CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Nestorius made the walk to the castle last as long as he possibly could. He professed himself enchanted with that pastoral landscape, with its calm Middlesex beauty, seen in the rich coloring and under the somber skies of autumn. He was interested in the river, and made Stella show him the late Lord Lashmar's boathouse, and the little creek that he had been so fond of, the rushy retreats where he and his adopted daughter had spent many a summer day. It was half-past ten when they arrived at the castle, and Stella ran off to her room to wash her hands and rearrange her hair before she went to her ladyship.

The statesman was keenly interested in this poor dependent, and took occasion to talk about her at the afternoon tea in the library, where the shooters were allowed to enjoy themselves in their muddy boots and were refreshed with strong tea and cheered with pleasant talk before they went off to dress for dinner. Afternoon tea was much the pleasantest meal of the day at this particular season, when it was just light enough to dispense with lamps and just cold enough to enjoy a wood fire. Lady Carminow, secure in the consciousness of sound daylight beauty, lounged gracefully in an Oriental tea-gown, while Lady Sophia, who knew that a habit was the one costume which really suited her, balanced herself on the toes and heels of her neat little boots before the fireplace and honored the company with one of those graphic descriptions of a run which are so intensely interesting to the narrator and such an intolerable bore to the audience.

Mrs. Vavasour, who never sat on a chair when she could find an excuse for graceful sprawling, was reclining on the hearthrug, caressing her poodle, while the bishop's daughters, who disapproved of the lady but admired the poodle, showed their experience of society by their polite attentions to the dog and their cool avoidance of the owner. Mrs. Mulciber, looking like the goddess of plenty in a tailor gown, presided at a tea table richly furnished with every variety of muffin and bun.

It was one of Lady Lashmar's bad days, and she was not to appear until dinner time.

"I have had a long talk with your poor brother's protege," said Mr. Nestorius, luxuriously seated at Lady Carminow's elbow and enjoying his second cup of tea. "She is the most extraordinary girl I ever met."

"As how?" asked Lashmar, coldly.

"She is not twenty, and she has read more than most women at fifty. She knows half a dozen languages, and has an intense appreciation of classic literature; and yet she has all a girl's humility and a perfect unconsciousness that she is gifted above the rest of her sex."

"But do you call it gifted to be able to talk in half a dozen grammars and dictionaries?" asked Lady Carminow, contemptuously. "The wretched girl has been tutored by old Mr. Verner, an eccentric of the purest water——"

"A remarkably fine scholar," interrupted Nestorius.

"In a word, she is a blue-stocking of the first water. You don't mean to say, Mr. Nestorius, that you, who are so manly a man, can admire the unwomanly in woman?"

"There is nothing unwomanly in Miss——dias—by the by, I did not hear her surname this morning. She was only introduced to me as Stella."

"Her father's name was Boldwood," answered Lashmar, "but she has been called here by no other name than Stella. Her father was a blatant Radical, who preached socialistic and atheistic opinions to the operatives of Brumm. No influence so baleful for the uneducated classes as that of an educated man who has gone wrong."

"Boldwood, a Freethinker and a Radical!" exclaimed Nestorius. "Upon my word, I believe the man must have been a fellow I knew at Oxford, a Balliol man, one Jonathan Boldwood."

"Jonathan was his name. Poor old Lash had an idea that he had seen him in the Oxford eight."

"Nothing more likely. Boldwood was a great athlete, and a very clever fellow into the bargain. It was thought that he would take high honors at Balliol. But there was a screw loose somewhere. He turned Radical and wasted his time at the Union, where he was famous as a grand speaker. He read Kant and Hegel when he ought to have been reading for his degree; and the end was failure. He published a pamphlet which sneered at the university as an institution, and libeled the dons. The rest is silence. He was not absolutely sent down; but he was one of the most unpopular men in the college, and one fine morning he disappeared altogether, leaving his books and baggage and a sheaf of tradesmen's bills on his table. He was heard of three years afterward, traveling in Spain, a student of Romany and the companion of gypsies."

