



Fatal Measles and Mumps.
It is reported that a terrible epidemic of measles and mumps is raging in Costa Rica. One writer says that as many as ten thousand children died of these diseases in a period of three weeks. The government suppresses the facts. It is well known that measles is a much more dangerous disease in countries where it has never been known than in Europe and America. It probably becomes milder by being filtered through the bodies of successive generations. When measles first gained a foothold in Fiji it was as virulent and as fatal as cholera.

Brain and Mind.
Great size of head and brain is indicative of extraordinary mental power only when "other things are equal," that is to say, when the quality of brain is fine and the vital functions generally are of a superior order. Proportion to the size and weight of the entire body is also to be taken into account. An illustration of the fact that the size of the head is not a direct and varying measure of intellectual greatness is suggested by the remark in a recent biography of Louis Agassiz that while Curvier and Agassiz both possessed "enormous heads and largely developed brains, neither Lamarck nor Darwin was abnormal as regards the size and development of the head."

A Big Chunk of Silver.
In a popular history of America published many years ago an account is given of the discovery of a silver mine in Peru by an Indian, who, while chasing game in the mountains, seized a shrub for support, and the shrub, coming loose in his hands, revealed glittering masses of silver clinging to its roots. This story is recalled by the recent discovery in Pinal County, Arizona, of a nugget of native silver which had been washed and worn by water no one knows how long, but which still weighs 48 Troy ounces. It is of an oval form, and its surface is so marked as to indicate that it consists of crystals of silver formed in strings, and afterward compacted into a mass. The nugget has been placed in the National Museum in Washington.

The Earth's Animals.
A recent computation places the entire number of species of animals which up to the present time have been described by naturalists at 360,000. Many new species are added every year as previously unexplored lands are invaded by students eager to add distinction by adding valuable contributions to the lists of science. The number of species already known is so great that even naturalists are sometimes troubled to keep track of them, and a project has just been set on foot in Germany to publish a work in which the entire animal population of the globe shall be arranged and described on a uniform system. The publication is to be begun next year, and a quarter of a century is assigned as the probable period needed for its completion. Not only German, but English, French and American naturalists will have a hand in the work.

The Science of Yeasts.
A translation into English of the work of the great German authority on fermentation, Prof. E. C. Hansen, calls attention to the important services which science has recently rendered to the brewers of the "Fatherland." About ten years ago Prof. Hansen experienced much difficulty and opposition in obtaining admission to the Old Carlsberg brewery for the purpose of carrying on researches into the origin and nature of the yeasts on which the production of beer depends. The brewers were practically familiar with the culture of yeast, and did not believe that a scientific professor could tell them anything new or useful about the subject, although the yeast often behaved in a manner which they could not explain and which caused them much disappointment and loss. But within a few years the professor had discovered facts they had never dreamed of, had taught them a better system of cultivating yeast, and had made their brewery famous throughout the scientific world, on account of his experiments. Various kinds of yeast cause "disease" in beer, and Hansen has discovered the means of guarding against it. He has also devised methods of preserving "stock" yeast so that it can be kept pure for years, and transported safely thousands of miles.

Selecting a Vocation.
"The young man who says, 'I have given my heart to the Lord, and therefore, I am going to study for the ministry, minus the entire point,' says Dr. Parkhurst in an article on "Selecting a Career," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "There is no 'therefore' about it. That is a pettifoggery way of meeting a great situation. I quote from a letter that I received recently from a young lawyer in Ohio: 'In my daily life about the criminal courts I have seen many a sad scene, and at last it has come to that point that I am almost decided to cast aside my bright future in law, and enter the service of the Lord.' I answered him that he was writing nonsense. What he meant by the 'service of the Lord' was the Christian ministry, and that is no more a service of

the Lord than any other reputable calling. It is not what a man does that makes his service Christian; it is putting his career under contribution to the public weal, instead of mortgaging it to his own preference, that makes his service Christian. There is a great lot of small thinking about these matters and well meaning 'imbecility' that works damagingly all around. My correspondent furthermore wrote that he had 'learned to distrust the law.' All the more reason, then, why he should stay in the law. We cannot improve a thing by standing off and 'distrusting' it, but by jumping in and converting it. If all the concentration is put into the ministry and all the brains into the other professions neither the pulpit nor the world will profit. The sum and substance of all of which is that when a young man has come out on to the distinct Christian ground of putting himself under contribution to the public weal, the selection of a career, best suited to himself and to the needs of humanity, is simply a matter of studying adaptations, and deciding by what art, trade, business or profession he can subserve that weal the best."

