Sweet Miss Margery

"You can picture the misery of that day, Margery. I tossed and moaned alone—longing for, yet dreading Nugent's return. At last he came, and I heard the end—the agony in his face and voice would have wounded you to the quick, Margery. The woman was indeed Roe's wife, and when Nugent reached the Gill, he found everything in the wildest confusion. The man and wife had had an interview, in which he informed her that Lord Court knew the truth; and this so incensed her that she drew out a revolver and fired at him. Fortunately the bullet missed him, and the woman, finding herself baffled, fled. Roe told Nugent the story of his miserable life. His wife had deserted him, destroyed his whole career. He described her as a desperate character and thoroughly abandoned. His words were true; for, Margery, it was discovered that she had gathered together all the treasures of the Gill, and would have eloped that very night with a man who had served her as groom during her stay there.

"Nugent seemed turned to stone when all was over; it almost killed me to see him wandering about listlessly, all happiness crushed out of his life. Then I spoke to him and tried to persuade him to go abroad, to leave Court Manor for a time. At first he would not listen to me; but, after awhile, the idea occurred to please him, and he went, leaving me alone and miserable, and I came here ostensibly to be under the London doctors. I have seen him only for a few days together in the four years that have passed since that time; but his letters of late have been brighter, and I live in the hope that he will return to me as he was before his life was clouded."

"It is a sad story," murmured Margery. She had risen and was leaning against the broad chimney-board. Trickery and deceit—who knew better than she how bitter, how terrible they were? Did not her heart beat in warm sympathy for this man, with his wounded heart, his life spoiled by false vows? The story brought back the agony of by-gone days; it paled her face and made her hands tremble.

Lady Enid saw the distress she had produced, but attributed it to the girl's sympathetic nature.

"Dear Margery," she said, gently, "do not look so sad. You have a tender heart, dear; I am sorry I told you."

"I am glad," Margery murmured, "for it binds us closer together. What suffering there is in the world!"

"Sometimes it seems too great for us poor mortals; yet, Margery, this world is not all; we have a source of peace, a Comforter in our greatest trials. You know these lines—

"'I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.'

"They are beautiful!" Margery answered. "But it is hard sometimes to believe them."

"I do not think I should have lived through my trouble if I had not known the truth of them. You have health—whilst I—" Lady Enid gave a little sigh.

"I am selfish—cruelly selfish!" cried Margery, roused by the pathetic sound.

Lady Enid stretched out one small hand and drew Margery to her.

"You have a sorrow of your own too!" she said tenderly. "Ah, yes; I have seen—I know it! Kiss me, Margery! Some day, dear, perhaps you will tell me what it is, and if I can, with all my heart I will help you."

Margery knelt beside the chair for a few moments; then she raised her head.

"Some day I will," she answered steadfly; then she rose.

When the footman appeared with the lamps, Margery turned to the piano. She had a sweet, sympathetic voice; but, though Miss Lawson had taught her music, Margery had had no singing-lessons until she came to London to be companion to Lady Enid Walsh. Then, hearing her one night, the young invalid had been charmed, and insisted on Margery's receiving lessons and studying under one of the best masters in town. She made rapid progress, for she loved all music well.

"What will you sing, Margery?" asked Lady Enid, leaning back, watching her young companion's graceful form with loving eyes.

"Elaine's song, the song of love and death. I have a new setting; it is very sweet."

She played a few bars; then her voice filled the room with melody.

"Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain,
And sweet is death, who puts an end to pain;
I know not which is sweeter—no, not I.

"Love, art thou sweet? Then bitter death must be.
Love, thou are bitter; sweet is death to me.
Oh, love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

"Sweet love that seems not made to fade away,
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay—
I know not which is sweeter—no, not I."

"It is too sad!" cried Margery, with forced lightness; the misery of her own lost love was almost choking her.

"It is very beautiful," said some one standing in the doorway.

Margery rose quickly, and her eyes rested on the figure of a tall, well-built man with a keen, dark face, a tawny-brown moustache hiding the mouth, and eyes of such liquid beauty that not even the long scar on the forehead could mar them.

