



CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)
"I have been thinking, my dear Mrs. Ruthven, said Marsden, as he pulled in the ponies to make them walk quietly up a long hill, 'I have been thinking that Dorrington would not make a bad trustee for you. He is really an excellent fellow, and not at all a bad man of business, though a bovine air hangs round him at times. He might not like the trouble, and I am really in no hurry.'

"But it is quite necessary that you should have another trustee. I begin to feel the responsibility rather too much for me. I should prefer a colleague, because—Oh, for several reasons."
"Does he wish this matter to be settled before he offers himself to me?" thought Mrs. Ruthven, looking into the dark blue eyes admiringly fixed upon her, and smiling responsively, she said: "If you think well, pray ask Lord Dorrington."
"It would come better from yourself. You know my brother-in-law is one of your many devoted admirers. He will be flattered by the request."
"As I shall be if he accepts."
"Which of course he will. I often wished I were a better man of business, for your sake. I am, or have been, too great a lover of pleasure. I suppose I must turn to gravity and ambition some day."
"Were I a man, I should certainly be ambitious. I am, I think, not like to second to any one."
"What an awful vista of toil and trouble you conjure up, still, you make me ashamed of myself. If I had some one near to inspire me, I might do something. I begin to think I have drifted about long enough."
"Is it coming?" thought Mrs. Ruthven for the twentieth time, as she twisted the tassels of her parasol round its handle in painful anxiety.
"Will you drive with me to-morrow?" resumed Marsden earnestly. "I want you to trust yourself to me for a longer expedition than usual, to a charming village about ten or twelve miles off. Let us start early and have luncheon at a primitive little hostelry called 'The Three Pigcons.' We'll let the ponies rest, and be back in time for afternoon tea."
To this arrangement Mrs. Ruthven agreed, and after a pause, said suddenly, as if speaking out of her thoughts: "Do you remember that evening, six years ago, when we were all in the veranda of my father's bungalow, and my husband brought you in, and said, 'This will be a cousin of yours to-morrow?'"
"Yes, I do—well. What a lucky beggar I thought poor Charlie!"
"And do you remember my father showing my ruby and diamond necklace and earrings, and saying it would puzzle any jeweler in London or Paris to show the like?"
"I do, indeed. They were superb."
"He little thought," she said, with a hysterical laugh, "that I should bring them to Christian, law-abiding, well-order England, only to be robbed of them. Ah! Mr. Marsden, there is little to choose between the idolatrous East, and the truth-telling, spiritually-minded West."
"Too true! So I have always thought. But, dear Mrs. Ruthven, if you know how painful the very mention of those unfortunate jewels is to me, I am sure you would avoid the subject. If you had not put them on with the gracious intention of doing honor to my ball, they would be now safely reposing in your jewel case."
"Perhaps so, though I am inclined to think that so ingenious and daring a thief would have got at them anywhere."
"He might. Now try and adopt my philosophy, let the dead past bury its dead, and enjoy the living present. I think we shall have a fine day to-morrow, and, for my part, I look forward to our little expedition with the keenest pleasure."
Mrs. Ruthven smiled graciously, and they talked and laughed gaily for the remainder of their drive.
The morning rose bright and clear, but the projected excursion never came off. A telegram from his lawyer arrived in the forenoon for Marsden, and when he ought to have been entertaining Mrs. Ruthven at a tete-a-tete luncheon he was steaming away to London.
Marsden's summons was peremptory. He could only send a message of farewell to Mrs. Ruthven, who usually breakfasted in her own room, and assure his sister that he would return the first moment he could. With this glimmer of hope she was forced to be content.
"If he finds anything more interesting or amusing in or near London we shall see no more of him for many a day. I know what Clifford is," said Lady Dorrington to her husband. "I begin to suspect he does not intend to marry Mrs. Ruthven, or matters would not drag as they do."
"Then he is a bit of a blackguard, though he is your brother; every one believes he is paying his addresses to her; I do not see how they could think other wise; and he is bound to give her her option, indeed—"
"Nonsense, Lord Dorrington; my brother is no worse than other men; tried by your standard, there are few who, at one time or another, do not deserve the very coarse appellation you are pleased to confer on Clifford. Still, I wish he had more sense and taste; Mrs. Ruthven is a very charming woman in my opinion."
"And in mine, too; why, it is extraordinary luck to find money and fascination joined together. The man who gets Mrs. Ruthven will be a lucky beggar—a deuced lucky beggar."
"Why, Dorrington! I believe you are capable of giving me a cup of cold poison," and trying your own luck in that quarter," cried his wife, laughing. "However, all I care for is to see her safely married to my brother."
"Yes, it would be a capital thing for him. I am not so sure how it would answer for her. Marsden would never be constant to any woman."
"You judge him severely; at any rate, Mrs. Ruthven is a woman of the world, and accustomed to men who are not saints; she has too much sense to be ferociously jealous."

