We all remember very distinctly Bulger's Advent in Rattlesnake Camp. It was during the rainy season-a season singularly inducive to settled reflective impressions as we sat and smoked around the stove in Morby's grecery. Like older and more civilized communities, we had our periodic waves of sentiment and opinion, with the exception that they were more evanescent with us, and as we had just passed through a fortnight of dissipation and extravagance, owing to a visit from some gamblers and speculatore, we were now undergoing a severe moral revulsion, partly induced by reduced moral revulsion, partly induced by reduced "It's a peculiar business, young fellow." finances, and partly by the arrival of two returned the stranger gravely. "That's different men ex has different opinions about

finances, and partly by the arrival of two families with grown up daughters—on the hill. It was raining, with occasional warm breaths, through the open window, of the southwest trades, redolent of the saturated spices of the woods and springing grasses, which perhaps were slightly inconsistent which perhaps were slightly inconsistent out of it. It's a payin' business—it's a peaceful sort o' business when left to itself.

"It's a peculiar business—a business that it's a peculiar business—a business that congregated. But the stove was only an excuse for our listless, gregarious gathering; warmth and idleness went well together, and it was currently accepted that we had caught from the particular reptile who gave its name to our eamp, much of its pathetic, life-long search for warmth and its habits of indolently basking in it. A few of us still went through the affectation of attempting dry our camp clothes by the stove and zling our wet boots against it, but as the ne individuals calmly permitted the rain to drive in upon them through the open win-dow without moving and seemed to take infinite delight in the amount of steam they generated, even that pretense dropped. Crotalus himself, with his tail in a muddy ditch and the sun striking coid fire from his slit eyes as he basked his head on a warm stone beside it, could not have typified

crey Briggs took his pipe from his mouth at last and said with reflective severity; "Well, gentlemen, if we can't get the wagon road over there, and if we're going to be left out by the stage coach c mpany, we can at all over with slumgullion till he looked like a spotter tarrypin wavin' his fins and sashabackwards and forrards and sayin', 'This

way, ladies; this way."
"I didn't," returned Tom Rollins, quite cosually, without looking up from his steaming boots. 'I didn't start in night afore last to dance 'The Green C.rn Dance' outer Hiawatha, with feathers in my hair and a red blanket on my shoulders, round that family's new potato patch in order that it might 'in-crosse and multiply.' I didn't sing 'Sabbath Morning Bells' with an anvil accompaniment until 12 o'clock at night over at the crossing so that they might dream of their happy childhood's home. It seems to me that it wasn't me did it. I might be mistaken—'t was late-but I have the impression that it

want any more permuskous shootin.' We don't want any more paintin' the town red. We don't want any more swaggerin' galloots ' up to this grocery and emptyin' their ridin up to this grocery and emptyin their s'x shooters in the air afore they light. We want to put a stop to it peacefully and without a rew—and we kin. We sin't got no bullies of our own to fight back and they know it so they know they won't get no ercdit bullyin' us-they'll loave it, if we're firm. It's all along of our d-d fool gold nature; they see it amuses us and they'll keep it up as long as the whicky's free. What we want to do is, when the next man comes

through the window.
"Looks as ef we might hev a show even

now," said Jim Rollins, removing his feet from the stove as we all instinctively faced "I reckon you're in with us in this.
Mosby," raid Briggs, turning toward the
proprietor of the grocery, who had been
leaning listlessly against the wall behind

"Arter the man's had a fair show," said Mosby, cautiously. He deprecated the prevailing condition of things, but it was still

question whether the families present clients. "Everything in modera-

The sound of galloping hoofs came nearer. now swishing in the soft mud of the high-way, until the unseen rider pulled up be-fore the door. There was no shouting, however, nor did he announce himself with the usual salvo of fire arms. But when after a singularly heavy tread and the jingle of spurs on the platform, the door flew open to the newcomer, be seemed a realization of our worst expectations. Tall, broad and myscular, he carried in one hand a shot-gen, while from his hip dangled a heavy avy revolver. His long hair, unkempt but lled, swept a greasy circle around his aculders; his enormous moustache, drip-ing with wet, completely concealed his cuth. His costume of fringed buckskin was wild and outre even for our frontier camp. But what was more confirmative of p. But what was more confirmative of suspicions was that he was evidently

depth the hoarseness of frequent overstaining.