Lady Enid uttered a cry of delight.

"Nugent—my brother! Oh, think how glad I am so glad—so glad!"

Lord Court had left the door, and was bending over the slight figure of his sister. Margery, with tears of sympathy in her eyes, turned away, and was leaving the room, when Lady Enid noticed her.

"Margery," she called softly, "you must not go;" then turning to her brother, she said, "Nugent, this is Margery Daw, whom I have so often written to you about; she is my dear friend."

"I am heartily glad to welcome you," said Lord Court, extending a hand to Margery. "I seem to know you already through my sister's letters. Let me thank you in both our names for your kind attention to her."

"My small services merit no thanks," Margery responded simply. "I would do all in my power for Lady Enid, for I love her."

She moved forward and kissed the lips Lady Enid upheld to her; there was a flush of delight on the pale face of the invalid, a glow of unalloyed happiness in the lovely brown eyes.

"Ah, Nugent, it is like a gleam of sunshine to see you again! Where have you come from?"

"From Italy. I paused only one day in Paris—I was eager to see you, my darling." Lord Court drew up a chair to his sister's side, and took her hand in his. "You are looking better, Enid," he added.

"That is due to Margery then. I am so happy with her."

"Miss Daw is a most successful physician," the early remarked, smilingly.

"I give place to a better," Margery replied; then, with a sweet smile, she left the room.

"Is she not sweet, Nugent?" cried Lady Enid.

"It is the most beautiful face I have ever seen," the early involuntarily declared.

* * * * *

The day succeeding the Earl of Court's arrival was passed by Margery principally in her own room. She felt that the brother and sister had much to speak of that was of moment to themselves, and she shrunk with natural delicacy from intruding. She employed her morning in writing a long letter to Miss Lawson and painting some hand-screens for Lady Enid.

The afternoon sun tempted her to go out, and she wandered round the garden in the square, ignorant that a pair of dark eyes were fixed admiringly on her slight graceful figure and on the wealth of red-gold hair gleaming in the sunlight. It was a dreary plot of ground to call a garden—the trees were begrimed with the smoke of the city, the flower beds were faded and dull, the very earth was hard and cold-looking—yet all its dreariness was lost in Margery. She paced its paths nearly every day; but she did not see her surroundings — her mind was too full of thought. In her moments of solitude her memory claimed her, though she was struggling hard to forget—the pain of her lost love was too new yet. Again and again she would go back to those two days standing out clear and distinct from all other days—the day of happiness unspeakable and the day when the sun had shone on the hot, dusty lane and she had heard the words that drove that wonderful happiness from her tender young heart forever. She was content, gratefully content in her present life, for she had peace and affection; but happy, she whispered to herself, she could never be again.

Her letters to Miss Lawson were cheerful and chatty, but the governess put them aside with a strange sensation of pity. She felt that there was some great sorrow, a sorrow which Margery must bear alone, that none could alleviate. She was gratified at the success of her pupil; and from her sister, Mrs. Fothergill, she heard of the warm friendship that already existed between Lady Enid Walsh and her companion. The girl's heartfelt gratitude pleased and touched Miss Lawson, and she was glad to know that her judgment of the maid's character had been right, that Margery was all she had expected. Gratitude indeed was the warmest feeling in Margery's breast just now; she could not thank her governess enough for assisting her at a time when she most needed assistance. To have stayed at Hurstley would have been worse than death, she told herself. As she crept away in the freshness of the morning, she took her farewell of all that had been dearest and best to her, and, with a courage born of despair, faced the unknown future unfalteringly. Reuben Morris had accepted with little surprise the news of her hasty departure; he knew that Miss Lawson loved the girl in her quiet way, and would watch over her, and her speed to be gone matched his own plans, for the vessel started three days earlier than he had expected, and there was no time to be lost.

