

## Topics of the Times

One firm has sold 14,500 Merry Widow hats in three months. How many acres does that make.

Fewer women would be so keen for universal suffrage if a law were passed compelling them to vote.

Once more in the case of Miss Bible, who stole jewelry, we have proof that there is nothing in a name.

Think you can become accustomed, without a struggle, to speaking of navigating the air as "aviation"?

Farmers are making enough money out of their wheat now to be able to spend some of it in improving the country roads.

Mrs. Guinness said she was an excellent cook. She was also a pretty fair hand at butchering, if appearances are not deceitful.

A Los Angeles woman was in a trance for 81 days. Some women will resort to anything to avoid their share of the house-cleaning.

If Mrs. Guinness is alive and has noted that the newspapers are calling her an "ogress" and a "female Bibe-beard," her punishment has already begun.

Persons who are so afraid of the "night air" that they prefer the air of a close and unventilated sleeping room should not blame Providence for their morning headaches.

With all due respect to the learned doctor we submit that it is well for the nation that the Harvard students have their hands in their own pockets instead of some one else's.

Young King Manuel of Portugal threatens to marry the daughter of one of his mother's ladies in waiting. We shall not expect to hear any very loud protests from the girl's ma.

In a single block between Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets in Chicago there are 217 children. It is not, we hasten to add, in what is generally known as a fashionable district.

Two trains running wild and many persons to be injured in Pennsylvania a few days ago. All trains should be thoroughly fagged before being allowed to use the tracks in a civilized community.

"A good man obeys his wife and a wife sometimes gives her husband good advice," says Wu Ting Fang. Wu is evidently determined not to be under the necessity of making explanations to the ladies.

The Duchess of Marlborough has been fined \$15 by a London court for riding faster than the law permitted in her automobile. But it will probably take more than that to make her weary of dear old England.

A Springfield, Mass., dispatch says J. B. Hamilton, of that place, while digging for angle worms dug up a Roman coin worth \$1,500. If he is a worthy disciple of Isaac Walton, he didn't let that interfere with his day's fishing.

In spite of the declaration of scientists that dancing makes girls' feet big that ice cream makes freckles, and that hating on the front gate produces rheumatism, enough marriage licenses are being issued to prove that love will find a way.

Yankee ingenuity is equal to almost anything, as was proved the other day when it was found necessary to put fresh rollers in a New England grain elevator. Instead of stopping the machinery, a railroad locomotive was run alongside of the building, and a connection made between its boiler and the engine inside. Work was continued, and no employe lost a day.

It was in Germany that the fireless cook-stove was perfected, and now comes news from a special consular agent that the Germans are making a fireless railroad locomotive. It is equipped with a boiler after the manner of other locomotives, but the water in it is heated to the necessary temperature from a stationary plant. Enough power can be stored in it to operate it four hours for switching purposes in a railroad yard, and it does not take more than fifteen minutes to charge it.

American hospitality is warm-hearted and sincere, but not always courteous or judicious. "I am literally driven from Chicago, where I came for a week's rest, by over-solicitous friends and citizens and newspaper reporters," said Doctor Koch, the noted German bacteriologist. The treatment of which he complained has been suffered by other distinguished visitors, nor are public personages the only victims. Overattentiveness on the part of the hostess in a private home may be as irritating to a guest as neglect, and is far harder to escape. The system which prevails at English house parties of leaving each guest to his own devices for a part of each day is far more considerate.

The Duke of Devonshire was a straightforward man of strong common sense, always self-reliant and always possessed of the courage of his convictions. He was not great or brilliant, but during the latter part of his life he occupied a most enviable position in politics. It became a habit of the English press to refer to his every utterance as if he were a person whose judgment was infallible. When the duke broke with the conservatives on the tariff reform issue it was as if an army had gone over to the liberals. Of course he was criticised by his late comrades, and Mr. Balfour felt a natural irritation at his conduct, but was

