

A CALIFORNIA GIRL

She led the way into the hall, anxious to have the mystery with regard to Sir Roydon's loss cleared up. The major followed with his face still very red.

"I must insist upon Mr. Dene's offering an apology to my daughter!" he said. "He has not yet had the honesty to admit that he made a mistake in thinking it was she whom he was moving the vase."

The Honorable Newton screwed his eyes more firmly into his eyes. "I am sorry that it is impossible for me to do so, Major Emmott," he drawled. "Whatever Miss Emmott may say, I am positively certain that it was she I saw. If we do not find the telegram, however, I shall be happy to admit that I may have misconceived her purpose and make every apology. If you will help me, Decima, we will move the vase."

As they did so Sabina and her father stood looking on in silent indignation. "Well, you see there is nothing there," said the major, as the heavy vase was set down upon the floor; and in genuine astonishment the Honorable Newton Dene stared at her upon the table where it had just rested.

He had gauged Miss Sabina's character pretty correctly, and after her point blank denial of what he had actually seen, he no longer doubted that she had really hidden the telegram. As the major had stated, however, the envelope was certainly not there, and perfectly unobscured by the unexpected fact, he was preparing an abject apology when an expression of surprise and relief which Sabina with all her cleverness could not keep from her face brought back all his distrust. He raised the fern vase again to pass his hand underneath it. There was unquestionably nothing under it, but he was about to accept the inevitable, when a maid came running down stairs with something in her hand which drew the gaze of four pairs of eyes towards her instantly.

"Please, my lady, it is the telegram which was lost," she said, placing it in her mistress' hand. "I thought you were upstairs and have been looking for you with it. We have just found it under the vase." The cook insisted on our looking underneath it, though I am perfectly sure, and so is Alice, that we did not set it down on it. I remember seeing the envelope lying just at the side after we had put down the vase, and so does Alice, and here it got underneath the fern vase, can't you tell?"

Lady Betty set the servant away; then she glanced at her cousin. "I am afraid that I cannot offer Miss Emmott any apology," he said quietly; and the major, who had been waiting a little while the incriminating envelope was not discovered under the vase, grew very red again.

"It is atrocious," he said hotly, "that my blameless daughter should be insulted in this manner! I appeal to you, Lady Betty!"

Her ladyship looked very uncomfortable. "Don't you think that you have made a mistake, Newton?" she said weakly; but her cousin, who had been waiting a little while the incriminating envelope was not discovered under the vase, grew very red again.

"I cannot accept his word in preference to my own," she protested, and she grew almost infuriated when Lady Betty said that she could not doubt the word of her cousin, whom she had known for so many years.

"Then I cannot allow my daughter to accept your hospitality for one hour longer," he said, in a white heat; and he marched upstairs to pack, followed by Sabina, who had assumed an air of injured innocence and seemed to acquiesce sadly in her father's decision.

She kissed Lady Betty when she came down, alone, ready dressed for her journey in her most becoming traveling costume.

"Good-bye, dear Lady Betty!" she said sweetly. "I am so sorry that papa is angry! I know that you do not believe this horrible thing of me; but of course you have to uphold your cousin. I know how fond you are of him, and I dare say he honestly believes how he can speak so positively I cannot possibly imagine."

Sabina talked in the same sweetly forgiving strain to her father all the time that they were journeying in the express to town.

"Perhaps it was for the best," she was saying to herself; it was very dull at Westwood without Sir Roy, and she did not expect that he will return there, whether he reached Liverpool in time or not."

CHAPTER XXXII.

When Sir Roy and his cousin reached the hotel where Evangeline was stopping, he helped her out, paid the cabman, and then held out his hand.

"Good-bye, I will not come in. I am going to the station."

"You are returning home?" she asked anxiously; and the baronet shook his head.

"I could not. I am going up to London."

"Not to follow them, Roy?" His cousin's face grew very anxious and exhibited no little relief when Roy shook his head again.