Mrs. Mulciber pounced upon Stella in the corridor on the following afternoon, introduced herself with affectionate familiarity and wanted to take the girl to the library. "We all want you to come to tea," she said. "Mr. Nestorius has been telling us how clever and how nice you are."

To her surprise Stella flatly refused.

"I used almost to live in that room when I was a child," she said. "It is there I most vividly remember Lord Lashmar—my Lord Lashmar. His ghost haunts the room. I could not bear to hear talk and laughter and to see strange faces there."

"You are a very foolish girl," said Mrs. Mulciber, with her kindly common-sense tone. "Your life must be hideously dull, a positive slavery, the hard work without the privileges of an upper servant, and none of an opportunity for improving your position and getting your superiority recognized by the very best people."

"I don't care for the best people," the girl answered bluntly. "They are nothing to me. I would rather be with Mr. Verner than with the finest of Lady Lashmar's friends."

"You forget that Mr. Nestorius is among those very people. To know such a man is a liberal education."

"Mr. Nestorius is very clever and very kind, but I would rather see him at Mr. Verner's cottage than among the fine people downstairs."

"You are incorrigible!" exclaimed Mrs. Mulciber. "Your only chance of getting on in the world is knowing smart people."

"Then I shall never get on, for I hate smart people."

In the evening the Vavasours started games: dumb crambo, charades, clumps, the usual kind of thing. Lashmar detested this kind of fooling, so he went off to the library and plunged into the thrilling pages of Hansard. He was interested in a factory bill that was to come on next session. He had begun to read after ten o'clock, and he read on till after twelve, by which time the house party had finished their games and retired for the night. Mr. Nestorius yawning tremendously directly he escaped from that appreciative circle of which he had been the life. Deep in the report of a case of trade-union tyranny, which had gone almost as far as murder and quite as far as arson, Lashmar was unconscious of the opening of a door near him, and only looked up from his book when he felt a sudden brightening of the light in front of him. It was his mother's slave, standing there in her black gown with a candle in her hand.

"I came to look for a book for her ladyship. I did not know you were here, my lord," she faltered, startled to find any one in a room she had expected to find empty.

"Can I help you? What book is it?"

"Sir Thomas Malory. The Morte d'Arthur."

"Why, that is the very book——" began Lashmar, and then stopped abruptly with a smile, looking at the pale, grave face in front of him, which gave no answering smile. It was the very book she had been reading seven years ago, perched on the ladder yonder at the other end of the room. Involuntarily he glanced toward the spot, shrouded in deepest shadow.

"There is another copy," she said; "I know where to find it."

She went to a shelf a little way off and selected a small octavo.

He had been looking at her deliberately while she found her book and moved quietly toward the door, looking at her with the thought of what Mr. Nestorius had said about her in his mind.

One thing was certain. The ugly child—if ugly she had ever been—had grown into a very interesting woman. He did not know whether to call her beautiful. The small features were delicately molded, but they had not the statuesque beauty of Lady Carminow's outline. The little rose inclined to the retrouse, the lips were too thin for loveliness—lips of Minerva rather than of Venus—lips of Sibyl or mystic rather than of lovable woman. The complexion was a pale olive, that tint which suggests bronze rather than marble. The hair was blue-black, lustrous, heavy. The eyes were the most glorious orbs that Lashmar ever remembered to have looked upon; eyes full of thought and full of pride; eyes of a queen, and of a queen who would rule her kingdom.

He looked at her gown, the black merino gown, with its plain, straight skirt and demi-train; just such a gown as every housemaid at Lashmar wore of an afternoon. His mother had not been over-indulgent to her dead step-son's protege.

He opened the door for her.

"Do you know that it is just past twelve o'clock?" he said. "I suppose your duties are over for to-night?"