"Ye sin't got no bunk to spare, you boys

—hev ye?' saked Mosby, evasively, glancing

at Percy Briggs without looking at the
stranger. We all looked at Briggs also; it
was his affair after all—he had originated
this opposition. To our great surprise he
said nothing.

darkness slowly emerged a figure which we of reorganization." such as was now sweeping
darkness slowly emerged a figure which we of reorganization." such as was now sweeping
tecognized at once as Captain Jim—one of
the most reckless members of our camp.
Pushing us back into the grocery be entered without a word, closed the door betered without a word, closed the door behind him and threw himself vacantly into a
this opposition. To our great surprise he
said nothing.

Rattiestake boys laughed bitterly, and
described the man of whom they taked so this opposition. To our great surprise he said nothing.

The stranger threw down a gold piece on the counter and said: "Fork out your whisky ten," waited until his glass was filled, took ir then, watted until his glass was fill d. took if in his hand and then drawing an empty chair to the stove sat down beside Briggs. "Seein' as you're that kind," he said, placing his heavy hand on Briggs' knee. "mebbe ye kin tell me ef thar's a shanty or a cabin at Rattlesnake that I kin get for a couple o' weeks.

nificance in his manner. He went on slowly.
"When I struck this yer camp a minit ago;
when I seed that that ditch meanderin'
peaceful like through the street, without a peaceful like through the street, without a hotel or free saloon or express office on either side; with the smoke just a curiin' over the chimbly of that log shanty, and the bresh just set fire to and a smoulderin' in that potato patch with a kind o' old-time stingin' in your eyes and nose and a few women's

duds just a flutterin' on a line by the fence.
I tays to myrelf: "Bulger—this is peace!
This is wot you're wantin'—this is wot you'll "You say you've business over at Bigwood. business?" said Briggs.

"It's a peculiar business—a business that sort o' b'longs to me, though I ain't got no patent from Washington for it—a business that's my own." He rose and saying: "Let's meander over and take a look at that empty cabin and ef she suits me, why I'll plank down a slug for her on the spot, and move in temorrow. I'll pick up suthin' in the way o' boxes and blankete from the grocery, and ef thar's a cornor whar I kin stand my gun and a nail to hang up my revolver—why, I'm all thar!"

By this time we were no longer astonished when Briggs rose, and not only accompanied the sinister looking stranger to the emtpy cabin, but assisted him in nego negotiating with Nevertheless we eagerly assalled Briggs on his return for some explanation of this singular change in his explanation of this stranger. He coolly reminded us, however, that while his intention of excluding ruf-ficulty adventurers from the camp remained the same, he had no right to go back on the strangers' sentiments, which were evidently in accord with our own, and although Mr. least straighten up the camp and not have it look like a cross between a tenement alley and a broken down circus. I declare I was why we should substitute a mild firmness and a broken down circus. I declare I was just sick when these two Mullin girls started to make a short cut through the camp. Darned 4f they didn't turn round and take to the woods and the Rattler's again, afore they get half way. And that benighted idiot, Tom Rollins, standin' there in the ditch, spattered like was pleased to call "craw-fishing." "Seemed to me his account of his business "Seemed to me his account of his business was very satisfactory. Sorter fillin' the bill all round-no mistake thar," he suggested with a malicious troop, "I like a man that's

"I understand him very well," said Briggs, "In course you did. Only when you've settled in your mind whether he was describing horse stealing or tract distributing, mebbe you'll let me know.

It would seem, however, that Briggs did not interrogate the stranger again regarding it, nor did we, who were quite content to leave matters in his hands. Enough that Mr. Bulger moved into the empty cabin the next day, and with the aid of a few old boxed from the grocery, which he quickly extem-porized into tables and chairs, and the purwasn't me.