"What could I do?" he asked hopefully. "The day is married. I am going to see the directors of a new mine in Peru, and find if I cannot get sent out there."

As he spoke he held out his hand, but Evangeline, regarding a passer-by, put her hand upon his broad shoulders and kissed him affectionately.

"Poor, poor Roy!" she said to herself when her cousin was gone, and she stood with eyes full of tears to watch his tall figure disappear in the direction of the station. "Poor, poor Roy!" she said to herself again as she lost sight of him, and turned to enter the hotel, and though she ordered breakfast, she found she could not eat for thinking of Roy and his ruined happiness.

Meanwhile the baronet had caught his train as it was just moving away from the platform, and had jumped into a compartment with a reckless disregard of the by-laws and his life. The latter, indeed, seemed of little importance to him now. He had lost Lilac. What was there left to live for?

Sir Roy lay back in the compartment, which he had all to himself, a prey to the bitterest remorse. He could not condemn Lilac for having rendered all chance of atonement impossible. He blamed himself far too much to think of resenting her marriage with Mowbray. He had left her friendless and alone among strangers, and then by his cruel letter had made her feel that she had no further claim upon his care.

What wonder that she had accepted the protection of man who had shown himself far more truly devoted to her? But worst of all was the bitterness of the thought that the step had cost Lilac as much as it cost him, that her heart was still his, although she belonged to another.

When Sir Roy reached London he went direct to the Grand hotel and was turning in at the doorway when he started back with every pulse beating wildly. By chance he had come to the very hotel to which Mark Mowbray had taken his bride, and as he entered Roy had caught sight of Lilac herself, who was speaking to an attendant in the hall. She did not appear to have noticed him, and Roy instantly turned back into the street, afraid to meet her, and being with all his heart to catch another glimpse of the face he loved.

Was she entering the hotel or coming out? he wondered, as he stood back and waited, trembling in every limb with excitement.

It seemed to him that she must have entered the hotel, the time that he remained waiting appeared so long, and he had almost given up all hope of seeing her again, when at last she stepped out into the street alone. As he caught sight of her a dizzy faintness came over him, and, when his wild longing to look upon her once more was gratified, the pleasure it gave him was more than balanced by the fear that she would catch sight of him. How beautiful she looked—no longer his "prairie flower" in a blue cotton frock, but dressed in a style that became the wife of a rich and popular novelist. Her face was much paler and more delicate looking than it had been in California, and there was an expression of deep sadness in her beautiful eyes which cut him like a knife.

As she emerged from the hotel she stood for a moment upon the pavement, as if undecided, and Roy wondered whether she was waiting for her husband to follow her. He was surprised when she went on alone, and stepped into the roadway as if to cross the street. A moment before his great dread had been that he might be seen; now he thought of nothing but the fear that he might lose sight of her in the crowd, and he hurried forward to follow her.

As he did so Lilac turned her head, and suddenly her eyes met his. Her face changed instantly, a deadly pallor overspread it, and her eyes expressed nothing but fear.

Although she was in the middle of the busy thoroughfare, she stood motionless. A policeman called out warningly, but it was too late. A banister came rapidly along, and before Roy could tell how the accident happened, there was a cry of consternation from a number of spectators, and Lilac was lying in the street, almost under the hoofs of an approaching pair of van horses. The next moment he had dashed forward, heedless of an omnibus that was driving by, the pole of which touched his as he passed, and had raised the unconscious girl's form in his arms before anybody else could reach her. An interested crowd had already collected on the pavement, but the baronet forced his way through it and carried his light burden into the hotel.

"Show me the way to Mrs. Mowbray's room, and then go for a doctor at once!" he said in a calm tone of command, although his mind was in a tumult, and Lilac's frightened maid, who had seen the accident from the hotel windows led him to the stairs, while a hall porter started to summon medical assistance.

"The room is up two flights," the maid said, stopping at the foot of the stairs. "Had you not better take her into a room down stairs?"