Margery traveled up to the great city, silent and sorrowful, her hand clasped in Reuben's, with Miss Lawson by her side. Not till she reached the docks, when she had pleaded to be allowed to accompany Reuben, did she learn that Robert Bright, too, sailed away from the old country in the same ship, and the news was the last drop in her already overflowing cup of grief. She spoke a few words to him, urging him to stay; but, when she learned that her love was all that could keep him, she was silent; it was impossible—it could never be. So the two men went together, and Margery stood beside Miss Lawson, the tears blinging her eyes as the huge vessel glided away. Then in silence they retraced their steps; and Margery was launched upon the world. Her secret was safe. Hurstley chattered of her as in Australia, with Reuben Morris and her lover; but Miss Lawson's lips were closed; she kept her promise.

CHAPTER XV.

Margery was waiting slowly to and fro in the square garden, buried in her thoughts, when a firm step coming toward her made her raise her head, and she saw Lord Court, looking almost handsome and undeniably soldierly in the sunlight.

"I am sent after you, Miss Daw," he said, raising his hat with a smile that lit up his plain face. "Enid is pining for you, and thinks you will be fatigued with so much walking."

Margery laughed a little silvery laugh that sounded strange to her own ears—it was long since she had heard it.

"Lady Enid does not know my capabilities," she answered. "I am a country-girl, and walking comes naturally to me; but I am quite ready to go to her."

Lord Court turned and kept pace beside her.

"I can see walking is a pleasure to you," he remarked, easily. "I have been watching you, Miss Daw, and have been struck by the very un-English nature of your carriage. you bear yourself like an Andalusian. There is something peculiarly ungraceful in the Englishwoman's walk."

"I think high heels have a great deal to answer for," Margery responded, the color just faintly tinting her cream-white cheeks. "I have been seriously alarmed at the shoes I have seen since I came to town; it must be almost like walking on stilts."

"They are for show, not use," said the earl, smiling. "What a beautiful sky! It reminds me of the sunsets we used to see at Court Manor. My sister, I dare say, has spoken to you of our old home, Miss Daw?"

"Lady Enid is never tired of dwelling on its beauties, she seems to love it so much."

"I have not seen it now for years," the earl said—and Margery saw a shadow cross his face; "but its memory is very dear. In point of beauty and value it does not compare with either Drake Park or Hohen Castle, both Court possessions; to me, however, it is far more beautiful." He paused, then said abruptly, "Miss Daw, do you think it would make Enid happier if she returned to the manor for awhile?"

"Yes," Margery said, simply: "I am sure of it. She is so good, so sweet, that she never complains; but I know she is pining for a glimpse of the country, and I think she would grow stronger out of London—she has been in town so long."

"What a selfish brute I have been!" muttered the earl to himself. "Poor child—poor Enid! Thank you, Miss Daw," he added quickly. "I will speak to her at once, and make arrangements to start whenever she likes. But you—you do not object to leave London?"

"I?" questioned the girl. "No, Lord Court, I have no objection; it matters little to me where I am."

He cast a quick, earnest glance at her.

"You are young to say that."

Margery flushed; she had spoken unreflectingly, and she regretted the words as soon as they were uttered.

"And wrong," she said, with bored lightness. "I shall enjoy the change; and anything that makes Lady Enid happy is a great pleasure to me."

Lord Court was silent: but he read her assumed manner rightly. He knew Margery's history well; still he felt instinctively it was not her orphan state alone that had caused such a remark.

Margery was unaware of his covert glances: she picked two or three leaves from the trees as she passed and arranged them in a cluster with an artistic touch.

"You are an artist, Miss Daw," the earl observed, as they approached the gates.

"I paint a little, but only flowers," she returned.

"I used the brush a few years ago," Lord Court said: "but I do nothing now, and, with the exception of a few Egyptian sketches, I have no drawings of my travels."

He opened the gate as he spoke: then, suddenly meeting the full gaze of her wonderous eyes, he said almost involuntarily:

"I think I will paint you, if you will allow me."

"I will sit to you most willingly," Margery returned, smiling, "but only on condition that you make a picture of Lady Enid."

"It is a bargain!" he cried; and Margery felt a thrill of pleasure in his words.

By this promise she knew she would bring happiness to the young invalid—happiness because her beloved Nugent would be near her.

