A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST ERITAIN.

A Supper Party at the "Milan."

"To all such meetings as those!"
eried Deusham, lifting his champagne
glass from under the soft halo of the
rose-shaded electric lights. "Let us
drink to them, Wolfenden—Mr. Felix!"
"To all such meetings!" echoed his
vis-a-vis, also fingering the delicate
stem of his glass. "An excellent
toast!"

"To all such meetings as those!"
murmured the third man, who made
up the little party. "A capital toast
indeed."

They sat at a little round table in the brilliantly-lit supper room of one of London's most fashionable restaurof London's most fashionable restaurants. Around them were the usual throng of well-dressed men, of women with bare shoulders and flashing diamonds, of dark-visaged waiters, deft, silent, swift-footed. The pleasant hum of conversation, louder and more unrestrained as the hour grow towards midwight was varied and more unrestrained as the hour grew towards midulght, was varied by the popping of corks and many little trills of feminine laughter. Of discordant sounds there were none. The waiter's feet fell noiselessly upon the thick carpet, the clatter of plates was a thing unheard of. From the balcony outside came the low, sweet music of a German orchestra played by master hands. master hands

isual the place was filled. Sev-As usual the place was filled. Several late comers, who had neglected to order their table beforehand, had already, after a disconsolate tour of the room, been led to one of the smaller apartments, or had driven off again to where the lights from larger but less smart Altone the larger but less smart Altone flashed out upon the smooth, dark waters of the Thames. Only one table was as yet unoccupied, and that was within a yard or two of the three young men who were celebrating a chance meeting in Pail Mail so pleasantly. It was laid for two only, and a magnificent bunch of white these had a few minutes before been and a megnificent bunch of white roses had, a few minutes before, been brought in and laid in front of one of the places by the director of the rooms himself. A man's small visiting card was leading against a wineglass. The table was evidently reserved by someone of importance, for several late-comers had pointed to it only to be met by a decided shake of the head on the part of the waiter to whom on the part of the waiter to whom they had appealed. As time went on this empty table became the object of some speculation to the three men.

"Our neighbors," remarked Wolfenden, "are running it pretty fine. Can you see whose name is upon the card, Donsham?"

man addressed raised an eyeglass to his left eye and leaned for-ward. Then he shook his head, he was

a little too far away.
"No! It is a short name. Seems to begin with S. Probably a son of Is-

"Sh-sh !" The slight exclamation and a meaning frown from Wolfenden cheeked his speech. He broke off in the middle of his sentence, and looked around. There was the soft swish of silk passing his chair, and the faint suggestion of a delicate and perfectly, strange perfume. At last the table was being taken possession of. A girl, in a wonderful white drees, was standing there, leaning over to admire the great bunch of creamy-white blossoms, whilst a waiter respectfully held a chair for her. A few steps behind came her companion, an elderly man who walked with a slight limp, leaning heavily upon a stick. She turned to him and made some remark in French, pointing to the flowers. He smiled and, passing her, stood for a moment leaning slightly upon the back of his each of the court of the The slight exclamation and a mean-The slight exclamation and a meaning frown from Wolfenden cheeked his speech. He broke off in the middle of his sentence, and looked around. There was the soft swish of silk passing his chair, and the faint suggestion of a delicate and perfectly, strange perfume. At last the table was being ending slightly upon the back of his chair, waiting, with a courtesy which was obviously instinctive, until she should have scated herself. During the few seconds which elapsed before they were settled in their places he glanced around the room with a small selicitly.

A Drama of the Pavement.

us eyes followed them to their seats. the girl was beautiful and the man distinguished. When they had taken their places, however, the hum of conversation recommenced. Densham and Wolfenden leaned over to one another, and their questions were almost simultaneous.

"Who are they?"

"Who are they?"

"Who is she?"