Field's Fondness for Children.
Eugene Field was a man of generous, tender spirit and boundless sympathy. He gained and held the love of little children and of men and women; for in his writings he appealed to young and old, and every gentle nature responded to the magic of his honest verse.

He was a great lover of animals, and was constantly making pets of them. He was very fond of birds, but, as he disliked to see them caged, he looked forward to the time when he could add to his new home a good conservatory, where the birds might find a home and fly in and out among the plants. After he had once become attached to a pet of any kind it was exceedingly hard for him to give it up. For several years he paid the board of two old dogs at a farm. Some of his friends thought this a foolish expense; but he said he would not have the dogs killed, as they had been faithful to him in their younger days, and he did not believe in deserting old friends. Several years ago a Jerusalem donkey was given to the Field boys, and they named it Don Caesar de Buena. After they became too old to drive with him, it was a serious question what to do with "Don." For some time he was boarded at a livery stable. His board bill soon became quite a serious matter. But Mr. Field would not have him sold, for fear that the children's old comrade might fall into unkind hands. At last a friend in Kentucky offered a home for the donkey, and there he is now, spending his last days in luxurious ease on a blue-grass farm.—St. Nicholas.

A Poet's Gifts to His Little Friends.
As we all know, Mr. Field was ever gentle and tender to the little ones. If they were in any way weak or afflicted, they appealed all the more strongly to the love of which his heart was so full. His nature was as simple as a child's, and he loved the children's toys as much as they did. His sympathetic enjoyment of their pleasure in any new toy was a revelation to the every-day man or woman. One day I went with him into a toy store to get some little things for the babies, as he rarely went home empty-handed. After he had purchased several things, he ordered a dozen medium-sized bisque dolls. I wondered what he was going to do with so many, and put the question to him. He answered: "Oh, I like to have them, and when little girls come to see me I can give them a dolly to take home." Some time after his death, the family found the box that had contained the dolls. There was only one left, and that one in some way had been broken. It was only a few weeks before his life ended that he bought these dolls—so he must have had many visits from his little friends.—St. Nicholas.

Got Ahead of Them.
A writer in the Springfield Republican tells a story of the boyhood of Judge C. B. Andrews, of the Connecticut Supreme Court. The story shows how he, when a freshman at Amherst, got ahead of some hazing collegians. It was the custom then to smoke out the freshmen. A party of a dozen or more of the fellows would enter the room of an unsuspecting boy, light their pipes and smoke until the victim gave in and offered a treat. When they came into Andrews' room they were without their pipes and had no tobacco about them, but with a stern voice one fellow handed Charles a dollar and ordered him to go and procure pipes and tobacco for the crowd.

Charles went out, and soon returned with ninety-nine pipes and one cent's worth of tobacco. What the boys did to him for his audacious act is not related, but it is a fact that they did not smoke him out that night.

Size of an Earthquake Wave.
Seismologists say that every great earthquake causes pulsations which extend for thousands of miles in all directions on the globe, and Prof. Milne Ekens such pulsations to the long, low swells that sweep across the ocean. Recently Prof. Charles Davison has attempted to measure the height and length of the waves of an earthquake that occurred in Greece on April 27, 1894, the pulsations of which were perceived by the aid of a specially constructed pendulum at Birmingham in England. The pulsations, or waves, passed through the rocky crust of the earth with a velocity of about two miles a second, and each of the largest of them, according to Prof. Davison, must have been about twenty-eight miles in length, but only half an inch in height!

