The Way of the Widow

"Love," said Mrs. Hilary Burlash, "is the great selfishness that passes as unselfishness."

She put down her tea-cup with a slight rattle and the Infant stroked his slight moustache and finished uncomfortably.

"There are many kinds of love," he suggested.

"True," replied the widow, "but all proceeding from the parental selfishness. When Burlash married me he loved me, but he didn't marry me to make me happy. That, probably, was included in the programme, but it was not the chief thing. He wanted me because he thought I was essential to his happiness. That's selfishness, isn't it. Yet ninety-nine out of a hundred love matches are of this description."

"But there is unselfish love," argued the Infant who bore the name of Viscount Hardslade.

"In a long experience I have never met it," said the pretty young widow of thirty, and for a moment her eyes fell.

The Infant's cheeks were crimson. He glanced nervously round the large drawing-room; they had the big bay window to themselves.

He pulled his chair nearer.

"I wish you were not such a cynic."

The widow elevated her eyebrows.

"My dear Hardslade, I am not a cynic; a cynic is a fool; one who acts the cynic is counted clever."

"I see," said the Infant slowly. "I'm not a bit clever, Mrs. Burlash; everybody tells me I'm an awful ass. I expect you'll think me one when I have told you what I am——"

"Here comes Lady Murchison," said the widow sharply. The young man's voice had risen, and two or three people had turned their heads. 'I want to have a little chat with her, just between two old women, you know," then added with a smile as the Infant rose to his feet blushing furiously with a mute appeal in his eyes: "Come and see me to-morrow afternoon."

The boy's face lighted up joyously, and holding her hand for a few minutes more than necessary he darted off to another part of the room, and soon afterwards left Lady Murchison's house and betook himself Piccadillywards in a whirlwind of excitement and suspense.

Lady Murchison, a corpulent lady with a kind face and the homely manner of a farmer's wife, seated herself beside the young widow.

"Wasn't that young Hardslade," she asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hilory Burlash, quietly.

Lady Murchison was silent for a few moments, then she blurted out suddenly:

"Do you care for him, Phylis?"

The widow fenced the question.

"He's a young idiot," burst out the elder woman warmly. Then she laid her hand on the widow's shoulder.

"Now don't be offended at what I am going to say, Phil; we are old friends, so I am going to speak my mind. Before you arrived from India a few weeks ago young Hardslade made violent love to Peggy Loriston, everyone thought the engagement would be announced in due course. Now poor Peggy, who is head over heels in love with him, is broken-hearted. I saw her yesterday, and she looked a mere shadow of herself, poor child. Now, if you are only playing with this boy, abandon the game; you are making a worse idiot of him than nature already made him, and you're breaking the heart of one of the best little girls that ever breathed."

It was about the longest speech that Lady Murchison had ever delivered, and at the conclusion she sat gasping for breath, her shrewd, kindly eyes fixed on her friend's face.

The widow's careless, half-cynical smile had vanished, and the blue eyes looked troubled.

"Silly girl!" she said at length, with more pity than scorn.

"No man is worth it."

"You haven't answered my question," insisted her hostess who, having screwed up her courage to make the attack, was determined not to retreat.

Mrs. Burlash did not answer directly, the white, well-shaped fingers were beating a noiseless tattoo on the small table.

"Well, Mabel," she said, "you have been frank with me, with your brutal frankness that is so refreshing, and I will be frank with you. I rather like young Hardslade; he has a title and he has money, both of which commodities are an attraction to a young and, shall we say, pretty widow with the beggarly pittance of three hundred a year. Without egotism I think I may say he is desperately in love with me and is going to propose to-morrow afternoon. I haven't decided my answer yet; of course he is very young and"—after a slight pause—"there are other considerations. I'm going to think about it, but I'll promise you I won't flirt and break people's hearts."

* * * * *

The Infant was staring dazedly at a letter regardless of the fact that his breakfast was growing cold.

"What the deuce does she mean?" he gasped. "'Go and see Captain Chambers at the Albany. If, after hearing what he has to say, you wish to resume our interrupted conversation you may come and see me here this afternoon. I thought you ought to know."

The Infant threw the letter across the table and gulped down some half-cold coffee.

"Know what?" he asked irritably. "What's she driving at? Any one would think that she——"

He broke off suddenly, his face growing red and then white.

"By Jove. I'll go and see this Chambers Johnny at once—this is rotten!"

He rang the bell furiously, and when his valet appeared, cursed him for not having brought his boots with him.

