CHAPTER IX .- (CONTINUED.) An unpleasant, sinister look crosse my listener's face, but his voice still remained bland and suave. "I am sorry to differ from you, Dr. Brand," he said, "but I know him better than you do. I have seen him as you have never yet seen him. Only last night he came to me in a frantic state. I expected every moment he would make a murderous attack on me."

"Perhaps he fancled he had some

reasons for anger," I said. Ralph Carriston looked at me with those cold eyes of which his cousin had spoken. "If the boy has succeeded in converting you to any of his delusions, I can only say that doctors are more credulous than I fancied. But the question is not worth arguing. You decline to assist me, so I must do without you. Good-morning, Dr. Brand."

He left the room as gracefully as he had entered it. I remained in a state of doubt. It was curious that Raiph Carriston turned out to be the man whom I had met in the train; but the evidence offered by the coincidence was not enough to convict him of the crime of endeavoring to drive his cousin mad by such a far-fetched stratagem as the inveigling of Madeline Rowan. Besides, even in wishing to prove Charles Carriston mad, he had much to say on his side. Supposing him to be innocent of having abducted Madeline, Carriston's violent behavior on the preceding evening must have seemed very much like insanity. In spite of the aversion with which Ralph Carriston inspired me, I scarcely knew which side to believe.

Carriston still slept; so when I went out on my afternoon rounds I left a note, begging him to remain in the him up, dressed, and looking much more like himself. When I entered, that meal was over could we talk unrestrainedly upon the subject which was uppermost in both our minds.

As soon as we were alone I turned toward my guest. "And now," I said, "we must settle what to do. There seems to me to be but one course open. You have plenty of money, so your best plan is to engage skilled police assistance. Young ladies can't be spirited away like this without leaving a trace."

To my surprise Carriston flatly obshall not go to the police. The man who took her away has placed her where no police can find her. I must find her myself."

"Find her yourself! Why, it may be months-years-before you do that! Good heavens, Carriston! She may be murdered, or even worse-

Carriston."

"But you tell me you have no clew whatever to trace her by. Do talk plainly. Tell me all or nothing."

Carriston smiled, very faintly. "No clew that you, at any rate, will believe in," he said. "But I know this much, she is a prisoner somewhere. She is unhappy; but not, as yet, ill-treated. Heavens! Do you think if I did not know this I should keep my senses for an hour?"

"How can you possibly know it?" "By that gift-that extra sense or whatever it is-which you deride. I knew it would come to me some day, but I little thought how I should welcome it. I know that in some way I shall find her by it. I tell you I have etrange fit comes over me."



LL this fantastic nonsense was spoken so simply and with such an air of conviction that once more my suspicions as to the state of his mind were aroused. In spite of the brave answers which I had given Mr.

Ralph Carriston I felt that common ense was undeniably on his side.

"Tell me what you mean by your strange fit," I said, resolved to find out the nature of Carriston's fancies or hallucinations. "Is it a kind of trance you fall into?"

He seemed loath to give any information on the subject, but I pressed

him for an answer. "Yes," he said at last. "It must be a kind of trance. An indescribable feeling comes over me. I know that my eyes are fixed on some object-presentty that object vanishes, and I see Made-

"How do you see her?" "She seems to stand in a blurred circle of light as cast by a magic lantern. That is the only way that I can describe it. But her figure is clear and plant-she might be close to me. The carpet on which she stands I can see, the chair on which she sits, the tabio on which she leans her hand, anything she touches I can see, but no more. I have seen her talking. Once she was entreating some one; but that some one was invisible. Yet, if she touched

So far an I could see Carriston's case appeared to be one of over-wrought or oly stimulated imagination. His I had always considered to be a mind of the most peculiar construction. In useense, these hallucinations might | pend upon the hallucinations and ec-

come in the same way in which dream come. For a little while I sat in silence, considering how I could best combat with and dispel his remarkable delusions. Before I had arrived at any decision I was called away to see a patient. I was but a short time engaged. Then I returned to Carriston, intending to continue my inquiries.

Upon re-entering the room I found him sitting as I had left him-directly opposite to the door. His face was turned fully toward me, and I trembled as I caught sight of it. He was leaning forward; his hands on the table-cloth, his whole frame rigid, his eyes staring in one direction, yet, I knew, capable of seeing nothing that I could see. He seemed even oblivious to sound, for I entered the room and closed the door behind me without causing him to change look or position. The moment I saw the man I knew that he had been overtaken by what he called his strange fit.

