquire."

There is no need to dwell on this miserable drive. The tired horses dragged slowly forward, the driver, sullen and frightened, urging them on with blows and curses. Mile after mile of pine woods marched past us, but we did not speak, crouching in the furs. At last, as night was falling, we reached the edge of the forest and swung aside from the main road into a track that skirted the edge of the pines. The ground sank away into a hollow like the palm of the hand. At the lowest point I could see a square, wooden building flanked by rows of outbuildings. It was, as I imagined, the farm of Gran. But before we reached it, our driver suddenly drew up his horses. A man was advancing toward us through the trees. Our driver turned, and with a wave of the whip explained the situation.

"It is Herr Drobin," said he.

(To be continued.)

CAUSE OF CHINESE BOYCOTT.

Movement Declared to Be Wholly Due to Individuals, Not Nation.

No doubt the boycott was wholly due to the stringency of the exclusion law, but the paramount object of the movement is to raise the Chinese people to an equal footing with any other people in relation with the United States and not for securing the actual economic advantage of exporting laborers to America, says T. Y. Chang in the Review of Reviews. It is for national right and dignity rather than for anything else. There are, however, more important points regarding this question that should be carefully examined; that is—first, the boycott has never been authorized by the government; second, the boycott has never been carried out with any forcible or violent means.

The government has done nothing toward promoting the boycott. On the contrary, the Pekin authorities have tried hard to advise the merchants to modify their disposition. But no government in the world, however absolute it may be, has power to compel its subjects to buy goods from a certain country unless they are willing to do so. No doubt this disagreeable movement has been started by those who had personally suffered maltreatment under the regulations of the Chinese immigration service office. But there has been not the least sign of violence or force, as the boycott has spread through several provinces. It is purely a voluntary action of individuals. So long as there is no disturbance of peace, "boycott" is considered a legitimate movement by any civilized country of the world. It is a commercial design and not a warlike scheme. It is an individual action and not a national policy. There is, therefore, no good ground upon which the recent alarming news could be supposed to have been based.

Their Great Scheme.

"Have you and your wife quarreled?"

"No; why?"

"I notice that when you take a trip you always go on different trains."

"That's for the children's sake. If either one of the trains should be wrecked, the kids would have at least one parent left."—Cleveland Leader.



The Moth Pest.

Westward the gypsy moth takes its way. It has caused millions of dollars' worth of damage in Massachusetts, has escaped to New Hampshire and Connecticut, and now the invasion is turning toward New York State. This interesting information is conveyed in a letter of warning just issued by E. P. Felt, State Entomologist.

The brown tail moth is a more recent introduction, and, unlike the gypsy moth, flies readily. It is not only a very destructive leaf feeder, but the barbed hairs of the caterpillars cause a very severe irritation upon the unprotected skin.

Two rows of warts down the back of the gypsy moth caterpillar make it easily distinguishable. It is about two inches long and the ten anterior warts are blue, the twelve posterior red. The gypsy moth will eat anything in the tree or shrub line, and on the slightest disturbance leap on passersby and cling to clothing.

Brown tail moths have white spots on each side and a single pair of red spots near the tail. They prefer wild cherry, pear, apple, maple, elm and white oak leaves, and have barbed horns, which, breaking off or blowing from the cocoon, produce an intolerable irritation, the "brown tail itch."

Caterpillars of both species, says Mr. Felt, may be destroyed by spraying with an arsenical poisoning, preferably five pounds of arsenate of lead to fifty gallons of water, though the gypsy moth caterpillars, especially when nearly full grown, are quite resistant to poison. Eggs of the gypsy moth may be destroyed by treating the egg masses with



NESTS OF THE MOTHS.

a preparation composed of 50 per cent creosote oil, 20 per cent carbolic acid, 20 per cent spirits of turpentine and 10 per cent of coal tar.

Spraying to Destroy Bugs.

The recognized formula for bordeaux mixture for use on potatoes is six pounds of copper sulphate, blue vitriol, four pounds unslacked quicklime and fifty gallons of water. The copper sulphate is dissolved in one barrel and the lime in another. Add to each twenty-five gallons of water and then mix thoroughly. When to be used strain through a wire strainer, preferably one of brass.

Spraying should be started when the potato plants are six inches high and be repeated every ten days or two weeks, according to the weather, throughout the growing season. If bugs are to be destroyed, add one pound of paris green to each fifty gallons of bordeaux mixture, but the bordeaux mixture should be used alone until the bugs are noticed.

When it is figured that the cost of spraying does not exceed \$7 an acre, and it is often less, while experiments have proved that the value of the crop was increased three or four times the cost for spraying, it certainly pays and pays well.

Milk Preservative and Tuberculosis.