"Don't be too sure; I fancy she is about as far gone after your brother as a woman can be. I saw that long ago, and I am a tolerably shrewd observer."
"You dear old thing; you are not blinder than your neighbors, Clifford; I shall write every day to Clifford till I shall him return."
"Well, you can try."
The evening of the day on which Lord and Lady Dorrington held this conversation Mrs. L'Estrange and Nora had settled themselves, one to her needlework, the other to a new book. The day had been wet and stormy, in spite of which they had been obliged to go through a long afternoon of shopping, chiefly commissions for friends at Oldbridge, and both were glad to rest.
Mrs. L'Estrange had recovered from the fit of depression which had exercised Nora's imagination a week before, and had, indeed, been more quietly cheerful than was her wont, since she had had a letter with a foreign stamp, which Nora shrewdly suspected was from Winton. She was a little dreamy that evening, and found it difficult to fix her mind on what she was reading. "I suppose we shall have rain and fog, now that the fine weather has broken up. I really think I should prefer country to town, in rain and storm," she said, laying down her book. "I feel quite tired out."
"Yes," returned Mrs. L'Estrange, when she had counted some stitches, "but then there are fewer resources than in town. Here one can turn into a picture gallery, and find summer or autumnal sunshine for a shilling, besides—"
"Mr. Marsden," announced the ex-butler, in his best style.
"Oh! I thought you were at Chedworth!"
"Oh! I am so glad to see you!" were the exclamations which greeted him.
"Obliged to come up to town on business," was his vague explanation. "Arrived yesterday. Have been torn to pieces by lawyers all day, and am come to my mangled remains at your feet. He drew a chair to the cozy fireside as he spoke.
"And do you go back to-morrow?" asked Nora, who was roused and pleased by his sudden appearance.
"To-morrow? Not to-morrow, nor to-morrow!" cried Marsden. "It is dull at Chedworth, desperately dull. The hunting no great things, the shooting no better; but the house is crammed with buccolic clumps of that excellent fellow Dorrington, and, in short, here I am, and here I shall stay."
"Lady Dorrington will be very vexed. I had a letter from her yesterday, saying how much better everything went since you had joined them."
"I am glad she knew my value."
"And how is Mrs. Ruthven?" returned Nora.
"Oh! quite well and blooming. She is fast recovering her misfortunes."
"Captain Shirley was here on Sunday," remarked Mrs. L'Estrange, "and was saying he had never seen her look so ill and depressed since he had known her."
"Shirley? How did that fellow come to call upon you?" asked Marsden. "I don't know why it is, but I can't stand Shirley," he added thoughtfully. "And Winton, where is he?"
"In Florence?"
"Florence? He is not the sort of man I should imagine would like Florence."
"I don't think he does," said Nora. "He went there to see some Indian friends so far on their way."
"I did not think he would have been so ready to leave London just now," and he gave an expressive glance to Mrs. L'Estrange which she did not see, but Nora did.
Then he asked for Bea, and talked of the child in terms that delighted the mother.
Nora thought Marsden had never seemed so nice and sympathetic. He was quieter and graver than usual, and she felt the relief his presence brought to the monotony of her thoughts most welcome. At length, with apologies for having kept them up so late, he bid them good night, and drove straight back to his hotel without even an attempt to find if there was any one at his club to play a game of cards or billiards with him. His spirit's lord sat lightly on his throne. Marsden was little given to think, or trouble himself about the future, but with all his airy carelessness the last year had been one of irritating anxiety, now he had contrived to clear himself. He could defy Mrs. Ruthven, her lynx-eyed solicitors, and her watchful lord-captain Shirley. He owed her nothing. A little love-making, more or less, did not count with so experienced a coquette. He was perfectly free to shake her off if he chose, and he did choose. Good heavens! Compare her with the fresh, natural, girlish elegance of Nora L'Estrange. The arch, delicate animation of the one, the studied graces, the veiled yet perceptible passion of the other. And Nora had been undoubtedly glad to see him. How sweet the candid welcome of her eyes, how unconscious her frank, gracious pleasure. Yes, it would be his delightful lot to wake on her from the slumber of childhood to the fullness of womanhood—the power of loving! Yet there was a certain strength and individuality about his young kinswoman that warned him she was no mere waxen doll, to be bent as he chose according to his will. She had ideas of her own—tolerably clear and defined. This would but give piquancy and variety to their intercourse. Heavens! how lovely those eyes of hers would be with the light of love beaming from their hazel depths. Then she would be content to wait, with him, till the Erosian estafete were free from all incumbrances before they launched into the costly, heavy style of existence suited to his position. And before the fever of anticipation let him sleep, Marsden made more good resolutions than he had ever formed in his life before. Only give him this fair, fresh, delicate darling, and he would be a new man, with hopes and aspirations higher and better than had ever before dawned upon his mind.
"I have done my best to carry out your directions," wrote Shirley to his auzerian, Mrs. Ruthven, "and have even arrived at the distinction of being admitted to the drawing room of Miss L'Estrange at afternoon tea time. This enables me to assure you that Marsden almost lives in

