walls. Around the deer park, where 500 odd head of deer roam and browse under the forest primeval, the stone wall is supplemented with a six-foot iron paling.

The cows do not run with the deer. They have richer pastures of their own, meadows knee-deep in lush blue grass and white clover, lying either side of Richland creek. There are 150 of them, high grade Jerseys or full bloods of the most famous milking strains. The number in milk ranges from ninety to 130. The milking is a pretty sight indeed. The sleek, deer-eyed, full-uddered, creamy-skinned creatures come in from the pasture and range themselves each in her appointed stall. The stalls fill three sides of a great square. An open shed covers it. Outside there runs a trough for the dry feed, which serves as an appetizer for the abundant grass. In the middle as well as about the pastures there are iron-work baskets, open underneath, each with its lump of pure rock salt.

Five stout and jolly black men do the milking. They are marvelously rapid, still more marvelously skillful. They use deep tin pails and can make the milk streams play tunes upon the bottom of them—"Yankee Doodle" or "Dixie"—as the hearers incline to hear. They work in happy rivalry, as to who shall milk quickest and cleanest. As soon as two cows are stripped clean they are sent away to pasture without waiting for the rest.

The milking shed is a good way off the dairy proper, to which the milk is wheeled in deep tin cans, kept scrupulously clean. The dairy itself is a picturesque gray stone building, with ivy upon one wall and a climbing rose blossoming riotously over the door. It has a cemented floor and a sep-

A DUST COAT.

arate circular chamber for the wise-looking mule which turns the big barrel churns. Only the cream is churned. The milk is set in open cans, gauze covered, within troughs fed with fresh spring water. It stands there twelve hours, then is skimmed, and the cream kept twelve hours longer before churning. It would be an insult to name butter color in connection with the product. All the year round the pound prints, bearing the Belle Meade stamp, are as yellow as virgin gold.

The windows have wire screens; so has the door. An intruding fly is never permitted. Everywhere the most speckless, the most scrupulous cleanliness reigns. The butter is sold by contract and fetches in yearly some $19,000. "But I never see it," says General W. H. Jackson, the master of Belle Meade. "The dairy belongs to my daughters—they need what it brings in for pin money."

GENERAL GRANT'S DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris Talks of Patriotism and Hopes for Peace.

Washington welcomed Mrs. Sartoris back to a home among her own people several years ago and she has not returned to England since then, but the formal renewal of her allegiance to the United States did not take place until last April, when she applied to congress for readmission to the

MRS. NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS.

privileges of citizenship. This step was a rather unusual one for a woman to take. In taking it, Mrs. Sartoris was actuated by a sentiment which oddly enough seems to be as strong in her children as it is in her, in spite of their English blood.

In speaking of it, Mrs. Sartoris said: "My mother and my brothers live here. It was here that my revered father lived. I and my children wanted to live here and to be citizens of the United States; I, therefore, asked congress to pass the bill; and I felt grateful to those in authority for their prompt and unanimous action. You see, by my marriage to Mr. Sartoris, an Englishman, I became a subject of Great Britain. I left England when my husband died and returned to the United States; I am glad to be in America and to be a citizen of my father's country. England has the tenderest associations for me and for my children, but we shall be happy here. This is our home. My son is proud of the fact that he was born in America and long ago he expressed a desire to become identified with the United States."

The first news that Mrs. Sartoris had that her son had a thought of going to war was when he showed her General Lee's reply: "If there is war and I am again in the saddle, you shall ride with me." The lieutenant's commission was a long time coming from the president and young Sartoris had almost made up his mind to enlist as a private, for stay at home he would not. There never was such enthusiasm as his and it is a novelty to hear the expression of it in accents that are as strongly English as any sound ever listened to.

The mother is patriotic; she believes in "standing by the president" and in maintaining the honor of the country, but she is waiting anxiously for the fulfillment of her father's sentiment: "Let us have peace." "I cannot say that I am glad to see my son go to war. For his sake though I try to look, if I cannot be, pleased. This war has already accomplished one thing for which my father longed, even in his last moments—the wiping out of sectional lines and the uniting of the whole people, and I know he would rejoice greatly to see my son riding by the side of General Lee; both moved by one hope, the success of the stars and stripes." Young Sartoris, by the way, was the first man in Washington to set the example of removing his hat when "The Star-Spangled Banner" was played.