Meat, according to experienced cooks, should never be washed. It may be cleansed by rubbing it with wet cloth. Meats lose flavor if placed in direct contact with ice.



CHAPTER VII.

"What a bear your Mr. Boldero is, after all," Effie said that night at dinner. "Just think, Jennifer, he has actually refused my invitation for to-morrow, without having the courtesy to assign any reason for doing so! If I were you, Hubert, I should take my affairs out of his hands immediately."

"That's more easily said than done," Mr. Ray said, indifferently; "the business management of a big property is not so easily transferred as you think, Effie."

Then the conversation drifted as usual into the theatrical channel, and from divers remarks Jennifer learned to her horror that Captain Edgecomb had declined the part of Charles the Second in the tableau, and that Jack had been persuaded to fill it.

"Jack, you promised me you wouldn't act," his sister cried.

"It isn't acting, you goose," Mrs. Ray said, hilariously; "he'll have to do the reverse of act; he will have to remain motionless and inactive, and merely look adoration of Nell Gwynn's charms."

"I hope poor Minnie's head won't be turned," old Mrs. Ray said; and they all laughed, with the exception of Jennifer and Jack.

A little stage had been adroitly contrived and furnished at the end of the long library, and on this the performers had a full-dress rehearsal this night after dinner.

CHAPTER VIII.

Jack made Moor Royal his "headquarters," as he termed it, until March. If he used the words in the sense of meaning that he honored Moor Royal with his presence more frequently than he did any other place, or that, when he did so honor it, he gave his fullest head-power to the forwarding of anything like intellectual life there, the designation was certainly a misnomer.

These first three months of the first year which he had witnessed the dethronement of old Mrs. Ray were unquestionably not happy ones to either the widow or her children. Old Mrs. Ray and Jennifer lived apart to themselves a great deal, and this not through any sulky desire to hold aloof from or seem to disapprove of Effie and her doings, but really because Effie made it practically impossible that their daily life should harmonize.

Jennifer had made up her mind very lovingly and carefully to make one appeal on behalf of her brother Jack to Mr. Boldero, and she knew that she could do this easily at a lawn meet at Hallowmoe.

"Jennifer, you're going out with an object; oh, and your brothers quote you as being so guileless and superior! Jennifer, take the advice of a woman of the world. A hunting woman, especially one who has to make an effort to be one, won't attract Captain Edgecomb."

Effie said this with a little spitefully sarcastic laugh, and an indescribable assumption of being more conversant with Captain Edgecomb's motives than any one else, that would have been funny had it not been insulting.

"Be quite sure that, when I want to attract Captain Edgecomb, I will come to you for instruction; to-day I won't tax either your patience or good nature," Jennifer said, temperately; but Mrs. Ray

days were dead in which her effective rendering of wrong ideas could impress him.

"If you really believe Miss Ray to be actuated by anything like petty jealousy, show yourself so much nobler by not trying to thwart her," he said, politely.

Effie laughed at him and told him he had "grown strangely humble."

"Will you make one tiny admission to me?" she asked, as they walked along to the library, which had been transformed into a theater; "it won't involve any loss of your dignity—in fact, if any one will be humbled by it I shall be that person. Weren't you very much relieved when you heard I had married Hubert Ray?"

"I was delighted to know that you had such a fair prospect of happiness."

"That's an evasion. Were you not relieved? Didn't you feel I had saved you a great deal of trouble?"

"I thought you had acted very sensibly. Your husband is one of the best fellows I have ever known. Jack," he continued, as they went behind the scene, "Mrs. Ray has kindly permitted me to take my original part of Charles the Second. You won't object? You thought it a bore, you know."

"All right," Jack said, but he said it grimly; and Captain Edgecomb saw lightning glances interchanged between Jack and a handsome, dark-eyed girl who stood a little apart from the ladies and gentlemen assembled on the stage.

"Jennifer doesn't mind putting me into a situation which she feels to be fraught with danger to her brother," he thought, disconcerted; but the next instant the better thought, "She knows too well what I feel about her to dream a low rival."