"Let us go and tell her at once," she said, turning her lovely face, flushed with pleasure, to him. "Ah, you will see my words were right last night! You will be a better physician than I could ever hope to be."

The earl made no reply, but followed her across to the house. At the door of Lady Enid's room Margery paused.

"It will gladden her more coming from you," she whispered; and she hurried away.

Lord Court watched her disappear, then entered the room.

"Have you found her, Nugent?" asked Lady Enid, fixing her brown eyes upon him.

"Yes," he answered, drawing a chair to her couch and looking at her pale fragile form with a dull pain in his heart. "We have been talking together, Enid, and we have made two arrangements which we hope will please you. The first is for all us to go down to Court Manor as soon as ever you like. The second is for me to paint your portrait and your friend's—Margery Daw. Does that please you, darling?"

Lady Enid raised her hands to her eyes—her face was hidden. She made no reply; and her brother leaned over her and kissed her tenderly.

"My sweet Enid," he murmured. "My poor little one. How selfish I have been."

Lady Enid let her hands drop.

"Selfish—you selfish, Nugent? How can you say so, when by this very proposal you sacifice your own wishes? No, my dear brother; I can not accept it."

"But it is my wish, Enid. It will be like a glipmse of peace to see the old place; and, back in her own nest, my darling will grow stronger, please Heaven."

"Nugent," she said slowly, "I will go; but, first, will you do something for me?"

"Anything on earth!"

"Then, dear, I wish you to visit Drake Park and Hohen before we start for the manor. It is our duty indeed, Nugent. Think. You have not been near your property for so long that the tenants do not even know you. Will you do so?"

"But I thought you would like to go straight to the manor," the earl said, slowly.

"I would rather wait and go with you, dear, and then we can commence the portraits without further delay. I shall be so glad to have a picture of my sweet Margery. Ah, here she is! What plots have you two conspirators been hatching? Come, confess!"

"Do they not please you?" inquired Margery, kneeling for an instant beside her.

"Please me? Nothing on earth could give me greater pleasure; but I want Nugent to postpone the journey till his return from the country."

The earl moved to the window, and was standing with folded arms. His face wore a puzzled, almost distressed expression.

"My sister, Miss Daw," he said, quietly, "is desirous I should visit my other tenants before starting for Court Manor; and I am satisfied she is right. I have not been down for years; but it will not take me long, and then—"

"And then," finished Lady Enid, with a feeble smile—"then good-bye to dreary, gloomy, dusty London, if—if Doctor Fothergill consents."

"Enid," Lord Court said, going to his sister's side, "what do you mean? Has Fothergill been frightening you? Ah, I knew there was something that made you hesitate! Speak, tell me at once!"

"Nugent, my darling"—and Lady Enid imprisoned his strong hand in her two frail ones—"forgive me! I have been tempted to tell you, and then the thought of buoying you up only for bitter disappointment has stopped me. This is it, my darling." There was a little catch in her breath which he did not notice in his anxiety, but which did not escape Margery, who had risen, and was standing at a little distance, with his hands clasped tightly together. "For some time past Doctor Fothergill has been hopeful that by undergoing certain treatment, I shall be cured—that is, partially cured—walk by myself, be no longer the great baby I am now; and—and I have agreed to try it, for I do long for health, to be as others are. Now, Nugent, you know my secret—you have wormed it out of me. I did not mean to tell you; but I have been compelled. So you see, darling, I can not leave London while I am under his care. In a little while I shall know whether the treatment is successful or not. I have kept this even from Margery."

(To be Continued.)

HIRAM CARPENTER'S WONDERFUL CURE OF SKIN DISEASE

After 20 Years of Intense Suffering.

"I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s. psoriasis, and others leprosy, commencing on my scalp; and in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skilful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there would be nearly a dustpanful of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half an inch in length as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of October my side commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs; feet badly swollen; toe-nails came off; finger-nails dead and hard as a bone; hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I did suffer.

