

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)
"Don't go, Hector," said the widow. During the whole of his harangue she held his hands and had kept her eyes fixed upon him, and he had endured her gaze like an honest man, and had returned it with a sad and gentle gravity, inexpressibly affecting. "Don't go, Hector."

There was a tender parting, and he was out in the streets alone, with his amazing good fortune.

It was early afternoon when a letter from Julia reached him. He opened it with a curious sort of misgiving, and read to his feet startled at the sight of a check within the letter. The check was for no less a sum than a thousand pounds. The little widow's accompanying letter told him that she had heard of his misfortune, and had desired to speak of them, but could not find the courage. He was to take this whether he would or not, and if he refused, she would never, never forgive him.

When once he knew the priceless good fortune that had befallen him, he seized his hat, dashed into the street, and hailing a cab, was driven to the bank. He was but just in time, and was the last man served that day; but when he emerged he carried the price of his own freedom, and Dobroski's safety, in his pocket.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. Wroblewski was out at the moment of O'Rourke's call on business of importance. He felt for his own part that his immediate business was the most important upon which he had ever embarked. It led him to the residence of Dr. Brun, in Hollington place, and made a lengthy conversation necessary there.

"I have simplified my plan, sir," said the junior spy, "and I am happy as to secure your approval of it, I can set to work at once."

"Let me hear," said the elder. "Dobroski is more interested in the younger men than in the elder ones," said Zeno. "There is a youngster named Bernstein, a son of Carl Bernstein—"

Dr. Brun nodded—"the lad who was lately chased out of Vienna. He has many friends in Warsaw, and Dobroski is very fond of him, and proud of him."

"I know—I know," said the elder. "Go on."

"I propose to call on Dobroski this afternoon, with news of Bernstein. I propose to ask him to come and dine with Bernstein and myself this evening."

"Where is Bernstein?"
"In Paris. I represent him with his late expulsion from Austria, and determined to go at once to Warsaw and head a revolution among the students there. I represent him as having appealed to me to join him. I beg Dobroski to meet him this evening at my rooms and dissuade him from this mad enterprise. There is no surer bait than this. He will rise to it, I know."

"Well?"
"Once at my rooms, we sit down to await Bernstein. I have been so very particular about the dinner that I myself have engaged the cook. He is one of our own people—Bernardo—a poor creature in his profession, but an admirable cook. When I ring twice eagerly and close together he will know his signal. It may be coffee—it may be soup—it will have to be whatever I can persuade the old rascal to take."

"Precisely," said the doctor.
"Petroski is in apartments on the floor below, and has been there in readiness for a fortnight. He is known to the people of the house as a doctor, and has already attended the landlady and a housemaid. When Bernardo has prepared the coffee or the soup, it is sent up. When Dobroski has taken it, he feels unwell."

"The old gentleman being unwell, and I being unwell also," continued Zeno, "we suspect the soup or the coffee, or whatever it is we have taken. We become alarmed, and I ring the bell. 'Run for the doctor on the second floor.' The doctor inquires for symptoms. 'We have great nausea—we have burning taste.'"

"And then—the old gentleman must be attended to first. I am younger and can bear it better, and I am very solicitous for the old gentleman. The old gentleman gets a soothing draught, and is advised to lie still. He lies still and goes to sleep."

"And wakes in Calais?"
"And wakes in Calais. We travel, attended by the doctor. The old gentleman wakes in the same room, and finds his friends beside him. He will be very ill and languid. He will complain of a splitting headache. He will need a new medicine."

"Yes, yes. And the new medicine lands him at Vienna?"
"Then," cried Zeno, "and the thing is done!"

He shook hands respectfully, and withdrew. The good Wroblewski half an hour later called upon Dobroski with haste and trouble lightly paid on his face. He told his tale of Bernstein, the gallant, fiery youngster, the Benjamin of the disreputable flock.

"When do you expect him?" asked Dobroski.
"In an hour's time, dear sir."

A little before his appointed time Dobroski arrived, and was shown upstairs into the apartments of Mr. Wroblewski.

"Our young friend is not here yet?"
"Not yet, sir. I expect him momentarily."