The house in which Mrs. Grant lives with her daughter and her grandchildren formerly was owned by Senator Edmunds and is on Massachusetts avenue. It is an English basement house, richly furnished and with an unusually large library. A collection of tiger skins is one of the conspicuous beauties of the place. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Sartoris entertain continually in the season and may be spoken of as the most prominent of the famous Washington widows in the list of which are included Mrs. Sheridan, widow of General Sheridan, Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, etc.

Mrs. Sartoris is a marvel of youthfulness; she has the complexion and figure of a young girl and her glorious brown eyes are the most wonderful eyes in Washington. Her daughters are both dark like their mother, but the son has inherited from his father the rosy blonde beauty of the typical Englishman. The young ladies are romantic in name and in appearance. The elder, Vivien, has her mother's eyes and has a good deal of beauty of an exquisite, dreamy type. She is poetical looking and is not at all like the ordinary, commonplace society girl. She was introduced into society last year with much pomp and she has had a career of triumphant popularity ever since. She was one of the most interesting performers in the "beauty show" tableaux, in which all the fashionable beauties in Washington posed for the benefit of the soldiers and sailors wounded in the war, and which, in spite of the contradictory claims of the D. A. R. of New York, was the first entertainment given in America for the war sufferers. Rosemary, Mrs. Sartoris' younger daughter, is still a school girl, but she will probably come out next winter.

Frills of Fashion.

Hats that turn abruptly off the face are just now among the very fashionable styles.

The latest variation of the army button is one with a hinged top, suitable for containing a photograph.

A martial umbrella handle is in imitaion of a sword hilt of gold or silver decorated with patriotic designs.

The latest addition to the chatelaine worn by the women is a small matchbox. Bicyclists will find it especially useful.

A very celebrated physician recently remarked that the dotted veils, with their criss-cross meshes, that women were now wearing, were making the oculists rich.

Infants are wearing hosiery quite as gay as that worn by their fashionable fathers and mothers. Their little half hose are brilliant in color and extreme in design, and, it is said, afford the average youngster more amusement than the loudest-sounding rattle.

Umbrellas and parasols are getting in their inning nowadays. If a woman would be strictly up to date she must carry a very gay and festive looking sun umbrella and her parasol must be all fluff and frills. Curious shades of gray, blue, red and green prevail in the umbrellas.

Man needn't laugh at woman about wearing his ties, hats and gloves, and having her shoes built after the models of his. He has adopted her bar pin for a scarf pin, and considers it quite the correct thing, particularly if it happens to be set off with a single diamond.

Sheer white lawn blouses will be very fashionable this summer. They may be in serpentine form with long ends, or follow the conventional lines of the blouse, with a fitted back and deep yoke, formed of alternate rows of fine linen lace insertion and strips of embroidered lawn.

The last hot spell sent linen and check skirts to the front in a hurry. Nothing is more comfortable and certainly nothing looks neater and cooler when perfectly fresh than a skirt of white duck pique or cheviot. The linen skirts aren't so attractive, but they are more practical for every-day purposes in a city.

Color, as a rule, is very artistically considered this year, and even from red, white and blue as key notes in both dress and millinery, many pretty variations are made. The genuine royal red is a brilliant scarlet, but the shade which appears conspicuously in fashionable gowning is like a velvet-petalled geranium blossom.

Velvet collarettes are all the style. They are as hot as hot rice pudding, but women are so used to being uncomfortable in their dress that they don't notice a little thing like a velvet collarette in August weather. This accessory is only worn with white serge dresses or those made of heavy wash fabrics. Pale gray, turquoise blue and old pink are the leading colors and each collarette has a narrow belt to match, both being embellished with steel nail heads. The belts are fastened with steel buckles.

Feminine Personals.

Mrs. Magdalene Thoresen, the stepmother of Mrs. Ibsen, says that the author's wife is passionately fond of literature and has exercised a great influence over him.

Corsets must not be worn by Russian young women attending high schools, universities and music and art schools, according to a recent decree of the new minister of education.

Mrs. S. F. Green of Brooklyn has opened a recruiting office for moth men and women. She wants to enlist any one, from a cook or a nurse to a gunner. She is vice president of the Woman's Auxiliary of the National Volunteer Reserve.

The widow of Mr. Pixley, the editor who made the San Francisco Argonaut so influential a paper, provided in her will that the fine house in which she had lived for forty years be destroyed, as she desired that no one should live in her old home.

