Making Restitution;

Or, The Bridal Dress.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Why don't you talk, Aunt Trib? Why don't you say something? Where's the use of sitting there, as mute as a mummy? You're just about as entertaining a companion as a log would be."

It was now nearly three weeks since Corona Calderon had turned her companion so relentlessly out-of-doors, and, sooth to say, the heiress was beginning to repent having acted so immediately upon her first angry impulse. Of course, she argued within herself, it was very wrong and wicked of Leslie Ford to aspire to a flirtation with her, Corona's, admirer. But, equally, of course, it never would have amounted to anything more serious than a flirtation. For Mr. St. Just never would have stooped, in sober earnest, to notice an insignificant little chit of a thing like Leslie Ford, who had neither fortune nor spirit, nor even, in Corona's opinion, extraordinary good looks to recommend her. And she did miss Leslie's pleasant companionship and unfailing patience more and more as the days went on. There were a thousand things which Leslie's deft fingers had been wont quickly to perform, that no one else could do to suit her, there were a myriad of spare moments, once enlivened by Leslie's vivacious presence, now hanging heavily upon her hands. And, in consequence of these unwelcome facts, Corona Calderon was out of humor with herself, and all the world besides.

Aunt Tribulation Jackson, who had regretted her niece's precipitate policy even more than the young lady herself, started, and looked piteously up at Corona's abrupt, and by no means complimentary address. She was sitting by the window trying to unravel the mysterics of some complicated worsted pattern that Leslie's quick ingenuity would have set right in a minute—a pattern that was like a Chaldaic inscription in Aunt Tribulation's puzzled eyes.

"Why don't I talk?" repeated she, somewhat confused.

"Yes, why don't you talk? And I do wish, Aunt Trib, you'd break yourself of that odious, countrified habit of repeating everything over after me, just like a poll parrot!"

"Well, I guess it's 'cause I hain't got nothin' to say," answered Aunt Tribulation, in desperation.

"Oh, pshaw! There's always plenty to talk about," retorted Corona. "Leslie Ford always used to find plenty to say."

"Leslie Ford was cut arter a different pattern from me," groaned Miss Jackson.

"One never had a chance to get stupid when she was around," yawned Corona. "I say, Aunt Trib!"

"Well!"

"If Leslie Ford would come back here and humbly ask my pardon, promising never again to carry on with any of my beaus, I'm not altogether certain but that I would take her back into my service again."

"I wish, to goodness you would, Croney!" said Miss Jackson, brightening up. "Leslie was a dreadful handy girl to have around. She trimmed my caps real French fashion, and always looked arter the keys herself. And—"

"Where is she?" interrupted Corona.

"Blanchard knows. Blanchard sent her trunk to some place here," said Aunt Tribulation, "and I s'pose she hain't moved yet, unless she's got a new situation somewhere, which ain't noways likely."

"Tell Blanchard to hunt her up at once, and tell her I want to see her," said Corona, to whose regal mind it never occurred but that Leslie Ford, after having been ignominiously turned out of her house, would be thankful for leave to creep back again, and eager to lick, humbly, the feet that had spurned her! The condescension, Miss Calderon opined, would all be on her side—and she really regarded herself as a sort of forgiving angel.

Aunt Tribulation made haste to dispatch Blanchard on the message of reconciliation. But he had scarcely departed when a caller came in—one Mrs. Bellamy, a young married lady, who wore prodigious diamonds, trailed silken skirts made after one of Worth's latest patterns through the fashionable promenades at the Branch, and set up for a belle and a beauty.

"I came to see if you had heard the news," said Mrs. Bellamy, fanning herself with a marvelous invention of point lace and pearl sticks. "So charmingly romantic! I always said he looked like a corsair, or a pirate, or some such delicious personage that we read about in novels!"

"What news?" said Corona, rather ungraciously.

She did not especially like Mrs. Belton Bellamy, apart from her inward conviction that married ladies ought to stand aside from the lists, and leave the kingdom of belleihood to the younger damsels.

"Is it possible that you haven't heard?" cried Mrs. Belton Bellamy, fanning herself more violently than ever, until the cluster of sweet-peas on the top of her French hat flattened as if in a high wind. "Your pretty little companion—femme de chambre, whatever you call her — Leslie Ford, I think her name was—"

"What of her?" ejaculated Corona, now beginning to be really interested.

"She was married day before yesterday to Edmund St. Just!"