"No; I shall be reading for some hours, perhaps. Her ladyship is such a bad sleeper."

"Rather hard upon you!"

"Not at all. I am fond of reading, and I am always interested in the books her ladyship chooses."

She was gone, and he stood riveted where she had left him.

"So this is the tawny-visaged brat with the goblin eyes that my poor brother brought into the castle in his arms that midsummer night nearly fifteen years ago," he said to himself. "Poor old Lash! How proud he would have been of his bantling if he had lived to see her as she is to-night. A girl who warms an ex-prime minister to enthusiasm; a girl who for distinguished looks and pride of mien could hold her own in any coterie in London, Paris or Vienna. And she has grown up to this under my mother's stringent rule."

And then going back to Hansard, and finding it impossible to revive his interest in trade unionism and Mary Ann, he said to himself:

"She looks as if she had a temper—just the same kind of temper that made her flout Clarice seven years ago in this very room. She looks as if she had nerves. Why doesn't my mother let her go out into the world? It is like chaining an eagle to keep her here."

CHAPTER XIII.

Lashmar heard voices—a musical baritone—a subdued contralto—on the terrace, under his window, at eight o'clock next morning, and looking out saw Mr. Nestorius and Stella walking up and down in apparently earnest conversation.

"She is as much at ease with him as if she had been reared among cabinet ministers," he said to himself. "I hope he won't turn her head."

Nestorius was talking to Stella of her father, a theme that thrilled her. No one until this hour had ever spoken that name since Hubert Lashmar's death, and Lord Lashmar has always been reticent upon this one subject, shrinking from all questioning.

"And you really knew him!" she exclaimed with delight. "You were at the university with him!"

"Yes, I knew him well, and admired his gifts, which were great. He was an original genius, and in a world where all things are growing old and stale that ought to count for much. Is it many years since—since you lost him?"

Mr. Nestorius had a dim recollection of some tragical story connected with Lashmar's adoption of an orphan child, and he touched the subject apprehensively.

"He is not dead," the girl answered eagerly, pausing at the question. "At least, I have never heard of his death; and I always think of him, and pray for him, and dream of him as living. I see his face in my dreams often, though I was such a child when he went away."

"He went away!" repeated Mr. Nestorius, wonderingly.

"Yes, very, very far away. I think he must have gone to Australia, but Lord Lashmar would never tell me much. Perhaps he thought that I should think my father cruel for leaving me; but I knew him too well to think that. He must have been in trouble of some kind—great trouble—or he would not have gone without me. And then came the fire, and Lord Lashmar saved my life and adopted me as his own little girl."

"And so you think your father went to Australia?"

"Only because Lord Lashmar said he had gone very, very far away."

"But surely if your father were living, he would have communicated with you—he would have sent some one in search of you—would have made some inquiries about you, in all these years."

"Oh! please don't try to make me believe that he is dead," the girl pleaded with an agonized look. "In all these years my only comfort has been to think of him as living; winning his way to fortune in a new country; waiting until he had made his fortune to come home to me. That has been my only day-dream. It is the only hope I have in this life. Don't spoil it for me."

Her hands were clasped, her eyes streaming with tears. Never since Hubert's death had she spoken of her father. She forgot that Mr. Nestorius was a great man and almost a stranger to her. She bared her girlish heart to him.

"Not for worlds would I dispel a sweet delusion, dear child, even if it is but a delusion!" he answered gently. "But you must not talk of life being empty of hope for you. At your age the future is full of glorious possibilities. Ah, if I were only as young as you and as gifted! Come, now, be frank with me. You must have ambition. You do not mean always to be her ladyship's reader, to fossilize in that position?"

"No, no, indeed," exclaimed Stella, and then freely as she would have talked to Gabriel Verner, she told Mr. Nestorius her dream of the future, a cottage beside the Avon, with faithful Betsy for her housekeeper, friend, companion; and abundance of books, and her pen as the source of her income; all she wanted was a complacent publisher who would buy her books.