Alas! neither of them knew; neither of them had the least iden. Felix, Wolfenden's guest, it seemed useless to ask. He had only just arrived in England, and he was a complete stranger to London. Besides, he did not seem to be interested. He was proceeding calmly with his supper, with his back directly turned upon the new-comers. Beyond one rapid, upward glance at their entrance he seemed almost to have avoided looking at them. Wolfenden thought of this afterwards.

"I see Harcutt in the corner," he said. "He will know who they are for certain, I shall go and ask him."

"He crossed the room and chatted for a few minutes with a noisy little party in an adjacent recess. Presently he put his question. Alas! Not one of moderation and in make care for trilles."

in my life," he said. "I cannot imagine who they can be. They are certainly foreigners."

who they can be They are certainly foreigners."

"Very likely," Wolfenden aggeed, quietly. "In fact, I never doubte it. An English girl of that age—she is very young, by the bye—would never be so perfectly turned out."

very young, by the by the soperfectly turned out."

"What a very horrid thing to say, Lord Wolfenden," exclaimed the woman on whose chair his hand was resting. "Don't you know that dressing is altogether a matter of one's maid? You may rely upon it that that girl has found a treasure."

You may rely upon it that that girl has found a treasure."

"Well, I don't know," Wolfenden said smiling. "Young English girls always seem to me to look so dishevelled in evening dress. Now this girl is dressed with the art of a Frenchwoman of mature years, and yet with the simplicity of a child."

The woman laid down her lorguettes and shaugred her shoulders.

The woman laid down her lorguettes and shrugged her shoulders.
"I agree with you," she said, "that she is probably not English. "If she were she would not wear such diamonds at her age."
"By the bye," Harcutt remarked, with sudden cheerfulness, "we shail be able to find out who the man is when we leave. The table was reserved, so the name will be on the list at the door,"

the name will be on the list at the door."

His friends rose to leave, and Harcutt, making his adjeux, crossed the room with Wolfenden.

"We may as well have our coffee together," he said, "I ordered Turkish, and I've been waiting for it ten minutes. We got here early. Hullo! where's your other guest?"

Deneham was sitting alone. Wolfenden looked at him inquiringly.

"Your friend Felix has gone," he announced. "Suddenly remembered, an engagement with his chief and begged you to excuse him. Said he'd look you up to-morrow."

you up to morrow."
"Well, he's an odd fellow," Wolfen-

"Well, he's an odd fellow," Wolfenden remarked, motioning Harcutt to the vacant place. "His looks certainly belie his name."

"He's not exactly a cheerful companion for a supper party," Densham admitted, "but I like his face. How did you come across him, Wolfenden, and where does he hail from?"

"He's a juntor attache at the Russian Embassy." Wolfenden said, stirring his coffee. "Only just been appointed. Charlie Meynell gave him a line of introduction to me; said he was a decent sort, but mopish! I looked him up last week, met him in Pall Mall just as you came along, and asked you both to supper. What linueurs, Harcutt?"

The conversation drifted into ordi-

"No! It is a short name. Seems to begin with S. Probably a son of Istacl!"

"His taste in flowers is at any rate irreproachable," Wolfenden remarked. "I wish they would come. I am in a genial mood, and I do not like to think of anyone having to hurry over such an excellent supper."

"The lady," Debsham suggested, "is probably theatrueal, and has to dress after the show. Half-past twelve is a barbarous hour to turn us out. I wonder—"" The lady of the same time it was maintained with a certain amount of difficulty. The advent of these two people at the next table had produced an extraordinary effect upon the three men. Hercutt was perhaps the least affected. He was a young man of fortune and natural gifts, who had embarous hour to turn us out. I wonder—"" The conversation drifted into ordinary channels and flowed on steadily. At the same time it was maintained with a certain amount of difficulty. The advent of these two people at the next table had produced an extraordinary effect upon the three men. I was perhaps the least affected. He was a young man of fortune and natural gifts, who had embarous hour to turn us out. I wonder—"" of the conversation drifted into ordinary channels and flowed on steadily. sion. Partly on account of his social position, which was unquestioned, and partly because his tastes tended in

few seconds which their places he grandered with a smile, slightly cynical, but still good-natured, parting his thin, well shaped lips. Wolfenden and Densham, who were looking at carelessly. The third young man of the party, Felix, was bending low over his plate, and his face was hidden.