But Roy shook his head. Weak and tired as he had felt a few moments before, he considered himself capable of carrying his burden any distance. A delirious sense of possession seized him. If she were dead—and she lay so still that he almost feared the accident had proved fatal—it was something to know that it was he who had carried her to the room, and he laid her down with reluctance upon the couch when the maid led him to an empty sitting room on the second floor.

"Where is Mr. Mowbray?" he asked quickly, as the strange exultation in his heart increased when she answered.

"The master is away. There was a telegram waiting for him when he reached here this afternoon, and that his mother had had a stroke, and he had to start back for Liverpool at once. The mistress would also have gone, but she was too tired. We shall go tomorrow, however, unless we hear."

A doctor came in as she spoke. He had been passing and had witnessed the accident.

"I do not think the lady can have sustained any serious injury," he said. "She was simply knocked down by the shafting of the cab, and is but only slightly stunned by the fall. It was lucky that you picked her up so quickly, though, or that van would have gone over her." He knelt down by the couch as he spoke, "It is as if she were slightly stunned. If she is kept quiet, she will be little the worse for the accident when she recovers consciousness. Are you a friend of hers? If not, I think it would be better if you retired before she comes round. The fewer strange faces she sees the better."

Roy hesitated for a moment. Lilac was already showing signs of returning consciousness. He glanced towards her, then walked in the door.

"No—it might startle her if she saw me," he said.

But when he had left the room, he did not go downstairs. Instead, he walked up and down the corridor outside trying to conquer the most terrible temptation of his life.

There was no doubt that Lilac loved him. If he had had any doubt of the fact before the result of her recognition in the street would have proved it to him. And he—the thought of life without her was terrible. Why should both their hearts be broken by a mere ceremony in a church? Was it not a greater sin to remain with one man while her heart was another's than to ignore altogether a mere religious form? Why should he not wait and persuade Lilac to ignore it, to forget that she had gone through the ceremony of marriage with this Mowbray, and be his wife in spite of it? He had rescued her when the man who ought to have been at her side was not there to protect her. Had he no claim to the life he had saved? The temptation was a terrible one, and the cold perspiration stood in drops upon his forehead as he walked slowly to and fro in the corridor, struggling hard with his own heart. The social position and reputation that he would sacrifice counted for nothing. It seemed childish to put them in the scale against his love. But it was the sincerity of his love which at last gave him strength to conquer, and the thought of Lilac's own innocent eyes that filled him with shame to think that there had even been a struggle.

"The doctor came to the door," he said cheerfully, "and seems little the worse for her accident. Are you anxious to see her?"

"Has she asked for me?" inquired Roy; and the doctor, who had closed the door behind him, shook his head.

"No—she seems to feel no curiosity as to how she reached her own room."

"Then I will not see her," said Roy; "I only wanted to hear that she was conscious."

He walked quickly down the stairs, still half afraid of himself, and repeated the doctor's report to the manager, who was standing in the hall talking to a notice inspector. Roy ascended the

presence of the latter to the accident and took little notice of him; but a few minutes later he addressed him. "Paron me, sir, but you a friend of this Mrs. Mowbray?"

Sir Roy nodded.

"Then, sir, I wish you would do me a service," he said. "I have come here with some very bad news for the lady and I was wondering how I should break it to her. I should think it would be best if it were imparted gently by a friend."

"I am afraid that I cannot oblige you," said the baronet gravely. "But what is the bad news?"

"Well, I am sorry to say that her husband has been killed," said the inspector.

"Killed?" gasped Roy. "Mark Mowbray killed?"

"Yes, sir—he was killed in the train just outside of London by an American called Marvel," continued the inspector "and since you will not undertake it must be my unpleasant duty to break the news to her as best I can. Poor thing—I feel sorry for her!"