From the silence that followed this would seem to have been clearly the actual performance of the previous speaker, who, however, responded quite cheerfully: "An even'n' o' simple, childish galiy don't count. We g't to start in again fair. What we want here is to clear up and encourage dewant here could not find that he was doing anything of a suspicious character—exoutwardly suspicious, which I grieve to say did not lull them to security. day he checked this itinerate curiocity by taking the initiative himself, and quietly walking from claim to claim and from cabin to cabin with a pacific, but by no means a satisfying interest. The shadow of his tall figure carrying his inseparable gun, which had not yet apparently "stood in the corner," falling upon an excavated bank beside the delving miners, gave them a sense of un-easiness they could not explain; a few characteristic yells of bolsterous hilarity from their posntide gathering under a cottonwood waltzin' along—"
A distinct clatter from the rocky hillside gravely approaching, and his casual stopping bere mingled with the puff of damp air before a poker party in the gulch actually caused one of the most reckless gamblers to weakly recede from "a bluff" and allow his adversary to sweep the board. After this it was felt that matter were becoming serious. Their y was sinuglarly abated. feeling of repulsion, bounds partly by the abs general of any overt act from Bulger, and partly by sistent overconsciourness of his shot

gun took its place. But an unexpected

One evening as the usual social circle was drawn around Mosby's stive, the lazy silence was broken by the familiar sounds of pistol shots and a series of more familiar shricke and yells from the rocky hill road. The circle quickly recognized the voices of their old friends, the roysterers and gam-blers from Sawyer's Dam; they as quickly recognized the returning shouts here and there from their new companions who were retaining them. I grieve to say that in spite of their previous attitude of reformation a smile of gratified expectancy lit up the faces of the younger members, and even the older ones glanced dubiously at Briggs. Mosby made no attempt to conceal a sigh of relief as he carefully laid out an extra supply of glasses on his bar. Suddenly the oncoming yells ceased, the wild gallop of hoofs siack-cued into a trot and finally halted, and even the responsive shouts of the camp stopped also. We all looked vacantly at each other; also. We all looked vacantly at each other; Mosby leaned over the counter and went to our suspicions was that he was evidently in the habit of making an impression, and after a distinct pause at the doorway with only a side glance at us he strode toward the bar.

"As there don't seem to be no hotel hereabouts, I recken I kin put up my mustang here and have a shake-down somewhere behind that counter," he said. His voice seemed to have added to its natural depth the hoarseness of frequent overstrains.

"Mosby leaned over the counter and went to that their mysterious frends had disappeared, although they met with a fraternal but subdued distinguish a ctruggiling, vague but silent procession moving through the moist, heavy air on the hill. But to our surprise it was moving away from us—absolutely leaving the camp. We were still staring in expectancy, when out of the darkness slowly emerged a figure which we recognized at once are Captain Jim—one of over Sawyer's Dam, was at hand? Could

"It's no use, gentlemen! Suthin's g t to be done with that Bulger! And mighty quick." "What's the matter?" we asked eagerly.

from him—them boys just stopped yellin', turned round like lambs and rode away peaceful-like, along with him. We ran after them, a spell, still yellin,' when that that Bulger faced around, said to us that he'd come down here for quiet, and of he couldn't have it, he'd have to leave with those gentlemen who wanted it too! And I'm gosh darned! if these "gentlemen"—you know 'em all—Patsey Carpenter. Snao-Shot Harry, and the others—ever said a darned word, but kinder nodded 'So long,' and went away."

out getting plugged. You see Bulger wasn't going to hev any of his own kind jumpin' his claim here. And I recken he was pow'ful enough to back down Sawyer's Dam. Anyhow, the bluff told—and here we are in peace and quietness."

"Until he lets us know what is his little me," sneered Mosby. Nevertheless, such is the force of mysteri cus power that although it was exercised against what we firmly believed was the independence of the camp, it extorted a certain respect from us. A few thought it was not a bad thing to have a professional bully, and even took care to relate the dis omfiture of the wicked youth of Sawyer's Dam, for the benefit of a certain adjacent and powerful camp which had looked down upon us. He, himself, returning the same evening from his self-imposed escort, vouchsafed no other reason than the one he had already given. Preposterous as it seemed. we were obliged to accept it, and the stil more preposterous inference that he had sought Rattlesnake camp solely for the purpose of acquiring and securing its peace and quietness. Certainly he had no other occupation; the little worl; he did upon the tailings or the abandoned claim which reach his little cabin was scarcely a pretense. went over on certain days to Bigwood on account of his business, but no one had ever seen him there, nor could the description of his manner and appearance evoke any information from the Bigwoodians. It remained a mystery.

