



CHAPTER XLII.—(Continued.)

He had seen her pass swiftly in the direction from which he had just then come, and presently heard her voice calling to the garden coolies, and interrogating them in turn. Then she came and stood on the threshold of the open door.

"Oh, Nora, have you seen my ring?" she asked piteously, in her excitement, only giving the curtest possible nod to Colonel Prinsep.

"No, dear. Have you lost it? Where did you have it last?"

"I took it off while I was transplanting those cuttings, and laid it down beside me. Then when I went back for it, it was gone!"—with a distressed accent, and a tragic movement of her hands so expressive of loss that Mrs. Dene felt half inclined to smile. Not so Colonel Prinsep, who looked such a picture of guilt that if Jane had not been so preoccupied to notice, she must have found him out.

"It may have rolled away," he suggested, awkwardly. "Let me go and help you."

"Oh, no, thank you! I can find it best myself," answered Jane quickly, and ran off.

But, in spite of her prohibition, he followed. When he came up she was standing staring blankly at the rifled ring which she held in the palm of her outstretched hand.

"Ah, you have found it!" he remarked, with an overdone air of cheerfulness.

"Found it?" she repeated, tearfully. "Oh, yes, I have found it! But—but—"

Then with a sudden gleam of hope: "Perhaps it has fallen into the water. There is a piece still missing—it might have rolled into the water, might it not?" she asked, eagerly.

"Certainly it might, if—it was a round piece."

"It was round."

She looked at the water wistfully, but did not attempt to search for it. He understood why.

"You prize the ring very much?" he questioned, searchingly.

The eloquence of her eyes told him how much rather than her words, which were commonplace enough.

"It was a present, perhaps?" he went on, inquiringly.

"No, no, I bought it myself. Of course I know it was only silver, but—"

She stopped abruptly, no longer able to conceal her impatience to be alone.

"Will you go in and tell Mrs. Dene that I am coming?" she asked, imploringly.

He turned and went at once, but as he entered the drawing-room he could not help seeing her as she knelt upon the ground, and with her own hands dug among the mud in her vain endeavor to recover what she had lost. He almost repeated then of what he had done, and he felt still more repentant when a little later Jane came in, looking so desolate and despairing that Mrs. Dene involuntarily exclaimed:

"Why, child, whatever is the matter? I understood from the Colonel that you had found your ring."

"Not all of it—a piece is missing."

"It can be replaced!"—with a little gentle surprise at the other's exaggerated grief.

"It can never be replaced."

"Then it must be found. I will offer a reward for it, and that will make the servants more eager in their search. You must describe what it is like."

"I can't do that."

"Then, my dear, how can we help you?"

"Not at all. I must look for it myself. Don't be offended, Nora—I am very grateful to you all for your sympathy."

She had blushed so vividly that Mrs. Dene hastened to change a subject evidently embarrassing.

"Colonel Prinsep came to ask us if we would go to the sports this afternoon. Should you care about it, Jenny?"

"I will go, of course, if you wish it."

"But do you care about it?"

"I hate sports," declared Jane, viciously, mindful of the gymnkhana at which she had first met and lost her heart to Stephen Prinsep.

"Then, my dear, don't go. Life is too short to be bored," smiled Mrs. Dene. "But you must not stay in always with me; you ought to go out. Would you like to ride Selim?"

"Oh, Nora, may I? I have not ridden him since we were at Simla!" cried Jane, excitedly, almost forgetting her trouble.

"I did not know you were so fond of riding," said Colonel Prinsep.

"And you don't know Selim. He is not like any other horse that ever was. I can trust him."

"All the same, I shall not let you go alone. You are bound to go to the gymnkhana, I suppose, Colonel Prinsep?"

"No. If Miss Knox will allow me to accompany her I shall be delighted."

And, for some reason or other, perhaps to prove how utter was her indifference, Miss Knox made no objection.

They started early in the afternoon, Jane looking shyly bewitching in her neatly fitting habit and broad Terai hat, Colonel Prinsep sitting erect in his saddle, scarcely glancing in his companion's direction, as he discoursed upon every subject likely to interest her, yet avoided with intention anything personal. Jane felt as though she must be in a dream—listening to his voice, the same, yet so changed to her. Knowing nothing of the memories that were surging through his brain, rendering him often unconscious of what he had said, and oblivious of her replies, she thought that it was only another sign that he had ceased to care for her, and made an effort to appear unconcerned as he.