It was two months after the tragic death of Mark Mowbray, and once more Lilac was coming back to the hotel, but she was present at Evangeline's marriage of the morrow. The two months had been spent in nursing poor old Mrs. Mowbray who had lingered for seven weeks after the death of her son, mercifully unconscious of the loss she had sustained. Lilac had refused to leave Liverpool till her death, and then only the special and earnest request of Lady Garth induced her to once more become her guest. Sir Roy had gone down to the station to meet her, and her ladyship and Evangeline were chatting together as they awaited her arrival.

"I suppose that I ought to be satisfied," said Lady Garth, with an unconscious sigh. "You and Roydon both very providential, as I was in my long dream is dissipated, and you are not to be happy together. I dare say you know best. Eric is certainly a very nice fellow, and I must say it was most providential that he should acquire his legacy just at the moment of receiving your message."

"But I should have preferred Eric without his legacy," said Evangeline quickly, to whom it had come almost as a very providential surprise. Eric Damian, when he arrived in answer to her summons, was not quite the poor man that she had expected, owing to the unlooked-for bequest of a distant relative, who had left the young fellow his fortune in recognition of his pluck and honesty.

Her ladyship smiled and shrugged her angular shoulders.

"You are far too romantic, dear. Whatever you may say, the legacy was very providential, as I was never marking. Roydon seems as happy as you are. Lilac is indeed a sweet and dear girl, and her marriage—do not interrupt me, Evangeline. I know that you do not consider it marriage; but I have no doubt that she is legally the widow of a famous novelist and has a position in society far different from that which she held when she first came to the hotel. Socially the marriage will not be a very unequal one."

"Then why are you not satisfied?" asked Evangeline. "I think you ought to be ready to jump out of your skin, Aunt Gwen, at seeing Roy happy again and about to marry the best and sweetest and most beautiful—" She paused to find a few more descriptive adjectives, whereupon Lady Garth broke in.

"I will admit that Lilac is everything that I could desire," said her ladyship, who had averred round considerably in the belief that she was no longer a wait-and-see from California, but the widow of a leading English novelist. "But I cannot help sighing a little, dear, over the downfall of my dreams. I always hoped that the Garth estate would be reunited when you married Roydon."

"Well, that would be of no use now, Aunt Gwen," said Evangeline, with the merry smile that had quite taken the place of the old sad look which had been ever in her eyes. "Even if I had the estates, would Lilac and I leave Roy to me, which I am afraid would be difficult, the union of the estates would be farther off than ever, because I have sold mine."

"Sold the Garth estates?" Evangeline, for heaven's sake, say that your words are only a foolish jest!"

Her ladyship's face was a picture of absolute horror. She raised her gold pince-nez to stare incredulously at her niece.

"Evangeline! such conduct is sacrilege," she said angrily. "I know that Mr. Damian—"

"Eric, please, auntie."

"That Eric wishes to settle in his own county; but to allow the lands that have been in the possession of the Garths for hundreds of years to pass into the hands of strangers—I cannot believe that you would do such a thing. Why should you say a word about it to me?" Her ladyship seemed to be in danger of breaking down under the blow.

"But the purchaser was very anxious that you should not hear a word about the matter," she said, smiling. "I have undertaken lately to have been to make arrangements for the sale, and they are all completed now."

"The purchaser, who is it, then?" asked Lady Garth quickly; and the girl answered, with a smile.

"The widow of a popular novelist, if you will call her so, who inherited his wealth as well as a considerable sum from an uncle in California, of which her cousin, whom we will not further refer to, tried to defraud her."

"Lilac," said she, "has had me a fair price for the whole of the property, and will bring it to Roy as a dowry when they are married."

Her ladyship sprang up with greater enthusiasm than her niece had ever seen her display before and kissed her. "Evangeline, how can I ever thank you?"

"You will never do so, I hope," said the baronet, "because I deserve no thanks. The idea was entirely Lilac's. Here she comes for you to thank her."

As Evangeline spoke, she had caught sight of the lovers walking arm in arm up the drive. Lilac looked like a queen in her stately black dress.