* * * * *

In his rooms in the Albany, Captain John Chambers, of the 101st Hussars, was regarding a little perfumed letter, and making very much the same comments as young Hardslade.

"What in the name of all that's mysterious does she want me to blacken her character for?" he gasped, reading the letter for the third time.

Dear Jack,—I expect you will receive a visit from Lord Hardslade very soon after reading this. I want you to act your part in a little comedy; hint delicately that you do not care to say all that you know about me—he'll draw his own conclusions. Don't spare me, he is quite a nice boy and won't talk, even if he does it will probably assist my social ambitions in these degenerate days. I hope you won't mind. I haven't seen you for ages. Why is it? Surely Gerald's friend should be the friend of Gerald's lonely widow!—Yours very sincerely, Millicent Hilary Burlash.

Chambers pulled thoughtfully at his heavy black moustache.

"I suppose she's got some reason for asking me to bluff this young Hardsdale, but hang me if I can think what it is! She's as good a little woman as ever breathed; her one vice is a delight in cheap cynicism that she doesn't understand."

"Lord Hardslade to see you, sir," said his servant at the door, and in a few minutes the Infant stepped nervously into the room.

"I—I feel like an awful ass, coming to see you like this," he jerked out, "but a dear friend of mine, for some unaccountable reason, has asked me to do so."

He stopped and looked awkwardly at the big man in the chair.

"Yes," said the gentleman, encouragingly.

"Mrs. Hilary Burlash," jerked out the Infant, his face crimson.

The captain gravely inclined his head, but said nothing. He had resolved to make silence on his part his strong card in the interview.

"She said," pursued the Infant, nervously, after a long pause, "that you would tell me something about her."

"I would rather not," said Chambers, gravely.

The boyish Viscount started.

"You don't mean——"

"I don't mean anything," said the captain, shortly. The whole affair jarred him. "Mrs. Burlash was out in India when I was out there, with her husband's regiment. He wasn't a bad chap, but he drank and drank, and the climate didn't agree, so he died young. Mrs. Burlash was extremely popular in Bombay."

Chambers paused, and then, with an uncomfortable feeling that he had not obeyed the widow's request, he added: "More I do not care to say."

The Infant was silent for some time, the elder man way eyeing him keenly.

"I see," he said, slowly; then, wiping the perspiration from his brow: "By Gad, I've had a narrow escape!"

With great difficulty Chambers refrained from kicking him, and allowed him to depart in peace.

"893 Belgrave Square," was the Infant's command to the cabby he hailed at Piccadilly Circus.

893 Belgrave Square was the residence of broken-hearted Peggy Loriston.

As soon as the boy had departed Captain Chambers went for a long stroll in the park, and dropped into his club for half an hour or so, and then hurried back to the Albany; he lunched quietly by himself, and then startled his servant by sending him out to buy a button-hole.

At half past three, arrayed in a grey frock coat, with a deep red carnation fixed to the lapel, a glossy silk hat and highly polished patent boots, he shamefacedly presented himself at Mrs. Hilary Burlash's flat.

Immediately the greeting was over, and he had carefully placed his huge form in a particularly thin chair, he demanded an explanation of the strange letter, and related what had occurred that morning.

The pretty young widow flushed.

"It was in the nature of a test,' she said, quietly, keeping her eyes lowered. "I wanted to find out if the Infant's love for me was as great as it appeared on the surface. If he had really loved me there would have been a scene with you and he would have been here half an hour later, and—and I heard a poor little girl was heartbroken because he had deserted her."

There was a pause.

"That," said the Captain, gravely "proves the falsity of one of your pet cynicisms."

"Which?"

"That love is selfish."

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Burlash, with a little rippling laugh, "it was because I sacrificed a title for a fortune because I wasn't sufficiently in love."

"Oh," said the captain. His bronzed face had taken a deeper hue; he looked up at the ceiling, and then fixed his keen grey eyes upon the widow's face.

"Supposing," he said, rather hoarsely, "supposing a man came to you and owned he was selfish, he was lonely, and he wanted you to make his dreary life worth living. Supposing he told you that he had tried to kill that love because he was rapidly becoming an old man, with a strong dislike to society—society as it is to-day—and would not ask a girl to tie herself to a crusty old bachelor? Would you laugh and dismiss him with a cynicism, Millicent?"

Chambers had crossed over, and was bending over the woman's chair trying to see her face.

"It—it would depend on the man," she said, softly.

"I am the man."

The widow said nothing, but her eyes met his.