A boy ran out of a native hut shouting wildly and firing off several fireworks in succession. The sensitive Arab which Jenny rode started and plunged wildly, then came off at a furious gallop. Colonel Prinsep followed as quickly as he could, endeavoring to frighten the animal

more if he went too near. At present there was a chance of his settling down into a quiet canter when his excitement had subsided. But Selim, who so seldom broke out thus, determined to have a final fling. Putting his head between his legs he gave two or three violent buck-jumps that succeeded in dislodging Jane; and then, as she slipped down, her arms tightly clasping his neck, he stood as meekly as the lamb he had always been considered before.

When her escort came up, he found her flushed and trembling, still holding the reins, her hair falling about her in magnificent masses, and gilding in the sun like autumn leaves, a hundred subtle shades of brown and gold.

He placed his hand upon Selim's shining neck.

"The horse you trusted," he remarked, with what he tried to make a cynical smile, yet felt convinced was only foolishly tender.

"I shall never trust anything again," declared Jane, with decision.

"Ah, you must not say that! Selim was only rash, not vicious. It would not be fair to condemn any one for a single fault."

She gave a swift glance into his face, wondering if he were pleading for himself, or only Selim. To avoid her scrutiny he turned and took his horse from the native who was holding it. Then mounting, he rode along quietly by her side.

The winter sun that shone coldly seemed to have reserved a special radiance for the girl's bright locks as they waved softly behind her; there was, too, a gleam in her hazel eyes that had not been there before. Everything looked bright and beautiful that afternoon, thought Stephen Prinsep, but nothing so bright, so beautiful as his wilful sweetheart.

After a time their relations grew less strained, yet also less full of tremulous delight. They were talking as ordinary acquaintances might have talked, when at last they reached the bungalow gates.

Then Colonel Prinsep said, earnestly, and without connection to what they had been saying before:

"Jenny, will you do what I am going to ask? Will you ask Mrs. Knox to tell you the whole story about Jacob Lynn's letters?"

A little nervously she promised; and then put her hand in it to say, "Good-bye!" He relinquished it even sooner than courtesy might have dictated, but stood looking at her with gentle gravity. An almost leafless tree with graceful golden pods waved above her; behind a group of banana trees—two large, milk-erred bullocks were working a well, and the droning whirr of the wheel was the only sound that broke the stillness. A woman with her face almost hidden by a silk-embroidered scarf stood watching them from a little distance. The scene was intensely Indian, yet Stephen Prinsep found his thoughts incessantly reverting to his English home, with its trim flower-beds and well-kept walks. In fancy he could almost imagine that even now he was walking under the avenue of chestnuts with his bride, pointing out to her each familiar spot they passed.

"You won't come in?" asked Jane, timidly.

"No, I won't come in, thank you. Good-bye."

CHAPTER XLIII.

When Jane went in she found a note from her mother containing rather startling news. The quartermaster had been so unwell that Mrs. Knox had called in a doctor, who pronounced it to be an utter breaking-up of health, consequent on his long residence in the country, and that the only remedy he could suggest was a year's leave to England.

"This, of course," wrote Mrs. Knox, "will be a serious pecuniary loss; but we must grudge nothing that will restore to you your father as he used to be."

"Ah, that he can never be again!" sighed Jane, as she put down the letter. She scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry at the decision thus announced; whether it would be a relief to go or great grief. "How could she," she asked herself, "leave India, not knowing whether she might ever see her lover's face again?"

She thought of going home at once, much as she dreaded the meeting with her father; then glancing again at the letter she saw that Mrs. Knox expressly desired she would not shorten her visit, which in any case would be at an end in a few days.

Those last days, how Jane enjoyed them!

Stephen Prinsep, who came every day, scarcely recognized her in this new mood. Was it frivolity or heartlessness, or the excitement engendered by despair? May be the last conjecture was nearer the truth than she herself knew.

They never saw each other alone, so it was the easier for the Colonel to keep to his resolution. He did not startle her again. An outsider would have thought them merely friends. Jane herself was often reminded of the time when her engagement to Jacob Lynn was a secret still, and all unconsciously she was learning to love one whom it had seemed fated she should never marry.

One day Mrs. Dene asked her to remain with her during the year her parents would be away; but she put the temptation from her bravely.