"Is she not beautiful?" exclaimed Evangeline involuntarily, as Lady Garth joined her at the window; and her ladyship gave the highest praise in her power when she answered.

"Yes, she will make a fitting wife for Roydon."

Lilac was looking up into her lover's face with eyes full of love and happiness. She was thinking of the first time that she had come to the hall.

"It seems all so different now that you are with me, Roy," she said; and her lover answered:

"Yes, little prairie flower! it is foolish of us ever to be separated from each other. Nothing must ever divide us again!"

A GOSSIP'S MISTAKE

(By Mary Edgeworth.)

"Engaged to young Hazel, is she?" said Miss Felicia Addertongue, sharply. "Going to be a fine lady, eh? And I can remember the time when she was a barefooted girl, picking raspberries in her father's field."

"She has grown up very pretty," said gentle Widow Markham in her mild way.

"Engaged to young Hazel, is she?" repeated Miss Addertongue, with a vicious look in her coal-black eyes. "I can put a spoke in her wheel, I think. Tail, young chap, ain't he, with black hair curling close to his head, and mustache as black as ink?"

"Yes," said wondering Mrs. Markham. "I didn't know you knew him."

"Oh, I know him," said Miss Addertongue, with a toss of the head; "and I know one or two things about him that Millville society don't seem to be up in."

"You don't say so?" said the widow, curiously.

"I do say so, I mean it. You see, Mrs. Markham, I have ways and means of getting behind the scenes that no one else has. My sister, Phebe Ann, that married Blatterly, and was left a widow six years ago came next March, she's housekeeper at the H— hotel. And I was visiting her there last March, and that's how I came to see Mr. Hazel."

"My!" ejaculated the widow. "With my own eyes," said Miss Addertongue, rolling up those organs until there was some danger of their retiring altogether into her head. "Harold Hazel, tall and dark, and always full of fun?"

"Exactly," cried Mrs. Markham.

"He was there," remarked Miss Felicia, "with his wife."

"His wife!" echoed Mrs. Markham. "It can't be possible!"

"But it is, though," asserted Miss Felicia, with gloomy relish. "I saw 'em myself. I heard him introduce her as 'Mrs. Hazel,' and tell somebody as how she was a great heiress. Older than him, but still not what you'd call an old maid, though of course he married her for her money. No kind of doubt about that. Such diamonds as she wore—and such silk gowns and overskirts of point lace as you might cover over with bank notes, and still not come up to it value."

"But," cried the bewildered Mrs. Markham, "he's engaged to Juliet Reed, for I've seen the engaged ring she wears."

"And he's married to the black-eyed lady," said Miss Addertongue, with equal emphasis, "because I saw the wedding ring."

"Then what does he mean by making love to Farmer Reed's daughter?" indignantly cried Mrs. Markham.

"Humph!" said Miss Felicia, pursing up her lips viciously. "That's a question I can't pretend to answer. What do men mean generally by their pranks? Just to have a little fun, I suppose, and amuse themselves for the time being."

"It's a cruel, wicked thing," said Mrs. Markham, "and Juliet is such a pretty girl."

"Tastes differ," said Miss Addertongue. "For my part, I never fancied them big blue eyes and hair as looks as if it had been bleached. Juliet Reed always did feel above the rest of the Millville folks."

"Some one ought to tell her," said Mrs. Markham.

"Of course they ought," said Miss Addertongue.

"I couldn't do it," said the gentle-hearted widow.

"I could," said Miss Addertongue. "I can mostly do anything when I feel it to be my Christian duty."

Pretty Juliet Reed was sewing in the cool porch, where the shadow of the great elm trees made a green oasis in the desert of sunshine around the quaint one-storied farmhouse. She grew pale as death as Miss Addertongue unfolded her tale.

"Harold married!" she cried. "Harold with another wife? I do not believe it. It is false."

"I seen her with my own eyes," said Miss Felicia, secretly enjoying Juliet's agonized terror. "A great heiress—and of course a man will strike for money."

