HELEN LAKEMAN;

—OR,—

The Story of a Young Girl's Struggle With Adversity.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK,

AUTHOR OF "THE BANKER OF BEDFORD," "WALTER BROWNFIELD," ETC.

the mess before him. There were a few broken loaves of dark corn-bread, cooked hard, some boiled pork and leaves of weeds which they called "greens."

The helpless creatures grabbed with their hands, ignoring the few rusty knives, forks and spoons they had. A piece of corn-bread which had fallen to the ground was picked up and given to the child, but he was really ill, and could not eat. His face was flushed with fever and the pain in his side and back continued to increase.

"My child is sick, my child is sick," said simple Nancy, taking the boy in her skinny arms. "I'll take him to bed." Giggling, she bore the little sufferer to her miserable, dirty cot, and laid him upon it.

"Now you will be well soon."

"Where is sister Helen? Oh, sister, why don't you come?" cried the sick boy.

"I am Helen—I am here," said the idiotic woman, striving to console the little sufferer.

He fell into a feverish sleep and awoke at midnight to find all darkness and silence, save the snoring of the idiot on the floor, having given up her bed to him. His fever was raging high, and he burned with thirst.

"Helen, I want a drink! Oh, sister, sister, why don't you come?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

There exists a peculiar abstract nonentity called public sentiment. We hardly know how to define it. It seems to be the general running of minds in one direction. Usually there are one or two persons in every community, neighborhood or society who are local magnets, and draw about them a class of inferior persons who follow their thoughts, and are said to be molders of public sentiment. If they are right, public sentiment is right, if wrong, public sentiment is wrong. The great molder of public sentiment in the Sandy Fork neighborhood was Judge Arnold. He was authority on all questions, either social or political, and when he took a stand the other people, or a majority at least, were sure to be with him. The very fact that the Judge had filed complaint against Helen Lakeman, charging her with grand larceny, was enough to convince nearly every person in the Sandy Fork neighborhood that she was guilty.

"She's a poor girl," said Mr. Taylor, when discussing the matter with his family, "but then she has fallen. It is not the first girl who has fallen. The temptation was great and she was weak. The Judge was, perhaps, a little too severe on her."

"I don't pity her much," said Mrs. Taylor; "she was always a little 'stuck up' I thought, and it may be this will lower her a notch or two."

Helen's pretty face had caused many to envy her. The prevailing opinion was that she was guilty. Not a voice, save Clarence Stuart's and her attorney's, was raised in her defense. Clarence was loud in his protestations of her innocence. He tried in every way he could to get his brother's address, so that he might write to him, but his father was careful that he should not have it.

Clarence was plowing in the field one day when Will Taylor, son of Mr. John Taylor, the farmer whose farm joined Mr. Arnold's, passed down the lane. Will was one of those indolent fellows, who enjoyed sitting on the fence and talking on any subject better than work.

"Well, Clarry, they've got that gal in jail yet," said Will, when he had made Clarence pull up in the fence corner, and stop his team. It was only a day or two after the visit of the young farmer and his sister to Helen, and the youth was in no amiable mood.

"It's all a blamed lie," said Clarence.

Will Taylor grinned. Will was a red-headed, freckle-faced youth, of about Clarence's own age, and Clarence was ready to "whip him for two cents." When Will grinned he was a most hideous person to behold. His teeth were large, and face sharp.

"Ye can't buck agin' public sentiment, Clarry," said Will. "Public sentiment is agin' her, and she's sure to be convicted."

"I don't care a cent for public sentiment, Will; she's innocent."

Again Will grinned triumphantly.

"People are jist like sheep," said Clarence. "There's always a bell-wether that all the rest foller. If you want them to go through a gateway, and the bell-wether starts another direction, then every doggon sheep goes after him. It's jist so with people. Old Jim Arnold is the bell-wether, and, although reason and humanity says he's gone wrong, every fool will follow him. Now, sometimes you see a sheep that's got more sense than the bell-wether. He sees green grass to the right and goes there. It makes no difference how much the old bell-wether may ring his bell and bleat. You call that sheep stubborn and contrary, but he's right. That sheep is just as smart as the bell-wether, but he didn't have the bell on. Old Jim Arnold wears the big bell, but I'm not fool enough to follow him to purgatory for it. I'd rather be right than be Jim Arnold."