still a magic in those words, "the duke." A paragon of all the solid qualities could not be destroyed when there was support on every side from the public sentiment that had been built up through a series of years. That the qualities were possessed by the duke there can be no doubt, and the faith that was reposed in him was probably a very good thing for the country, but there could be no better illustration of the power and influence that comes from a great family connection in an aristocracy. The duke's downright honest ways were admirable, but they would never have carried him so near a premier'ship without his title and his splendid inheritance. Justin McCarthy writes of him in *The Independent* that "he became a remarkable figure in political life chiefly because of the absence of any remarkable qualities in him." And to this he adds, "He was not a man of intellect, he was not in any sense whatever a statesman, and never apparently made any effort or showed any ambition to become one." That, of course, was the beauty of it all. He didn't have to make an effort on any account. He was born to the purple, never had any doubts as to his position in the world, never was in the slightest degree concerned about what other people thought of him, had in perfection through his breeding that self-poise which others could not attain after the most sedulous efforts. McCarthy says: "He always appeared to me as if he really belonged to the order of English country aristocracy as it might have shown itself somewhere about the days of Fielding and Smollett, when the culture and chivalry had passed away and the principle of political equality had not yet come to be a recognized faith even with the majority of Englishmen." Anyway, it was fine to be such a duke, a good fortune that we should all of us enjoy, and he certainly was the genuine article. It is a pity that the American breeders can get that kind instead of poor little whippersnappers whose property consists of debts and whose titles are often worthless.

The newcomers tramped across the road, and pushing through the thin hedge, ascended the railway embankment upon the other side. It was evident that their burden was a heavy one, for they stopped more than once while ascending the steep grassy slope, and when near the top, one of the party slipped, and there was a sound as though he had fallen upon his knees, together with a sharp cry. They reached the top of the embankment, and their figures, which had disappeared from view, came into sight again standing out dimly against the murky sky. They bent down over the railway line, and placed the indistinguishable mass which they bore carefully upon it.

"We must have the light," said a voice. "No, no; there's no need," another exclaimed.

"We can't work in the dark," said the third, loudly and harshly. "Where's the lantern, gun'nar? I've got a lucifer."

"We must manage that the train passes over right," the first voice remarked. "Here, Burt, you light it."

There was the sharp sound of the striking of a match, and a feeble glimmer appeared in the darkness. It flickered and waned, as though the wind would extinguish it, but next instant the wick of the lantern had caught, and threw a strong yellow glare upon the scene. The light fell upon the major and his comrades, who had sprung into the road, and it lit up the group on the railway line. Yet it was not upon the rescuing party that murderers fixed their terror-stricken eyes, and the major and his friends had lost all thought of the miscreants above them—for there standing in the center of the roadway, there with the light flickering over pale sweet face, like a spirit from the tomb, stood no other than the much-enduring, cruelly-treated girl for whom Burt's murderous blow had been intended.

For a few seconds she stood there motionless, either party moving a foot or uttering a sound. Then there came from the railway a cry so wild that it will ring forever in the ears of those who heard it. Burt dropped upon his knees and put his hands over his eyes to keep out the sight. John Girdlestone caught his son by the wrist and dashed away in the darkness, flying wildly, madly, with white face and staring eyes, as men who have looked upon that which is not of this world. In the meantime, Tom had sprung forward, and with a cry, and had clasped Kate in his arms, and there she lay, sobbing and laughing, with many pretty feminine ejaculations and exclamations and questions, saved at last from the net of death, which had been closing upon her so long.

CHAPTER XXIV.  
The ruffian Burt was so horror-stricken at the sight of the girl whom he imagined that he had murdered, that he lay groveling on the railway line by the side of his victim, moaning with terror, and incapable of any resistance. He was promptly seized by the major's hands, and Burt, who had secured his hands with a handkerchief so quickly and effectively that it was clearly not the first time that he had performed the feat. He then calmly drew a very long and bright knife from the recesses of his frock coat, and having pressed it against Burt's nose to insure his attention, he brandished it in front of him in a menacing way, as a hint that an attempt at escape might be dangerous.

"And who is he?" asked Baumer, lifting up the dead woman's head, and resting it upon his knee.

"Poor girl! She will never speak again, unless she should hear it. Burt, major said, holding the lantern to her cold, pale face. "Here's where the coward struck her. Death must have been instantaneous and painless. I could have sworn it was the young lady we came after, if it were not that we have her safe down here, than the Lord!"

"Where are those others?" asked Von Baumer, peering about through the darkness. "If there is justice in the country, they will bring for the work of his night."