"You are as good as you have always been," she answered, gratefully; "but it is my duty to go with them to help my mother."

"Certainly the great reformer must have been your ancestor," commented the Colonel, when he heard of the offer and its refusal.

"Indeed, I don't think even John Knox took so much delight in denying himself," complained Mrs. Dene.

"I expect John Knox was good all round," observed Jane, quaintly, "and did not need to distinguish himself in any particular direction. Besides," she added, gravely, after a pause, "it is my pleasure, of course, as well as my duty, to go with my father and mother."

She was sitting a little distance off, and Colonel Prinsep crossed the room and stood near her looking down.

"Would nothing induce you to stay behind?" he asked, in a voice so low that Mrs. Dene could not have heard it, even if she had not at that moment been busy counting a cross-stitch pattern.

She shook her head, not daring to trust herself to speak.

"You might marry," he hazarded.

"Never, never!"

"Why?" he asked her boldly, his eyes still fastened on her face.

Her lips quivered in such evident distress that he could not press the question.

"All girls say that," he remarked instead, with a touch of incredulity.

"Not, I hope, with such good reason," she replied, with a dignity so full of sorrow that he was silenced.

Even with the hope of consoling her at last, he had no right to pain her so. This was the last day.

Mrs. Dene's stay at Allpore had done her undoubted good. She was looking better and brighter than she had looked for long times, since her husband's death, in fact. People thought that she was already comforted for his loss, and began to wonder if she would marry again, and if so, whom. Some such speculation was expressed in the hearing of Barry Larron, and the thought entered into his mind that, perhaps, it might be for his advantage if she married him.

Feeling terribly sore after his rejection by the quartermaster's daughter, and unable to carry out his revengeful threat with any hope of success, he fancied he might hurt her by so suddenly transferring his attentions that she would be fain to doubt whether they had ever seriously been offered to herself. To do this he must manage an exchange to Hattibad, where the detachment was, and where he would have every opportunity of maturing his plans. This for two reasons—first, because even he would lack the assurance necessary to make love to one woman under the very eyes of that other he had so lately wooed—and secondly, because Mrs. Dene herself was going so soon.

But he was too cautious to take this decisive move until he had satisfied himself that he would receive a warm welcome. Not that he doubted it, only it was his nature to calculate, as well as to scheme.

So it happened that, when Jane and Mrs. Dene arrived at the station, the first person they saw walking down the platform was Major Larron.

Jane drew back at once.

"I will go and get your ticket, and see after your baggage. Perhaps he will have gone by then," she suggested, nervously.

Mrs. Dene assented, and walked on alone.

Major Larron advanced to meet her, in irreproachable morning costume, with a roselined in button-hole. The widow, he thought, might be more critical than the girl.

"I heard you were going to-day, and did not wish you to leave without saying good-bye," he began. "I don't think, however, it will be long before we meet again."

"No?" queried Mrs. Dene, so quietly that, had he not been certain she must care for him still, now there was no barrier between them, he might have read indifference in her tone.

He was thinking to himself that report had spoken truly; she was looking very well, nearly as pretty as when she was a girl, and far more interesting.

"I am coming to Hattibad; to stay for some time, I fancy."

She looked up languidly, surprised.

"You will find it very dull, I am afraid."

"I do not think so. I always like Hattibad. Do you remember when we met there first?"

"I remember distinctly everything connected with our acquaintance, Major Larron."

She was looking into his face still, with such utter coldness and dislike, as she guessed at his intentions, that he was almost convinced of his mistake. But he would not admit it yet.

"I am afraid you have not forgotten me," he said, reproachfully.

Her eyes were all ablaze as she answered scornfully:

"Forgive me? Why, I am grateful to you, more grateful than I can express, for saving me from a marriage that would have made me wretched, and giving me instead the noblest, kindest husband that ever woman had. Thanks to you I have known what perfect happiness is, and though I possessed it for so short a time, it is enough to sweeten the remainder of a life that would otherwise be sad enough, heaven knows!"

The Hon. Barry Larron twined his dark mustache, and seemed to look unmoved.

"I don't think you have ever understood me, quite," he said, a little awkwardly.

Mrs. Dene shrugged her shoulders, not attempting to conceal her contempt. Though she had said as much herself to Jane, she began to doubt it now. A man who had acted with so little sincerity and delicacy of feeling might be capable of anything, she thought.