The buzz of conversation in their felt amongst the roomful of "abandon" was making itself felt amongst the roomful of "cople. The music grew softer as the babel of talk grew in volume. The whole environment b came tinged with a faint but genial voluptuousness. Denshain was laughing over the fol-bles of some mutual acquiantance; Wolfenden leaned back in his chair, smoking a cigarette and sipping his Turkish coffee. His eyes scarcely left for a moment the girl who sat only a few yards away from him, trifling with a certain dainty indifference with the little dishes, which one after the other had been placed before her

them knew! Harcutt, a journalist of some note and a man who prided himself upon knowing absolutely every-body, was as helpless as the rest. To his lumilitation he was obliged to confess it, "I never saw either of them before in my life," he said. "I cannot imagine who they can be. They are certainly foreigners."

Which denote the epicure, and he only spoke to her between the courses. She, on the other hand, appeared to be eating scarcely anything. At last, however, the waiter set before her a dish in which she was evidently interested. Wolfenden recognized the lumin enough then to care for ices. She, on the other hand, appeared to be eating scarcely anything. At last, however, the waiter set before her a dish in which she was evidently interested. Wolfenden recognized the lumin enough then to care for ices. human enough then to care for less. She bent over it and shrugged her shoulders—turning to the waiter, who was hovering near, she asked a question. He bowed and removed the plate. In a moment or two he reappeared with another. This time the paper and its contents were brown. She with another. This time the paper and its contents were brown. She smiled as she helped herself—such a smile that Wolfenden wondered that the waiter did not lose his head, and hand her pepper and salt, instead of gravely filling her glass. She took up her spoon and deliberately tasted the contents of her plate. Then she looked across the table and bpoke the first words in English which he had heard from her lips:

"Coffee ice. So much nicer than strawberry."

strawberry ! The man nodded back. "Ices after supper are an abomina-tion," he said. "They spoil the flavor of your wine, and many other things. But, after all, I suppose it is a waste of time to tell you so! A woman never understands how to eat until she is

fift.v." She laughed, and deliberately finshe haughed, and democrately in-ished her ice. Just as she laid down the spoon, she raised her eyes quietly and encountered Wolfenden's. He looked away at once with an indiffer-ence which he felt to be hadly assumed. Did she know, he wondered, that Did she know, he wondered, that he had been watching her like an owl all the time? He felt hot and unowl all the time? He left not and un-comfortable—a veritable schoolboy at the thought. He plunged into the con-versation between Harcutt and Dens-ham—a conversation which they had been sustaining with an effort. They too were still as interested in their

too were still as interested in their neighbors, although their position at the table made it difficult for either to observe them closely.

When three men are each thinking intently of something else, it is not easy to maintain an intelligent discussion. Wolfenden, to create a diversion, called for the bill. When he had paid it, and they were ready to depart, Densham looked up with a little burst of candor— "She's wonderful!" he exclaimed,

softly, "Marvellous!" Wolfenden echoed. "Marvellous!" Wolfenden echoed.
"I wonder who on earth they can
possibly be." Harcutt said almost
peevishly. Already he was being robbed of some part of his contemplated
satisfaction. It was true that he would
probably find the man's name on the
table-list at the door, but he had a
sort of presentiment that the girl's
personality would elude him. The
question of relationship between the
man and the girl puzzled him. He
propounded the problem, and they
discussed it with bated breath. There
was no likeness at all! Was there
any relationship? It was significant
that although Harcutt was a scandalmonger and Wolfenden somewhat
of a cynic, they discussed it with the
most profound respect. Relationship
after all of some sort there must be.
What was it? It was Harcutt who What was it? It was Harcutt who alone suggested what to Woldenden seemed an abominable possibility. "Scarcely husband and wife, I should think," he said, thoughtfully,