"They are off," the major answered, laying the girl's head reverently down again. "It's hopeless to follow them, as we know nothing of the country, and which direction they took. They ran like madmen. Hullo! What can this be?"

The sight which had attracted the veteran's attention was nothing less than the appearance at the end of the lane of three brilliant luminous discs moving along abreast of one another. They came rapidly nearer, increasing in brilliancy as they approached. Then a voice rang out of the darkness. "There they are, officers! Close with them! Don't let 'em get away!" and before the major and his party could quite grasp the situation they were valiantly charged by a host of those much-enduring, stout-hearted mortals known as the British police force.

These three burly Hampshire policemen, having been placed upon our friends' track by the ostler of the Flying Bull, and having themselves observed maneuvers which could only be characterized as suspicious, charged with such vehemence that in less time than it takes to tell it, both Tom and the major and Von Baumer were in safe custody. The Nihilist, who had an inextinguishable hatred of the law, and who could never be brought to understand that it might upon any circumstances be his own ally, seized himself very bravely and held his knife down at his hip as though he meant to use it, while Blunow, of Kiel, likewise assumed an aggressive attitude. Fortunately, however, the appearance of their prisoners and a few hurried words of the major made the inspector in charge understand how the ladies and the man had attracted his attention to Burt, on whose

## The Firm of Girdlestone

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

"The voices and the footsteps sounded louder and louder, until they were just at the other side of the boundary. They seemed to come from several people walking slowly and heavily. There was the shrill rasping of a key and the wooden door swung back on its rusty hinges, while three dark figures passed out who appeared to bear some burden between them. The party in the shadow crouched closer still, and peered through the darkness with eager anxious eyes. They could discern little save the vague outlines of the moving men, and yet as they gazed at them an unaccountable and overpowering horror crept into the hearts of every one of them. They breathed an atmosphere of death.

"The newcomers tramped across the road, and pushing through the thin hedge, ascended the railway embankment upon the other side. It was evident that their burden was a heavy one, for they stopped more than once while ascending the steep grassy slope, and when near the top, one of the party slipped, and there was a sound as though he had fallen upon his knees, together with a sharp cry. They reached the top of the embankment, and their figures, which had disappeared from view, came into sight again standing out dimly against the murky sky. They bent down over the railway line, and placed the indistinguishable mass which they bore carefully upon it.

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wrists he placed the handcuffs. He then listened to a more detailed account of the circumstances from the lips of the major. "Who is this young lady?" he asked, pointing to Kate.

"This is the Miss Harston whom we came to rescue, and for whom no doubt the blow was intended which killed this unhappy girl."

"Perhaps, sir," said the inspector to Tom, "you had better take her up to the house."

"Thank you," said Tom, and went off through the wood with Kate upon his arm. On their way she told him how, being unable to find her bonnet and cloak, which Rebecca had abstracted, she had determined to keep her appointment without them. Her delay rendered her a little late, however; but on reaching the wicket oak she heard voices and steps in front of her, which she had followed. These had led her to the open gate, and the lighting of the lantern had revealed her to friends and foes. Ere she concluded her story Tom noticed that she looked more and more heavily upon him, until by the time that they reached the Priory he was obliged to lift her up and carry her to prevent her from falling. The hardships of the last few weeks, and this final terrible and yet more joyful incident of all, had broken down her strength. He bore her into the house, and laying her tenderly over her, exhausted his humble stock of medical knowledge in devising remedies for her condition.

In the meantime the inspector having thoroughly grasped the major's lucid narrative, was taking prompt and energetic measures.

"You go down to the station, Constable Jones," he ordered. "Wire to London, John Girdlestone, aged sixty-one, and his son, aged twenty-eight, wanted for murder. Address, Eccleston square and Fenchurch street, City. Send a description of them. Father, six feet one inch in height, chest-fair, grey hair and whiskers, deep-set eyes, and a broad forehead. Son, five feet ten, dark faced, black eyes, black curly hair, strongly made, well dressed."

"Yes, that's near enough," observed the major.

"Wire to every station along the line to the chief constable of Portsmouth, and have a watch kept on the shipping. That should catch them. Let us carry the poor soul up to the house," the inspector continued, after making careful examination of the ground all round the body. The party assisted in raising the girl up, and in carrying her to the house, and the whole which she had been through.