"But it must be a mistake," persisted Juliet, the color coming and going on her face like a rosy aurora borealis.

"Alas!" groaned Miss Addertongue. "It is but too true. Of course it is a great disappointment to you, Juliet Reed, but maybe it's meant by an all-wise Providence as a lesson to lower your pride, and teach you that we're all poor worms, and—"

"Miss Addertongue," said Juliet, drawing herself up, and fixing her blue eyes on the malicious old gossip, "pray be silent. It is not your place to preach a discourse to me nor to dictate in matters which pertain to me alone. Will you excuse me if I ask you to leave me?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Miss Addertongue, rather disconcerted, but venomous as ever. "But it ain't no use trying to conceal the truth. He's played you a mean trick, and jilted you, just for his own amusement, when he had a wife living already, and—"

But to Miss Addertongue's amazement she was left standing alone on the porch. Juliet Reed had quietly walked into the house and shut the door in her face.

"What does it mean?" Juliet asked herself, in a dizzy sort of bewilderment. "He was going away—he had not written for a week. Oh, surely, surely it cannot be possible that there is the faintest shadow of truth in this monstrous story!" And with her flushed face buried in her hands, Juliet Reed tried to fancy what the world would

A PERFECT BRUTE.

"That Mr. Wallingford is a perfect brute!" said Mrs. Cabbage to Mrs. Gazzam, in a burst of righteous indignation.

"What has he done?" asked the latter, in a tone of deep concern.

"You know his sweet little wife, don't you?"

"Know Nellie Wallingford? I should say I do! You don't mean to tell me that has been mistreating her?"

Mrs. Cabbage nodded her head energetically.

"Will there be a divorce?"

"No, there won't be a divorce, but I think there ought to be one."

"Oh, tell me about it."

"You know that great bargain sale that has been going on at Gingham & Chally's?"

"Of course I do. Didn't I get the loveliest piece of satin there for just half price?"

"Well, Mr. Wallingford is trying to make his wife bargain-proof."

"Trying to make her what?" repeated Mrs. Gazzam, with an extraordinary stress on the "what."

"Trying to make her bargain-proof." "He says that every woman ought to be educated to the point that she can go through a store that is crammed with bargains and not want to buy a single thing."

"Well, of all the ridiculous ideas that I ever heard of, that is the worst."

"It undoubtedly is. That gives you some sort of an idea what a perfect brute Mr. Wallingford is."

"Yes, but tell me what he did."

"Well, when he got to know about this big bargain sale he thought it was a good time to put his idea into practice. So he got a twenty-dollar iron piece, and told his wife that if she would go clear through Gingham & Chally's and look at all the bargains and come away without buying a single thing, he'd give her the gold piece."

"Well, I never! Did she do it?"

"Almost. She would have done it if she hadn't happened to see a lot of genuine English pins reduced to 2 cents a paper, and she couldn't resist the bargain. So she didn't earn the money. Don't you think her husband is a perfect brute, now?"

"Indeed, I do. I wouldn't be married to him for anything in the world."

SUBJECTS OF THOUGHT.

The sweetest flower of the gospel is charity.

In love of home the love of country has its rise.

There is no situation in life so bad that it can't be mended.

He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.

It is generally the man who is striving to do right who is amazed at the opportunities to do wrong.

The lottery of honest labor, drawn by time, is the only one whose prizes are worth taking up and carrying home.

Force yourself to take an interest in your work and the effort will soon become a pleasure instead of a hardship.

Power sometimes forgets itself so far as to imagine that it exists for itself, and not for the service of humanity.

In times of high feeling debate only fuses opinions into convictions; only fans the flames and makes the fire a conflagration.

The man who is never tired never knows himself. It is only in the furnace heat that the soul learns its own strength and weakness.

There are few things impossible in themselves, and the application necessary to make them succeed is more often wanting than the means.

SUNSTROKE.