what you term the 'shabby lodgings' of his relatives. I have not met him there certainly, but I can trace that he has always been there last night, and is expected this evening. Evidently, I find, too, is to be let for a term of years—five, I think. Old Shepherd, of Calcutta—you remember the firm, desperately rich people—is looking for a country place, and it has been offered to his solicitor. It seems to me that this indicates intentions widely different from anything you anticipated, and points more to a marriage for love than one for, let us say, money and love. I have met Marsden more than once lounging in Pall Mall and Regent street as if he had nothing on earth to do, which certainly does not look like the urgent business he asserted called him to town. However, you, no doubt, have information which may throw a totally different light on these ambiguous proceedings. I can only give you the result of my observations. Take it at what it is worth."
This letter was the last pebble on the cairn of hopes and fears, desires, doubts and silent, stinging anger, which had been gradually accumulating over the bright anticipations of a few months ago, a continued state of agitation and disappointment had strained her endurance beyond the utmost, and the passionate, self-willed woman gave way under it. A cold, caught during a long drive with Lord Dorrington in the east wind, obliged Mrs. Ruthven to keep her room. After a day or two of anxious attendance on the part of the local doctor, high fever set in, and it was evident that Mrs. Ruthven was dangerously ill. A great physician and a couple of trained nurses were summoned from London, all the pomp and circumstance of serious sickness were established in Lady Dorrington's pleasant house, and for the time sporting men and dancing women knew it no more.
CHAPTER XI.
It was some little time before the evil tidings reached Mrs. L'Estrange and Nora, as their correspondence with Lady Dorrington was not too frequent, and she was too much taken up, and too angry with him, to continue her diurnal letters to her brother.
Meanwhile Nora and her step-mother went on the even tenor of their way.
Mrs. L'Estrange had gone to Norwood to luncheon with an old lady, a distant cousin of her mother, who had only remembered her existence after she had made what was considered a good marriage, and had more than once invited her. Mrs. L'Estrange always found it hard to say no, and, somewhat to Nora's indignation, had consented, but went alone, as her step-daughter refused to accompany her.
It was dusk when she returned, for her hostess had indulged herself in endless inquiries and fault-finding respecting their mutual relations. Mrs. L'Estrange was wearied, and longed to see Nora's kind, bright face, to describe the peculiarities of her testy kinswoman while enjoying a cup of fresh, warm tea.
Nora was sitting on a footstool by the firelight when her step-mother came in, and the little tea table was drawn near the hearth, the teapot simmering under its cozy, a plateful of this bread and butter, temptingly delicate, beside it.
"How late you are, Helen," cried Nora, starting up and coming over to assist in taking off her cloak. "What has kept you so long?"
"Something in her tone struck Mrs. L'Estrange; it was not impudence exactly, it was a sort of unbidden excitement.
"It was not the charms of my hostess, nor the delights of my visit, I assure you," and she proceeded to describe the bitterness of her entertainer with much quiet droolery, while Nora poured out the tea.
"You don't want the lamp yet?" she asked, after laughing at her step-mother's account. "It is so nice to sit by the fire."
"It is," said Mrs. L'Estrange, and there was a pause; then Nora said suddenly: "Helen, Clifford Marsden called here to-day."
"Yes, he said something about coming last night."
"But, Helen! He—he—asked me to marry him! I was so amazed!"
"Well, Nora, I am surprised, too, though not so amazed as you are. I have seen that he would marry without money. How did you answer him, dear?"
"I scarcely know, except that I certainly did not say 'yes.'"
(To be continued.)
Myriad Quacks.
Near Santa Monica, California, not long ago, in a little bay about six square miles in area, there were fully a quarter of a million of wild geese. The noise of the quacking and calling to one another was at times heard two miles away. At San Pedro and at the little lake in Kern County there are said to be even greater numbers of the game, because of the proximity of the wheat fields.
Large numbers of the geese are slain annually during their migrations. It is no trick for a boy sportsman to get fifty or sixty of the birds in a few hours, and hundreds of the older hunters in this region have often got over two hundred geese in a day. A party of four Los Angeles sportsmen who went out for a two days' hunt over in the Orange County marshes last week, came home with over nine hundred dead geese for the city markets. Two Berkeley men had a three days' hunt lately and came home with a farm wagon loaded down with geese and ducks. In all the little towns along the line of the Santa Fe railroad in this section there are a score or two of men and boys who regularly spring and fall, turn out for a day's shoot at wild geese and ducks, and the person who does not show that he has tumbled over at least twenty-five birds is accounted in poor luck, or a decided novice in hunting. Many persons will ride to the outskirts of the town, and standing in a buggy or wagon, will satisfy themselves with a shot at the armies of flying birds at long range. Occasionally they will bring down a goose with such random shooting. All the markets and the country grocery stores now have wild geese and ducks exhibited for sale at nominal prices.
The craving for Theopian distinctions appears to have taken hold on Peter Jackson, the colored fighting man. He is very keen on playing Othello, and has not only learned the part perfectly, but has memorized the whole of the play.