Burt tramped stolidly along behind with the remaining policeman beside him. The Nihilist brought up the rear with his knife still fixed upon the navy, and his keen eyes ready for use. When they reached the Priory the policeman ordered the locky to be unlocked, and the door opened, and he was ordered to accompany the police in their investigation, which she did in a very dazed and stupefied manner. Indeed, not a word could be got from her until, entering the dining room, she perceived her bottle of Holland's upon the table, on which she raised up her voice and cursed the whole company from the inspector downwards, with the shrillest volubility of invective. Having satisfied her soul in this manner, she wound up by a perfect shriek of profanity, and breaking away from her guardians, she regained the shelter of her room and locked herself up.

Kate had, however, recovered sufficiently to be able to show the police the different rooms, and to explain to them which was which. The inspector examined the scanty furniture of Kate's apartment with great interest.

"You say you have been living here for three weeks," he said.

"Nearly a month," Kate answered.

"No wonder you look pale and ill. You have a fine prospect from the window." He drew the blind aside and looked out into the darkness. A gleam of moonlight lay upon the heaving ocean, and in the center of this silver streak was a single brown-sailed fishing boat running to the eastward before the wind. The inspector's keen eye rested upon it for an instant, and then he dropped the blind and turned away. It never flashed across his mind that the men whom he was hunting down could have chosen this means of escape, and were already beyond his reach.

CHAPTER XXV.  
Ezra Girdlestone had given many indications during his life, both in Africa and elsewhere, of being possessed of the power of grasping a situation and of acting for the best at the shortest notice. He never showed this quality more conclusively than at that terrible moment, when he realized not only that the crime in which he had participated had failed, but that he had discovered, and that his father and he were hunted criminals. With the same intuitive quickness which made him a successful business man, he saw instantly what were the only available means of escape, and proceeded at once to adopt them. If they could but reach the vessel of Captain Hamilton Miggs they might defy the pursuit of the law. He had hired a boat near Claxton.

gale, and the Black Eagle lay rolling about as though she had learned habits of inebriation from her skipper. The sky was very clear above, but all round the horizon a low haze lay upon the water. So silent was it that the creaking of the boats as they swung at the davits, and the straining of the shrouds as the ship rolled, sounded loud and clear, as did the raucous cries of a couple of gulls who hovered round the poop. Every now and then a rumbling noise ending in a thud down below showed that the swing of the ship had caused something to come down with a run. Underlying all other sounds, however, was a muffled clank, clank, which might almost make one forget that this was a sailing ship, it sounded so like the chipping of a propeller.

"What is that noise, Captain Miggs?" asked John Girdlestone, as he stood leaning over the quarter rail, while the old sea-dog, sextant in hand, was taking his midday observations. The captain had been on his good behavior since the unexpected advent of his employers, and he was now in a wonderful and unprecedented state of sobriety.

"Them's the pumps again," Miggs answered, packing his sextant away in its case.

"The pumps! I thought they were only used when a ship was in danger?" Ezra came along the deck at this moment, and listened with interest to the conversation.

"This ship is in danger," Miggs remarked calmly.

"In danger!" cried Ezra, looking round at the clear sky and placid sea. "Where is the danger? I did not think you were such an old woman, Miggs."

"We will see about that," the seaman answered angrily. "If a ship's got no bottom in her she's bound to be in danger, be the weather fair or foul."

"Do you mean to tell me this ship has no bottom?"

"I mean to tell you that there are places where you could put your fingers through her seams. It's only the pumps that keeps her afloat."

"This is a pretty state of things," said Girdlestone. "How is it that I have not been informed of it before? It is most dangerous."

"Informed?" cried Miggs. "Informed of it? Has there been a 'yag' yet that I haven't come to you, Master Girdlestone, and told ye I was surprised ever to find myself back in Lunnon? A year ago I told ye how this ship was, and ye laughed at me, ye did. It's only when ye find yourselves on her in the middle of the broad sea that ye understand what it is that sailor folk talk to put up with."

"I presume," Girdlestone said, in a conciliatory voice, "that there would be no real danger as long as the weather was fine."