By a peculiar coincidence, on the day that Captain Chambers and Mrs. Hilary Burlash were quietly married at a Registry Office off the Strand, the engagement was announced of Viscount Hardslade to Miss Margaret (Peggy) Loriston, and rumor had it that the young couple were head over heels in love with each other.

So everyone was pleased.—By C. Malcolm Hincks, in "M. A. P."

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We will give you your choice of one of these beautiful rings, guaranteed 14 karats solid gold shell, plain, engraved, or set with elegant simulated jewels, for the sale of 6 boxes only, at 25c. a box, of Dr. Morgan's Family Vegetable Pills. They are the greatest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness, sick or sleepless headache, dizziness, dullness of the liver and kidneys. When you have sold these 6 boxes of pills, send us the money (\$1.50) and we will mail you, postpaid, choice of these handsome rings, plain or engraved or set with precious stones. Send your name and address immediately and we will send you, post-paid, the pills and fancy prize which are to give away to purchasers of the pills. We do not ask any money before the pills are sold and we take back what you cannot sell.

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You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balsa. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

A BRIGHT CITIZEN.

The Experiences of a Hindu Gentleman in South Africa.

Apparently to the average colonial mind a highly educated Hindu gentlemen, a British subject, a barrister of the Inner Temple, is identical with a coolie. He is regarded as a "nigger" is regarded in Carolina, and the British Government is incapable of protecting him against the treatment which in a less civilized place is the natural result of such a view. Mr. Gandhi first went over to South Africa to conduct an important lawsuit in 1893. His earliest experience was to be turned out of a first-class railway car and ordered into the "van compartment," and when he took the stage coach he was knocked down by the driver (a Dutchman). He was not admitted to the Grand National Hotel at Johannesburg and was kicked off the path in front of President Kruger's house by the sentry. In Natal he found the Ministry embarking on a campaign of disabling bills against native Indians, and here he started on what may be called his political career as the leader of the Indian community in South Africa. On his return from India, whither he had proceeded to fetch his wife and children, a mob of three thousand persons prevented the ship for some time from landing their Indian passengers at Durban.

During the war Mr. Gandhi organized the corps of Indian stretcher bearers, which rendered fine service at Spion Cop and elsewhere. This splendid volunteer work might well have been the beginning of better relations between colonists and Indians, but the new English administrators were not sympathetic. The insulting registration law was passed and complied with under protest, and the promise to repeal it was then broken.

During the plague outbreak of 1904 and the Zulu rebellion of 1905, Mr. Gandhi and other Indians were of great assistance, but they did not receive any better treatment in consequence. They have since entered on a campaign of "passive resistance." This has cost Mr. Gandhi two sentences of two months' imprisonment among the most ruffianly scoundrels, white and black, which the colony can produce. Some of his experiences in prison will not bear quotations. What must be the thought in India of such treatment by a British colony of a refined and well educated man, whose father, grandfather and uncle were Prime Ministers at native courts and who is only resisting a law imposed contrary to the solemn promise of the late High Commissioner.—Saturday Review.

PAPER TEARING.

An Explanation of a Clever Stage Trick So an Amateur Can Do It.

The amateur conjurer of twenty-five years ago who were called upon to "do a trick" frequently responded by tearing up a sheet of cigarette paper, rolling the pieces into a tiny ball, and then reproducing the sheet intact a few minutes later. This was done by substituting a whole piece that was concealed between the fingers for the torn pieces which, in turn, were hidden in the mouth when the performer pretended to wet his finger so as to open out the crumpled-up sheet.

The trick was almost forgotten, when it was revived a short time ago by a public performer, in a shape more suitable for stage presentation. Instead of a sheet of cigarette paper a strip of red tissue paper was used. This was about an inch in width and a yard or so in length. Baring his arms and opening wide his fingers, to show that nothing was concealed there, the performer in question tore the paper in two, then, folding the pieces together, tore them in four, and so continued until no one piece was more than two and a half inches in length. These were gathered together, rolled up, and finally pulled out in one entire piece, as it was at first. At no time had the performer's hands come near his body.

How the man who revived this trick did it I cannot say positively, for he never told me. I have heard that he used what is known as a "hold out," a delicately constructed steel lazy-tongs which, concealed in the sleeve, enables the man who cheats at cards to introduce a desired card into the hand or take out an undesirable one.