"Well, I must not keep you longer now," observed Larron. "We shall soon meet at Hattibad."

But in his own mind that scheme was already abandoned.

(To be continued.)

Prayer in War Time.

Editor F. W. Woolard, of the *Carnal* (Ill.) *Times*, was one of a group who were swapping stories at the Alhambra. The drift of the conversation was upon incidents which had impressed the narrators while here during and after the war. "I once heard a remarkable prayer from an old negro," said Editor Woolard. "It was at the time Sherman had pushed through Georgia, and everybody was 'cussing' him constantly. The old man had unconsciously absorbed the language of his master, although his sympathies were all the other way. He was in the midst of what the irreverent sometimes style a 'big meetin'," when he lifted his eyes to heaven and exclaimed as a grand finale, 'And now, Lawd, bless dem whut dem freed de po' nigger—bless dem down Yankee.' He was in dead earnest, and saw nothing ludicrous in his words. It was what he always heard them called."—*Atlanta Journal*.

Hunting Wild Cats.

Wild cats abound in Pleasant Valley woods, a few miles east of Winsted, Conn., and recently became so bold that they attacked human beings, almost sending to death one of the farmers of the neighborhood. The other day a party was organized to hunt the felines and five of the latter, one of them weighing forty pounds and looking exactly like a tiger, were killed.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

We will think Schomburgk ought to have drawn his line just west of the letter "K."

Laureate Alfred Austin is in hard luck. There's precious little inspiration in a lion's twisted tail.

Everything is comparatively quiet in Venezuela, but England is still experiencing those shooting pains in the Transvaal region.

The official pay of England's poet laureate is \$30 a month. The indications are that Mr. Austin will not be able to earn his salary.

A South Carolina man has been arrested for kissing a girl after courting her two years. The next time he will know better than to wait so long.

It would be a sorry spectacle if Mr. Bill Hohenzollern were to fight his grandnephew, but boys have some rights which old folks are bound to respect.

George Q. Cannon wanted to be United States Senator from Utah, but the Republican caucus elected his son, Frank J. Cannon. The young man seems to be a pretty enterprising son-of-a-gun.

If Mansfield makes a success on the lecture platform he probably will be imitated by Anson, Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, Brodie, Zella Nicolaus and other Theosophical bright lights. The country cannot afford to invite this.

Of course, it would be regrettable if Durnaven and Iselin were to meet on the field of honor and shoot each other to pieces, but if the continental yacht race can be stopped in no other way we stand ready to waive all objections to such a settlement.

A lawyer in Western Kansas declares in favor of consolidating a number of counties in order to cut down the offices and save expense, and thinks the proposition will be popular. It is not known whether he is demented or merely working off a rich joke.

Birmingham is overrun by rats that are fed from the sewers. The authorities have taken no steps to exterminate them, because Mr. Chamberlain, when Mayor, declared that rats were good scavengers, who, by eating up garbage, prevented the spread of disease.

Following in the line of the rest of the industry, Mr. Joe Chamberlain advances to remark that the Monroe doctrine is a highly respectable article of diplomatic furniture, and that Mr. Cleveland is a gentleman and a man of rectitude. It has taken about three weeks for Great Britain's attitude to turn about-face.

Another fine old tradition has been spoiled. Mrs. Glass' "Cook Book," published in the last century, gave a recipe for cooking a hare beginning with "first case your hare," that is, skin the animal. This was the reading in the first edition, the printer of the next changing the "case" to "catch." He was a wit, at all events, either by nature or accident.

In the closing month of 1813 a British force of about 1,200 men, with 200 Indians in addition, marched upon the town of Buffalo, N. Y., and captured it after fifty of its American defenders were killed. The settlement was then burned, with the exception of one residence and a blacksmith shop. Buffalo is now a city of over 200,000 inhabitants, while the towns on the Canadian side of the river have grown but little. The village that was wiped out eighty-two years ago could furnish a large army if an emergency required it.

The butler of the Duchesse de Brissac the other day gave notice of his intention to leave. Being asked for the reason, he explained that he had made one hundred thousand dollars by speculating in South African mining shares; and an hour later her first footman followed the butler's example by giving notice on the ground that he, too, had won six thousand dollars by speculation, and that he had determined to enter the service of his friend, the ex-butler, to whose pointers and advice he was indebted for his good luck.