Inspired by the high aim of interesting the poor and ignorant of Gotham in music, Miss Emilie Wagner of Baltimore, a student at the Peabody conservatory and a graduate of the women's college at Baltimore, has established a conservatory of music in a New York tenement house.

Miss Carey M. Carroll, who recently appeared as one of the lawyers in a case in Jackson county, Missouri, was the first woman to graduate from the Missouri State University of Law, and is the first to plead a case in Jackson county.

Miss Marion Hovey of Boston has given $5,000 to the town of Gloucester, Mass., to be held as a fund, the interest of which shall be given to a graduate of the High school to aid him in defraying the expenses of a course in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Miss Hovey has before done much for the schools of Gloucester.

HE EXONERATES THE HEART

Dr. Rodermund Announces a Startling Physiological Theory.

LUNGS THE CENTER OF CIRCULATION

Oxygen the Great Propeller of the Stream of Life, While the Heart Merely Acts as the Governor.

During the session of the National Eclectic Medical association last week Dr. M. J. Rodermund of Appleton, Wis., made an announcement that startled his professional brothers, and will very likely startle the scientific world. Dr. Rodermund contends that the blood receives its propulsive power in the lungs, not the heart. That the circulation is kept up by the oxygen breathed and not by the muscular contraction of ventricle and auricle. He has devoted many years of study to this topic, and believes he is thoroughly capable of demonstrating the correctness of his theory. Dr. Rodermund's paper in full follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—It is nearly 300 years since Harvey demonstrated that the blood circulates in the blood vessels. During these centuries we have been taught by all writers and teachers on physiology, that the heart is a pump, and by its muscular contraction propels the blood throughout the body.

This theory that the heart propels the blood is erroneous, absurd and an absolute physical impossibility. The heart has no more to do with propelling the blood through the arteries than the stomach or liver.

Just what does propel the blood is of immense importance, for it concerns vitally all human beings throughout all times and places, and all who think will search out the philosophy of the circulation of the blood as one of the most wonderful operations of nature, and when the real power which does circulate the blood is generally known, and the functions of the heart understood, we will have found the long hidden cord that unites and accounts accurately important phenomena by which we are surrounded—also remove from the profession and the world at large many mysteries that have beclouded us all—causing much diversity of ideas and theories, as well as false conclusions regarding health and disease.

To state the purpose of this paper in one sentence would be simply to say that the power that propels the blood is received through the lungs and not performed by the heart.

My first forcible thought that the heart does not propel the blood was in observing the pulse of sick people. We find in the sick that the weaker the patient and the weaker the action of the heart the faster the circulation; again at other times we have a very quick circulation of the blood where the pulse is as full and strong as in the healthy subject. Once impressed with this interesting problem, new observations and proofs began to present themselves, and I was really surprised to think that I had not noticed them before.

Shown at Moment of Birth.

Second—Take for instance the circulation of children, the younger or the more delicate the child, the faster the circulation. Tracing these well known facts to fetal life, it is still faster; but at the birth of an infant we can notice several changes that are strong and incontestable evidence in demonstrating the power that propels the blood. What are these changes? First, the placenta detaches itself by contraction of the uterus, and the umbilical pulse-beat continues a minute or two and gradually becomes more feeble until it stops and the child is dead. But if the child makes a sudden gasp and begins to breathe, life goes on. What are the explanations of these two phenomenal changes? One is that the placenta is a storage battery and when exhausted of its supply it stops; the other is that the lungs of the new-born child are charged by air pressure—this air pressure, as is well known, is about 2,000 pounds to every square foot of the body's surface, and by breathing the lungs stay charged from birth until death.

Third—Another proof of the power that propels the blood is furnished by holding the breath. The longer you hold the breath the slower and feebler the pulsation becomes in every single person, well or sick; it never fails. Try it on yourself, but not too long, and note the slowing of the pulse, and see how full and bounding the circulation becomes after taking a few good inspirations of pure air—in many instances the rate of the pulse will increase from seven to twelve beats—besides being much stronger.

Fourth—By suddenly cutting off the breathing as by hanging or drowning the pulsebeat keeps up full for a few moments, but gradually becomes feebler, and as the lung cells become exhausted of their air supply, the circulation stops and life is extinct.

Fifth—Another strong argument that the heart cannot propel the blood in that size (all other things being equal), is a measure of power. It is estimated that the heart in order to accomplish the task of propelling the blood to all parts of the body exerts a power at every pulsation equal to fifty pounds, varying in different persons according to health, labor, etc. This would be equal to 200,000 pounds every hour awake and asleep—and this would mean that the heart puts forth energy, sufficient to raise its own weight 20,000 feet every hour—where an active pedestrian climbing a mountain can raise himself less than one-twentieth of that distance.