"We must save the lad, Wroblewski!"
"You will save him, dear sir," cried Wroblewski. "He will listen to you; he will obey you. Once or twice the spy's lips moved, but he did not speak. He cleared his throat with a rasping sound, and arose from the seat he had taken. 'A cup of coffee, dear sir? I'm just about to order it.'"

"Thank you, yes."

There was a lingering indecision between the words, and the spy stood behind his intended victim, with his hand upon the bell pull, waiting while he might have counted three. He had scarcely ever found a pause in his speech so long. He rang twice, one pull followed swiftly and sharply on the other.

"Coffee for two—black coffee."

The notable change was well upon its way now, and the spy's pulses beat quick, and his throat and tongue and lips were dry, and felt hard, like wood. The coffee came, hot and fragrant. Dobroski drew his cup beside him on the table. It seemed as if he were to sleep. The spy had already put his lips to his own cup, and could detect nothing strange in the flavor of the liquid.

At that instant a curious burning pang shot across the spy's stomach, and a second later a feeling of nausea rose within him, like that he always experienced even in the smoothest weather when he passed between France and England. Dobroski shifted uneasily, and took a drink at his coffee.

"I can afford to escape the rest," said the spy to himself. "But it shall be mine to open the ball." He began to walk up and down the room, and suddenly threw a window open. Dobroski turned to look at him, saw that he was rubbing at the bottom of his waistcoat with both hands, and that he wore a disgusted and almost indignant look.

"What is the matter?" asked the old man, rising. "You are in pain?" He advanced toward his betrayer, but as he took his first step he paused and flushed, laying an outstretched hand upon his breast.

"I am on fire," said Zeno. "I am sick. I loathe myself."

"I, too," said Dobroski, quietly, "feel a sense of burning and sickness."

"It is the coffee," cried Zeno. "We have both taken it. There is something unwholesome in the coffee."

The old man sank back into his chair, white and trembling. "You have drunk more than I," cried the spy, as if in a paroxysm of regret and fear. "You're ill. I'll fetch the doctor. He is ill. He is dying. Ah! the doctor. There is a doctor on the second floor. What a providence!"

He rang the bell, and then rushed to the door and tore it open.

"The doctor!" he shouted. "The doctor on the second floor! Tell him to come here! Quickly! Quickly!"

A door opened below, feet ran rapidly upstairs. A man presented himself, struggling into a respectable professional frock coat as he entered the room.

"What is the matter?" he demanded. "My friend!" cried Zeno. "The dearest. He is dying. And I also. We have taken poison. The coffee!"

He threw himself upon the couch and contorted his body, as if he were in agony. Dobroski sat white and still, with both hands trembling on his chest, and great beads of sweat running from his forehead. The newcomer tasted the coffee, and spat it out again, with a very faint and inquiring look.

"Verdigris," said the doctor. "Another example of the folly of the copper kettle. I will put you both right in a moment." He ran downstairs, and presently returned with a tumbler in either hand.

"Your antidote, sir," he said, in a business tone to Zeno, and then advancing to Dobroski set one hand below the old man's head, and with the other held the draught to his lips. "Drink this, sir; it will soothe you at once."

He went quietly from the room, but did not trouble himself to descend into the kitchen. He occupied himself instead by looking over the contents of a small black handbag, which held among other things five or six blue vials with glass stoppers, and a hypodermic syringe in its case. This is what he examined with great particularity, and for extra safety bestowed it in his waistcoat pocket.

CHAPTER XXVI.

In a little while the doctor mounted to the room above, and entered softly without knocking. Zeno, with a shining triumph in his looks, arose, and lifted a trembling forefinger for silence. The doctor advanced on tiptoe.

"He is sound," whispered Zeno. "Will he awake upon the journey?"
"I will take care of that," replied the doctor.

Neither he nor Zeno could sit still. They prowled stealthily here and there, doing unnecessary things, and now and again exchanging a whisper. Once or twice the doctor took Dobroski by the wrist and counted his pulsation. Once he lifted one of the sleeping man's eyelids and stared at the unseeing eye that looked hard at him.

"The carriage is here," said Zeno, when half an hour had gone by. "Let us get away at once. We can drive slowly. I stifle in this abominable indoor air."