It had also been believed that the advent of Bulger would intensify that fear and diclike of riotous Rattlesnake which the two families had shown, and which was the origin of Briggs' futile attempt at reformation. But it was discovered that since his arrival the young girls had shown less timidity in entering the camp and had even exchanged some polite conversation and good-humored badinage with its younger and more impressible members. Perhaps this tended to make these youths more observ-ant, for a few days later, when the vexed question of Bulger's business was again discussion, one of them remarked

"I reckon there sin't no doubt what he's "I recken there and no doubt what he is here for!"

The youthful prophet was instantly sat upon after the fashion of all elderly critics since Job's. Novertheless, after a pause he was permitted to explain.

"Only this morning when Lance Forester and me were chirping with them gals out on the hill who should we see hanging around in the brush but that d-d Bulger! We allowed at first that it might be only a new style of his interferin', so we took no notice except to pass a few remarks about listeners and that sort o' thing, and per-haps to joke and bedevil the girls a little more than we'd hev' done if we'd been alone. Well, they laughed and we laughed—and that was the end of it. But this afternoon Lance and me were meandering down by their cabin, we sorter turned into the woods to wait till they'd come out. Then all of a sudden Lance stopped as rigid as a pointer that's flashed somethin', and says: B'gosh!' And thar under a big redwood sat that slimy hypocrite Buiger, twisting h's long mustache and smiling like clock-work along side o' little Meely Baker-you know her!-the pootiest of two sixters!and she smillin' back on him! Think of it!—
that unknown, unwashed, long-haired tramp
and bully—who must be 40, if a day—and
that innocent gal of 16. It was simply dis-

I need not say that the older cynics and critics already alluded to, at once improved the occasion! What more could be expected? Women, the world over, were noted for this ort of thing! This long-haired, swaggering bully, with his air of mystery, had cap tivated them as he always had since the days of Homer, Simple Merit, that sat lowly in bar rooms, and conceived projects for the public good around the humble, unostentatious stove was nowhere! Youth could not on soon learn this bitter lesson! And in this case youth, too, perhaps, was right in its conjecture, for this was no doubt the little game of the perfidious Bulger! We recalled the fact that his unhallowed appearence in camp was almost coincident with the arrival of the two families. We glanced at Briggs-to our amazement, for the first time he looked seriously concerned. But Mosby in the meantime leaned his elbows lazily over the counter and in slow voice, added fuel to the flame.
"I wouldn't hev spoken of it before." he

gustin'

said with a side-long glange at Briggs, "for it might be all in the line o' Bulger's business,' but suthin' happened the other night that for a minit git me. I was passen' the Bakero' shanty and I heard one of them gal -singing a camp meetin' hymn. I den't calkilate to run again you young feliers any sparkin' or canoodlin' that's goin' on, but her voice sounded so pow'ful sooth n' and pretty thet I jest stood there and listened. Then the old woman-old Mother Baker-she joined in god I listened, too. And then durn my ekin-but a man's voice joined in -jest beiching cuter that cabin-and I sorte: ifted myself up and kem away. Thet voice sentlemen," said Mosby, lingering artistically as he took up a glass and professionally eyed it before wiping it with his towel, "that voice, cumf'bly fixed thar in thet cabin among hem wimen folks, was Bulger s!

Briggs got up with his eyes looking the he said, huskily, "thar's only one tiling to be Sawyer's Dam tomorrow morning and nich up as many square men as we can muster there's a big camp meeting goin' on and there won't be no difficulty in that. When we've got a big enough crowd to show we mean business, we must march back here and ride Bulger out of this camp! I don't hanker arter vigilance committees as a rule-it's rough remedy-it's like drinkin' a quart o whisky ag'in rattlesnake poison-but it's go to be done! We don't mind being sold our selves, but when it comes to our standin by and seein' the only innocent people i Rattlesnake given away—we kick! Bulger's got to be fired outer this camp! And he will

But he was not. For when, the next morning, a determined and thoughtful procession of the best and most characteristic citizens of Rattlesnake camp filed into Sawyer's Dam they found that their mysterious friends had disappeared.

described the man of whom they taked so lightly. But in vain. "It's no use, gentle-men," said a more worldly bystander in a lower voice, "the camp meetin's got a strong The stranger tesned heavily on the counter.