The use of milk preservatives has been rather favorably considered by the dairy department at the New Jersey Experiment Station. Thus the author of a recent bulletin believes that the use of formaldehyde added to milk, one part in forty thousand, destroys the tubercule germs and leaves unharmed the bodies found in tuberculous milk which tend to protect against the disease. The chief danger of infection of both calves and children is thought to occur in early life through drinking milk containing germs, although the appearance of pronounced symptoms of the disease may not be noted until later life. Hence the suggested use of the preservative in the quantities mentioned for milk intended for young children.

"Novelties."

New varieties are often sold because they are "novelties," rather than because they are better than the old, tried and standard kinds. It is better to use varieties of trees and vegetables that are known to be the best for the section where they have been tested, in preference to using others, until experience gives an opportunity to know more of the newer varieties. Novelties should be tested in a limited way.

Making Fruit Pulp.

Hard fruits, such as apples and pears, are cut into small pieces without being peeled or having the cores or seeds removed, and placed in cold water containing 1.5 ounces of salt to the gallon to prevent discoloration. The fruit is then boiled to a pulp and strained, a yield of about one-fifth the original weight being obtained. Plums and soft fruits are treated in practically the same manner. With plums the strained pulp is sweetened with about 4.5 pounds of sugar to each hundred-weight of fruit and the boiling continued until the pulp is thickened sufficiently to hang from the spoon without dropping. With raspberries and strawberries the boiling must not be prolonged and the pulp need not be strained through so fine a sieve as in the case of plums. The chief points to which care should be devoted are the processes of boiling the fruit. The first boiling should be continued only so long as the consistency of the mass is such as will enable the pulp to pass through the sieve for straining.

Mules in Strong Demand.

As indicating the steady growth in public favor which the mule is enjoying, we are glad to note that the proprietor of a Missouri jack farm has just sold some fine animals at high prices—\$3,000, \$2,000, \$1,500, \$1,250, five for \$1,000 each, \$900, \$800, \$700, three jacks and one jennet, \$3,000. A letter from Austin, Tex., says there is a great shortage of mules in that State. They are in strong demand by farmers and ranchers, and the supply is inadequate. As a result, the prices of good mules have gone up to the highest figures ever known in the State. It will be but a few years until this mule shortage, which is said to exist throughout the country, will be relieved, as much attention is now being given to breeding the animals.—Country Gentleman.



WELL-BRED JACK

Any farmer handy with the ordinary tools on a farm can make a corn drag attachment for his cultivator that will pay for itself many times in one season, if properly used, says an experienced agriculturist. The common farm harrow is too heavy and unwieldy for harrowing corn after it is up, except under the most favorable conditions of soil and weather. To make, get oak one and one-half inches by three. Make in two sections of three bars each. Let each section be long enough to cover all of space between two rows. Brace same as other harrows. No. 60 wire spikes make very good teeth. Set teeth a little slanting and as close as will work in your soil without clogging. Attach to beams of corn plow. Arrange so that the drag will cover all the ground when you wish by connecting the two parts. You can, with this arrangement, adjust the drag to suit.

To Make Good Corn Drag.

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Files and the Milk Yield.

The effect on milk production by the use of fly repellents has been tested at the Missouri Station. Various mixtures were found which would keep off the flies all day if put on in the morning; but a measurement of the milk and test of the butter fat for a period of two weeks indicated that keeping off the flies did not affect the milk yield. As somewhat similar results were obtained by experiments at the Connecticut Station, it seems fair to connect that the injurious effects of the fly pest have been exaggerated. During the fly time the feed in most pastures is growing poorer every day and the cows naturally shrink then, but it is probably a mistake to blame the flies for much of the shrinkage. For all that, it is worth while to use the mixtures to keep off the flies for the peace and quiet obtained in the stable for both the cows and for the milkmen.

Good Crops for Old Grass Land.

The question of what to do with grass land after haying, where the land is run out and poor, is a rather puzzling one, but if we should get rain enough to soften the surface and permit easy plowing, it may be broken up, enriched with manure or fertilizer and immediately seeded with Hungarian. In case the weather should prove too dry for this, barley may be sown either alone or with rye in August for fall feeding. Off good, strong land, well enriched, a crop of late cabbage plants may be set as late as July 15; the turnip seed may be sown even as late as Aug. 1, though July 20 is a better time.

What Merino Breeders Did.

Merino breeders in Vermont took a sheep that sheared nine pounds, and they developed a sheep that sheared forty-four pounds. They took a carcass that weighed 100 pounds, and they made one that weighed 300 pounds. They sold rams for \$3 per head, and they sold rams for \$3,000 per head. They sent merinos to every part of the world where better sheep were wanted.