"It won't be fine long," the captain answered gruffly. "The glass was well under thirty when I came up, and it is falling fast. I've been above here before at this time of year in a calm, with a ground swell and a sinkin' glass. No good ever came of it."

## Legal Information

The question whether relief against a bankrupt, after adjudication, may be maintained to recover property belonging to a third person, where nothing has been done to obtain possession under the bankruptcy proceedings, was answered affirmatively in the case of *Ayers v. Farwell*, 28 North-western Reporter, 35. The Massachusetts court held that the mere fact of the adjudication was no bar to such action under the facts of this case.

The validity of the Missouri Statute (Rev. St. 1879, Sec. 5082), which excludes suicide as a defense in suits on life insurance policies unless such suicide was contemplated at the time application was made for the policy, is upheld by the United States Supreme Court in *Whitfield v. Hadley*, 27 Supreme Court Reporter, 578, 205 U. S. 480, 51 L. Ed. 805. It was suggested that the statute "merely encourages suicide, and offers a bounty therefor, payable, not out of the public funds of the state, but out of the funds of the insurance company." But the court says that an insurance company is not bound to make a contract which is attended by the results indicated by the statute. If it does business at all in the state, it must do so subject to such valid regulations as the state may choose to adopt.

In *State of Georgia v. Tennessee Copper Company*, 27 Supreme Court Reporter, 618, 206 U. S. 230, 51 L. Ed. 1038, the United States Supreme Court lays down the proposition that a foreign corporation will be enjoined at the suit of the state of Georgia from so discharging sulphurous fumes from its works in Tennessee as to pollute the air over large tracts of territory in Georgia, and to cause and threaten wholesale damage to forests and vegetable life therein, if not to health. When the states by their union made the forcible abatement of outside nuisances impossible to each other, they did not thereby agree to submit to whatever might be done. They did not renounce the possibility of making reasonable demands on the ground of their still remaining quasi sovereign interests, and the alternative to force is a suit in the United States Supreme Court.

**THE MOTHER LOVE IN ANIMALS.**  
Instances That Prove There Is Real Affection Among Them.  
Dr. Alfred Girard, of Paris, has been making observations and experiments to determine, if possible, what is the exact character of what is called "mother love" in animals, birds and the lower order of creation.

Dr. Girard thinks the maternal love in some of the lower animals is more instinct, but his conclusions in some respects are much at variance with the observations of many other naturalists.

Dr. James Weir, the Kentucky naturalist, knew a dog which seemed to be exceedingly proud of her puppies on their advent. She not only brought them one by one to her mistress for admiration but she also brought them in to show them to her master. She deposited them, one by one, at the feet of the person whose regard she solicited, and after they had been admired, returned them to their kennel—after the fashion of the young human mother who thinks her babe is the handsomest of all human kind.

Birds defend their young to their utmost abilities and often yield up their lives in unequal combat with the ravagers of their nests. One summer Dr. Weir saw two jays whip, in a fair fight, a large cat which had attempted to rob their nest. They seemed to have arranged the order of combat with one another before they attacked the would-be ravisher of their home. The father concentrated his attention on the cat's head while the mother went at its back with claw and beak.

A small boy killed a snake which was in the act of robbing a song sparrow's nest. Afterwards whenever he went into the garden the father sparrow flew to him, sometimes alighting on his head and at other times on his shoulder, all the while pouring out a tumultuous song of praise and gratitude.

The gratitude which would change the timid, wild nature of a bird in such a manner must have had its origin in a feeling whose depths can be fathomed only in the psychological rhabdus of the most refined of human beings.—Boston Post.

**Willing to Try.**  
"Pulsatilla," said the young lawyer, stirred by an emotion which he made no pretense of concealing, "will you listen to me for a few minutes?"

She nodded.

"I am about to ask a great deal of you—the most that any man can ask of any woman."

Still she did not stop him. She listened with downcast eyes.

votion, and an unconquerable determination to achieve success in life and make himself worthy of you?"

"I am willing to make a stab at it, Billy," she answered, raising her eyes trustingly to his.—Chicago Tribune.