Replanting and extending the orange groves in Florida probably depend upon finding a good method of protecting the trees against a hard freeze such as came twice last winter. They were exceptional freaks of weather, but no prudent man will invest in an orange grove without counting on their occasional repetition. Small fruits and grapes in the North are often protected in winter by covering them, and no doubt horticulturists will devise some plan to counteract the danger, now clearly recognized, of occasional heavy frosts in Florida. In a number of groves the earth is now banked around the trees and the branches protected. It should be still easier to protect the low-growing pineapple crop, which will be half as large this year as in 1894. Florida farmers are also planting the grades of tobacco raised in Cuba, and there is no danger that too much of it will be produced even after the island is quieted and resumes its old industries.

The replies of the peers and representatives of the Japanese Government to Emperor Mutsu Hito's speech from the throne indicate that the statesmen of Japan are wholly free from any selfish desire to shine in their country's eyes. The House of Peers, addressing

his majesty, said: "There are signs of growing prosperity of the empire, a prosperity due to the grand and far-sighted policy pursued by your majesty."

And the peers added that it was their intention "to contribute their humble share to the achievements of the imperial policy." The House of Representatives, in its speech to the throne, says: "The complete success that attended the imperial arms in the war with China has spread the glory of the country far and wide. This is entirely the result of your majesty's sacred virtues."

Mutsu Hito, by grace of his "sacred virtues," did it all, and the nation's statesmen hasten to tell him so. It had been generally supposed that Gen. Yamagata, Count Oyama and a few thousand other Japanese soldiers and officers had taken part in the affair, but the peers correct the false report. It was Mutsu Hito.

The affairs of the Manchester 50-million-dollar ship canal seem to be going from bad to worse. In the last six months of 1895 it carried a large traffic of 152,116 tons for the small sum of \$14,000. The average receipts now amount to about \$62,000 per month, while the total monthly charge for interest alone is \$120,000. Six months ago the corporation owed the city of Manchester more than \$280,000 in arrears of interest, and the debt now must be much greater. The sea-going traffic is being carried on terms which bring in a revenue of but a trifle over 50 cents per ton of 2,240 pounds, and during last year nearly 300,000 tons were carried for only a few cents per ton. It is estimated that the canal company will require to earn at least \$180,000 per month during the first half of this year in order to meet interest charges and working expenses, while the present monthly revenue is less than \$70,000. Hence the revenue must be nearly three times as great as now if the company is to "make both ends meet."

It seems probable that the promised increase of business will have to be continued for a long while before the company gets on a paying basis, and there is some reason to fear it will be swamped under its load before that time arrives.

Mr. Depew says: "All the transports and navies of the world could not land upon our shores an army which could march 100 miles from the seacoast, or even return to their ships. With all the world in arms against us the vast interior of our continent, except in its industrial and economical phases, would know nothing of the trouble and never see a foreign uniform—except on a prisoner of war. Secure in our isolation, supreme in our resources, unequalled in our reserves and free from dangerous neighbors, we occupy among the nations of the globe a position so exalted and safe that to compare us with other countries would be absurd. The statesman or the politician who really fears for the safety of this country is a fool. The statesman or politician who does not fear (because he knows better) and who yet preaches of our weakness and our vulnerability, is a demagogue, and he insults the intelligence of the American people."

But Mr. Depew speaks not less wisely and patriotically when he declares for an international court of arbitration, and asserts that it is the duty of the United States to take the initiative. This is not a warlike country. We have never acquired by conquest a foot of territory; we have conquered and then paid for what any other nation would have seized as legitimate booty. He mistakes the spirit of the American people who looks upon them as quick or eager for a quarrel. They have had enough of fighting. They have never fought in the past except for principles, whose vindication is as dear as national life itself. They will never fight in the future except for such principles.

Good Rules.

A school teacher in the West sends us, with the consent of the "officers" that their names may be used, the "Rules of the Tiger Julia foot-ball club," organized in her school. The little fellows who drew up the rules have set an example in sportsmanship to those whom they would probably denigrate their "seniors." We commend the rules to college elevens. It is better to have a good spirit than to be a good speller.