Heart Cannot Do It.

These estimates refute themselves and prove an impossibility for an organ of its size; they are not made from the size of its muscles, nor from what it is actually known to accomplish, but from what it must accomplish in order to send the blood throughout the system as fast and powerfully as we know it actually does circulate; and that all this immense power is needed in order to accomplish the circulation is admitted; but that the heart does not and cannot supply this power its size alone would prove.

That it is some tremendous force that does send the blood through the arteries as above estimated is easily seen by its spurting for yards when an artery is cut. But that the heart and blood vessels could withstand all this dynamic pressure from birth until death is impossible.

Gentlemen, the theory is absolutely wrong. What machinery could withstand all this terrible strain? Had we not better look about us and see if nature has not provided some other means more rational, less liable to derangement as well as not contradicted by every law of dynamics?

This tremendous power needed to circulate the blood throughout the system is the same as that which furnishes the motive power throughout universal nature—and this power is furnished through the lungs by the air we breathe.

Instead of the blood carrying oxygen through the system it is the oxygen from the air that sends the blood bounding through all the minute capillary blood vessels, exactly reversing the old theory that has been believed by us all for nearly three centuries. In other words, it is the oxygen we breathe, based on the fundamental law of electricity.

You all know that all positive electric bodies proportionally repel, while all negatives and positives attract each other; hence thin oxygen or electricity, both elementarily the same, is one of the chief agents and means of life and is introduced into the system by breathing and nothing else. Thin air when breathed charges the air cells of the lungs when the iron in the blood attracts the oxygen; this charges both the air and the blood cells positively and thereby generates a powerful self-acting propelling force by each repelling that in the other.

Just from the Air We Breathe.

Is not this problem plain, as well as simple? That it is the oxygen from the air we breathe and not muscular contraction of the heart that gives this tremendous power to push the blood through this fine net work of blood vessels throughout the body. And this force, not like dynamic pressure, which would strain or even burst the heart, while the other works on a different principle—that of mutual antagonism and not of pressure.

A fluid charged with electricity through an elastic tube will produce the same waves as we find in the arteries, which we call the pulse beat; hence we find no pulse beat in the veins as it moves along leisurely in its negative state toward the heart, after having discharged its oxygen in the process of combustion and nutrition.

This oxygen or electricity is held in the air cells by the breathing crowding the air cells full, which keeps passing through into the blood cells, and the air cells being charged by the air breathed. This leaves no escape for the electricity in the air cells, while that in the blood cells has full liberty to rush away from that in the air cells to the extremities of the whole system. The muscles and nerves now seize this oxygen thus brought and consume it in carrying on the various operations and functions of the life process, which leaves this blood negative by the time it gets through these capillaries into the veins. This negative state of venous blood now attracts it back to the lungs only to be charged positively and sent off again on its life sustaining circuit.

Just think of the vast amount of power that is required to propel this blood to the surface of these minute capillaries and to overcome all the obstacles it has to encounter; for instance, the pressure of a person weighing 200 pounds sitting on a fence or board for hours and yet the blood must be pushed along through this point of pressure—between board and bone, in spite of this heavy, steady weight and many other like obstructions. Think of the power it takes to resist a woman's tightly drawn corset or to keep the blood flowing through the soles of the feet while standing, or even to resist the pressure of the air on the body, which is over 2,000 pounds on every square foot of the body's whole surface. Yet this electric principle furnishes power for all that without any strain whatever.

True Function of the Heart.

The function of the heart instead of propelling the blood is the reverse; that is, to regulate and not to propel the blood; but to hold this electrified fluid in check—otherwise it would circulate too fast to perform its life-work: Just as the regulator of an engine regulates its rotation, although the engineer always keeps an extra reserve of steam that he can turn on at will; the machinery works with the same evenness unless the steam gets below its needed amount—then the whole machinery begins to slacken; So with the system—a good supply of reserve energy should be kept on hand, which of course, is generated by the combined functions, and when used up gradual exhaustion follows.