"I was speakin' to you," he said with his eyes on Mosby and stightly accenting the promoun with a tap of his revolver but on the bar. "Ye don't seem to cate on."

Mosby smiled feebly and again cast an imploring glance at Briggs. To our greater atomishment Briggs said quietly: "Why you answer the stranger, Mosby?"

"Yes, yes," said Mosby enacyly to the new come, while an angry flush crossed his chew, as he recognized the position in which—Briggs bad placed him. "Of course you're welcome to what doings i hew here, but I evictous glance at Briggs," "might fix you're and moustaches and all that-standing thar plump in the up suthin' better; they're so pow'ful kind to your bright methods and role away."

The stranger threw down a gold piece on the said mode of the said in the double and the moust and the product of the stranger threw down a gold piece on the said in the said in the said in the counter."

The stranger is and existing the matter? we asked eagerly.

"Matter," he repeated, passing his his produced in the matter? Look and accent to cate hom."

Mosby smiled feebly and again cast an imploring glance at Briggs. To our greater the power of the hill? Ye all heard them boys from Sawyer's Dam coming over the hill? Ye heard their house and cast and exist in the boys severy time, the don't preach no our and dried goops rebes and cast and cast

belly, either, but fits himself like his gospel to the men he works among. Ye ought to hear him afore yon go. H's tent is just on your way. I'll go with you."

Too dejected to offer any opposition and perhaps a little courious to see this man who had unwittingly frustrated their design of lynching Bulger, they halted at the outer fringe of wershipers who packed the huge enclosure. They had not time to indulge their cynclesms over this swaying mass of emotional, balf-thinking and almost irresponsible beings, nor to detect any similarity between their extreme methods and larity between their extreme methods and

\*\*\*\*\*\*\* BILLY, THE KID.

By Captain Jack Crawford, "The Poet Scout." While stationed at Fort Craig on the Rio Grande river in New Mexico, and on the 12th day of August, 1880, I received instructions from General Edward Hatch, commanding that military district, to proceed at once to the Sacramento mountains, scout them thoroughly and report the presence there of any bands of Apaches to General George P. Buel at Fort Cummings. The order reached me late in the evening, and at 3 o'clock the following morning I was in the saddle. Fording the Rio Grande Is set my face eastward across the dreary desert known as the Jornado del Muerto, cr. as interpreted into English, the "Journey too Death."

Shortly after noonal reached the Dripping Springs in the San Andreas mountains, and halted for a rest and to allow my horse to graze. Westied with my fifty mile ride across the hot desert I laid down in the shade of a backberry tree which grew near the springs and slept for an hour, then catching up my trusted horse, "Chief," resumed

After leaving the uprings I rode up a sloping mountain side from which I could see a large scope of country back on the trail over which I had come, and while scanning the low hills at the foot of the range with my powerful field glasses I was somewhat etartled to see a band of about twenty indians, hostiles of the worst type, moving toward the springs, and less than a mile distant. Through an adjacent gulch I descended to the trail leading toward the Sacramentos and rode rapidly forward.

A few miles from the Dripping Springs I entered a narrow canon which led through a

spur of the San Andreas range to the level plain beyond, the precipitous walls of the great gulch rising hundreds of feet on either side of the trail. I was pushing rapidly ahead when a monster "silver tip" bear appeared on the trail but a short distance ahead of me. Taking a position in the path, the savage brute stood there closely looking at me, evidently determined to dispute my passage through his bounts. I could have easily dispatched him with a shot from my rifle, but the report of the gun would have revealed my presence to the Indians, and I dared not fire. My thoroughly frightened hores was rearing and prancing in terror. and utterly refused to move forward and at-tempt to pass the beast. Dismounting I threw stones at the unobliging animal, but all my efforts to induce him to vacate his position but elicited from him a series of savage growls and a display of gleaming teeth. Realizing that the Indians were liable to put in an appearance and that further delay might bring about very unpleasant re-sults, I determined to force my frightened horse by the monster if it was in the power of steel to accomplish that much desired object. At every prod of the spure the animal would rear and plunge, until, goaded to desperation by the cruel rowels, he gave a

a distance of several miles, my glass yet falled to reveal their presence I felt satisfied upon a rock, his horse quictly feeding near him. After the usual greetings I dismounted run into these Indians in the direction he was traveling, and advised him to keep a