A St. Louis Physician Gives Some Hints on its Prevention.

By Dr. Clarence Martin: Sunstroke is a diseased condition produced by excessive heat, and is one of the oldest recognized diseases—two instances being mentioned in the bible. The heat causes changes in the composition of the blood, its proportions and properties being altered. Owing to the effect of the heat on the center in the brain, which presides over the distribution of the heat, more heat is produced and less given off normally. This retention of heat causes the symptoms which characterize the condition known as sunstroke.

The onset is generally marked by a temperature reaching 112 degrees or 115 degrees Fahrenheit. The impending symptoms are pain in the head, dizziness, a feeling of oppression and in many instances nausea and vomiting. Various colors appear before the eyes. Insensibility soon follows, and with it the face becomes flushed, the skin clammy and the pulse full and bounding. The pulse beats with a rapidity varying from 100 to 150 per minute, this depending upon the temperature of the body.

Sunstroke is most frequent in those who are subjected to privation, unsanitary surroundings, fatigue of body and itary surroundings, fatigue of body and every victim of sunstroke is a beer drinker or the user of other alcoholic beverages. One attack renders one liable to another. One patient who had suffered a sunstroke became so susceptible to heat that he lived comfortably only in the cellar, surrounded by ice, and finally sought refuge in Alaska. Other disagreeable effects, such as loss of memory or inability to concentrate the mind, may follow a sunstroke. Such patients are always worse in the summer months.

The prevention of sunstroke is of far more importance than the treatment. Where people work in small and closely crowded rooms, they should have free ventilation—artificial ventilation, if possible. It is not necessary to be at work in the direct rays of the sun to be stricken, for many cases happen in rooms not reached by the sun, and at a time when the sun is not shining. Men working in the sun should wear straw hats, in which is placed a wet cloth or green leaves to absorb the heat. For this purpose a cabbage leaf answers very well. Persons exposed to the heat should lead regular lives and abstain from irregular or heavy eating and alcoholic drinks, especially a vegetable diet should be followed as closely as possible and cold oat-meal water used to quench thirst. Clothing that will not interfere with the radiation of the heat should be worn.

When a person is stricken have him removed at once to the shade, and take advantage of any breeze that may be stirring. Loosen all constricting clothing and remove all that may be dispensed with. Do not let a crowd congregate around the patient and shut off his supply of air. If the means be at hand, the best plan is to put the patient at once in an ice bath, keeping him there until his temperature is lowered to normal, or until he becomes conscious. This will accomplish the best results. If this is not practicable apply ice to the head and wind sheets, wrung out in ice water, around the body. The point is to reduce the heat of the body as quickly as possible. Ammonia may be held to the nose, and in the event of threatened collapse, stimulants, such as whisky, should be given until the condition of the patient improves. In certain cases bleeding will be of great service, the congested condition of the brain being thus relieved. When these measures do not seem to have the desired effect, resort to artificial respiration, with the view of sustaining life until the foregoing remedial agents begin to act favorably.

Magnetized Cards.

There are fakirs who pretend to have the ability to magnetize a pack of cards, and in that way to be able to hold a whole pack suspended from the palm of the hand with apparently no other support. The fakir first shows a pack of playing cards of the ordinary type and invites the bystanders to examine them. After the examination has been completed the fakir lays the pack down in front of him, and, placing his left hand palm downwards on a table takes up the cards, one by one, and tucks them under his hand. The first card is put under his fingers, the next one parallel to this, under the main part of the palm, and the next two are tucked under the sides of his hand, but on top of the ends of the other two. Then, in order, all the others are tucked in between these four and hand. When they are all in place, the fakir draws his hand carefully to the edge of the table and then clear of it, and the cards all remain suspended. When a sufficient amount of wonder has been produced by the trick the fakir sells the secret of it to any one for a shilling.

The trick is clever, but it can be done without buying the secret from the fakir. The secret lies in having a button concealed in the hand, which has a bit of