With this he disappeared, carrying his two men by the street at last the two bearers were flushed and breathless. Facing the door stood a brake, with a pair of horses, and seated on the box was a liveried coachman with a cockade upon his hat. One or two passers-by paused to watch the proceedings.

"Can my poor dear friend bear the journey?" asked the spy, in open solicitude.

"Easily," returned the doctor. A moment later he had forgotten his medications. He dashed upstairs in search of the black bag.

The street in which Mr. Zeno had had apartments was a third of a mile long, and the horse in which he had lived was the fourth from the eastern end. A mere minute before Dobroski was carried out by careful doctor and sorrowing friend a longer turned the corner far away. He saw something like a coffin carried from a house at the other end of the lengthy street, and saw one or two idle people stop to look on. He quivered his lips, seeing keenly beneath the hand with which he shadowed his eyes. Then, in a sudden, he broke into a headlong run, and while Mr. Zeno was posturing over his poor dear friend the attention of one-half the little crowd was drawn to this advancing figure. The man ran, though unpursued, as if he ran for life, and at the moment when the doctor leaped into his place and gave the word to the coachman, the newcomer seized the horses by the reins and panted, "Stop!" Zeno looked up and saw O'Rourke.

"Stand clear!" cried Zeno, in a sudden frenzy. Then, to the coachman, "Drive! Cut him down and drive!"

"Stop this man!" cried O'Rourke, appealing to the crowd.

Zeno snatched the whip from the coachman's hand and dashed at O'Rourke and the horses again and again. There was a prodigious rearing, and then all at

once O'Rourke was down, and the brake was away full speed.

The Vienna correspondent of the Comet writes as follows:

"What may be fitly described as an entr'acte in the romantic Dobroski drama, which is absorbing the attention of the whole world of Vienna at this moment, took place to-day. The wedding of his gallant deliverer, Mr. Hector O'Rourke, M. P., with the charming American millionaire, was attended by the whole beau-monde, and places were struggled for as if the high contracting parties had been emperor and empress. Instead of plain Irish gentility and American lady. The real attraction was the presence of Monsieur Dobroski himself, who gave away the bride.

"I had a long interview with the bridegroom yesterday. He has recovered from his injuries, and the fears of 'what damage have disappeared. He made one statement which appears to me to deserve to be chronicled as a psychological curiosity. He declares that in the first dawn of recovery after six-and-thirty hours of unconsciousness, his effort to recall the facts, and his war with his memory, he was able to make them clear to those who were about him, retarded the return of speech for a whole day. It was only by a prodigious effort of self-control that he lay in perfect quiet for an hour, and thus gained self-possession and tranquillity before he could explain the extraordinary circumstances of the case."

"Mr. O'Rourke, who has had several interviews with the Russian ambassador since his visit here, is fully persuaded of the truth of the energetic protestations his excellency has made as to the innocence of the Russian government from complicity in this sensational affair. He regards the abduction of his friend Monsieur Dobroski as the fruit of a private vendetta."

"Mr. O'Rourke will return to Vienna in time to attend the final examination of the prisoner. It is to be regretted that the manning of the villas and the treacherous Poles, Wroblewski, should have succeeded in making good his escape. The mere fact of the Polish origin of the criminals is in itself regarded here as a sufficient proof of the innocence of the Russian government."

(The End.)

DEADLY WAKE OF KING GEORGE.

Name Still Thing to Conjure with in Some Parts of World.

If ever you happen to be so fortunate as to take a trip down the west coast of Africa you'll be sure to hear of the famous old West Indian, King George, says a writer in the New York Herald. This yarn is backed up by the records of the British admiralty, so, of course, it is true. She was wrecked in the year 1780, during a hurricane that devastated the coast of Cuba and the West Indies generally.

Every man, woman and child aboard of her was lost, and the ship herself was stripped of her top hamper, masts and spars and went drifting, a hopeless wreck, "bawd to all disaster."

She was first reported by a ship of the same company some hundred miles north of the point where the storm is supposed to have struck her. Men were sent aboard her from her sister Indian and reported that she was sinking rapidly. After that she was never completely lost to sight for the best part of five years, when she vanished in a storm off the Grand Canaries. In that time she had drifted upward of 10,000 miles, and had been the direct cause of at least four wrecks and the indirect cause of three more.