If you want to labor hard with brain or muscles, and without exhaustion or injury, breathe abundantly of good and pure air, which contains the normal amount of oxygen, for it is only oxygen that is taken up in the blood. It is the invigorator of life and all functions of the body. Nature has no panacea like it, for as fire goes down with the scarcity of oxygen and goes out when it disappears, so the fire of life goes out as its supply diminishes and death follows when it disappears, showing that oxygen is more indispensable to life than any other, for we can live longer without food or any of the other necessaries of life, but it should always be taken in the form of pure air—it is rarely of any benefit when artificially taken.

From the foregoing we see that breathing rightly promotes every life capacity and function, and we should attend more to breathing than to eating; yet many breathe so little that the heaving of the chest is scarcely perceptible, that it almost seems as if too lazy to breathe deeply when it is so important to health and so cheap, and most of us might live many times faster and better by redoubling our breathing. Most men and nearly all women breathe wholly with their ribs, due largely by suspending their apparel from their hips by bands which press just below the diaphragm, to prevent its easy downward motion. All apparel of men, women and children should hang from the shoulders, not hips. Most women, by noticing their own chests, will see that their breath goes down only five or six inches, while every breath should move their whole chest; in other words, fill the lungs full at every breath. Not one person in a thousand fills his lungs as full and steady while awake as when asleep, but if they did they would improve their health and vitality a hundred fold. It is when asleep that most of us breathe as we should when awake.

How it Helps the Doctor.

This fact, then, to know the real power that propels the blood, is of more value and importance to all human beings, and all yet to be born, than any physiological question brought out for centuries. It is as well of as much importance to the physicians in the information it gives them in diagnosing and treating disease. It tells him why in diphtheria the breathing is slow and the pulse feeble and sluggish—and the more marked this symptom the more grave the case. It also tells how typhoid fever and like conditions are often brought about by the person going around full of grief, down-hearted, letting his head hang, seldom, if ever, taking a full breath to send the blood bounding through the capillaries, gradually choking up the fires of life; in fact, it is almost impossible to keep up the blues if you keep the blood bounding through the system, thereby filling the lungs full at every breath with pure air.

It also tells us why people in hot climates (where the heat expands the air, hence contains less oxygen per volume) get lazy and indolent. It tells why in Chickamauga park, where nature has left nothing undone to have good health—and in that park are 50,000 of the physical cream, selected from all over the country. Yet the amount of sickness and and the death rate are large. Why so much lung fever, measles and typhoid fever in such splendid environments? It is caused by the violation of the law of balance and proportion that is between the external and internal forces, which are the same in each individual, but differ in degree, and when the fixed or normal equivalents are changed you change it to something else, and this something else is what we call disease.

I would like to talk an hour on this law of proportion—it is the "Alpha and Omega" of all that exists. It is the greatest and grandest, the simplest, the most useful, but least understood by man as it applies to himself, but it does show the great and infinite foresight and goodness of God.

RELIGIOUS.

Just 100 years ago the Connecticut Home Missionary society was organized.

The American Tract society is developing its tract work among the soldiers, and is also seeking to prepare for the occupation of Cuba.

It is stated by an authority of the secretary that the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing society aids more than 200 Sunday schools each month.

The chaplaincy of a military regiment in time of peace may be looked upon merely as a social distinction. In time of war it becomes a post of danger, hardship and self-sacrifice.

The massacre of American missionaries at Rotufunk, on the west coast of Africa, proves to have been a most barbarous affair. Six missionaries were literally hacked to death. All were women, except one. Christianity still has its martyrs.

The Young Woman's Temperance union is holding in London its first world's convention this week. The United States sent about eighty delegates. The world's student conference at Northfield is to begin July 1, and will continue ten days.

There is a story going the rounds in England that when Gladstone once attended a service in a church in Scotland he was disgusted, during prayer, to hear the minister say: "We pray Thee, Lord, to bless the prime minister of this great nation, who is now worshipping under this roof in the third pew from the pulpit."

A statement from the American Board of Missions gives the following: "The field, 100,000,000 of the unevangelized; 543 missionaries, 2,356 laborers, 1,501 preaching places, 44,606 living church members, 3,519 added last year, 340 churches, with 70,000 average congregations, 54,615 in schools and colleges, 7,081 in the higher grades."

The Presbyterian general assembly has decided that Presbyterian churches could neither give letters recommending members to Christian Science organizations nor receive persons on letters from such organizations. The Congregationalist states that "so far as we have knowledge, that is the position generally taken by Christian churches." Nevertheless, various churches, it is stated, do give letters to their members who wish to join the Christian Science church.