**X-RAY USED AS DETECTIVE.**  
Smugglers Exposed in French Customs Houses.

The French government has employed the Roentgen ray in a peculiar and certainly novel way. It is subjecting persons who pass through its custom houses to the X-ray in order to determine whether they are smuggling articles upon which they should pay duty. On one trial mentioned 167 persons were examined in forty-five minutes and on them were found jewels and merchandise hidden for the experiment. A small jeweled locket was revealed under a young man's tongue. Several watch chains were found in the coils of a woman's hair. Card cases spread out flat under the feet in the shoes were revealed. Articles wrapped in many thicknesses of paper and woolen fabrics were discovered, and the account of this trial says these articles instead of being successfully hidden might as well in nearly every case have shouted out their existence and declared themselves on a manifest.

What a fine thing it would be if the Roentgen ray could be successfully applied to proposed legislation and to legislators, if it could be made to reveal the presence of the little joker in the bill and the consideration lodged in the pocket of the legislator to induce him to pursue a certain course of action! The X-ray of publicity is all right when properly applied, but it has not yet been developed to as high a degree of efficiency as the interesting scientific principle of Roentgen ray.—Minneapolis Journal.

## GOOD FOR WHAT AILED THEM

The rambler in old France can seldom undertake a little journey during the summer, writes J. A. Hammetton in his book, "In the Track of R. L. Stevenson," without coming upon some town where a fair is in progress. The looker-on is immediately impressed by the attractive booths, the good character of the entertainments, and the neatness of the stalls where food is displayed.

A performance which I enjoyed not a little, writes Mr. Hammetton in describing a fair at Orleans, was given by a quack doctor. An enormous carriage, resembling in outline an old stage-coach, but decorated with much carved molding and thickly covered with gilt and crimson, which produced a most bizarre effect, stood in an open space.

Seated on the roof was a boy, who turned a machine which emitted the only hideous noise to be heard at the fair.

In the open fore part, richly cushioned, a man stood dressed in a dazzling suit of brass armor, his glittering helmet lying in front of him, and in his hand a bottle of clear liquid.

He assured a gaping crowd that his medicine would cure any disease from toothache to tetanus, and he invited any sufferer to step up.

Immediately one did so. The boy ground out the hideous din above, and the doctor sat for a few noisy seconds while his patient told him his trouble.

Then the racket was stopped with a wave of the quack's hand, and he explained for five minutes, in vivid words, the terrible nature of the patient's disease, and invited the man to pick any bottle from the stock in front of him. This done, he had to open the man's waistcoat and shirt, for it was a severe pain in the left side from which he suffered, and the quack in armor struck the bottom of the bottle on his knee, thus causing the cork to pop out.

He now shook the bottle vigorously with his forefinger on the neck, and the fluid changed into green, brown, and finally black, whereat the simpletons round wondered and marveled, as they were meant to do.

The practitioner next thrust the bottle into the open shirt-front of his patient, and shook the contents of it against the victim's skin, pressing his hand for a few moments on the part. Then he asked the fellow to step down as cured, and go among the crowd "telling his experience."

A dozen cases were treated in less than half an hour—people with neuralgia, sprained wrists and ankles, and always the same formula as to consultation, explanation, application.

**Philosophy of Descartes.**

Turning the mental vision inward, as Bacon turned it outward, Descartes watched the operations of the soul as an object in a microscope. Resolved to believe nothing but upon evidence so convincing that he could not by any effort refuse his assent, he found as he inspected his beliefs that he could plausibly doubt everything but his own existence. Here at last was the everlasting rock, and this was revealed in his own consciousness; hence his famous "Cogito ergo sum" (I think, therefore I am). Consciousness, said he, is the basis of certitude. Interrogate it and its clear replies will be science, for all clear ideas are true. Down in the depths of the mind is the idea of the infinite perfection—the mark of the workman impressed upon his work. Therefore God exists.—New York American.

**Strained Relations.**

"You wish me to state, then, that you are quite at peace with all your relatives?" asked the interviewer.

"Well," replied John D., "I must admit I still have a little grudge against Uncle Sam and Aunt Rebates"—Kansas City Times.

When the men find a blonde hair on a man's coat, although they all know his wife has black hair, they laugh, and are merry. Instead, they should refuse to speak to the man until he offers a satisfactory explanation.