Her travels were strange enough, especially at that time, when the locations of the ocean currents were only vaguely guessed at by the most speculative of mariners. She journeyed northward and eastward from the Gulf of Mexico to the British Isles, and then, making a long curve, to the west coast of Africa. During all that time she was constantly reported by passing ships, many of whom sent men aboard of her. At last the British government dispatched a man-of-war after her, with orders to blow her up. Instead the frigate ran on a reef and was wrecked. Another, the Daphne, was then sent out, but she encountered a slaving dhow and was sunk in the ensuing fight.

By this time the whole English-speaking seafaring world was agog over the mystery. When a third warship was dispatched and in her turn ran high and dry on the beach, superstition had its way and the King George was allowed to proceed on her ghostly path in peace. She was reported a few times after that by passing merchantmen, then disappeared for good and all in a tornado that destroyed much beside the derelict. But her name is still a thing to conjure with in some parts of the world.

Before She Got Wrecked.

She handed back the ring and thereby declared the engagement off.

"And once," he protested, "you declared I was the sunshine of your existence."

"That," she replied coldly, "was before I discovered that you were not so bright as I thought you were."

How Happy He Might Be.

"Somehow," said the girl in the hammock, "I feel that you are to be trusted."

"Thank you," replied the young man, who was holding down a porch chair. "I only wish you kept a boarding house."

Nothing in It.

"Care will kill a cat," said the snoring Chronicler. "There's another ridiculous proverb."

"Why," asked his patient friend.

"Why," I've taken all manner of care, but I can't kill my cat. She always comes back."—Philadelphia Press.

The Artistocrat.

"That," I suppose," said the visitor, "is the musket carried by your grandfather in the revolution."

"That was his gun," replied Cadley North, pompously, "but he didn't carry it. His man did that for him, of course."—Philadelphia Press.

Ought to Be Satisfied.

"I declare, John," exclaimed Miss Gabba, "I don't believe you are listening to a word I say!"

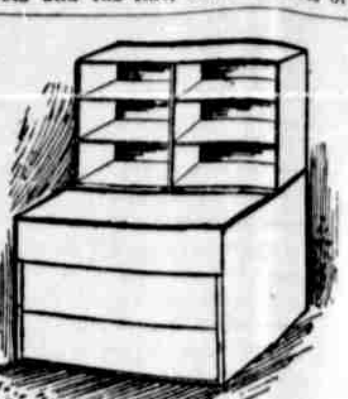
"Well, I'm letting you do all the talking," rejoined her husband. "More do you want?"

Money is believed to have been first coined in Aegina about 800 B. C.



A Barn Cabinet.

There is little excuse for any farmer not having a sufficient supply of various devices which are handy to use in the barn and on the farm. Especially is this so when they can be constructed out of dry goods or grocery boxes, and that is what may be said of the cabinet shown in the cut. It can be made any size desired, and it put together right will be practically mouse and rat-proof. The drawers are convenient in which to put robes, blankets and the like, and the shelves or



GOOD BARN CABINET.

compartments in the upper arrangement for holding brushes, milk canisters, wrenches and all small tools. It is a handy place to store small seeds, condition powders, liniments and medicines for farm animals. Indeed, there are many services that such an affair can be made use of, all of which will readily suggest themselves when it has been built and set in place.—Fred O. Sibley, in Farm and Home.

Recreation in Farm Life.

Some of our farmers wonder why their sons have a desire to quit the farm, preferring town or city life. The cause is with the farmer himself. With the boy on the farm it is perpetual toil in good weather, all through the busy season, and perpetual idleness in bad weather and most of the winter season. The time when the farmer has leisure is at the very time when they can not get away from home on account of their isolation and bad roads. The boy hangs for company and his heart revolts against this unendurable loneliness, and, to free himself from it, walks miles through the mud to spend an hour at the country store. We are glad to note that in some sections of our country the young people of both sexes have broken through these barriers and established farmers' clubs and little societies of one sort or another.—Jackson Herald.

Feeding Skim Milk.