"The change is Miss Jennifer's work," Minnie Thurtle took an opportunity of whispering to Jack, when stage business drove him into her vicinity. As much as he could he avoided speaking to her before people. Not that he was "ashamed" of his admiration for her; he told himself, but because he feared being forced into a premature declaration of love and war.

The majority of those who had received invitations to these festivities at Moor Royal came, though they had degraded themselves to be shocked and disgusted when they first heard of them. Young Mrs. Ray and her sister were born managers on a magnificent scale, and no more perfect display of hospitality, well within the borders of good taste, had been witnessed in that neighborhood. But when they came to count the cost of it all, which was not for some months after, they found the bills so heavy that Effie broadly advised that no effort should be made to meet them.

"It will curtail our income quite too shockingly if these wretched people are paid now," she said. And then she added that Hubert really should consider what exhaustive calls were made upon her housekeeping purse. "I have to provide for two families, you must remember, Hubert. It would be very different if your mother and sister were not here."

CHAPTER IX.

For a moment or two Effie looked crestfallen; for she could not help feeling a little shocked that her jeremiad against the bold invader, Minnie Thurtle, should have been overheard by her former mistress. But after a moment or two this feeling of shock passed off, and she felt grimly exultant that her burst of eloquence in aid of the proprieties had fallen upon ears that surely would be sympathetic.

But if Effie deemed that her former play and school fellow, Minnie Thurtle, would now without fail meet with well-deserved punishment and downfall, she

knew from her sister-in-law's averted face and measured tones that her shot had gone home.

"I've no time to argue the question now, the horses will be round in a minute or two," Effie said, walking round Jennifer in order to get a straight look into the girl's eyes; "but I'll just offer you one hint, though you're sure to take it ungraciously, and misunderstand my motive in giving it. Don't think to win Captain Edgecomb by any pretense of indifference; he's very honest and straightforward himself, and has a horror of anything like finesse in a girl."

"Here are the horses," was the only reply Jennifer vouchsafed to Mrs. Ray. Jack had come up from the home farm to join the Moor Royal party; and, as Jennifer came out, both her brothers greeted her cordially.

"Glad to see you out with us again, Jenny, dear," Jack cried, heartily, and Jennifer felt self-reproachful for a moment, as she thought of how she was going to try and upset what Jack was foolish enough to fancy was his happiness.

"It will be like old times to see you in the field again, dear," Hubert said; kind for this was the first time that Jennifer had attempted to hunt since her father's death.

"I don't think I shall follow," Jennifer said as they rode through the lodge gates into the grounds of Hallowmoe, and Mrs. Ray was soon surrounded by the members of the hunt who had the honor of being on speaking terms with its most distinguished member of a habit.

Jennifer had ridden on with Jack, and they had been joined by Mr. Boldero.

"Jack," Jennifer said, hastily, "it's so long since I've ridden to hounds that I'd rather take it quietly to-day. Don't let me stop you. I'll stay quite contentedly with Mr. Boldero."

"But you mustn't keep Mr. Boldero out of it, Jenny; he won't thank you for doing that," the young brother said; and he rode off, leaving her alone with Mr. Boldero.

"You know why I want to see you," she began, without any idle preface. "He is going to ruin. Once more I ask you to speak to him, to stop him."

"I cannot. This is final. With all my heart would I add my entreaties and warnings to yours, but the power to do so has been taken out of my hands. I know that he has been offered good appointments at high salaries. I know that an agency to large estates—a post for which he is exactly fitted—is open to him now, but I can't press him to accept it."

"Mr. Boldero, what is the secret power which holds you back? You surely don't want to see us Ray's ruined?" she asked, leaning forward to gain a clearer view of his face.

"Heaven forbid!"

"But it is evident that man or woman has constrained you to stand by idly and see one of us go down. Oh, do, do! if you cared for my father, as we all believe you did, save his son!"

"If the sacrifice of all my worldly goods would do it, I would do it," he said, fervently.

"You say that; it's easy; but you won't speak the word that might do it. I wish I had not come out; you have disappointed me this time more cruelly than before; for you must have felt that I was in extremity before I wrote to you."