"My sister, Mrs. E. E. Davis, had a small part of a box of Cuticura in the house. She wouldn't give up; said, 'We will try Cuticura.' Some was applied on one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got Cuticura Resolvent, Ointment and Soap. I commenced by taking one teaspoonful of Cuticura Resolvent three times a day after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura Ointment; morning and evening. Result: returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper. Hiram E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y."

"We hereby certify that we are acquainted with the aforesaid Hiram E. Carpenter, and know his condition to have been as stated. We believe his statement to be true in every particular." L. E. Simmons & Son, Merchants; G. A. Thompson, Merchant; A. A. Davis, Millard E. Joiner, Merchant; John Carpenter; A. M. Leffingwell, Attorney and Counselor-at-law, all of Henderson, N. Y.

The above remarkable testimonial was written January 10, 1880, and is republished because of the permanency of the cure. Under date of April 22, 1910, Mr. Carpenter wrote from his present home, 610 Walnut St. So., Lansing, Mich.: "I have never suffered a return of the psoriasis and although many years have passed I have not forgotten the terrible suffering I endured before using the Cuticura Remedies."

Since this cure was made by the Cuticura Remedies, they have made their way to every part of the civilized world. A 32-page booklet describing humors and affections of the skin will be mailed free to those desiring further information by the Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Boston, U. S. A.

Sell Your Cold for $1?

You surely won't stop at a dollar bill to cure that horrid, sniffeling cold? Go to any druggist and get "Catarrhozone" and your cold will be a thing of the past. There is almost witchery in the swift way Catarrhozone kills colds. But when you consider the penetrating, healing and antiseptic qualities of Catarrhozone, perhaps it's not so wonderful. Certainly there is no remedy half so prompt for colds and catarrh as Catarrhozone. Refuse a substitute and insist on having only "Catarrhozone."

HOW "LLOYDS" BEGAN IN 1688

Primarily "Lloyds" is a corporation engrossed in marine insurance and having a world wide agency for the collection of marine intelligence. Incidentally other insurance is taken. "Lloyds" had its origin in the enterprise of Edward Lloyd, a London coffee-house keeper, whose place, opened in 1688, became a resort for ship owners and ship captains. So much was learned of marine matters and so general became the interest in this information, that in 1692 an office was opened in Lombard street, and shortly afterwards Lloyd's News, a paper issued three times a week and devoted to shipping news, made its appearance.

Adverse criticism of the paper by the British Government, coupled with a demand for an apology for an item of news which appeared in the paper, decided Mr. Lloyd to discontinue the publication. The insurance feature of "Lloyds" originated from a method of mutually insuring or "underwriting" each other's shipping risks by the owners frequenting Lloyd's establishment. Their method of doing this was to subscribe or "underwrite" their names to a document which stated the amounts that each was willing to give in event of disaster to the risk.

The present system of "Lloyds" does not differ in any essential particular from the method employed at the beginning, but it is much better organized and the business has been vastly increased in volume. Its radius of operation now practically covers the whole world.

The cab fare said on food in China ranges largely from the coast of Sze-chuen, where the locals average one foot in width and 25 feet in length.

PURE MADE IN CANADA WHOLESOME

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

CONTAINS NO ALUM

RELIABLE ECONOMICAL

FRENCH RULES OF ROADS.

Change Being Made to Agree With English System.

It is only a week since France adopted the Greenwich meridian and London time, and now our good friend is paying us the compliment of changing its rule of the road to agree with ours. For some time past a commission composed of delegates from the various Ministries and from all the great clubs and leagues concerned, has been engaged in considering various questions connected with traffic, and on Monday night they announced their decision as follows. The most radical and important alteration is in the century-old system of keeping to the right in France. The new rule states: "Drivers of vehicles of every description and those riding or in charge of domestic anomals must keep to the left in crossing and to the right in overtaking and passing."