"I suppose you think you've got more sense than all the rest of us put together," said Will, a little nettled.

"I say I've got more honesty than Jim Arnold. Nobody but him stops to think about this matter at all. He thinks, and they all do as he says. Any one who says Helen Lakeman stole that bracelet is a liar, an' I kin lick 'em out o' their boots."

Will did not fancy a fight with the youthful Hercules. To use Clarence's own simile, he was "jest as strong as an ox."

"Oh, well, ye needn't be gettin' on your muscle about this now," said young Taylor, "nobody's goin' to fight about that gal, I guess."

"I am. I don't think much o' fightin', only when I see a doggoned, red-headed, freckled-face pup, like you, trying to slander a poor girl who has no protection, I feel like pulverizin' him."

"I am not trying to slander her."

"You lie! what did you come here for with your ideas and public sentiment? Cuss public sentiment. It's hung many an honest man an' let many a thief like you an' old Arnold go."

"You'd better hush"—

"Why?"

"Because, you'd better," his face growing redder.

"I'm spoilin' for a fight, blast you!"

Will looked up the lane, and was not a little relieved to see a no less personage than Judge Arnold coming down the lane on horseback. The Judge rode his old sorrel pacing mare, and his short, roan whiskers were elevated. He was on his way to Newton to see the prosecuting attorney and help "work up the case," which was to be heard by the justice the following Monday.

"There comes somebody," said Will considerably relieved, "that you won't dare talk that way to."

"I'll talk that way to any livin' man," said Clarence, perfectly furious. "That's Judge Arnold now; if he wants my opinion on the case he can have it."

"Judge Arnold," said Will.

The Judge reined in his horse and rode up to the fence corner.

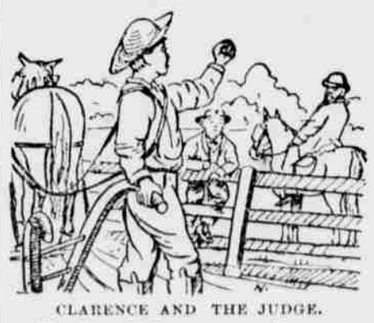
Clarence was boiling with rage, but silent. There was a smile on the Judge's face, for he felt that his plans were all working to perfection. He was no hypocrite, but the embodiment of business and justice.

"Well, boys," said he, "how do you both do? This is a nice morning."

"Yes," said Will, his face beaming with a triumphant smile. "Clarence says he can give you his opinion on the Lakeman case."

The Judge smiled as though he knew already what the youthful Hercules thought in the matter, and then said:

"You will hear Squire Bluffer's opinion on it next Monday."



CLARENCE AND THE JUDGE.

"Yes," said Clarence, unable to contain himself longer, "an' you will hear a precious lot o 'lies, too."

"I didn't know *you* were going to be a witness," said the Judge, with a coolness that comes by experience.

The youth was dashed not a little at the wit of the Judge, and Will Taylor laughed immoderately.

"I will not be a witness, Judge Arnold," said Clarence, "but there will be enough there to lie that poor girl into the criminal court, you need not fear."

"Oh, I have never had any fears in the matter," said the Judge, coolly. "I am not scared, even now."

"There will be a time when you will be," said Clarence.

"When will that be?"

"When you come to die, and the consciousness of the many crimes you have committed will open the gates of a smoking hell to your eyes. Then, blackest of all, will stand out the perjury you committed when you swore that innocent girl stole that bracelet."

The Judge sat stern and unterrified a moment, and then said:

"I think you had either better go to preaching or to a lunatic asylum. I am in a hurry, however, and can not wait to hear the rest of your harangue. Come over to Newton Monday and give it to Squire Bluffers—it may help your girl out."

The Judge rode down the lane, Will went back home, and Clarence resumed his work.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PROSPECTOR AND PEDDLER.

"Wall, may I be accused o' sellin' five-cent calico fur gingham ef I ain't almost pegged out. This er'e is the longest tramp and fewest sales I've ever made in my life. Here I am among the breaks o' Big Sandy, with a pretty smart chance o' stayin' all night in the woods."

The speaker was our old friend Pete, the peddler. Pete is tired and stops to wipe the sweat off his brow. It is a hot day, and the sun beams down on the dry, hard road with fearful fury. Pete has a heavy pack on his back, and as he goes along in a half stooping position, produced by long travel, he smokes his pipe, sings snatches of songs or communes with himself.