It is worked by a lever controlled by the one who uses it and is an expensive affair. I have never tried this method, and cannot answer for it, but there is a way of doing the trick that I can recommend, and that is with a thimble. Not the ordinary sewing thimble, but one made of thin brass, modeled and colored to represent the first joint of a thumb. When properly made and placed in position it is almost impossible to detect. It is in this thimble that a duplicate strip of tissue paper is hidden, and it is there the torn pieces are stowed away before the close of the trick. It requires no little practice to do the trick neatly and properly, but it is worth the time spent on it.

One objection to the above method is the difficulty of getting a well made thimble, and a further objection is in the use of apparatus at all. To meet these objections I would suggest another method of which every one may avail himself.

In this method two strips of tissue paper are used; red is the better, if a red can be found that will not rub off when wet, but if that cannot be had white will do. The size is that already mentioned. The duplicate piece is plaited, not rolled, and concealed in a little pocket made of the same paper as the strips. This pocket is pasted on the back of the strip that is to be torn about the centre. In tearing the strip the performer tears off one end of the pocket, and, securing the duplicate strip, holds it between the second and third fingers of the left hand. When the strip is torn into pieces two and one-quarter inches in length the performer rolls them into a tiny wad, which he conceals between the tips of the index finger and the second finger of the right hand.

Holding the left palm upward, the performer places between the tips of the first finger and thumb the duplicate strip and the wad of torn bits. With his right forefinger and thumb, which, without calling attention to it, he manages to show are empty, he seizes one end of the duplicate piece, and, as he draws it out a foot or so, blows on it. To do this the left hand naturally approaches the mouth, and into it, at the first opportunity, is popped the little wad. With this move the trick is done, but the performer continues to pull out the strip and blow on it, until its full length is revealed. This form of the trick, which is explained now for the first time, has puzzled many professional magicians.—From "Methods of Magicians" in April St. Nicholas.

MADE IN CANADA

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Best Yeast in the World

Sold and Used Everywhere

E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

IRONING KILLS GERMS.

A Ray of Comfort When Your Clothes Are Scorched.

To men the flatiron seems a thing of evil. Its use renders the house uninhabitable one day out of seven; it distracts woman's attention from the all important matter of preparing food.

In conspiracy with starch it renders clothes uncomforable, turns napkins into slippery boards, and banishes sleep from beds. Civilized man is a slave of the ironing board, and the boiled shirt is the emblem of his degradation.

Now the scientists say that ironing has an important function as an antiseptic, says Success; that the hot iron is one of our leading germ killers. This instrument of torture may have a temperature of 266 degrees, and that, they say, is more than enough to satisfy the most fastidious bacillus. In places where sterilizing devices are not handy surgical dressings may be ironed with great advantage, and in a recent experiment clothing which had been worn by diphtheria patients was completely disinfected by the use of a hot iron.

Long suffering man will note with relief that the scientists have said nothing in defence of starch. There has been no vindication of the boiled shirt.

Coal Now Made from Peat.

Peat is partly developed coal. Nature has failed to impart that enormous pressure arising from the deposit of soil and rock upon the decayed vegetable substance which is necessary to compress it into a hard material, nor has it been carbonized and the water eliminated by the interior heat of the earth. A natural upheaval whereby the peat bogs were buried under immense accumulations of rock and soil would achieve this end. If, therefore, one could reproduce the cycle of operations carried out by nature, compress the peat and drive off the water by a steady heat, coal would be the result.

Dr. Martin Ekenberg, a well known Swedish scientist, after many years' research and ceaseless experiments, has apparently solved the problem and has produced at the manufactory erected upon his own peat bogs in Sweden a peat fuel which in appearance, combustibility and heat raising properties compares favorably with coal.

By minute study of the natural evolution he has succeeded in perfecting an artificial process, the fundamental characteristics of which are the elimination of the water by heat and the application of pressure by mechanical agency.

Illuminating gas can also be easily and cheaply derived from this peat coal. The process is the same as that adopted for the manufacture of gas from coal. The carbonized peat is distilled in a dry retort, and the volatile constituents are secured, scrubbed, washed and dried in the usual way, while the ordinary by-products are also obtained.

The gas has a high illuminating intensity, comparing favorably with coal gas, while the coke residue is superior to that resulting from coal distillation, owing to its low sulphur percentage. This coke is eminently adapted to metallurgical processes. And it can also be used in place of charcoal to a considerable extent, with the advantage of being much cheaper.

Ragson Tatters—Can't yo help a poor fellow wot's had an automobile pass over him? Kind gentleman—Certainly! Here's a quarter. How did it happen? Ragson Tatters—I wuz sleeping under a bridge last night when an automobile went across."—Chicago News.