had no fear of Indians; that it was white men he most desired to avoid. The remark otruck me as being a queer one, but I paid actual contact in the evidence produced in little attention to it until something in the the use of pure water as against that heretoyoung fellow's looks and actions set me to He was heavily ermed; carrying ity, be very slow to allow himself to be convinced that the word malarial (mal, bad; aria, two large Colt's revolvers in scabbards in his bilt, while I observed that he never removed air) is a misnomer, and that malaqua (mal his hands from a Winchester rifle which bad; aqua, water) is the word that should be taid across his knees. The recollection of used to convey the pernicious effects know certain printed handbills came to me like a fisch and I said:

"I believe your name is LeRoy."
"Well, and what if it is?" he asked. "It is no matter to-me," I replied. "I am hunting Indians, and have no business to transact with 'Billy, the Kid.'"
"What makes you think I am that cuss?"

"I have seen printed descriptions of you. The country is flooded with handbills offerng a reward for you, dead or alive " He reflected a moment, eyeing me closely nd then replied:

rawford, an' I don't think you are locking for white game. I am Billy, the Kid, and his is the carcaes the officers want to pay uch a big price for. Do I look like I was worth so much?" I told him that while his eyes possessed a owies angelic gleam, he didn't look like a

very bad man. After some conversation regarding his past life and the causes which led him to become an outlaw I said: "Billy, I believe you are the most notorious victim of trashy novel reading the country has ever produced. Is it not the prime cause of your present situation; a fugitive from justice with a terrible record behind you and the keen-scented hounds of the law forever n your trail?"

"Well, you are not far from right," he re-plied. "Of course there were other things which drove me to this life, but if reading those books hadn't roused the devil in me I would now be a square man. Hew did you "I inferred it from the fact that nine

tenths of our so-called 'bad men' were first induced to go wrong through reading the vile blood-and-thunder novels which are daily firing the brains of boys with false ideas of western romance and adventure, causing them to icave good homes in the east and come west to be Indian fighters or famed as highwaymen. The writers and publishers of such trash are a curse to the country." "That's right," he forcibly replied.

"That's right." he forcibly replied.
"That's dead right. I know just as well as I know I'm setting her talking to you that the officers will run onto me unexpected some day and do me up. It's only a ques-tion of time, but I'll stand 'em off as long as I can. One more on my list wouldn't make any difference to me, and I tell you right now I'd like to add a name to my roll before I'm picked up. It would be a pleasure to me to make the last act of my life an interview with — tnaming a well known dime novel publisher). After I'd got

tell me of that's a shanty or a cabin at Rattense that I kin get for a comple of week of mall—Partey Carponter. Snao-Shot I aw an empty one at the head of the hill. You see, genumelmen," he added confidently as he swept the drope of whisky from his long mustache with his fineers and glanced around our group. The got some busines over at Bigwood four nearest town, but can have been absorbed by the first a hard to hear the first of the state of

THE SOURCE OF MALARIA. Investigation Shows that it is Oftener in the Water Than the Air.

The investigation on the source of malaria has had the writer's attention for over two years, says the Modical Journal, and in that time a large amount of clinical testimony has been collected from all known malarial districts in North America; the final report, however, will hardly be ready for publication for some months, but from the work already completed certain facts have been obtained which will be embodied in this short notice. The introduction of artesian wells, first by the railroad companies who desired a larger supply of water than had hitherto been avail. able, and the accidental use of that water by the people in the immediate vicinity, soon produced a marked diminution of malarial trouble in those localities. The arresian supplies were, on the whole, so satisfactory to the railroads that their introduction became very rapid, and in a few years most of the South Atlantic lines depended upon this source of water supply. The evidence that in the exclusive use of the deep-scated waters there was apparently immunity from malarial rouble was apparently so incontestable that determined up n a critical examination of all waters known to produce malaria and those that in malarial districts were proof against it: this examination is not only chemical, but piclogical and pathological.