Involuntarily they all three glanced towards the man. He was well preserved, and his little imperial and short grey moustache were trimmed with military precision, yet his hair was almost white, and his age could scarcely be less than sixty. In his way he was quite as interesting as the "yet one never can tell he was quite as interesting as the girl. His eyes, underneath his thick brows, were dark and clear, and his features were strong and delivately shaped. His hands were white and very shapely, the fingers were rather long, and he were two singularly handsome rings both set with strange long, and he wore two singularly handsome rings, both set with strange stones. By the side of the table rested the stick upon which he had been leaning during his passge through the room. It was of smooth, dark wood, polished like a malacca cane, and set at the top with a curious, green, opalescent stone, as large as a sparrow's egg: The eyes of the three men had each in turn been arrested by it. In the electric light which fell softly upon the upper part of it, the stone seemed to burn and glow with a peculiar, iridescent radiance. Evidently culiar, iridescent radiance. Evidently

it was a precious possession, for once when a waiter had offered to remove it to a stand at the other end of the room; the man had stopped him sharp-ly and drawn it a little closer towards him.

wards him.

Wolfenden Lit a fresh cigarette, and gazed thoughtfully into the little cloud of blue smoke.

"Husband and wife," he repeated slowly. "What an absurd idea! More likely father and daughter!"

"How about the roses?" Harcutt remarked. "A father does not as a rule show such excellent taste in flowers!"

They had finished supper. Suddenly the girl stretched out her left hand and took a glove from the table. Wolfenden smiled triumphantly.

"She has no wedding ring," he exclaimed. claimed.
Then Harcutt, for the first time,

Then Harcutt, for the first time, made a remark, for which he was never altogether forgiven—a, mark which both the other men received in chilling silence.

"That may or may not be a matter for congratulation," he said, wirling his moustache. "One never knows!"

Wolfenden stood up, uning his back upon Harcutt and pointedly ignoring him."

at the same moment as these two people, in whom manifestly they had been taking so great an interest. But by the time they had sent for their coats and hats from the cloakroom, and Harcutt had coolly scrutinized the table-list, they found themselves all together in a little group at the head of the stairs.

(Wolfenden, who was a few steps in front, drew back to allow them to pass. The man, leaning upon his, stick, laid his hand upon the girl's sleeve. Then he looked up at the men, and addressed Wolfenden directly.

"You had better precede us, sir," he said; "my progress is, unfortunately, somewhat slow."

Wolfenden drew back courteously.

"We are in no hurry," he said.
"Please go on."

The man thanked him, and, with one hand upon the girl's shoulder, and with the other on his stick, com-

The man thanked him, and, with one hand upon the girl's shoulder, and with the other on his stick, commenced to descend. The girl had passed on without even glancing towards them. She had twisted a white lace mantilla around her head, and her features were scarcely visible—only as she passed, Wolfenden received a general impression of rustling white silk and lace and foaming tulle as she gathered her skirts together at the head of the stairs. It seemed to him, too, that the somewhat close atmosphere of the vestibule had become faintly sweet with the delicate fragrance of the white roses which hung by a loop of satin from her wrist.

wrist.
The three men waited until they had reached the bend of the stairs before they began to descend. Harcutt then leaned forward.
"His name," he whispered, "is disenchanting. It is Mr. Sabin! Whoever heard of a Mr. Sabin? Yet he looks like a personage!" wrist.