My first impulse—a natural onewas to arouse him; but second thoughts told me that this was an opportunity for, studying his disease which should not be lost-I felt that I could call it by no other name than disease so I proceeded to make a systematic examination of his symptoms.

I leaned across the table, and, with my face about a foot from his, looked straight into his eyes. They betrayed no sign of recognition-no knowledge of my presence. I am ashamed to say I could not divest myself of the impression that they were looking through me. The pupils were greatly dilated. The lids were wide apart. I lighted a taper and held it before them, but could see no expansion of the iris. It was a case, I confess, entirely behouse until my return. Then I found | youd my comprehension. I had no experience which might serve as a guide as to what was the best course dinner was on the table, so not until to adopt. All I could do was to stand and watch carefully for any change.

Save for his regular breathing and a sort of convulsive twitching of his fingers, Carriston might have been a corpse or a statue. His face could scarcely grow paler than it had been before the attack. Altogether, it was an uncomfortable sight, a creepy sight -this motionless man, utterly regardless of all that went on around him, and seeing, or giving one the idea that he saw, something far away. I sighed as I looked at the strange spectacle, jected to this course. "No," he said, "I and foresaw what the end must surely be. But although I longed for him to awake, I determined on this occasion to let the trance, or fit, run its full course, that I might notice in what manner and how soon consciousness returned.

I must have waited and watched some ten minutes-minutes which seemed to me interminable. At last I "I shall know if any further evil saw the lips quiver, the lids flicker happens to her-then I shall kill Ralph once or twice, and eventually close wearily over the eyes. The unnatural tension of every muscle seemed to relax, and, sighing deeply, and apparently quite exhausted, Carriston sank back into his chair with beads of perspiration forming on his white brow. The fit was over.

In a moment I was at his side and forcing a glass of wine down his throat. He looked up at me and spoke. His voice was faint, but his words were quite collected.

"I have seen her again." he said "She is well; but so unhappy. I saw her kneel down and pray. She stretched her beautiful arms out to me. And yet I know not where to look for her-my poor love! my poor love!"

I waited until I thought he had suffialready seen her three times. I may ciently recovered from his exhaustion see her again at any moment when the | to talk without injurious consequences. "Carriston," I said, "let me ask you one question: Are these trances or visions voluntary, or not?"

> He reflected for a few moments. "I can't quite tell you," he said; "or. rather, I would put it in this way. I do not think I can exercise my power at will; but I can feel when the fit is coming on me, and, I believe, can, if I choose, stop myself from yielding to

"Very well. Now listen. Promise me you will fight against these seizures as much as you can. If you don't you will be raving mad in a month."

"I can't promise that," said Carriston quietly. "See her at times I must, or I shall die. But I promise to yield as seldom as may be. I know, as well as you do, that the very exhaustion I now feel must be injurious to anyone."

In truth, he looked utterly worn out. Very much dissatisfied with his concession, the best I could get from him. I sent him to bed, knowing that natural rest, if he could get it, would do more than anything else toward restoring a healthy tone to his mind.



LTHOUGH Carriston stated that he came to me for aid, and, it may be, protection, he manfested the greatest reluctance in following any advice I offered him. The obatinacy of his refural to obtain the assistance of the

police placed me in a predicament. That Madeline Rowan had really disappeared I was, of course, compelled to believe. It might even be possible that she was kept against her will in some place of concealment. In such case it behoaved us to take proper steps to present state of love, grief, and trace her. Her welfare should not de- sidering anything. Indianapolis Jour- oil would only cost 20 cents.

centric ideas of a man half out of his senses with love and grief. I all but resolved, even at the risk of forfeiting Carriston's friendship, to put the whole matter in the hands of the police, unless in the course of a day or two we heard from the girl herself, or Carriston suggested some better plan.

Curiously enough, although refusing to be guided by me, he made no suggestion on his own account. He was racked by fear and suspense, yet his only idea of solving his difficulties seemed to be that of waiting. He did nothing. He simply waited, as if he expected that chance would bring what he should have been searching for high and low.