WHAT THEY DO IN QUEBEC

Tells How They Cure Weariness and Tiredness in Sherbrooke.

Probably no remedy has come so rapidly to the front and is held in such high estimation by the people of Sherbrooke as "Ferrozone."

Everyone is talking of the wonderful cures it has made, and no one is more enthusiastic in their praise of Ferrozone than Mrs. George Ray, of No. 3 Alexander street, who writes of her case as follows:

"Permit me to say a few words concerning that grand medicine, 'Ferrozone':

"I had lost my appetite.

"I was very weak.

"Had pains in my back.

"Suffered with bad digestion.

"Headaches were frequent.

"I always felt weary.

"I commenced to use Ferrozone and improved rappidly. I now feel well—am cured, and am glad to recommend Ferrozone to all my friends.

(Signed) "MRS. GEO. RAY."

If you have any of Mrs. Ray's symptoms you will be quickly cured by Ferrozone—the best of all tonics—the most nourishing and strength-giving. Try one or two Ferrozone tablets at meal time—the results will surprise you; 50c a box, six boxes for \$2.50, all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

Strength of Birds.

Birds can eat and digest from ten to thirty times as much food in proportion to their size as men can. If a man could eat as much in proportion to his size as a sparrow is able to consume, he would need a whole sheep for dinner, a couple of dozen chickens for breakfast, and six turkeys for his evening meal. A tree sparrow has been known to eat seven hundred grass seeds in a day. Relative to the bird's size, these seeds were as big as an ordinary lunch basket would be to a full grown man.

A bird's strength is equally amazing. A white tailed eagle weighing twelve pounds, with a wing spread of six feet, has been known to pounce on a pig weighing forty-two pounds, raise it to a height of a hundred feet and fly off with it. The bird had covered a distance of half a mile before the pig's owner succeeded in shooting the thief.

Birds can and do work far harder than human beings. A pair of house martens when nesting will feed their young ones in twenty seconds—that is, each bird, male and female, makes ninety journeys to and fro in an hour, or about a thousand a day. It must be remembered that on each journey the bird has the added work of catching the worm. Even so tiny a bird as the wren has been counted to make 110 trips to and from its nest within 430 minutes, and the prey it carried consisted of larger, heavier and harder-to-fight insects than were caught by the sparrows. Among them were 20 caterpillars, 10 grasshoppers, 7 spiders, 11 worms and more than one fat chrysalis.

A GOOD MEDICINE FOR THE SPRING

Do Not Dose With Purgatives—A Tonic is All You Need.

Not exactly sick — but not feeling quite well. That's the way most people feel in the spring. Easily tired, appetite fickle, sometimes headaches and a feeling of depression. Pimples or eruptions may appear on the skin, or there may be twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order; that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you, and may easily develop into more serious trouble. Don't dose yourself with purgatives as many people do, in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. Any doctor will tell you this is true. What you need in the spring is a tonic that will make new blood and build up the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can do this speedily, safely and surely. Every dose of this medicine helps make new blood, which clears the skin, strengthens the appetite, and makes tired, depressed men and women bright, active and strong. Miss Mary Baker, Tancook, N. S., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a great blessing to me. Last year while I was attending school I became so weak and completely run down that I thought I would have to give up going to school. I was affected with dizzy spells and would fall down at any time. I got half a dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and before they were half gone I felt my strength returning. By the time I had used them all, the dizzy spells were completely gone, and I was again enjoying good health."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Wireless Telephony.

Experiments in wireless telephony are now at a standstill, according to a writer in the Electrical World, and the wonderful things which were expected are not likely to be realized in the near future. Occasionally articulate speech is transmitted a long distance by Hertz waves, and the inventors are greatly encouraged. This success may be followed by a complete failure, when conditions are apparently the same, and then sicence is baffled. Frequently there is serious interference from wireless stations. Moreover, the nature and expense of the apparatus—the Hertz wave generator and the upright wire—are such that wireless telephony is a fascinating toy for scientific men, but the day seems far distant when it will be placed on a commercial basis and made a feature of every day life, as has been done with wireless telegraphy.

Lord Walsingham, who has just presented his wonderful collection of moths to the British Natural History Museum, shares with Lord de Gray the distinction of being the finest shot in Great Britain. He is probably the only man who can, and does, shoot wasps on the wing.