heard of a Mr. Sabin? Yet he looks like a personage!"
At the doors there was some delay. It was raining fast, and the departures were a little congested. The three young men still kept in the background. Densham affected to be lighting a cigarette. Wolfenden was slowly drawing on his gloves. Hiplace was almost in a line with the girl's. He could see the diamonds flashing in her fair hair through the dainty tracery of the drooping white lace, racery of the drooping white lace, and in a moment, through some slight change in her position, he could get a better view of her face than he had been able to obtain even in the supperroom. She was beautiful! There was no doubt about that. But there were many beautiful women in London, whom Wolfenden scarcely pretended to admire. This girl had something better even than supreme beauty. Sh was anything but a reproduction. She was anything but a reproduction. Sue was a new type. She had originality. Her hair was dazzlingly fair; her eye-brows, delicately arched, were high and distinctly dark in color. Her head was perfectly shaped—the features was perfectly shaped—the features seemed to combine a delightful plquancy with a somewhat statuesque regularity. Wolfenden, wondering of what she in some manner reminded him, suddenly thought of some old French miniatures, which he had stopped to admire only a day or two hefore, in a little curio shop near Bond street. There was a distinct dash of something foreign in her features and carriage. It might have been and carriage. It might have beer French or Austrian—it was most cer

The crush became a little less, they all moved a step or two forward—and Wolfenden, glancing carelessly outside, found his attention immediately arrested. Just as he had been watching the arrested arrest was a reason with a step of the step of th side, found his attention immediately side, found his attention immediately arrested. Just as he had been watching the girl, so was a man, who stood on the pavement side by side with the commissionaire, watching her companion. He was tall and thin; apparently dressed in evening clothes, for though his coat was button—up to his chin, he wore an opera ha. His hands were thrust into the loose pockets of his overcoat, and his face was mostly in the shadows. Once, however, he followed some motion of Mr. Sabin's, and moved his head a little forward. Wolfenden started, and looked at him fixedly. Was it fancy, or was there indeed something clenched in his right hand there, which gleamed like silver-or was it steel—in the momentary flash of a passing carriage light? Wolfenden was puzzled. There was something, too, which seemed to him vaguely familiar in the man's figure and person. He was certainly waiting for somebody, and to judge from his expression his mission was no pleasant one. Wolfenden, who through the latter part of the evening, had He was certainly waiting for somebody, and to Judge from his expression his mission was no pleasant one. Wolfenden, who through the latter part of the evening, had felt a curious and unwonted sense of excitement stirring his blood, now felt it go tingling through all his veins. He had some subtle prescience that he was on the brink of an adventure. He glanced hurriedly at his two companions; neither of them had notleed this fresh development.

Just then the commissionaire, who noticed this Iresh development.
Just then the commissionaire, who
knew Wolfenden by sight, turned
round and saw him standing there.
Stepping back on to the pavement,
he called up the brougham, which
was waiting a little way down the

street. "Your carriage, my lord," he said, to Wolfenden, touching his cap. Wolfenden, with ready presence of mind shook his head. "I am waiting for a friend," he said. Tell my man to pass on a yard or

Tell my man to pass on a yard or two."

The man bowed, and the danger of leaving before these two people, in whom his interest now was becoming positively feverish, was averted. As if to enhance it a singular thing now happened. The interest suddenly became reciprocal. At the sound of Wolfenden's voice, the man with the club foot had distinctly started. He changed his position, and, leaning forward, looked eagerly at him. His eyes remained for a moment or two fixed steadily upon him. There was no doubt about the fact, singular in itself though it was. Wolfenden noticed it himself, so did both Densham and Harcutt. But before any remark could pass between them a little coupe brougham had drawn up, and the man and the girl started forward.

forward. (To be, continued.) Woman's Walk on a W

Mme Alma Keldseth, Mme Alma ournailst, has for a wa

led from Chris

GOOD FELLOW HE WAS,

But He Lacked Dignity and Bearing,

AND GOT THE SHORT END OF IT.