1. We do not allow any one to run and jump on the ball.

2. We do not allow any one to swear or make faces.

3. We do not allow any one to run and fall over each other.

4. We do not allow any one to try to hurt each other.

5. Nobody is allowed to kick the ball toward the houses.

6. We do not allow any one to run from bases unless it is time to.

7. No person is allowed to belong to our order without respect.

8. Nobody can play unless his name is in the list.

9. No person can throw stones.

10. Times we meet after May 16 1895, Wednesdays—Saturdays.

Dan Hull, Phillip Harrison, Jell Harrison, Harry Hope, Officers.

Where Japanese May Trade.

It is reported at Hang-Chow that the high provincial authorities in that city intend to lay out a settlement for the Japanese for trading purposes in accordance with the recent treaty between the two countries. The spot chosen for this purpose is outside the principal custom house of Hang-Chow, beginning north of the Kung-Cheng bridge, and having a lateral area east and west of three miles. The people living within these limits will be allowed to sell land to the expected strangers, but the selling of any other land will be visited with punishment on the offender.

One form of toothpick is where a dentist allows a person to select his own false teeth.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

SHORT, IMPRESSIVE TEMPERANCE SERMONS.

Dangers That Lurk in the Flowing Bowl—How Bright and Influential Men Have Been Dragged Down by the Demon Drink—Suppress the Traffic.

The Waste of Human Life. According to the Chicago Tribune, which prints a valuable but shocking annual summary of casualties in the United States, there were 5,759 suicides in the United States in 1894, as compared with the two previous years, in which there were, in order, 4,912 and 4,436. The murders were 10,500 in 1895, 9,890 in 1894, and 6,615 in 1893. There were 132 legal executions in 1895, 132 in 1894, and 126 in 1893. The number of murders mis-called lynchings was 171 in 1895 and 194 in 1894.

It thus appears that during the last two years 326 people have been lynched, and during the past three years 25,915 persons have been murdered, 15,107 have committed suicide, and 390 have been legally executed. The figures thus show a waste of life in the United States alone of 42,738 during the past three years. The loss of life in the year last passed, from the four causes named, reached 16,562.

The census of 1890 showed about 200,000 deaths in the previous year, and we doubt not that between the imperfect enumeration of that year, and the increase of population since that date, the annual deaths in the United States now reach about a million a year. While that rate of decrease is startling, it touches one almost pathetically when he thinks of the causes of unnecessary death, and the chief cause is strong drink. Intemperance weakens the physical powers, incites men to murder, makes it apparently needful to execute murderers in order to discourage others from that crime, decreases human physical resistance to disease, robs men and women of their due amount of food, promotes insanity, and in scores of ways ministers to human destruction. When men, and particularly women, contemplate the ruin inflicted by human consent, and by that device of all that is satiate—the liquor license system—it is verily wonderful that society does not go on mass to forcibly arrest the traffic and burn down the saloon. Statistics that make men's blood curdle are accessible, which show that the great part of loss of life is quite unnecessary.

A Nation of Tipplers. England's annual drink bill reaches the extraordinary total of almost \$800,000,000. In many of the museums and libraries you can get what you want to drink, and it is served graciously by prim young women. On every floor of the average theater there is a bar. The steamers that ply up and down the Thames all have liquors, and there the prohibited hours on Sunday do not apply. At the railway stations are all the liquors. Very often each separate platform has its bar, in addition to the several bars along the general platform. Wherever an express train stops there is a bar on each platform, and the train almost always stops long enough for you to get your drink.

Lunch baskets always contain a drink of some kind, generally a bottle of ale. It is not an uncommon sight to see a gray-headed lady sipping her brandy at the station. One day at Broad street we beheld a funeral party solemnly wending their way to the bar and soothing their sorrows. In all my travels here, the occupants of the compartments, with two exceptions, have at some stage of the journey pulled forth tanks and taken drinks.—*Correspondence Baltimore American*.

Lessons for Drunkards. This is how diminutive dogs are produced in Paris: Snatched from its mother's breast when it is but a few hours old, it is put on an alcoholic diet instead of a lactical diet. When it reaches a certain age, alcohol under different forms constitutes almost the sole diet of the animal. The young dogs do not die, but what is far more important, they do not develop and appear to be wasting away continually. They soon cease to grow entirely. By coupling these products the lilliputian animal is obtained after two or three generations. What a terrible lesson for drunkards and absinth consumers!—*New York World*.