"You have an idea that you could write if you tried," said Nestorius, knowing that the dreams of youth are for the most part only dreams.

"I have been writing ever since I was thirteen years old," she answered gravely.

"You began with the first year of your teens. That was early. What have you written?"

"Verses first, stories in rhyme, like Scott's—I don't mean like his, for mine are not to be named beside 'Marmion' or the 'Minstrel'—only on that plan. I blush to remember all the nonsense I have written."

"Let me see one of your stories immediately," said Nestorius eagerly. "What a wonderful girl you are; and you have written for years, alone in your room, day after day."

"Will you really be so good as to look at a few pages and to tell me frankly if the story is not quite intolerable rubbish?"

"I will tell you the truth in all honor, and if your story is as good as I think it must be, it shall be published, even if I have to turn publisher and produce it myself. And that will be the first step toward independence and your cottage by the Avon," added Mr. Nestorius, smiling down at her.

Her cheeks glowed and her eyes brightened at the idea. Except from old Gabriel Verner, she had received no such kindness since her benefactor's untimely death. She looked up at the statesman with eyes that overflowed with grateful tears, tears of joyfulness this time.

"How good you are," she faltered. "If you are as good to other people as you have been to me, no wonder——"

She stopped, blushing at her own boldness, suddenly remembering the gulf between them.

"No wonder what?"

"No wonder that you are the most popular man in England, in or out of office. At least," falteringly, "that is what Lady Lashmar said of you the other day."

Mr. Nestorius was not appalled by the bulk of the manuscript Stella later handed to him. He was an enthusiast in all things, great and small, and took up every cause with a like earnestness. He had not read twenty pages before he started up from his chair and began to walk up and down the room rapidly, as he always did when deeply moved. He felt like a discoverer, almost as Columbus must have felt when he discovered America.

"The girl is a genius," he told himself, delightedly. "There is a power in this, there is a freshness that means genius. She inherits Boldwood's originality. His audacity, too. This is a story that people will read."

CHAPTER XIV.

Lord Lashmar, having a keen and curious mind, had watched that interview between the statesman and her ladyship's reader, and had marveled much what they had been talking about. There had been dramatic action, too, that had puzzled him. Stella's clasped hands, and face uplifted, appealing to Nestorius. What could it all mean? He thought about it during the morning's battue, and shot other people's birds with a recklessness that drew down reproof from his guests.

Mr. Nestorius came in late to afternoon tea, to find the shooters established around the fire, Lady Sophia among them, in a corduroy shooting gown with picturesque buttons, while the other women languished in tea gowns and took credit to themselves that they were not as that publican.

"Pray where have you been hiding yourself all day, Mr. Nestorius?" asked Clarice, with an offended air; "except for a brief appearance at luncheon, we have seen nothing of you."

"Life is not all pleasure, Lady Carminow," he answered, with an air of meaning much more than he said. "I had letters to write and papers to read all the morning, and I spent the afternoon with my old friend Verner."

"An old bookworm does not generally exercise that kind of magnetism unaided," said Lashmar with a faint sneer; "but I think to-day there was a feminine element. Merlin's cave was enlivened by the presence of Vivien. Mr. Nestorius has taken it into his head to be interested in my brother's protege, and I believe she spends all her leisure with old Verner."

"She was with him this afternoon," said Nestorius. "Yes, I am deeply interested in her. The girl is altogether remarkable—a creature of exceptional bringing up and of exceptional talent. Your brother's influence upon so young a child is a remarkable fact in psychology. I must have a long talk with you about this girl and her destiny, Lashmar. She tells me that her father is not dead—or that she has never had tidings of his death."