She turned her horse's head and rode sharply away, to the wonderment of so much of the field as had leisure to observe her; and Mr. Boldero did not venture to follow her.

Meantime old Mrs. Ray, having nothing else to do in Jennifer's absence, had gone down to the home farm to see what arrangements had been made in the house for Jack's comfort.

She was quite alive now to the right which was hers of taking away any furniture that she desired from Moor Royal. And she was quite resolved that if she found the farm house rooms inadequately furnished, she would exert that right, and have her son's new home fitted up with some of his customary surroundings.

"Poor, dear boy! I dare say it's all bare and ugly enough, after what he has been accustomed to at Moor Royal," the mother thought, as she walked down to inspect her son's house for the first time since he had occupied it.

It pleased her well, as she approached the house, to see the old-fashioned looking garden neater and trimmer than it had ever been even under the Cowley rule. Long borders of primroses, cowslips and snow drops wound ribbon-like round every bed. And all the windows were bright with hyacinths of every size, from creamy white to darkest blue and red, and with gaudy but beautiful double tulips in pots.

"Dear Jenny has taken care that he shall have flowers to remind him of home," the mother thought, tenderly, as she marked with pleasure that the flowers were softly framed by white muslin curtains, as well as by the heavy dark ones that she herself had sent down from Moor Royal. Then she opened the hall door and went into the wide red brick passage, calling, as she entered, for Effie, the girl who had been scullery maid for some time at Moor Royal, and who had now come "to do" for Mr. Jack, as she herself expressed it.

The kitchen door stood open, and a fine appetizing odor of bread making streamed forth. Something else streamed forth, also, and that was a dialogue carried on by two highly pitched female voices. The first words that fell on Mrs. Ray's astonished ears were spoken by Effie:

"I don't care nor know what you're a-goin' to be, Minnie Thurtle; you knows best about that yourself, I s'pose; but I know you're not a-goin' to come here now and order me about as if you was my missus. I'll take orders from none but master and the ladies up to Moor Royal; and if you choose to come a-poking, and prying, and ordering in my kitchen, you'll have to hear what I've got to say—there!"

"You'll find yourself walked out of this house before you're many days older, Miss Impudence!" were the next words that quivered forth in accents of fury; and then both speakers became aware of old Mrs. Ray's presence, and silence reigned.

CHAPTER X.

For a moment or two Effie looked crestfallen; for she could not help feeling a little shocked that her jeremiad against the bold invader, Minnie Thurtle, should have been overheard by her former mistress. But after a moment or two this feeling of shock passed off, and she felt grimly exultant that her burst of eloquence in aid of the proprieties had fallen upon ears that surely would be sympathetic.

But if Effie deemed that her former play and school fellow, Minnie Thurtle, would now without fail meet with well-deserved punishment and downfall, she

was bitterly mistaken. Minnie might have failed to extricate herself from the difficult situation had Jennifer's eyes been upon her; but under old Mrs. Ray's affrighted and perplexed gaze she speedily recovered from the severe but momentary shock.

"I've just come up with a message from father to Mr. Jack, mum," she said, glibly, dropping an almost imperceptible courtesy as she spoke; "father's mad, almost, he's so vexed about it, and he thought Mr. Jack ought to know of it at once."

"What is it, Minnie?" old Mrs. Ray asked, accepting Minnie's insinuating explanation of her presence in the farm house kitchen with a readiness that made Effie morally grind her teeth.

"It's those poaching Mitchells; father is always coming across them and their lurchers in the woods, and he says they're a bad lot, and the sooner they're out of the parish the better."

"You weren't so ready to tell on them when you and Bill Mitchell kept company," Effie said, savagely, for she saw that justice was being averted from the offender, on whom she did virtuously desire to see condign punishment fall.

"Hush, Effie!" old Mrs. Ray said gently; "how often have I asked you not to indulge in a quarrelsome spirit? Well, Minnie, I will tell Mr. Jack what your father says, though I am very sorry to hear it. I always thought the Mitchells such a nice, well-conducted family."