OUR RURAL READERS.

SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

The Improved Ground Cherry Growing Rapidly in Favor—How to Secure Hay on Swamps—Protecting Vines from the Striped Beetle.

The Ground Cherry.
With many farmers the ground cherry is classed among the weeds, as it grows wild in many parts of the central and western States. Its value as a fruit has not been generally appreciated and until the past few years it was seldom seen in cultivation. An improved variety is now finding its way into our seedsmen's catalogues, says the American Agriculturist, and there is no doubt that it will grow rapidly in favor. The plant is quite hardy, and will thrive on any soil where potatoes will grow. The fruit when the husk has been removed is a handsome yellow cherry of about three-fourths of an inch in diameter. It has something of a strawberry flavor, and is excellent for sauce, pies, or preserves. For winter use the fruit may be canned or

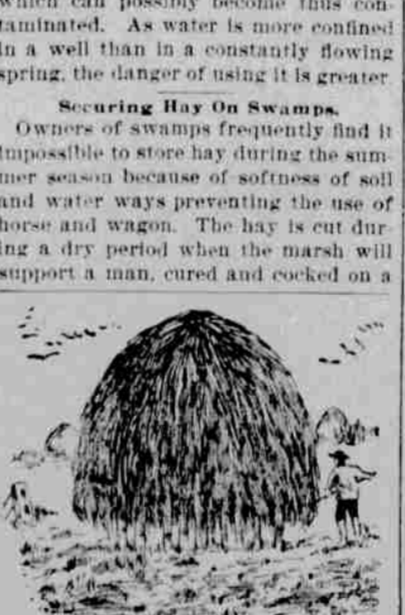


IMPROVED GROUND CHERRY.

dried. Or if kept in a cool place in its husk the cherry will keep plump and sound until December, or later. In growing ground cherries about the same method is pursued as in growing tomatoes. The seeds are sown in hot-beds, and the young plants are not taken to the garden until danger of frost is past. The ground cherry is wonderfully prolific. The first ripe ones are gathered about the first of August. After this the fruit may be picked every two or three days until cut off by frost.