Some days passed before I could get a tardy consent that ald should be sought. Even then he would not go to the proper quarter; but he allowed me to summon to our councils a man who advertised himself as being a private detective. This man, or one of his men, came at our call and heard what was wanted of him. Carriston reluctantly gave him one of Madeline's photographs. He also told him that only by watching and spying on Ralph Carriston's every action could he hope to obtain the clew. I did not much like the course adopted, nor did I like the look of the man to whom the inquiry was intrusted; but at any rate something was being done.

A week passed without news from our agent. Carriston, in truth, did not seem to expect any. I believe he only employed the man in deference to my wishes. He moved about the house in a disconsolate fashion. I had not told him of my interview with his cousin, but had cautioned him on the rare occasions upon which he went out of doors to avoid speaking to strangers, and my servants had instructions to prevent anyone coming in and taking my guest by surprise.

For I had during those days opened a confidential inquiry on my own account. I wanted to learn something asked a man who knew everybody to find out all about him.

He reported that Ralph Carriston was a man well known about London. He was married and had a house in Dorsetshire; but the greater part of his time was spent in town. Once he was supposed to be well off; but now it was the general opinion that every acre he owned was mortgaged, and that he was much pressed for money. "But," my informant said, "there is but one life between him and the reversion to large estates, and that life is a poor one. I believe even now there is a talk about the man who stands in his way being mad. If so, Ralph Carriston will get the management of every-

thing." After this news I felt it more than ever needful to keep a watchful eye on my friend. So far as I knew there had been no recurrence of the trance, and I began to hope that proper treatment would effect a complete cure, when, to my great alarm and annoyance, Carriston, whilst sitting with me, suddenly and without warning fell into the same strange state of body and mind as previously described. This time he was sitting in another part of the room. After watching him for a minute or two, and just as I was making up my mind to arouse him and scold him thoroughly for his folly, he sprung to his feet, and shouting, "Let her go! Loose her, I say!" rushed violently across the room-so violently, that I had barely time to interpose and prevent him from coming into contact with the opposite wall.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Judge of Ribbons.

In one of the large department stores up town is a pale-faced, red-headed child with a pair of heavy spectacles that impart a solemn look to her delicate face. She stands all day in front of a counter hung with gayly colored ribbons, and it is her particular duty to take ribbons out from the electric light of the shop to the street door and decide there whether or not they are exactly the same shade. The shop girls have learned that her judgment is to be relied upon, and it was the accidental discovery of her exactness in estimating colors that gained for her the novel place she occupies at present. All day she is kept running backward and forward between the ribbons and the door deciding whether ribbon is cream or white and the complicated questions as to tints and shades. She is an important personage in her way, considerably more exalted in position than the young cash girls of her own age. Her duties are really important, and out of the yards of ribbon that are daily sold over the counter every sale which depends on a question of matching is decided by her. New York Sun.

An Important Adjunct. "Sadie is all right, but her father don't like me."

"But you're not going to marry the 'Not exactly: yet he controls the check book."-Philadelphia North

American.

Likes and Dislikes of Birds It is said that birds are nearly as sensitive in their likes and dislikes as only cost you 20 cents for the half galdogs. Some people can never gain the lon used. The rim of the wheels will friendship of a caged bird. A bird has absorb so much oil that a real hot day to learn by experience that it is safe | will expand it so as to have it start out with a human being before it will respond to kind treatment.

These Bear titris. Minnie-That Laura Figg had the impudence to tell me that I was be-

ginning to show my age. Mamie-Beginning to? Laura always to oil three wagons, and the hill for redid have a conservative way of con- setting will b \$2 per wagon, while the

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof -Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.



URING the long dry spell in summer the wagon tires become loose and cause many a break-down and repair bill, besides the setting of the tires, writes Clarence J. Norton in Kansas Farmer. Blacksmiths charge