Once upon a time there will a Boy who would not get M td. He has willing to do anything to help out h Playmate, so when the Gang weds fishing hey took H'm along to carry the Bait, and when they went Swimming in the Deep Hole, he had to stay on he Bank and watch their Clothes. If any of the Urchins found a Cockle-Burr and it came to a question as to which Boy would be Held Down and have the Burr put into his Hair, they always decided in favor of Mel. His Right Name was Melford Praxteles Johnson, but he grinned so much and was so good natured that everybody was Familiar with him and saluted him as Mel. He got all the Cockle-Burrs in his Hair and the Toads down the Back of his Neck and the Smart-Weed rubbed on h's Bare Legs, because he was a Good Fellow, and the Tough Boys who went to school with his larger that he want of the content of the Tough Boys who went to school with him knew that he would not go and tell Teacher and have them pr

and tell Teacher and have them properly Lambasted.
Sometimes he would go out to the Commons, where the Boys were playing Two-Old-Cat, and they would have him act as Back-Stop and chase the Flies, Somebody had to do it, and he I'm act as Back-Stop and chase the Flizs, Somebody hud to do it, and he was so Accommodating and Friendly he did it rather than delay the Game. All the little buil-headed boys, who hreatened to take their Bats and go home unless they could have their own way' played the Star Positions.

When he was a little older he went to a Medical School, where he was promptly tossed up in a Blanket and then dropped down an Air-Shaft, because the Hazers saw that he was a Good Fellew and would not go and Squeal to the Faculty.

Mel was a Bright Student, and graduated at the Head of the class. He won a Set of Instruments for his Thesis on the Osteology of the Sapernumarary Digits, and the Dean predicted Great Things for him.

He hung out a Shingle right across the street from a Classmate who had finished at the Tail End, and did not know the difference between the Duo-

know the difference between the Duo-denum and the Clavicle. But this Classmate grew Whiskers and wore a Prince Albert and a Tall Hat and Glasses with a Gold Chain and Coughed into his Palm and used Latin Words, and he got the Practice He was a Physician and Mel was

Doc.
If a Man came into Mel's office, suffering from a Combination of Soft Shell Crabs and Neapolitan Pudding, it would be like Mel to tell him that he had the Stomach Acne. Then the dissatisfied Patient would go across to see the Physician, who would tell him that he had Acute Gastritis

Gastritis. Gastritis.

Anybody would rather have Gastrititls than Stomach-Ache, so the Physician had his Waiting-Room crowded all the Time.

The Public could not pin its Faith

to a Practitioner who wore a Sack Suit and Kept his hat on the Back of his Head and spoke to the Child-ren along the Street, and never used three Double-Jointed Words from the Materia Medica unless he

Still Doc managed to get some Practice. If any Sufferer happened to be Broke, he cause Doc was a Good Fellow, who could be Stood Off. Doc got all of the Charity Cases and the Fake across the Street treated all the Women who had Property and Imaginary Complaints.

Women who had Property and Imaginary Complaints.
Shortly after Doc began to Practice, he fell in Love, but no one took it Seriously, for he was always Joking. The Girl liked Doc because he was entertaining and liberal, up to his Income, but when he Proposed, his Sense of Humor prevented him from getting down on his Knees and giving her any of this Mrs. E. D. N. E. Southworth Hanky-Pank.
She had the usual streak of the Romantic in her Make-up, and she

Romantic in her Make-up, and she refused to consider his offhand Request. She gave herself to an opin-lonated Wille-Boy who was always having himself Photographed in a Dress Suit, and who came at her with a Ten-Minute Speech that he had learned from a Book on How to Make Love," published by Munro

then because Doe's Philosophy and his Goodness of Heart came to his Reseue and he Forgave her and did not Drink himself to Death or start for the Gold Fields with her Pieturenext to his Heart, nearly every one-said that he had not Cared for her at all and was not cample of her at all and was not capable of

the Grand Passion.

After Doc had struggled along in his Profession for many Years without any Velvet in front of him, he decided to try for a Political Appointment. Every one seemed to like in the result of the

him and he knew he could get Back-ing. He thought very weil of his Drag. Sure enough, when he ap-plied for a Consulate, all the influen-tial Moguls of the Party signed his Petition. Then they sat down and wrote Private Letters to Back-Cap him.

him.