Deadly Well Water.
One of my neighbor farmers, a man in the prime of life, hale and healthy up to last week, is prostrated by typhoid fever. Three doctors are battling to save him. Against the physicians' claims, says the New York Tribune, an invisible, malignant host contend, and the issue is in doubt. The sick man occupies a trim, white farmhouse, with neat surroundings. Only in one spot may carelessness, and perhaps fatal neglect, be detected. The well is dangerously near the barnyard. The water used in the house comes from another source. But a tin dipper always hangs invitingly from the curb, and the farmer has been in the habit of drinking the well water freely. The water is refreshingly cool in summer, and always appears clear and sparkling. Nothing can be more deceptive than this apparent purity. Fully two rods from the well a hollow in the barnyard contains a pool, discolored by the drainings of manure heaps. This liquid, sinking through the soil, mingles with subterranean streams, and the germs of typhoid are carried into the well. It is wise to abandon any well the water of which can possibly become thus contaminated. As water is more confined in a well than in a constantly flowing spring, the danger of using it is greater.

Securing Hay on Swamps.
Owners of swamps frequently find it impossible to store hay during the summer season because of softness of soil and water ways preventing the use of horse and wagon. The hay is cut during a dry period when the marsh will support a man, cured and cocked on a



FOR STACKING MARSH HAY.

number of piles as shown in the cut. If the cock is intended for a large one, boards are laid over a dozen or more piles; if small, the hay is laid on the pile heads. During winter when the ground is frozen, the hay is easily removed by horse and sled.—Farm and Home.

Selling Color of Horses.
"What is the best selling color?" is a question often asked by horsemen. The opinion of the Western Horseman is that fat is the best color in the world. One sees very little of this color at the average breeders' sale. Colts and mares are too often brought into the sale ring spring poor. No one cares for such stock, and the result is that the animals sell for ridiculously low figures, and the late owner goes home cursing his luck and vowing that the bottom has fallen out of the horse market.

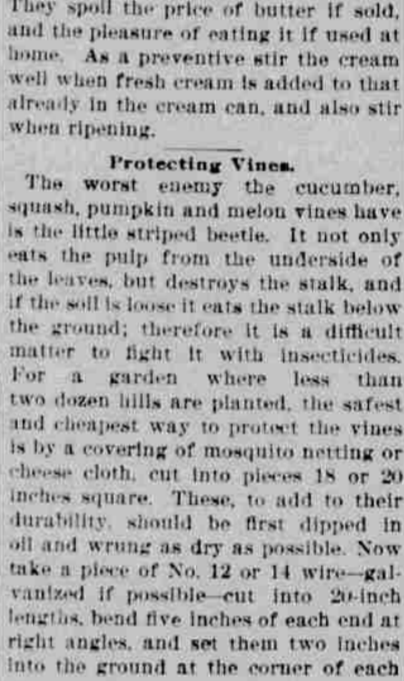
Curing Clover Hay.
After many years of unsatisfactory experience with clover hay, says a writer in "Ohio Farmer," I finally learned how to cure it so that it will surely keep. The secret lies in curing twice.

We cut usually quite late in the afternoon what we can care for in a day, and if the following day proves a good hay day, cure it as rapidly as possible, and by 2 o'clock it will feel perfectly dry. I then put it into cocks, and always find it the next morning damp and clammy. About 10 o'clock we open the cocks and dry out this gathered moisture, and then know that it will keep. If the day after it is cut does not prove a good hay day, we leave it in the swath, and I have made good hay that was cut Thursday, lay through a heavy rain on Friday and Saturday, and was not stirred until Monday.