"Her father is as dead as Queen Anne. He lost his life in trying to save hers, poor beggar. She was not five years old at the time, and her passionate grief for her father made such an impression upon my brother that he had not the heart to tell her the truth. He paltered with her, told her that her father had gone away to a distant country; they would meet again—yes, in years to come she would see him again. He meant in the land of shadows; she accepted the promise as gospel truth, and Lash never had the courage to undeceive her—there was so much of the woman about him, poor fellow! He warned all the servants against letting out the true story of the fire, threatened me with his lasting displeasure, if I ever blurted out the truth; implored my mother to be silent, and as neither her ladyship nor I could endure the sight of his protege, there was not much fear that either of us would be talking to her about her father."

(To be continued.)

The Summer Man.

It would be gratifying to say that the summer man is a beautiful spectacle, but he isn't. The golf stocking and small cap era has brought us comfort, but its aesthetic attractions are not enlivening. The average masculine legs are not fine; their disposition to bow or shrink or bulge appears only too candidly along the contours of hosiery. There is a stunted appearance, too, in the ensemble. A dress suit tones up the plainest form. A Prince Albert frock lends dignity. A high hat is a towering crown of respectability. All these adventitious aids are lacking in the summer rig, says Leslie's Weekly. The togs flap like loose sails in a calm. The pedal coverings show up in all the solemn bigness of the American foot. The little cap is so insignificant and so hard to get off that it is actually discouraging many men from lifting it as a salutation to a lady. Of course all criticism is hopeless, for the summer man, although a little later than the summer girl, is getting ripe, is blooming and blossoming on every shore. Go where you may, you will find him, and it looks very much as if he intended to make his hygienic crusade a universal movement. He can never look as attractive as the short-waist girl, but he can be as comfortable, and that evidently is his intention.

The Duke's Rival.

Arthur Helps, the author of the well-known book, "Friends in Council," often paid Prof. Max Muller a visit on his way to or from Blenheim, where he used to stay with the then Duke of Marlborough.

Once when Helps came to stay with us on his return from Blenheim, writes Professor Muller in Cosmopolis, he told me how the Duke had left the day before for London, and that on that very day the emu had laid an egg.

The Duke had taken the greatest interest in his emus, and had long looked forward to this event. A telegram was sent to the Duke, which, when shown to Mr. Helps, ran as follows:

"The emu has laid an egg, and in the absence of your Grace we have taken the largest goose we could find to hatch it."

New Use for Bikes.

The rates for carrying cycles in Europe are now so low that a great number of cyclists take their machines over to the Continent with them, and on the return journey fill the pneumatic tires with tobacco, small bottles of perfume, lace, cigars and even flasks of spirits specially made. When the steamers arrive from the Continent, and there are a number of bicycles on board, the officers adopt a very simple plan of inspection, but one which requires some practice and experience before it can be relied on. They do not unscrew the air-tube, nor, of course, cut the tire. They simply cause the wheels to revolve sharply and then listen attentively.

New Diving Bell Exhibited.

An improved diving bell of great capacity, moving along the sea bottom by means of screws moved by electricity, is on exhibition in Paris. It is the invention of an Italian named Piatti del Pozzo. He states that it can be worked at very great depths and holds air enough to supply the crew for forty-eight hours without renewal. It is lighted by electricity, which also furnishes motive power for any tools that may be used. In tipping over the cases of ballast the bell rises to the surface itself.

A Startling Illustration.

"A New York widow is suing a man for hugging her so hard that he broke two of her ribs."

"Hope it wasn't a newspaper man illustrating the power of the press."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The average girl's beauty doesn't last any longer than frosting on a cake when there is a boy in the family.

At a recent meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers in London, the opinion was expressed that the coming material for ship-building is nickel steel, but that before it can be extensively used, further deposits of nickel must be discovered.

Diving operations at a great depth have proved successful off Cape Finisterre, all the silver bars from the steamer Skyro, which sunk in thirty fathoms in 1891, having been brought to the surface. The working depth for the divers was never less than 172 feet and was often more. Dynamite was used to blow away the deck. The value of the silver was $45,000.