They told the President that he was a Good Fellow, but he lacked Dignity and Bearing. They said that he was commonly known as Mel or Doc, that he had a Reputation as a Story-Teller, that he had been a Failure in his Profession, and never accumulated any Property, that he was Careless in his Business Habits and loaned Money to Business Habits and loaned Money to any one who seemed to be in Trou-ble, and that therefore, although he had been an active Worker, possibly

had been an active Worker, possibly the Appointment ought to go to some Man who had more regard for Solemn Responsibilities.
So the Job was given to a Four-Flush who posed in Public Places and Frowned and kept one Hand inside of his Coat and never said anything because he had Nothing to say.

Even after this final Throw-Down Even after this final Throw-Down

Doc did not become embittered or cease trying to be a Good Fellow.' One Day, however, as he was re-viewing his Career, he decided if he nad it to do over again, he would oe M. Praxiteles Johnson and wear the Front of Jove and refuse to be

Sociable. He realized that he had erred in repeating Anecdotes, lending Money, and trying to be a Mixer. He wished that he had kept his Degree printed on all his Cards and hung an on all his Cards and hung an Arricu-lated Skeleton inside of his Office Door. Also, he began to understand that it is advisable to crowd in on the Platform at every Public Pow-wow and be played up as a Promi-nent Citizen. Furthermore, he wished that he had Dressed the same as a Pall-Rearce.

as a Pall-Bearer.

It would have been a hard Job to keep up the Monumental Bluff, but then one must always pay a price for True Success. Moral: Be Dignified and Serious, if

possible.—George Ade.

SUICIDE ON THE INCREASE. Stress That Contribute to the Frequency of Self-Destruction.

The decay of religious sentiment— which is to be observed in all those countries which are in the foremost rank as regards knowledge, and expecially the growth of scientific knowledge — has perhaps conduced more to the spread of suicide than has any other single cause. That the decadence of orthodox belief is an important factor in the increase of self-murder is demonstrated in great cities like Paris, Berlin and Vienna, where agnosticism is rampan and the greatest number of suicide occur.

occur.

The Ireland traces the greater portion of the causes of suicide to severe strain upon the nervous system, which may be the outcome of a multiplicity of causes. Among these causes may be mentioned the increased strain of modern life upon the nervous system. The following are the mean annual rates per 1,000,000 population of some of the European countries—Saxony, 1861-70. suicides, 281; 1871-80, suicides, 325; 1881-84, suicides, 370; 1885-88, suicides 533; In Denmark during the same periods, 283, 266, 249, 259. In France, 129, 161, 189, 212. In Prussia, 127, 153, 198, 204. In Belgium, 61, 81, 107, 116. In Sweden, 80, 86, 96, 110. In England and Wales, 66, 70, 74, 78. In Norway, 82, 70, 68, 66 In Italy, 27, 37, 37, 48, 48. It will be observed that, with the exception of Norway, the suicide mortality rate has increased, and in most countrie very considerably within recent years. The diminution in Norway is attributed, says the Nineteenth Centur, Review, to the energetic attack which the Norwegian Government has made on alcoholism. The same journal says that, in the case of Italy particularly, emigration accounts to Dr. Ireland traces the greater porhas made on alcoholism. The sama journal says that, in the case of Italy particularly, emigration accounts to some extent for the low nate prevailing there. It is evident that emigration provides an outlet for a great deal of misery and constitute the same of the same o and constitutes a hopeful

tive to suicide.

The rate of suicide mortality in the United States is one in 35,000. Dr. D. R. Dewey finds that in the New England States since 1880 suicide has increased about 35 per cent. In Massachusetts it to Make Love," published by Muaro & Co.

Then because Doe's Philosophy and his Goodness of Heart came to his Rescue and he Forgave her and did not Drink himself to Death or start. -Medical Record.

"It is very disagreeable that I must

DR. CHASE ENDORSED BY LEADING DIS

Great Sufferings Ended and Aggravate