"I might a knowed there war' nobody in these wild lands o' Big Sandy to buy, afore I came. Pete Peddler, ye'r a fool for once, ye'r bartered all-wool goods for flimsey stuff that fades: ye'd better staved on ve'r own heat a doggoned sight than come away out here."

Then he began humming his favorite air:

"Come all ye darling ladies,
Remember what my trade is,
To please you I will try"—

"But there ain't no ladies here to please," said Pete to himself. "There ain't nobody to please in the woods but ground-hogs and minks. Jehosiphat, ain't I tired o' climin' hills and crossin' hollers. The day seems awful long, but they ain't long enough to get over the places. I wish I were up on Sandy By jinks, I must rest."

He stopped, sat his pack down by the roadside and took a seat on the green turf by the side of it.

"Lemme see, I've got the Big Sandy to cross and then I'm on the old Plumber place. That's owned by the shoddiest man in the whole pack, Judge Arnold. This lies West. This must be the land o' Helen and Amos Lakeman. By jingo, what a swindle that was, wuss nor sellin' pewter jewelry for gold. Them poor children cheated out o' their home worth five thousand dollars at least, an' given these hills an' hollers not worth fifteen cents—the whole tract. When I think o' it I am just doggoned"—and he brought his stout stick down upon the ground with a force which made it crack.

There was a rustling among the leaves at his side, and he saw a snake known as a copper-head, on account of the bright crest it wore. The peddler eyed it a moment, as its brilliant little bead-like eyes twinkled, and its forked tongue darted out of its mouth, and said:

"Now, ye'r jest like that whole set, ye're deceivin' every body jest like a bolt of shoddy muslin. Ye're tryin' to smile, ye doggoned sarpint; so does Judge Arnold. He smiles, an' his infernal eyes twinkle jest like yours. Ye're only waitin' fur a chance to bite, an' so is he. Well, I can fix ye, ef I can't him."

With one quick, sure blow from his stick he crushed the snake's head, and shouldering his pack went on, leaving it riggling among the leaves. About one-fourth of a mile further, as Pete was descending a hill, he paused struck with amazement. Had he been suddenly confronted with a view of the Atlantic Ocean he could no thave been more surprised. There right before him were half a dozen or more tents or shanties. There were wagons and miner's tools, and he could easily see that they had been there for several days. Ponderous machinery had been erected and a deep shaft sunk, while all around the ground was black with lead and silver ore. Floating rumors had been abroad of lead and silver mines in these hills of the Big Sandy, but no one had ever given them credence. Pete stopped and rubbed his eyes as if he feared it was an optical delusion.

"Well, say, now—what in the name o' common sense does it mean?"

He closed his eyes again, and again opened them—it was all there yet, the teams, tents, shanties and machinery.

"Pete, I guess ye ain't asleep! ye've jist come onto a bolt o' calico which ye didn't think was in the pack; 'spose we go down and inspect it?"

As Pete walked down toward the camp of miners, a man, who seemed about forty-five years of age, below medium height and rather heavy set, came to meet him. He had an honest countenance and mild though shrew blue eyes. One had only to glance at him to see that he was a thorough business man.

"Wall; say now!" said Pete, stopping within a few feet of the smiling stranger, and staring at him as if he were a ghost, "ain't you a stranger in these parts?"

"Yes sir," the miner answered, "I have been here but a short time."

"What ye doin'?"

"Prospecting."

"Prospectin', what kind of goods is that?" asked Pete, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"I am prospecting for lead and silver ore."

"Oh, yes, ye are one o' them fellows what digs in the ground, like a rabbit."

"Yes, except we go deeper. Where are you going?"

"I want to git across Big Sandy."

"You can't make it before dark."

"I know it," said Pete, "but then there's no house this side o' there."

"If you will accept the hospitality of a miner's camp we would be glad to have you stop with us."

Pete thought he could do no better, and as the miner seemed to be a very friendly sort of a man he accepted the invitation. Unslinging his pack in one of the tents, he said:

"I reckin maybe there'll be a chance to sell ye somethin' in the mornin'. I've got the best lot o' calicos, muslins, linens, ginghams, all wool cashmeres, with needles, thread, pins an' handkerchers ye iver saw. I'll sell 'em all right down at bottom prices. I allu's comes right down to bed-rock prices fust thing, cos' ye see it saves time in jewin' down, ye know."