50 cents per wheel, or \$2 per wagon, for setting tires, and every one knows that after the dry spell is over and the wood in the wheels becomes soaked up with moisture instead of air, they (the wheels) must of necessity swell, or violate a law of nature. As they cannot swell any larger in circumference on account of the tire, they turn out-or dish, as we call it-and thereby greatly weaken the wheel. A wheel with too much dish is very easily broken down, and can never be depended upon until it is entirely rebuilt, so it will be seen that to set tires is only equal to ruining the wheel. A new wagon does not need the tires set, simply because the woodwork is full of moisture and oil when the tire is set and the paint prevents all evaporation of the moisture and oil, hence, of course, the tires remain tight. Now, it will occur to many that if we keep this paint from coming off, the wood will not shrink and the tires will remain tight. This is strictly true, but how can we do it? Some will say, "Paint the wagon wheel often." Very well, this is a good plan; but how many of us do it? When a new wagon is about about this Mr. Ralph Carriston. So I one year old the paint has got rubbed off and the tires can be seen to be slightly loose-that is, a well-defined crack can be seen where the iron and wood touch each other. Now, could this tire be shrunk about one-sixteenth of an inch it would be perfectly tight and go through the summer all right. But we can not get a smith to do so delicate a job. He must shrink them nearly an inch and put them on quite hot and "tighten up the wheel." In either of these cases the wheel will swell out of shape, more or less, after wet weather comes on. Now, as the tires become loose because the oil and moisture evaporate out of the wood, why not remedy the evil by supplying the oil and moisture? We all know that if we should submerge the wheels in a pond of water they would soak up perfectly tight and as good as new, but will soon dry out and be as bad as ever. This could not happen if the wheels were thoroughly painted before they dried out, so it will be seen that to swell the wood with water and then prevent it escaping by painting the wheel takes the place of setting tires and avoids after dishing of wheel. By the same rule, if a wheel with a freshly-set tire be well painted the wood can not absorb moisture, and of course can not swell and dish out of shape. But there is a better way than all this. It is to run the felloes in hot oil. There are iron and zinc troughs made for this purpose. The zinc or galvanized iron are the cheapest, and, to my notion, the best. Take a good-sized sheet of zinc. sheet-iron or corrugated iron, say two feet by four feet, and cut a slot in the middle to sink the oil trough through, having the trough drop nearly but not quite through. Nail this metal to the edges of two six-inch damp boards and stretch the boards on the ground and pin them solid with old harrow teeth. Build a fire of old shingles under the oil trough, that is about half full of paint oil, then set up two posts with snikes driven in them to hang the wheels on. I used a tumbling rod to a horse-power, but a crowbar or post auger will do as well. Mark the top of the hub, and just as soon as the oil comes to a boil, turn the wheel until the next spoke is down in the oil. In about a minute the oil will boil again. and you must turn the wheel again. Serve the wheel this way three times, and the hot oil will drive out all the air in the pores of the wood and take possession of the pores itself. As soon as the wheel is turned a little, the oil on the felloe will be constantly seen to bubble, which is the air coming out of the pores to give place to the oil. Should the wheel in any one place be allowed to boil fifteen minutes, the wood will be ruined and will break off short just like cast-iron will, so you see there is "too much of a good thing" in running a wheel in hot oil.

piece of shingle must be added to the fire at every spoke of the wheel. have an old cast-iron cookstove bottom that has a low place in the center, and by putting the oil in this depression and setting the stove bottom upon its legs and building a fire under it, a good job can be done. It takes about half a gallon of oil to start with, and a half gallon more will be enough for one farm wagon, a buggy and cart and perhaps a pair of hay rake wheels. There are two don'ts, and they are: Don't boil the wood over half a minute, and don't attempt to do the job in the hay barg. Take a good, pleasant, dry day, and do the job well, and the oil will some. To make a perfect job, paint the wheels well after oiling them. However, without painting the job will last a year, and if repeated yearly the tires will never become loose and hence need never be reset by shrinking. It will take as long to go to the shop and wait for the resetting of the tires as it will Insect Enemies of the Grape-THE GRAPEVINE FIDIA.

During midsummer the leaves of grapes are frequently riddled with irregular holes by the attacks of a little beetle which, when disturbed, falls to the ground with its legs folded up against its body, feigning death, or "playing 'possum." The beetle is about a quarter of an inch long, rather robust and of a brown color, somewhat whitened by a dense covering of yellowish-white hairs. In the nature and amount of the injury it does at this stage it resembles the rose-chafer, for which it is sometimes mistaken. Following the injury to the foliage, the vines may be expected, if the beetles have been abundant, to present a sickly appearance, with checking of growth and ultimate death, due to the feeding on the roots of the larvae; for, as in the case of the phylloxera, the root injury is much more serious than the injury to the foliage. Vines sometimes die after having developed half their leaves, or may survive until the fruit is nearly mature. The insect occurs very generally in the Mississippi Valley states, from Dakota to Texas, and more rarely east of the Alleghanies and southward to Fiorida. The beetle has caused serious damage to foliage, notably in Missouri, Illinois and Ohio, having been recognized over thirty years ago in the first mentioned state as one of the worst enemies of the grape. The work of the larvae has been recognized only recently by Mr. Webster and others in northern Ohio, but it may be looked for wherever the beetle occurs.