Rev. Dr. William F. Brand, rector of St. Mary's Episcopal church, Emmerton, Md., who has just celebrated his 84th birthday, is one of the best known Episcopal clergymen in the south. Before taking orders he was an architect and builder, and became a friend of General Jackson, whom he greatly assisted during the war of 1812 by his knowledge of the country. Later, at his own expense, he established a hospital for soldiers injured in the war of 1812, and in recognition of this General Jackson appointed his youngest son a midshipman in the United States navy. During the civil war he was in charge of the education of Jefferson Davis' son, and at the end of the war was visited by the confederate president.

HAIR TELLS OF NATIVITY.

Results of Observations by Hotel Clerks and Commercial Travelers.

Commercial travelers, and no men it is said are better judges of character, claim that they can always tell to what part of the country a man belongs, and this by looking only at his hair. They say that in Kentucky the hair is worn long behind, so long that it is caught over the ears, permitting the oft-repeated gesture of smoothing it with the fingers as the wearer talks to you. The ends are cut square, and the fashion requires a certain amount of pomade to keep it in place. This gloss is imperative. In Indiana, they claim, it is worn equally as long, but with the ends curled in about the neck almost touching the collar. Further west, across the Rockies, and in the southwest, especially in Texas—where barbers are scarce, or were scarce when the fashion was set—the hair is worn cowboy fashion, loose over the shoulders, the untrimmed ends flying in the winds. In the eastern states, however, and along the whole eastern border of the country, except in North Carolina, where among the corncrackers it grows wild, the hair is cropped short, especially behind, where it is shingled evenly from the top of the head to the neck.

Hotel clerks add to this knowledge of the hair one of the wearer's shoes. It makes all the difference in the world whether they are square, pointed or round. Each fashion proclaims a district of its own. Patent leather shoes with extremely pointed toes belong to the south; while people from the north and west wear square toes and heavy soles. These fashions, however, are due more to climatic conditions than to local tastes.

CANNY "PIPER OF DARGAI."

Findlater's Entrance on the Music Hall Stage and His Quick Exit.

Following the example of "Buffalo Bill," who continued in the circus his heroic exploits on the plains, Findlater, the piper of the Gordon Highlanders, has been playing in the Alhambra theater, London, a part which he ought certainly to have little difficulty in remembering. The "Taking of the Plateau of Dargai" was the name of the piece. The scene represents the summit of the plateau upon which savage Afridis, all armed to the teeth, pour deadly volleys into the prompter's box. Suddenly the fire ceases and the Afridis appear to be astonished. In the distance the march of the Gordon Highlanders, played by fifes and bagpipes, is faintly heard. Mixed ale patriotism rises to the foaming and overflowing point as the music increases in volume. The Afridis become terrified and begin to waver; but they rally, and the fire is resumed more furiously than before. At the top of the mountain in the back of the stage Findlater appears in a flood of electric light. While playing his bagpipe, he suddenly staggers and falls. Then, in a reclining posture, he resumes the tune and continues playing while his companions advance upon the Afridis and pulverize them with a few prods. Here the curtain falls, and Findlater is called out. With the Victoria Cross upon his breast he appears before the footlights and receives an ovation.

This performance was repeated for several nights, until the military and civil magnates became scandalized. The cross was pinned upon Findlater's breast by the queen herself, and consequently it was considered "dreadfully shocking" to find it figuring in a music hall under such extraordinary circumstances. A committee visited Mr. Findlater and requested him in the name of good taste and loyalty to discontinue his appearance in the show. He stoutly refused, saying that he never expected to win the Victoria Cross, but having obtained it by pluck and good wind, he was determined to treat it like his pipes and play it for all it was worth. The pension which the government allowed him after his discharge from the army on account of his wounds was barely sufficient to keep him in bread. So he resolved to enlist the Victoria Cross in his own service and make it help him to become a self-supporting subject.

In despair the committee left him to move upon the manager. By solid arguments, or rather inducements, they prevailed upon him to cancel Findlater's engagement and pay him up to its full term. This arrangement was perfectly satisfactory to Findlater, especially as he was getting thoroughly sick of ovations, and they promised him a place of some sort in the service of her majesty. So Findlater has retired from the stage.

What He Denied.

Washington Star: "That translated letter is a miserable attempt to misrepresent me," said the Spanish diplomat.

"Do you contradict the assertion that you are a chief of spies?"

"No."

"Can you refute the charges that you have assailed men high in the affairs of your own government?"

"I do not wish to."

"What is it, then, that you deny?"

"The grammar."