Experiments have recently been made by Eastern railways in sprinkling oil along the ground, beside their tracks for the purpose of preventing the dust from being swept up by the motion of the cars. A stretch of road in New Jersey was sprinkled with crude oil for a distance of six feet on each side of the track. This was found to lay the dust successfully, and it is said that the entire Pennsylvania system will be thus treated.

People who like "plain fishing" with angleworms for bait will be interested in the best methods of procedure when the weather is dry and the bait hides deep in the ground. One way to cause the angleworms to come out is to sprinkle strong salt water, or an infusion of tannin or of walnut husks, on the ground. Another way recommended is to drive sticks, or spades, deep into the soil, and then shake them violently. This operation, it is said, will frequently call the worms from their retreats.

One would hardly look for new forms of animal life in a vast, dark cavern like the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Yet as a matter of fact, no less than seven such forms inhabiting that particular cave, and hitherto unknown to science, have recently been described. The fact that these creatures are very minute does not detract from their scientific interest, while, on the other hand, it must increase our admiration for the skill and industry of the naturalists who do not allow even microscopic life to escape their ken, although hidden in places where no ray of sunlight ever penetrates.

Perhaps the most marvelous cemetery known to science is the sheet of chalk which seems at one time to have covered the country from Southern England to Central Asia beyond the Sea of Aral, having an area about 3,000 miles long by 1,000 miles broad. This enormous bed was formed entirely of the microscopic remains of minute sea animals. Isolated patches of the great sheet now remain, that of England being more than 1,000 feet thick, and covering the island southeast of a line extending diagonally from the North Sea at Flamborough Head to the coast of the English Channel in Dorset.

A Russian journal calls attention to the fact that for some twenty years past the inhabitants of a malarial locality in the government of Kharkov have used powdered crabs with great success in the case of fevers. The powder is prepared in the following way: Live crabs are poured over with the ordinary whisky until they get asleep; they are then put in a bread-pan in a hot oven, thoroughly dried and pulverized, and the powder passed through a fine sieve. One dose, a teaspoonful, is generally sufficient to cure the intermittent fever; in very obstinate cases a second dose is required. Each dose is invariably preceded by a glass of aloe brandy. The powder is used in that locality in preference to quinine.

Prof. Jules Amann, of the University of Lausanne, Switzerland, was recently called upon to apply scientific photography to a rather novel purpose. A Swiss peasant woman who had saved by hard labor and economy a sum equivalent to $110, having temporarily to leave her cottage untenanted, placed her money, in the form of bank-bills, in a tin box, which she hid away in the oven of her stove. During her absence her son came home and, not knowing what his mother had done, started a fire in the stove. When the poor woman returned, the bank bills had been reduced to black cinders. She was advised to apply for aid at the laboratory of the university, and Prof. Amann succeeded in so photographing the carbonized bills as to make their denominations, signatures, etc., decipherable. Armed with these photographs the woman recovered the value of all the bills from the banks which had issued them.

Queer Effects of a Fall.

Never was there a case to which more peculiar circumstances attached than that of Elmer Doolittle, of Sherman, Texas. First he plunged head first from the cupola of the Diamond mill elevator to the ground, a distance of sixty-seven feet, and escaped with a few bruises about the face and rupture of the nose and a slight fracture of the bones in one foot. Within a few days he began to mend rapidly and he was soon out. He was able to remember distinctly scenes and even important utterances and incidents immediately preceding the accident, but from his mind was blotted out all remembrance of the accident. He could not remember having on that day met Walter Morris, who fell with him and died in the evening of the same day. He heard of the accident and the fatal results attending it as one would hear of something that had befallen a friend off somewhere. He was taken to the scene of the accident in the hope this would clear away the hiatus that seemed to exist, but the effort was useless.