Life History.—The life history as worked out by Mr. Webster is, briefly, as follows: The yellowish eggs in large batches are thrust in cracks of the bark of the old wood, usually well above ground, as many as 700 having been counted on a single vine. Very rarely are they placed in cracks of the soil about the base of the vine, but so loosely are they attached to the bark that they not infrequently fall to the ground. The larvae, on hatching, fall clumsily to the ground, and quickly disappear in cracks in the soil, chiefly near or just at the base of the vine. They feed at first on the fibrous roots near the point of entrance, but soon reach the large roots, and completely denude them of bark, gradually extending outward through the soil to a distance of at least three feet, and downward to at least a depth of one foot. Most of them reach full growth by the middle of August, attaining a length of nearly half an inch, and construct little cavities or earthen cells in the soil, in which they hibernate until June of the following year, when they change to pupae. The beetles emerge about two weeks after pupation, and begin to feed from the upper surface of the leaves. With thin-leaved grapes they eat the entire substance of the leaf, but with thick-leaved varieties the downy lower surface is left, giving the foliage a ragged, skeletonized look. They feed on any cultivated grape, also on the wild grapes, which have probably been their food from time immemorial. Most of the adults disappear by the first of August, a few scattering individuals remaining until the first of

Remedies and Preventives.-It is evident that if the beetle can be promptly exterminated the injury to the foliage will be limited, and the subsequent much greater damage by larvae to the roots avoided. The first effort should therefore be to effect the killing of the beetles, which may be done by the use of an arsenical spray, with lime, applying it at the customary strength of one pound to 150 gallons of water. The feeding of the beetles on the upper surface of the leaves makes them especially easy to control by this means. If this be deferred until it is unsafe to apply an arsenical spray to vines, the beetles may be collected and destroyed in the manner hereafter recommended for the rose-chafer. The larvae may be destroyed about the roots by intections of bisulphide of carbon, made in the way already described for the phylloxera. A safer remedy and a very effective one if applied before the end of June, or before the larvae have scattered, is to wet the soil about the vines with a solution of kerosene emulsion. The emulsion should be diluted nine times, and a gallon or two of the mixture poured in a basin excavated about the base of the vine, washing it down to greater depths an hour after-

wards with a copious watering. Cultivation.-In the minds of many the sole object of cultivation is to destroy or keep down noxious growths which interfere with the growth of a crop. Now while this is an important tunction of cultivation, it is by no means the only one. The intelligent cultivator has three objects in view in working the soil to promote the growth of his crops. The first is to supply the growing plants with food; second, to conserve for the use of that crop as much moisture as is practicable; third, the destruction of weeds .- Ex.

Poor and Rich Soil .- It seems paradoxical that a soil may have been exhausted as to crop-producing power and yet be rich in plant-food-the elements necessary to plant-growth. The solution is this, that in every sail the arger portions of plant-food thesein are inert, unavailable so far as being aken up by plant roots is concerned. They are locked up, so to speak, by Dame Nature. She only allows to be rejeased for our use an annual quota which is greater or less according to onditions.

Farming in America is an honorable calling, because our farmers are fairly well educated and command the respect of mankind. There are countries where the farmer is a despised monial, because he is a boor in every sense of the word. We must elevate agriculture by educating the farmers' sone and daughters.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX. FEB. 28-ACTS 8:1-17 DISCIPLES DISPERSED.

Golden Text: "They That Were Scattered Abroad Went Everywhere Preaching the World"-From Acts, Chapter 8, Verse 4-The Good Samaritans.