This rule will not come into force for a year in order to allow time for it to become known to the public by newspaper reports and placarding at all the mairies and prefectures throughout France. A second rule, which will certainly appear somewhat odd at first glance, is the suppression of speed limits for motor cars, which is now fixed at twenty miles an hour in open roads and fourteen in thoroughfares. Experience has finally demonstrated that these restrictions could not be enforced in practice, and only gave rise to unjustifiable prosecutions and annoyance to motorists. The new code says: "The driver of a car must always be complete master of his speed. His pace must never be such as to cut up the road or damage anything connected with it." This is somewhat vague, and will probably call for more precise explanations, as chauffeurs may, under its provisions, be charged at any moment with causing damage by undue speed.

A third rule, for the first time, points out the rights and duties of foot passengers, who hitherto have never been compelled by any article of any code to leave the road clear. It is now stated that they must always leave the route free at the approach of a car, which must give warning of its coming by concerted signals. In towns a motor car must blow a deep-toned horn, and a motor-cycle a shrill one whilst bicyclists ring bells. This is a most sensible arrangement, as anybody living in Paris can testify.—Paris Correspondent London Standard).

It is a fact beyond dispute that one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads has killed a bushel of house flies. This is more than could possibly be caught on three hundred sheets of sticky paper.

HOUSEHOLD VIRTUES OF TURPENTINE

After you fully realize the worth of turpentine in your household you will always want a good supply of it. It will have its appointed place beside the soap box and washing soda, and perhaps you will reserve a special bottle of it for the medicine chest.

It is a safe and simple remedy for many acute and chronic ailments. It gives quick relief to burns and as a lotion for corns and bunions it has no superior. When applied externally it is good for rheumatism and sore throat and proves a quick restorative in convulsions of fits when a teaspoonful diluted in water is given internally. The odor may be distressing to some, but when cooked on the stove during an epidemic of contagious disease it acts as a disinfectant and preventative.

Most housekeepers have yet to know that it is good for exterminating moths ad nvermin. Drop a trifle into small paraffin envelopes and place these here and there in the bottom of drawers, chests, wardrobes, etc. Garments laid away in them will be entirely safe during the summer, and a thorough airing will eradicate the strong odor in the fall or winter. It will also keep ants and bugs from the closets and storerooms.

As a cleanser its virtues are more generally known. A spoonful of it in a pail of boiling water is excellent for cleaning paint and a lesser quantity in the suds on washing day will lighten the laundry labor. When applied lightly with a woolen cloth it makes a fairly good furniture polish, removing dust and effacing stains. For removing paint stains in clothing it has no equal. A few drops added to the ink and mucilage bottle will prevent mold and clotty sediment. A cupful of turpentine added to a gallon of whitewash to be used for the chicken coop will destroy vermin and will kill disease germs.

When mixed with equal parts of kerosene and alcohol it makes a good machine oil. It softens and removes rust from iron and is practically the only thing to be used for mixing pigments and softening ropy paint and varnish.

One woman finds it especially useful in cleaning her gas stove from rust and drippings. It is less expensive than stove polish, more easily handled, and not so injurious to the skin.

Another has found that when mixed with shellac and gum arabic in certain proportions it makes an excellent wood stain.

A WARM HOME BULER.

Joseph I. Ryan, Secretary of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, said at the society's office in Broadway, New York:

"Arthur Balfour, the one-time Premier, for example once was in a great hurry to get to England from his post in Ireland, and there being no regular steamship for some days, he determined to cross over on board a cattle boat.

"But in the man from whom he sought information he found a Home Ruler of most ardent views.

"'Can I cross aboard, to-night's boat?' asked Mr. Balfour.

"'No, I'm sorry for you,' said the Irishman.

"'And why not?'

"'Because she's a cattle boat.'

"'Never mind that. I'm not particular.'

"The home ruler gave a little laugh.

"'Mr. Balfour,' he retorted, 'I dare say you're not, but the cattle are.'

SUMMER DROWNING CASES.

Dozens of cases of drowning have occurred during the past few weeks, and many more will be added to the list before the summer is over.

Quite a good deal of mystery surrounds many of these cases, as swimmers sink and are gone without a struggle. The old fallacy about "going under for the third time" receives a severe jolt in these cases, for the body goes under and stays there.