FISHING WITH BIRDS.

A Naturalist's Very Novel and Interesting Adventure in Japan.

I made a journey of about twenty-five miles fro Tokio to a small river, the Baungawa, to witness this novel sight. It was a bright moonlight night, said to be a bad night for fishing, a cloudy and dull evening being preferred, as the fish were then not so active. The river consisted of two branches, running very swiftly, and each from twenty to fifty yards wide, but in flood-time it extended over a space of 200 yards or more, running between high bluffs. The man with his bird was waiting for us on the stony bed of the river, with his torch of pine fat burning brightly. The bird (Phalacrocorax sp.) was very tame, and sat perched on a rock close by. A cord was tied pretty tightly around the lower part of the throat and between the shoulders, from which was attached a piece of bamboo (having a swivel at each end), long enough to extend beyond the bird's wings and prevent fouling of the cord, while the bird was in the water.

Every thing being ready, the fisherman takes the torch in his left hand, and clasping the cord, to which the bird is attached, wades out into the stream, the bird following him, and, after performing a hasty toilet, dipping his head and neck in the water and preening himself, begins the business of the night. The fisherman holds the torch directly in front and above the bird's head so that it can see the fish in the clear water. The birds seems to be perfectly fearless, and as he comes up sparks of fire are constantly falling on his head and back. The fishing is done up stream, the man finding it all he could do to keep pace with the bird, as the water surges up nearly to his thighs; in fact, it was hard work for us on shore to scramble along among the rocks in the uncertain light and watch the bird at the same time. The bird dives, swims under water for eight or ten yards, comes up and is down again, working very rapidly and constantly taking fish. When the fishes are small he bird is allowed to retain two or three in his throat at a time, but a fair-sized fish is immediately taken from him and put into the basket.

During a space of half an hour fifteen fishes were taken, which was pronounced a good catch considering the brightness of the night. The largest of these fishes, which were all of the same species, were nine to ten inches in length, and having been taken immediately from the beak of the bird were scarcely bruised. The largest and best of these we had the next morning for breakfast, the others we gave to our friend, the cormorant, who was kindly assisted by his master to get them past the cord which constricted his throat so that he could not otherwise have swallowed.—*American Naturalist.*

INSANE PATIENTS.

An Interesting Chat With an Experienced Asylum Nurse.

The treatment of patients in an insane asylum is radically different from the mental pictures that are drawn by the families of those who have been so unfortunate as to require restraining. After the first few days the patient overcomes the horror that imagination attaches to mad houses, and through his wandering intellect there comes a gleam of light that makes him contented with his surroundings. Thus he becomes tractable, and the physicians and trained attendants can quickly grasp his case, exposing the vulnerable points of his character, which are said to control the patient in his lucid moments. Of course, where men or women are seized by a paroxysm, inciting them to destruction of themselves or to damage property, there is only one alternative—they must be rendered helpless, so that in those violent moods they can do no harm. Patients become very much attached to special nurses, and this feeling is fostered by the physicians, as it denotes an awakening of the mental energies and renders the insane person more susceptible. You would be surprised to see a slender little Sister of Charity at St. Vincent's Asylum enter the room of a patient who had torn his bedding into shreds, smashed the few pieces of furniture in his room and chased the male attendants like an infuriated beast. It was my first experience of the kind, and I expected to see the poor little thing torn to pieces by the madman. I was deceived. The Sister seemed to exercise a spell over the big strapping fellow, who weighed over two hundred pounds and stood six feet in his stockings. She spoke in the same way that a mother would address a cross child, told him he was very foolish, that he wasn't doing right, and that until he was ready to behave himself she would have to punish him by putting on the "jacket" and "muff," two of the worst devices in an insanse asylum. That man could have crushed the brave little woman to a jelly without making an effort, but he began crying over the scolding and submitted. No man, priest, doctor or attendant could have approached him, and no other Sister could have controlled him. These singular attachments must be of mesmeric origin.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—American enterprise is felt at Hernosand, Sweden, which has just been provided with the most northern electric light station in the world. The lamps there are lighted at half past two o'clock in the afternoon, and put out at fifteen minutes past twelve o'clock, midnight.

—Mamma—"Who dwelt in the Garden of Eden, Freddie?" Freddie—"O I known, the Adamses!"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

WOMAN AND HOME.