Agricultural Atoms.

An early piece of ground sown to barley makes the pigs smile.

It is most exasperating to attempt to fix a pump when the stock is standing around waiting and making things unpleasant.

The man who breeds a breed of Logs because he likes them is sure to succeed. More depends on the man than on the breed.

All fence rows should be set to grass so as to keep down a dense growth of weeds. If weeds are allowed to grow it means that they will have to be mowed.



THE WEEKLY HISTORICAL

- 1388—Douglas slain at battle of Brighthelm, England.
- 1514—Peace concluded among England, France and Scotland.
- 1540—Henry VIII of England married Catherine Howard.
- 1673—New York surrendered to the Dutch.
- 1675—Greenwich Observatory established.
- 1757—Fort William Henry surrendered to the Montcalm.
- 1792—The Swiss Guard killed in a attack on the Tuilleries in Paris.
- 1800—Non-importation act proclaimed by President Madison.
- 1813—Battle of Stonington, Conn.
- 1815—Napoleon embarked for St. Helena.
- 1821—Missouri admitted as a State.
- 1827—George Canning, English statesman, died.
- 1830—Louis Philippe proclaimed King of France.
- 1841—Steamer Erie burned on Lake Erie; 175 lives lost.
- 1846—David Wilmut introduced his bill into Congress... Sanitation Act... Statute at Washington founded.
- 1852—Permission granted to M. Thiers and other political exiles to return to France.
- 1858—Ottawa made the capital of Canada.
- 1861—Hampton, Va., burned... Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.
- 1862—President Lincoln called for 200,000 men for nine months.
- 1870—Paris declared in a state of siege by Franco-German war.
- 1871—Celebration of the Sir Walter Scott centenary at Edinburgh.
- 1873—Steamer Wawasett burned in the tonac river; thirty-five lives lost.
- 1874—Marshal Bazaine escaped from the Isle of Ste. Marguerite.
- 1878—International monetary conference opened at Paris... Beginning of the Austro-Bosnian war.
- 1880—Dr. Tanner successfully completed a fast of forty days.
- 1881—Transvaal ceded to the Boers... Public proclaimed.
- 1883—Dynamite conspirators at Liverpool sentenced to penal servitude for life.
- 1884—Oklahoma "boomers" ousted from Indian Territory by United States troops... Severe earthquake along Atlantic coast.
- 1885—Imposing funeral of Gen. Grant in New York.
- 1887—Hawaii adopted a new constitution... One hundred excursionists killed in railroad wreck at Forest, Ill.
- 1888—Maxwell, the murderer of Charles A. Freiler, hanged in St. Louis... Larry Donovan, American bridge jumper, leaped from Hungerford bridge, London, and was drowned.
- 1889—Mrs. Florence Maybrick found guilty of murdering her husband in Liverpool.
- 1891—United States vessels ordered to leave China because of disturbance.
- 1893—Geary act enforced. Five Chinese men deported from San Francisco... Forty-third Congress convened in extraordinary session. Subject, Sherman act... Severe earthquake shocks in California.
- 1894—The yacht Britannia beat the Vigilant at Cowes... Earthquake shocks felt in Memphis, Tenn... Great Britain declared neutrality in the Korean war.
- 1895—British steamer Chatterton foundered near Sydney, N. S. W.; fifty-four lives lost.
- 1896—Retrial of Dreyfus begun at Rennes... Hurricane in West Indies; 2,000 drowned.
- 1903—Pope Pius X. crowned... Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., died.
- 1904—Seventy-six persons killed in wreck on Rio Grande railroad near Pueblo, Colo... British force, under Col. Younghusband, entered Lhasa.
- 1905—President Roosevelt addressed large meeting of miners at Wilkes-Barre, Pa... St. Thomas P. E. church, New York City, destroyed by fire.
- Roosevelt as Bird Defender.**
Speaking for Mrs. Roosevelt and himself, the President, in a letter to William Dutcher, head of the National Association of Audubon Societies, expressed deep sympathy with the efforts to prevent the sale and use of white heron plumes in the military hats of the army. "The President," Mrs. Roosevelt says, "is very strongly of the opinion that the killing of the Queen Alexandra of England has made a similar expression."
- A New Artificial Respiration.**
The Literary Digest translates from the Nature the description of a new apparatus invented by Dr. Eisenmenger of Szeged, Hungary, for the purpose of inducing artificial breathing in the case of persons apparently drowned. The apparatus consists of a cuirass fitted tightly about the body, the chamber of which is connected by tube with a bellows. The air is then alternately compressed and exhausted, thus causing the internal organs and the diaphragm to rise and fall rhythmically. An incidental advantage is that it can be used at a time when the lungs are full of water.