Two cases serve to show that a great deal remains unknown about drowning. A young man camping with friends at one of the Northern lakes dove from a boat. When he failed to come up his friends went to the rescue, and after several hours' hard work restored him to consciousness. He remembered starting to dive, but had no recollection of any struggle in the water or any feeling of strangling. In fact, he could not recall striking the water, having apparently lost consciousness between the time of leaving the boat and striking the water.

A second case occurred at Atlantic City. A lady was in shallow water feeling perfectly well. A swimmer touched her on the arm as she passed and she lost consciousness and was very much surprised a little later when she came to on the beach to learn that she had been rescued from drowning. Everything was a blank from the moment of contact with the swimmer until restored to consciousness on the beach.

In both cases some sudden violent reaction occurred in the circulatory system causing syncope. Possibly, a large number of those drowning do so in the same way, instead of, as is popularly supposed, succumbing to "cramps."

One thing is apparent to any one who has passed several years without swimming, and that is that the ability to swim suffers great deterioration without practice.

Good swimmers are surprised at the short space of time it required to completely exhaust themselves when compared to what they were able to do a few years before. This unquestionably accounts for some fatalities, the lack of practice, indulgence in tobacco and perhaps alcohol being fatal to one's staying qualities.

People contemplating swimming any considerable distance are exposed to great danger if several years have passed since they were in the water. While no one who has once learned to swim can ever forget how, it requires a pretty constant practice from year to year to keep up one's efficiency.—From Report of Cincinnati Board of Health.

SHEEP.

Adelaide Gosse's "Shepherds of Britain" tells of how a lamb was buried alive by a farmer in recent times to deliver his flocks from a spell which he believed to have been cast upon them. And that Professor Rhys knew a very old woman who told him that she remembered seeing a live sheep burned as a sacrifice. A lady contributor states that lambs had been sacrificially buried, whether alive or not she does not say, within living memory in the Isle of Man on May Day. The author, as well as one of her contributors, believes that the name collie is taken from the black faced Highland sheep, which were formerly called collies or colleys; hence the dogs which drove them came to be called collie dogs, now abbreviated into collies. It may astonish some sojourners to learn that in Shetland, during the winter, when the pastures have become bare of grass, the sheep, and for that matter the ponies also, feed largely upon seaweed; but this is not so much to be wondered at when we remember that human beings sometimes eat the same food on the west coast of Ireland. One of the greatest enemies of the shepherd is an eagle, when he takes to lamb eating, which very many eagles do. "The eagle is the most voracious of gluttons, and the best chance for the shepherd to take his revenge is when he weathers on a bird gorged to the beak with drowned mutton. Then the prince of the air and the mountains may be knocked senseless with the staff.

In return for the pleasure of reading her book we offer the author the following information relating to sheep: As is well known, there is no bad habit of which it is more difficult to break a dog than that of chasing sheep. In many cases all that one can do is to destroy the dog. The most notable of these reviewer had a pack of hounds, one of which became a confirmed and consequently incurable sheep runner. He wanted had also a fine flock of Shropshire sheep and selecting the largest and most powerful ram he coupled the delinquent to it and turned them into the large grass field. Much alarmed at being attached to its canine companion, the ram galloped furiously round and round the field, dragging the reluctant hound after it until both lay down thoroughly exhausted. Nothing would induce the hound ever to look at a sheep again. Indeed, instead of running after sheep, for the future it ran away from them. —From the Tablet.

A Successful Horseman

Never allows his horse to suffer pain. He always uses Nerviline which is noted for curing stiffness, rheumatism, swellings and strains. Nerviline is just as good inside as outside. For cramps, colic and internal pain it's a perfect marvel. In the good racing stables Nerviline is always used,—because it makes better horses and smaller veterinary bills. Twenty-five cents buys a large bottle of Nerviline; try it.

THE TIME TO DIE.

"My dear," he feebly said, after they had permitted her to go to him after the operation, "I shall not recover. They think I will, but they are mistaken. I feel it. I'm going to die."

"No, no, John," she said. "Don't say that. You mustn't die! I couldn't do a thing that is fit to wear to a funeral