Our best dairymen have long ago realized the true feeding value of skim milk. At the Kansas station the results of an experiment with thirteen groups of ten calves each showed that when calves are worth \$30 per 100, skim milk is worth nearly 20 cents per 100; with calves at \$4 per 100 it is worth 30 cents, and at \$5 per 100 it is worth 40 cents. The above experiment was conducted in a practical way, and the results show that the average value of skim milk for calf feeding, provided this product is sweet, fresh skim milk, fed right, skim milk fed to calves from a centrifugal separator, such as is now found on each of every farmer, fed sweet and fresh within an hour after it is separated, is worth at least twice as much as ordinary skim milk derived from deep setting, open setting or the skim milk from a creamery.

Pitchfork Attachments.

In gathering up freshly cut grass or hay, etc., with a pitchfork a small quantity adheres to the prongs of the fork each time a pile is lifted. In a short while the fork becomes clogged and useless, it being necessary to remove each particle by hand. In order that this cleaning may be done almost automatically a Wisconsin man has designed the attachment for pitchforks shown here. A transverse clearer bar is arranged below the tines of the fork, guiding the end of the bar past the end of the prongs, permitting the bar to slide freely on the prongs. Pivoted on the handle of the fork is a bar which connects with other bars extending to the clearing bar, and to a sleeve which slides on the handle. By moving the sleeve on the handle the clearing bar slides over the prongs of the fork, removing anything adhering to them.

Feeding Steers.

Prof. Vernon of the New Mexico experiment station reports the relative value of feeding range steers on winter rations of alfalfa hay alone, and supplemented by a light grain ration of bran and cracked wheat 1:3 was tested with two uniform lots of five 2-year-old range steers each. On alfalfa and grain the net profit was calculated to be \$7.42 per ton; on the hay, and on the hay alone, \$8.40.

The Pepper Weevil.

The pepper weevil, or anthrenus nephotinctus, caused great injury to nearly all varieties of peppers in the region of San Antonio, Texas, but later the pest practically disappeared in some of the worst-infested districts. This insect was apparently introduced from Mexico within recent years. The infested pepper pods show a slight perforation of tissue, which assists in checking the work of the larva, but in cases of bad infestation it is necessary to collect and destroy fallen pepper pods or bury them by cultivation.

When to Pick Fruit.

Many growers do not know the proper time to pick fruit—that is, the stage of maturity that puts it on the market in good condition. Very often one sees the large pears and peaches that are rotting when the packages are opened, because the fruit has been allowed to get too ripe on the tree before picking. Sometimes when the early market is slack there is a demand for immature fruit for cooking purposes. The first early summer apples may be profitably picked when they get big enough for cooking. This will be when the seeds are still white and before the fruit shows signs of coloring. The market is always looking forward to the earliest apples. Deseer and winter apples should not be picked until well colored. Those that stay on the tree late are better flavored than those picked early. Winter apples will usually keep better if allowed to ripen in the cool weather of the fall. The ease with which some fruit separates from the twig by a nip sideways gives a good idea of maturity. Apples should not be separated from the twig by a straight pull, but by a twist upward or sideward. Peaches are picked for market when they show the clear bright color. They should not be pinched to test maturity. The experienced picker has a way of rolling the flat of his hand over the ridge of a peach, and the feel means the same to him as grain in the sack does to the miller's hand.—W. N. Hutt.

Good Prices for Truck.

With close observation of our neighbors who are now engaged in the fruit and vegetable industry, you may easily see their checks received for fruit shipments are simply fabulous—like this: Net price peaches, \$3.30 per bushel; early apples, \$2.50 per bushel; blackberries, \$1.50 per 24-quart case; red raspberries, \$3 per 24-pint case; green beans, \$2 per bushel. Those prices have a Klondike sound for wealth. But they are true. Now why not you commence to provide yourself with a few acres of each if you have not already, and if you already have the varieties planted try and give them extra cultivation to produce extra quantity and quality.—Correspondence Harrisburg Chronicle.

Bookkeeping on the Farm.

Joseph B. Fulkerson, of Jerseyville, and his brother have a fine record in the practical management of the large Hazel Dell stock and grain farm, where many men are employed. Probably there is no other farm in Illinois where the cost of each field of grain and each bunch of cattle is figured out more exactly. When little or no profit appears in any operation, that line of work is either dropped or improved upon. The kind of work performed by each man is noted down for every day in the season and the exact kind and amount of work in any field is shown by the same account. The kind, amount and cost of food for each bunch of cattle is written down.—Winchester (Ill.) Times.