Experiments With Farm Crops

The members of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union are pleased to state that for 1910 they are prepared to distribute into every township of Ontario material of high quality for experiments with fodder crops, roots, grains, grasses, clovers and fertilizers, as follows:

No.	Experiments.	Plots.
1	Three varieties of oats	3
2a	Three varieties of six-rowed barley	3
2b	Two varieties of two-rowed barley	2
3	Two varieties of hulless barley	2
4	Two varieties of spring wheat	2
5	Two varieties of buckwheat	2
6	Two varieties of field peas	2
7	Emmer and spelt	2
8	Two varieties of Soy, Soja, or Japanese beans	2
9	Three varieties of husking corn	3
10	Three varieties of mangels	3
11	Two varieties of sugar beets for feeding purposes	2
12	Three varieties of Swedish turnips	3
13	Two varieties of fall turnips	2
14	Two varieties of carrots	2
15	Three varieties of fodder or fodder corn	3
16	Three varieties of millet	3
17	Two varieties of sorghum	2
18	Grass peas and two varieties of vetches	3
19	Rape, kale and field cabbage	3
20	Three varieties of clover	3
21	Testing two varieties of alfalfa (Lucerne)	2
22	Four varieties of grasses	4
23	Three varieties of field peas	3
24	Three varieties of sweet corn	3
26	Fertilizers with Swedish turnips	6
28a	Two varieties of early potatoes	2
28b	Two varieties of medium ripening potatoes	2
28c	Two varieties of late potatoes	2
29	Three grain mixtures for grain production	3
30	Three grain mixtures for fodder production	3

Each plot is to be two rods long by one rod wide, except No. 20, which is to be one rod square.

Any person in Ontario may choose any one of the experiments for 1910 and apply for the same. The material will be furnished in the order in which applications are received while the supply lasts. It might be well for each applicant to make a second choice, for fear the first could not be granted. All material will be furnished entirely free of charge to each applicant, and the produce will, of course, become the property of the person who conducts the experiment.

C. A. Zavitz,
Director.
Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

USE OF SCIENCE

In the Work of Fighting Fruit Tree Pests.

Prof. Leopold Trouvelot, of the astronomical observatory at Harvard University, was interested in the silkworm. He thought possibly that a hardier breed of the insect could be produced, and was experimenting along that line. Disease was attacking the commercial silkworm, both in the United States and in Europe. Prof. Trouvelot imported silk-spinning caterpillars, in various stages of development, and among them were clusters of eggs from the gipsy moth. In the village of Medford he conducted his experiments, placing the caterpillars on a shrub in his yard. To keep the specimens from becoming scattered he covered the bush with a net.

The New England States would to-day be free from the terrible gipsy moth curse if a windstorm hadn't come along and torn the net asunder, liberating the caterpillars and moths and scattering them beyond recall. It is not always easy to trace the origin of such pests, but the gipsy moth's introduction is clearly established.

In its caterpillar state the moth does most damage. It eats everything in its path—fruit, shade trees, almost every sort of vegetation, entire forests.

Japan was afflicted with the gipsy moth, but its ravages were not felt in the land of the Mikado. Some force seemed to hold the moth in check, and prevent its destructiveness.

A parasite, so minute as to be barely seen without the aid of a magnifying glass, fed upon the moth in its caterpillar state, and counterbalanced its propagating and ravaging power.

The United States consul-general in Yokohama learned the facts, and sent a report to the department of agriculture—and so eventually forty thousand parasites were brought into the United States and released in the infected districts of New England. The experiment is being watched with great interest, and promises to be a decided success, unless some unforseen complication arises to render ineffectual the attacks of the parasite.—From "Doom of the Gipsy Moth," in April Technical World Magazine, Chicago, Ill.

Speeding to Fair, Fat and Forty.

Everybody knows of some fat friend or relative, knows just why the flabby fat has come. A woman, say, has a fine set of insides. Her heart, lungs, stomach and liver are perfect. She works for a living, digests perfectly her food, and sleeps like a serf. She marries, never strikes another lick of work, and eats all manner of candies, cutlets, condiments, cakes and creams. She has "insomnit," "cannot sleep more than an hour or two out of the 24." She spends the day on divans, and the nights in night gowns. She has brought to her bed a big, fine breakfast, too much for a railsplitter.—New York Press.

RICHESSE OBLIGE.

(Puck.)

"No doubt you are learning that wealth has its obligations, now that you are yourself wealthy?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! Isn't it wonderful! Only to-day I discovered that there's a right way and a wrong way to dress one's housemaid!"