Practical Suggestions for Experienced and Inexperienced Housewives.

Always grease the bars of the grid-iron before broiling with it.

Salt mackerel should be soaked in milk all night before cooking.

Boiled rice, eaten warm with sugar, butter and nutmeg is often a pleasant dessert.

The proper way to eat oranges is to cut them in two and scoop out the pulp with a spoon.

Cream toast is an appetizing and economical supper dish, as it uses up stray slices of bread.

Curry is pepper seven times intensified, and is used by French cooks to season game, fish, etc.

Boiled cabbage should be drained in a colander fifteen minutes and then put in the oven for five minutes to heat again.

Boiled meat is much more juicy and sweet if it is allowed to grow cold in the water in which it was cooked.

Green tomatoes cut in half and put down in brine make a very acceptable substitute for genuine cucumber pickles.

Sweet potato pie, in which sweet potatoes take the place of pumpkin or squash is a Southern delicacy not properly appreciated nowadays.

Stewed chicken is made better by being served on toast, or make a pan of biscuit, break them apart, hot, and pour the gravy over them.

Pour boiling water upon onions before peeling them and you will avoid the smarting eyes occasioned by the volatile oil in the juice of the onions.

Pickled oysters are delicious. Care must be taken, however, not to have the spiced vinegar too strong or to leave the oysters in it more than twenty-four hours.

The "pickings" of roast turkey, duck or chicken may be chopped fine, and when covered with salad dressing make a very pleasant side dish for dinner.

Moths may be killed, if under the carpet, by wringing a coarse towel tightly from clean water, spreading it upon the suspected parts and ironing with a very hot iron.

Ink stains may be removed from carpets by rubbing them with skim milk until they are almost effaced and then washing them with a cloth wrung out of boiling water without soap.

Boil fish in salt water. A good way is to wrap the fish in a napkin. Salmon and all dark flesh fish require more cooking than lighter flesh fish. Salmon requires ten minutes to the pound, while cod only requires three minutes.

Soak a ham twelve hours before boiling it. Then let it cool half an hour in the liquor in which it was cooked. The next day remove the skin and put the ham, covered with bread crumbs, in the oven a half hour before dinner; it is a most delicious dish.

A good relish for supper may be made in this fashion: Put chipped beef, smoked or dried, on the stove in a frying pan with cold water and let it boil. Then thicken it with flour to the consistency of gravy, and add pepper and butter. This makes a delicious dish and uses up the remnants of dried beef at the same time.

Tarts are easily made by rolling out ordinary pie crust quite thin and cutting it with a round cookie cutter. Then, in half the number made, cut four small holes, a thimble is the best thing for the purpose, and bake in pie tins. They are then ready for the filling of jelly or marmalade, and this is simply done. Take a plain piece of the baked crust, which forms the under part of the tart, cover it thickly with jelly or marmalade, and place upon it a piece of crust in which the holes have been cut before baking. A plate of these tarts is a welcome addition to any table.—*Springfield Union.*

How to Start a Creamery.

To organize a co-operative cheese factory or creamery, you should first write to the manufacturers of dairy supplies, and get all the information they can furnish in their printed matter or letters. Then call a meeting of your farmers and tell them all you know. This meeting should appoint a committee to further investigate, and if possible the committee should visit several such factories. If their report is not sufficiently complete, get some experienced creamery manager to address a meeting later. After you have adopted a constitution and by-laws (in the preparation of which a lawyer should be employed to make sure that your State laws are complied with and that you start right,) you can then decide whether to use the cream-gathering or the whole milk system, what apparatus to employ, etc. Whether butter-making will pay better than cheese depends largely upon the market, but as a rule, the creameries can return a larger price for milk than cheese factories. You can equip a factory to make either butter or cheese, as the market warrants, although we prefer to have it confined to one thing.—*Farm and Home.*

In Business Circles.

Coal Dealer (to capitalist)—I'm trying to organize a retail coal "trust" and want your help.

Capitalist—Is there any money in it?

Coal Dealer—You bet there is! I'll do all the work and take seventy-five per cent. of the dividends, and you furnish the capital and take the other seventy-five.

Capitalist (astounded)—But, my dear fellow, there can't be more than 100 per cent. of dividends.

Coal Dealer—Rats! You don't know any thing about the coal business.—*Puck.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Soap suds is a splendid fertilizer for flowering plants.