Killing Weeds.
Barren summer fallowing is often practiced to clear land, but usually corn, potatoes, cabbage or beets may be better grown, giving a profitable return for the extra cultivation, says the Philadelphia Ledger. As annual weeds thrive best in soil that has been broken, but is not occupied, it is evident that broken land should not be permitted to remain idle. A little grass seed raked in on bare hill sides will often keep down annual weeds, and will at the same time prevent washing. Mowing the roadside two or three times during the summer will subdue the dog fennel and ragweed. Mowing the stubble about two weeks after harvest and grain fields that have been seeded to grass or clover will check the annual weeds and at the same time produce a mulch that is very beneficial to the seeding during the summer drouth.

White Lumps in Butter.
These are due to spots of curd. They are caused by improper handling of the cream. It has become too sour, and wheyed off, says the Agricultural Epitome. In other words, it has lost its homogeneity; it is partly decomposed. The scum of the cream has partially separated and settled to the bottom, and the solids have gathered in clots. These clots cohere so strongly that they are not broken up in the churning, and so they are found in the butter unbroken. They are unsightly. They spoil the price of butter if sold, and the pleasure of eating it if used at home. As a preventive stir the cream well when fresh cream is added to that already in the cream can, and also stir when ripening.

Protecting Vines.
The worst enemy the cucumber, squash, pumpkin and melon vines have is the little striped beetle. It not only eats the pulp from the underside of the leaves, but destroys the stalk, and if the soil is loose it eats the stalk below the ground; therefore it is a difficult matter to fight it with insecticides. For a garden where less than two dozen hills are planted, the safest and cheapest way to protect the vines is by a covering of mosquito netting or cheese cloth, cut into pieces 18 or 20 inches square. These, to add to their durability, should be first dipped in oil and wrung as dry as possible. Now take a piece of No. 12 or 14 wire—galvanized if possible—cut into 20-inch lengths, bend five inches of each end at right angles, and set them two inches into the ground at the corner of each



GOOD VINE PROTECTOR.

hill, as seen at a in the engraving. The netting is now spread over this frame, and the edges are covered with a little soil to keep it in place. This thin covering, while admitting plenty of light and rain as it falls, also keeps out the little striped beetles.

Aerating the Milk.
Aeration of milk tends to drive out any bad odors that have been absorbed and to lessen the taste and smell resulting from such improper food as onions, etc. But aeration in itself has little effect on the keeping quality of the milk or on the effect of creaming. However, as aeration is usually attended by a cooling of the milk, the effect is to retard creaming, if the cream is raised by setting in pans or cans in a creamer. Milk shipped to market is benefited by being thoroughly aerated.

Taking Out Tall Stumps.
To take out stumps and stones is easier during a very dry spell on some fields, while on other soil the work is made lighter if the ground is moist, or even wet. Pick out the best time for doing these jobs, so that the same labor will accomplish more and be less expensive for the amount of improvements made.

Salt for Cattle.
Salt is an essential constituent of the blood, and because many of the common foods of cattle are lacking in this essential it must be artificially supplied. The amount varies in different food and in food grown from different soils, and the quantity cattle may need must be left to themselves.

Moderate-Sized Farms.
A farm of moderate size is the one that is making the most money for its owner. It must be large enough to admit the use of labor-saving machinery, but not so large as to be beyond the personal oversight of the farmer.

Use the Horse Mower.
Thousands of acres are mowed with a scythe where a horse mower might be used. Rocks and roughness cut a figure with the modern mower properly handled.

The Asparagus Plot.
When you quit cutting asparagus, give the bed a good many dressings of fertilizer. Manure will do, but it carries weed seeds with it.

Wide Tires on the Farm.
Wide tires protect the woodwork of the wheels. When you have got them, keep them by painting every year.

TERRIBLE LATTER-DAY DISEASE.

Paralysis Rapidly Increasing Among Many Men in Cities.