Cheap and Convenient.

This harrow is good for use among fruit trees or other obstructions. An "A" harrow divided in center by two

parallel pieces and joined together with two large strap hinges, with a short chain for hitching horse to, making a light, flexible harrow that can be raised from either side to pass obstructions and still leave both the teeth on the ground.

Plowing by Steam.

David McClary recently took his new steam plow down to the Brevoort farm, a short distance south of the city, and began plowing a patch of 500 acres of ground for Mr. Brevoort. Mr. McClary at first wanted to plow 200 acres of his own land in Illinois, but the manager of the machine refused to take the heavy thing across the bridge, the engine weighing thirteen tons. Mr. McClary, it is said, will get \$2 an acre for plowing the Brevoort land, and it is said that the machine will plow twenty-five acres in twelve hours, or fifty acres every day and night. At the present time Mr. McClary has his hands full, as it is said he now has \$1,800 more of plowing ahead of him.—Vincennes (Ind.) Sun.

Where She Stands.

In passing the usefulness of the mule, a local Missouri paper declared that "Missouri mule stands by the mule." And it would be a very safe bet, predicting the chances on Missouri's well-known caution and perspicacity, that in standing by the mule she is careful to stand well toward its head.—Brownings Magazine.

Busy British Bees.

The average weight of honey taken from an English hive annually is fifty pounds. This is double the average product from American bee hives. The record taken from any hive is 1,000 pounds, from a stock of Cyprina.

For a permanent pasture, timothy, red top and orchard grass are generally used, as these grasses seem to hold out as well as any. Other kinds may be added, if preferred, but the three mentioned should never be omitted. The fall or early spring is an excellent time for reseeding the pasture, but in so doing the farmer should use clean seed, use it plentifully, and scratch it in as far as possible. One of the best plans to assist the pasture is to sow white clover seed on the bare places, as it will make growth where some seeds will fail.

SLAVE DOGS In the Low Countries Dogs Are Worked in Harness in Place of Horses



There are decided contrasts in the treatment of "man's best friend" in European countries. On a recent visit to the continent, writes Samuel Walter in Pennsylvania Grit, one of the first sights that greeted us after landing, was a big vegetable cart drawn by two hard working dogs without the slightest assistance from the men who walked beside it. But we found before we traveled through many European countries that this was only a small portion of the hard work that is required of them. The pet dogs of the United States are considered wonderfully "cute" and smart when they can be trained to draw light carts until tired of the novelty. What would these children think of a dog that will patiently work all day long, drawing heavy loads in big carts over stony roads obeying every word of their masters, and never offering the slightest objection to the hardest kind of work? That is the way the "working dogs" of Europe are trained.

It seems pitiful to the tourist who is unaccustomed to the sight, to watch the patient, uncomplaining work of the faithful animal. But the dogs do not seem to mind it. They do not know anything better. Their fathers and mothers before them spent their lives in hard work, and they submit to their lot from tiny puppyhood, when they trot beside their mothers, and become accustomed to the chains and straps of their future bondage.

These dogs which are known as "working dogs" are of no particular breed, but they are always large and strong looking. They are trained in all kinds of work, and are found in many countries of Europe. In France and Belgium they are usually found in the greatest numbers on the streets, pulling the heavy "push carts," although they are quite as frequently trained to perform certain household tasks, like churning, etc., that can be worked by machinery with the dogs to furnish the power.

In Holland the dogs are not only used to pull the carts and for other street work, but they are also found along the canals pulling the heavy canal boats; just as the strong mules and horses do in this country. Usually there are two big dogs attached to the rope of the canal boat, but I have seen a single dog on the tow path, tugging with all his strength to pull a big boat, with a woman and several children on the boat and the man walking beside the dog, keeping him up to his hard work, but seldom lending a hand. In this country the S. P. C. A.'s would get after such hard hearted masters.