Lately he has recovered his physical strength rapidly, and is now able to go about easily, even the wound in the foot giving little trouble and pain. Once or twice his friends have become very apprehensive of ultimate results of the accident. At times his mind would wander and he went off into statements foreign to the subject under discussion and in a strain not natural with him. A word directly addressed to him brought him back to the original subject again and he picked up the thread of conversation, even in the middle of an interrupted or broken sentence.—Galveston News.

NOT WILD AND WOOLY.

An Instance When the Lone Star State Led the Style.

The denizens of the older States of the East love to rejoice in their own self-constituted superiority and conceit. These soft-shell creatures lay back in their satisfaction and it affords them supreme gratification to hear Texas pictured as the wild and woolly outskirt of civilization—a land dominated by the roaming cowboy with the six-shooter and rattlesnake hatband, and who prowls over the expansive prairies seeking some helpless human victim to slaughter. It does not occur to them that the great Lone Star State is a land of limitless possibilities and that a large percentage of the brains and energy of the world has camped within her borders seeking fame and fortune and that we have an up-to-date civilization here that knocks out the Europeanized and congested article they glorify. Such is the case, however, and the Lavacaen further begs to inform the inhabitants of the corrosive East who so love to flatter their own superiority and snatch beams out of the eyes of the West that Texas leads the fashions in this country.

The Texas dude (and suffice it to say that we have begun to breed this variety of the human species within our midst in great numbers) puts on the latest spring touches long before his brother in the East has crawled out of winter quarters and is ready for another immutable edict from the decaying monarchies of the old world. M. E. Fowler, one of the most fashionably decked out men who rambles over these parts, went to New York at the beginning of summer and had an experience which shows how we stand on the dress question. He went to mix with friends and relatives and take in the giddy sights. In addition to the latest style suit, he tapered himself off with a gray hat with a black band. He found that the Gotham natives had not yet caught on, but moved around in old fogy raiment and thought he had just suffered from a death in his family.

It is so always, and the Texas lady who goes East arrayed in the latest for the season often suffers from the gaping inquisitiveness of the local folks who must still wear out-of-date styles. When it comes to keeping up with the fashions it is a settled fact that the East is not in it with Texas.—Post Lavacaen.

Hunts Eggs with X-Rays.

There seems to be no limit to the use to which the X-rays can be put in revealing the true inwardness of things. It is now being used by poultry farmers anxious to discover the laying capacity of hens. One enterprising man, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, finding the percentage of eggs was not what it should be, considering the size of his poultry yard, hit upon the idea of examination by the Roentgen rays, and was thus able to weed out the nonproducers. The birds were examined at the rate of 30 per hour, and the "non-efficients" were soon plucked and sent to market.

The Roentgen rays are said to have an extremely injurious influence on the action of the heart, causing that organ to palpitate violently, and some of the leading doctors in Paris have issued a warning to medical students and others to exercise great caution in examination of the action of the heart by the rays.

Ill effects have followed the use of the rays after many surgical operations where it was desirable to observe the process of the healing of the tissues, the knitting of the bones, and the re-creation of various parts. These effects have usually partaken of the nature of burns, and in nearly every instance were caused by placing the exciting tube too near the part under inspection or making the exposure too long. The tube should never be less than 14 inches from the object, but the time of exposure will vary according to the strength of the apparatus.

A Washington photographer is said to have discovered a means whereby the ill-effects of the X-ray can be eliminated independently of the question of strength of the rays and distance and length of exposure. The rays are passed through prepared gold foil, though how the foil is treated is kept a close secret.

Making Islands Into Parks.

The Canadian government has set apart a number of islands from Kingston, Ontario, to Alexandria bay for park purposes. This has been done on the understanding that the State of New York would set aside tracts of land of equal extent on the American side. The lands put aside for common use in Canada are for fishermen, campers and pleasure seekers generally.

A man's credit is getting very low when he can't even borrow trouble.