N the summer of 37 A. D. the events here related took place. Places, Jerusalem and Samaria. The text of the lesson follows:

1. And Saul was consenting unto his death. And at that time there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea

and Samaria, except the apostles. 2. And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him. 3. As for Saul, he made havon of the church, entering into every house and hailing men and women, committed them to prison, 4. Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word. 5. Then Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them. 6. And the people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did. 7. For unclean spirits, crying with loud voice, came out of many that were possessed with them; and many taken with palsies, and that were lame, were healed. 8. And there was great joy in that city. 9. But there was a certain man, called Simon, which beforetime in the same city used sorcery and bewitched the people of Samaria. giving out that himself was some great 10. To whom they all gave heed, from the least to the greatest, saying, This man is the great power of God. 11. And to him they had regard, because that of long time he had bewitched them with sorceries. 12. But when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women. 13. Then Simon himself believed also; and when he was baptized, he continued with Philip, and wondered, beholding the miracles and signs which were done. 14. Now when the apostler which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John: 15. Who. when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy

HINTS TO THE TEACHER.

The lesson opens with the picture of the Persecutor. 1. He was sincere. Saul's flerce and apparently bloodthirsty conduct is set in its true light by such state-ments as Acts 23, 1; Acts 26, 9, 10; 1 Tim. 1, 12, 13. Such bigots have been seen in every age, honest, but mistaken. Such was the spirit of Dominic, of Calvin against Servetus, of the Puritans in New England. 2. He was intense, because it was his nature to be earnest in every-thing. Saul, like Paul, could do nothing by halves. What aroused the persecution was the doctrine, launched by Stephen, that Jews and Gentiles were to become one in the Gospel. 3. He was, nevertheless, fighting against conviction. What were "the pricks" against which he was kicking (Acts 9, 5) but a feeling which he could not overcome, that Stephen was right, that Jesus was the Christ, and that the salvation was for all men? The next picture is that of the Church. The time to estimate a church or a character is not when it is prosperous, but when it is in the midst of trial. Notice here the traits of a true Christianity. 1. It has germinative power; gates itself. It is a seed which springs up wherever it is dropped, whether in Judea, Samaria, or Antioch; in America or in Japan. 2 It has breadth. Verses 5, It overcomes the prejudices of race and nation, breaks the bonds of sect, and brings Jews and Samaritans into one fellowship. 3. It has power. Verse 7. The physical miracles of the apostolic age were pictures of its spiritual working in all ages. Even now the Gospel drives out unclean spirits and gives power to the impotent. 4. It brings joy. Verse 8. Every truly converted soul tastes the joy of salvation, and has within a fountain of happiness. iness. 5. It has discipline. Verses The Church was a unit, whether in Judea or Samaria. It recognized the central authority of the apostles, and submitted to it. The last picture is that of Simon the Sorcerer, showing the traits of a false Christianity. We need not waste much time in the profitless inquiry about Simon's powers, which were not unlike those of so-called "mediums" nowadays. 1. Even in the true Church, and in its purest days, there was a false disciple, Simon, among the disciples; and, believing after a fashion, he was not altogether a hypocrite. 2. He was a Chris-tian in form, a baptized member, but not in heart and life. He carried worldly aims and methods into the Church. 3. He supposed that other disciples were on his own plane, and offered money to the apostles to buy the gift of the Holy Spirit. His spirit was that of selfish amoltion, seeking power over men, rather than power with God.

Consul Jones and Queen Margherita. The Washington Post tells this story of Col. Wallace S. Jones. United States consul general at Rome, Italy, now on a visit to this country. Col. Jones is a Floridian, and has been in the consular service in Italy for the last ten years. He is a gentleman of wit, tact and culture, and his ability to make a happy response at the right time brought him into the good graces of Queen Margherita on his first appearance at court. The queen asked him from which state he haifed, and on being told, said that she had often heard Florida described as a very beautiful country. "Yes," your majesty," was the prompt reply, "we call it at home the Italy of America." The neat compliment was not lost on royalty, and the colonel was rewarded with a charming smile from one of the loveliest wemen in Europe.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY HINTS.

Gloves wern at night too constantly are apt rather to yellow the hands than whiten them. Vareline yellows the

Glycerin and lemon fuice soften and whiten the skin. Mixed in equal proportions it is an excellent remedy for chapped hands.

A good lotion to use for perspiring hands is made of cologne water and belladenna, using about seventy-five grammes of cologue to twelve of belia-