In the present state of our knowledge we do not expect to be able to draw a sharp line between waters that produce malaria and those proof against it by purely chemical analysis, nor, on the other hand, can we hope to identify by biological examination the proby the former succeed in isolating certain and by the latter a certain line of testimony that, in conjunction with the chemical inves-tigation, will yield very valuable results. The work thus far has proved satisfactory beyond expectation, and, from the work already done, and the character and amount of evidence before me, I am justified in stating that the long current belief that the source of malaria is in the air is in error. The germ, which is of soil origin, is strictly

protozoa, and reaches its highest develop

ment in low, moist ground, with a favorable temperature. Surrounded by the proper soil conditions, this protozoa passes from one tage of life into another with considerable experimental knowledge it is impossible to dentify it, nor is it probable that by culture we shall be able to produce the accepted Laveran germ outside of the human system. As a rule, the potable water from the malarial districts is derived from driven wells not ever twenty-two feet deep, in soil with clay or some other impervious sub trata, which water is generally cool and palatable, often sparkling clear, but more frequently a little turbid. This water is filled with an incalculable number of these germs in all stages of development, and if used as a potable water they naturally find their way snort of pain and terror and rushed forward with terrific leaps, swerving aside to pass the shaggy obstacle. Evidently divising the stages of life that in some stages it is light enough to float and be transported. intention, the bear sprang angrily in front of the bear sprang ang air and plunged over the astonished brute real mischief begins, when, by reason of and was speeding swiftly down the canon. After riding some distance out on the more virulent than that floating in the air desert I slackened speed, knowing if the In- A very short period of incubation is sufficien more virulent than that floating in the air. lians were in pursuit I could see them as to develop a severe case of malarial fever in they emerged from the canon, and when, at the newcomer who uses the surface water. From personal observation I know that the exclusive use of pure, deep-seated water afthat they had not seen me and had gone fords entire immunity against malaria in sec into camp at the Dripping Springs. That tions of country where no white man dared afternoon I came upon a young man sitting live using the surface water. Nor must it be understood that the exclusive use of pure water simply fortifies and strengthens the and sit down near him, and in the course of system against the attack of the germ. The conversation suggested that he was liable to water is the primary cause of infection. which acts as the direct carrier of the germ into the system through the intestinal tract.
The impression that malaria is caused by purely atmospheric influences has become s fixed in our minds that, unless we come the use of pure water as against that hereto-fore used, the physician will, in all probabil-

> New so-called remedles spring up every day like mushrooms; but the people still cling to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Gypsies Are Everywhere. Nearly every c'vilized country in the world has bands of gypsies wandering about within its boundaries, and their futility and apparent lack of any definite object in life, so characteristic of this nomadic race, gives peculiar interest to statistics concerning them. From Hungary, the center and start ing point of the race, we learn from a censu that their total number in that country alone amounts to 274,940. About half of them were settled in towns and villages while the other half led a constantly wan-dering life. Altogether there were 104,750 gypsic; who professed Hungarian as their mother tongue, 67,046 Roumanian, 9.857 the Slovak language, 5,861 the Servian, 2,936 the German and 2,008 the Ruthenian lan-guage. The number speaking only the Czigany or Romany tongue—that is, the gypsies who do not amalgamate with other nationalities-was 82,045, or about 30 per

J. W. Fierce, Republic, la., says: "I have used One Minute Cough Cure in my family and for myself, with results so entirely satisfactory that I can hardly find words to ex-press myself as to its merit. I will never fall to recommend it to others, on every occasion that presents itself."

shake

The general belief among doctors is that consumption itself is very rarely inherited. But the belief is becoming stronger that the tendency to consumption is very generally transmitted from parent to child. If there has been consumption in the family, each member should take special care to prepare the system against it. Live out doors; keep the body well nour-ished; and treat the first indication of failing health.

Scotts Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil, with

Hypophosphites, is a fatproducing food and nerve-tonic. Its use is followed by improved nutrition, richer blood, stronger nerves and a more healthy action of all the organs. It strengthens the power of the body to resist disease. If you have inherited a tendency to weak lungs, shake it off.

JUST AS GOOD IS NOT SCOTT'S EMULSION. ..........





BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Is the most dangerous of all Kidney Diseases. Pains in the Back, Irregularities in the Urine, Swelling of the Limbs or Abdomen are the first symptoms

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Told by His Friends and Acquaintances.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

This story began publication Feb. 2. To run six weeks. Illustrated by Oliver Herford.

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