"They're bad, root and branch, mum, father says," Minnie answered, with suave spleen; for Effie was generally understood to have tender yearnings toward that very Bill Mitchell whom Minnie had thrown over. Then, feeling that she no longer had any fair excuse for staying, Minnie picked up a little basket which always accompanied her, and took a self-possessed, respectful leave of Mr. Jack's mother.

When she reached home, after briefly relating to her mother what had passed up at the home farm house, she began carefully packing up a rather extensive new wardrobe.

"My dresses will be as hardworn as any Mrs. Ray has," she observed, with much satisfaction, to her mother, "and I shall look quite as well in them as she does in hers. There's no nonsense about her; she and I shall get on well enough, and I don't care about the old woman and Jennifer; there's nothing to get from them, as I shall tell Jack if they cut us and he makes a silly of himself about it."

"I shall never feel happy about it till I see you come out of the church with the ring on your finger," Mrs. Thurtle said, anxiously. She was naturally proud of her handsome daughter, and dignified gratified at the prospect of seeing her "made a lady of."

"The truth shall be known as soon as ever Jack comes back from hunting to-day," Minnie told herself, resolutely. "I'm not going to have it said of me that I'm over-bold in going to a bachelor's house. Effie'll be sorry enough to let her saucy tongue run on as it did to-day when the truth is known."

Jack had fallen in with his brother and sister-in-law as they jogged home, and Effie, with unusual suavity and embarrassment, had invited him back to Moor Royal to dinner. He went home to dress, and from Effie learned of the explosion of the day.

(To be continued.)

When the Hair is Growing Thin.
Here is a recipe for a pomade to check the falling out of hair: Five parts of tincture of Japarrand, three parts of lanoline, twenty parts of glycerin; mixed with the help of a little soft soap; the scalp to be rubbed every night with a little of this pomade on the end of your finger.

Another simple lotion is composed of a teaspoonful of salt and one scruple of quinine, added to a pint of brandy; shake the mixture well and apply every night for a few weeks.

Ammonia takes the color out of the hair. Therefore if you use it in your bath take care not to wet the hair. For cleaning hair brushes, however, ammonia is invaluable—far better than soda or soap. A teaspoonful to a quart of warm water will be sufficient; dip the bristles into this, but not the handles of the brushes. Dry the brushes in the open air, but not in the sun.

Only a Trick.
The so-called glass snake does not break to pieces at the sight of an enemy, as is commonly supposed, but, like some lizards, throws off its tail in an effort to escape. There are several lizards which, when attacked, for instance, by a bird or animal, will throw off their tails, and the tail flopping up and down on the ground diverts the enemy and thus gives the lizard time to get away. The glass snake adopts the same trick, and thus frequently saves itself. It is true, however, that the joints of this singular creature are so loosely connected that the snake will be broken to pieces by a blow of a stick, though the idea of a reunion of the broken parts is a superstitious absurdity. The broken joints do not unite, though a new tail will grow in a few months if the reptile has received no other injury.

Heavy Hotel Charges.
At this early day rooms and vantage ground for seeing the coronation processions in Moscow this spring are held at exorbitant rates. Nearly every inch of room in the public hostleries has already been engaged beforehand and \$3,500 is asked for a suite of five rooms for three weeks, with a cook and a lackey, while a single room in private houses costs \$175 for fifteen days.

Couldn't Be Worse.
Apropos of the celebration of Rossini's birthday on Feb. 29, it is recalled that Prince Poniatowski came to Rossini with two operas to ask which of them should be produced at the Theater Italien. The Prince played through one work. "Choose the other for performance," advised Rossini, with a sigh of fatigue.

Bizmog—"Zibley, your face is a sight. Did you cut yourself while shaving?" Zibley—"Not exactly. Perhaps it would be better to say that I shaved myself while cutting."—Roxbury Gazette.

"Mamma, why do they call it the weather bureau?" "Because the top drawer is generally in such a frightful mess, I suppose."—Chicago Record.