In connection with the cock-sure statement of Mr. Howells that the present race was never so healthy and strong as now, it is interesting to read the following paragraph, written by Dr. T. S. Clouston, superintendent of the Morningside Asylum, Scotland. He says:
"One terrible form of brain disease, with mental symptoms, is certainly increasing. . . . That malady may be described as a breakdown of the great center of mind and motion in the brain. It always goes on from bad to worse till it renders its victim utterly helpless in mind and body and kills him in a few years. No cure and scarcely any mitigation of this latter-day disease has yet been devised. It is a disease of cities, of restless lives, of active brains in their prime; sometimes of dissipation and debauchery, of life at high pressure commonly."
During the past year the asylums of Scotland received 150 new cases; those of England 1,400, and those of Ireland 52. The asylum statistics of this country show an even greater number. In a single asylum of this state, for example, that at Ogdenburg, there were among the 659 admissions 31 cases of general paresis. This would make the proportion of general paresis over 4 per cent.

Among seven state asylums, to which 1,942 patients were admitted in 1890, there were 93 cases of general paresis, or a little over 3 per cent. If 4 per cent be the general ratio for this disease in the State of New York, then the total number of paralytics among the 16,000 insane would be about 640. As a matter of fact, the number is much greater because the proportion of this disease is larger in New York and Kings County asylums than in those of the State at large. But even if there were but 4,000 cases of general paresis among the 100,000 insane in this country, it would be an extraordinary evidence of the development of a disease which in the last century was certainly not known, even if it did exist.—Buffalo News.

Power of the Human Jaws.
Dr. G. V. Black, a dentist of Jacksonville, Fla., has made some interesting experiments upon the force exerted by the human jaws in the ordinary mastication of food, and also the greatest force which the jaws are capable of exerting. By means of a spring instrument provided with a registering device he took records of about 150 "bites" of different persons. Of these, fifty have been preserved as characteristic of the ordinary man, woman and child. The smallest pressure recorded was thirty pounds, by a little girl 7 years old. This was with the incisors. Using her molars, the same child exerted a force of sixty-five pounds. The highest record was made by a physician of 35. The instrument used only registered 270 pounds, and he closed it together without apparent effort. There was no method of determining how far above 270 pounds he could have gone. This test was made with the molars. Several persons exceeded a force of 100 pounds with the incisors and 200 with the molars. The physical condition of the persons experimented upon seemed to have little bearing upon the result. Dr. Black is of the opinion that the condition of the periodical membranes is the controlling factor, rather than muscular strength. Dr. Black found that, in the habitual chewing of food, much more force is exerted than is necessary.

Mind Over Matter.
The following remarkable tale is told in the New York Evening Sun: "When measles once ran riot in a girls' boarding school, the physician in charge had great difficulty in persuading his skittish patients to remain in bed, and so induce the perspiration absolutely necessary to recovery. Every means was tried, but to no avail. The girls found it impossible not to just hop out from the blankets in order to run in and tell their next door neighbors that it was decided to trim the new hat with helio-trope, or that it was true that Cousin Fred was actually engaged. All of which seriously retarded recovery. It looked for a time, indeed, as though funerals might become epidemic as well as measles. Finally the psychology teacher hit upon a scheme that seemed likely to work. It consisted in the few well girls stationing themselves in turn at the bed of each invalid and criticising her most unmercifully. The success of the plan was simply phenomenal. After only a few brief moments of such treatment the patient broke out into a profuse and violent perspiration. Recovery soon followed, the doctors were overwhelmed at this fresh proof of the influence of mind over matter, and the psychology teacher was a proud and happy pedagogue."

Britain's Influence on Our Census.
A curious feature of New York city's latest census is that it shows more males than females. Most of the great Eastern cities in the United States, like our own cities at home, show an excess in female over male population, and this is conspicuously the case in Boston, where the women outnumber the men by about 13,000. In New York, on the contrary, there appears to be about a thousand more men than women. Have the matrimonial aggressions from this side anything to do with the fact?—Westminster Gazette.

The Preference.
She—the superior man rises on defeat; the ordinary man rises on success. He—all things considered, I believe I prefer to be an ordinary man.—Detroit Free Press.

Uncle Eben's Good Advice.
"Doan nebbaik mek fun of serious 'tins," said Uncle Eben, "an, on ds udhah ban, doan" be too serious 'bout 'tins dat orter be funny."—Washington Star.