But I have seen other dogs that really seem to enjoy their work, and their eyes with delight at a word of praise from their masters. The dogs that pull the numerous carts through the streets of Belgium and Holland are "geared up" in many curious ways. Some of the carts have shafts like a wagon and are intended for only one dog. When the load is extra heavy, another single-tree or whiffletree is attached to one side, with an extra dog hitched to this.

I have seen a big push cart with several heavy trunks upon it, drawn by a single dog. The master usually walks in front, and taking hold of the shafts guides the cart and holds it in position, but seldom does any of the pulling. This is done by the big dog fastened underneath with the straps attached to the center of the cart. For the vegetable push carts, which are much the same as those of the United States, the dogs are also geared to the center of the cart, underneath, but back to their master, who holds the handles of the cart and guides and pushes it as they do here; except that they do very little pushing.

Besides the hard work at carting, etc., these faithful creatures also make excellent watch dogs. The owners of the carts can leave their produce, etc., to go into the houses, or wherever they please, while the growling dogs will drive away any one who attempts to approach the cart.

TRANSPLANTING A HUGE TREE.

Yew That May Be 700 Years Old.

Perhaps the most ambitious attempt at transplantation on record has just been made at Frankfurt on the Main, Germany, and the results are being eagerly watched by botanists, says the New York Sun. The oldest yew tree in Germany, perhaps in the world, has been removed from the old Botanical garden, which the municipality is about to use for some other purpose, to a new one. The distance traversed was about a mile and a quarter.

The tree was moved not on account of any special scientific value, but for sentimental reasons. Its age is estimated by some authorities at 700 years, and it seemed a sort of sacrilege to cut it down without an effort to save it.

Preparations for the removal were begun three years ago under direction of expert botanists. The principal operation was the clipping off of the ten-drills of the roots to a radius of about six feet. This was gradually done, a few at a time, so that the tree might accustom itself to their loss. About the end of last May the colossal task of lifting the tree from its bed and placing it on a huge wagon constructed for the purpose was begun.

A sort of crate was built about the roots with the earth clinging to them as fast as they were laid bare, the tree being kept erect by guy ropes. When this was finished it was slowly pushed along skids to the wagon, which was located in a trench, so that its floor was about on a level with the bottom of the crate.

The crate was about thirteen feet square and six feet deep. The tree is about sixty feet tall and some of the lower branches had to be pruned to keep them from damaging the roots of trees along the way. The weight of the tree and its packing was estimated

at 90,000 pounds, and to carry it the truck was made of enormous strength. It was decided that it would be impracticable to put the wagon on wheels, as each one would have to carry a weight of 25,000 pounds, or more than German locomotive wheels are tested for. Besides it was figured that less damage would be done to the road by using rollers of American hickory. In places where sewers or other pipes were underground heavy timber beams were arranged to take the weight of the rollers for fear the conduits would be crushed.

The mechanical part of the transplantation was carried out triumphantly. The tree is still propped up in its new location lest the wind should blow it over before it gets a solid hold on the earth. It is watched and watered from day to day. It is not certain yet whether it will acclimatize itself to its new home, but there are great hopes that it will.

THE HANDIEST HAND.

Effect Produced by the Force of Blood Pressure.

In a paper on "Left and Right-Handedness," Dr. Lueddeckens gives some interesting information regarding this subject. It has been a well-known fact that the stronger activity of the nerves on the right half of the body (for not only the hand is concerned) must be ascribed to a preponderance of the left side of the brain, whose finer development, especially as the seat of the center of speech, is a matter of common knowledge.

In the said paper, according to the German periodical Woche, the question regarding the causes of the unequal working of the two hemispheres of the brain has been solved. A sketch dwelling on the history of evolution leads from the original symmetrical arrangement of the heart and the large blood vessels, from which may be inferred quite naturally that the two halves of the head are not placed on an equal footing as regards the quantity of blood supplied, and consequently of the blood pressure, and that, on the contrary, there must be under normal conditions a stronger pressure in the arteries of the left side of the head. This theory is supported by the well-known experiences of anatomists and pathologists, and a series of interesting observations.

Of special interest is the effect of the greater blood pressure upon the left eye. Dr. Lueddeckens found in the latter, as compared with the right one, a surprisingly large number of cases, in a narrower pupil, in