—The best material for fattening fowls is sweet potatoes and corn meal.

—A good dressing of manure, an exchange says, is what most land infested with sorrel needs.

—Vinegar in the rinsing water of pink or green calicoes brightens, and soda answers the same purpose for blue or purple.

—Keeping food before the fowls continually removes all inducement for them to scratch. They should be so fed as to be compeled to work.

—To educate is to fix moral principles, and the work of a farmer so conducted as to secure to him a neat and comfortable home is Christianizing.—*Southern Planter.*

—I have saved many bad cases of bloat in cattle by grasping the tongue with the hand and pulling it forward, thus allowing the gas from the stomach to escape.—*Creston Gazette.*

—Boards of various sizes should be kept in convenient places, one for bread, one for meat, another for cutting and two or three smaller ones on which to stand pots and kettles.

—*Chambers' Journal* says a joint of meat may be kept many days by wrapping it loosely in a fine cloth wrung out of vinegar and hanging in a draft of air. If the weather is very warm the cloth should be moistened twice or even thrice a day.

—It is a common practice in France to coat the beams, the joists and the under side of the flooring of buildings with a thick coating of lime-wash as a safeguard against fire. It is a preventive of prime ignition, although it will not check a fire when once under headway.—*Public Opinion.*

—An excellent egg-producing food is one part corn meal, two parts bran, two parts ground oats, one part ground meat and one part middlings, to which may be added a small proportion of bone meal and salt; scald it and feed early in the morning.

—Stuffed Eggs: Hard-boiled eggs are peeled and cut in halves. Then remove the yelk, fill each end and join again, a part of which is mixed with rich force-meat. Now roll them in raw beaten egg and cracker dust and fry a light brown. Serve with a rich gravy poured over.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The oat is a splendid food for young animals because, compared with corn, straw, etc., it is rich in muscle and bone-forming elements; and this also makes it a splendid food for work animals, during the summer months especially, as it is a heating food. It will pay to make the grain ration of oats in the morning and at noon.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—Marble Cake—light part: Two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, a half-cup of sweet milk, whites of four eggs, two and one-half teaspoons of baking powder, two cups of flour. Dark part—One cup of brown sugar, a half cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one-fourth of a cup of sour milk, half a teaspoon of soda, yelks of four eggs, flour to thicken and flavor.—*Exchange.*

—In case of poisoning the simple rule is to get the poison out of the stomach as soon as possible. Mustard and salt act promptly as emetics, and they are always at hand. Stir a tablespoonful in a glass of water, and let the person swallow it quickly. If it does not cause vomiting in five minutes, repeat the dose. After vomiting give the whites of two or three eggs and send for the doctor.—*Boston Budget.*

Ginger Snaps.—One cup sugar, one cup butter, one tablespoon ginger, one teaspoon soda dissolved in a little water and as much flour as can be stirred in. Pinch off pieces as large as a good-sized marble, roll in the hands, flatten slightly and place in the tin, leaving room for them to spread. Bake in a moderate oven and watch closely, as they burn easily. Leave in the tin until cool enough to snap.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

AN UNPLEASANT AILMENT.

A Number of Simple Remedies for Perspiration of the Feet.

There are several remedies for perspiration of the feet, and here are some of them: Apply with a sponge, without rubbing, a solution of thirty grains each of burnt alum and boric acid in one ounce of rose water just as soon as the shoes and stockings are removed. Repeat every two or three days in the evening. A pharmacist, who regards the difficulty as due to fermentation caused by the paste used by shoemakers for fastening insoles into shoes, directs a powder, consisting of about equal parts of boric and salicylic acids, to be sprinkled in the shoes, and we are told the trouble ceases. Another pharmacist, who has devoted considerable attention to the difficulty in question, highly recommends the application of a mixture of one part of the oleate of zinc with ten parts of starch. Viensse has made some careful observations concerning this distressing infirmity. He alleges that the condition may be entirely and permanently cured by rubbing into the feet finely powdered subnitrate of bismuth. The action of the drug seems to be purely local. It toughens the skin, and at the same time probably modifies the character and amount of perspiration by affecting the glands. It is possible, the writer adds, that bismuth has some influence upon the capillary circulation of the parts. There are some in which the excessive perspiration continues in spite of the treatment, but even then bismuth deprives the perspiration of its foetic odor and relieves the tenderness.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*