"Married!" Corona almost screamed out the words in her surprise and incredulity.

"Seems almost impossible, doesn't it?" said Mrs. Belton Bellamy, showing her exquisite white teeth. "But it's quite true, I assure you. I had it from the best authority."

"I don't believe it!" blurted out Corona, changing from red to white and then back again. Mrs. Belton Bellamy watched her from under her long flaxen eyelashes with sly satisfaction; she, too, had heard the rumor of Miss Calderon's partiality for Mr. St. Just, and maliciously enjoyed her too evident discomfiture at hearing that he was lost to her forever.

"It's true, though, my dear," said she, with smiling cruelty. "I had it from Mrs. Monteith—and Mrs. Monteith was one of the witnesses called in at the parlor of the Ocean Hotel, night before last. Doctor Lenfall, of St. Prudentia's, in New York, married them. And Mrs. Monteith says it was the strangest wedding she ever beheld in her life, with the bride seeming half frightened out of her senses and everything so unusual."

"Frightened!" echoed Corona, jumping up, and flinging aside the book that lay in her lap. "Not she! She's a sly, scheming little traitor—and Edmund St. Just is the biggest fool between here and the Rocky Mountains! There!"

"Croney! Croney!" pleaded Aunt Tribulation, who had entered the room just in time to hear Mrs. Belton Bellamy's astounding piece of news.

"Hold your tongue!" snarled Corona, turning around on her aunt like a savage panther. "What do you know about it? You're against me, too! Everybody is against me!"

And with a shriek, Miss Calderon flung herself on a small satin-puffed divan that luckily chanced to be behind her, and went into a fit of screaming hysterics.

"You won't tell nobody, will you?" coaxed poor Miss Jackson, as she deluged her niece with sal volatile, and eau-de-Cologne "Croney wouldn't have it known for anything as she took the thing to heart."

"Oh, of course, dear Miss Calderon's secret is safe with me," said Mrs. Belton Bellamy, with an aspect of the sweetest sympathy—and she straightway departed to spread the report all over Long Branch that Corona Calderon was desperately in love with the man who had just married her former companion.

That very afternoon, driving on the Ocean Road about sunset, Miss Calderon sustained the infinite mortification of meeting Mr. St. Just's open barouche drawn by two milk-white Arabian horses, all glitter with plated harness. Leaning back on the white cushions, beneath the shade of a pink-lined lace parasol, sat Leslie Ford, her eyes fixed absently on the distant line where sea and sky seemed to meet together, and her beauty heightened by the rich costume of pearl-colored silk which she wore; while Edmund St. Just bent over her with eyes of lover-like devotion, and the addel pride of conscious proprietorship.

Corona turned sharply away, and the unwelcome sight stinging her like an envenomed arrow. But she need not have averted her gaze so quickly. Neither bride nor bridegroom saw her, as the two carriages passed each other in the throng.

"Look, Croney, look!" cried tactless Aunt Tribulation. "There's Leslie and her husband! Dear, dear, how proud he looks! And how handsome she is! Did you catch a squint at 'em, Croney dear?"

"I wish you wouldn't shout so!" said Miss Calderon, in low accents of concentrated wrath. "Do you want all Long Branch to hear you? Any one would know you had been a housekeeper, and a servant, into the bargain, by the way you bellow."

"I didn't know as you heard what I was a-sayin', Croney," said Aunt Tribulation, meekly subsiding into her own corner of the carriage, and looking like a whipped dog.

"Heard!" scornfully repeated the heiress, biting her lip. "Why, the dead people in Trinity Church-yard could have heard you, if they had cared to listen to such silly cackle!"

But, alas! poor Corona Calderon had not yet drunk the cup of her bitter mortification to its dregs. Wherever she bent her footsteps it seemed destined by a capricious Fate that she should come into immediate contact with Mr. and Mrs. St. Just, who were at present the reigning stars of fashion at the brilliant American watering-place. Edmund St. Just's style and reputed wealth, his young wife's remarkable beauty, and the vague atmosphere of poetic romance which surrounded their sudden marriage, all united to make them the most popular personages in the place. And upon every side Corona found herself compelled, unwillingly, to listen to the enthusiastic praises of Mrs. St. Just. After once or twice, however, she steeled herself to reply with self-control to the torrent of questions to which she was daily exposed. It was worse than useless, she knew, to betray her own mortification and discontent to the curious eyes of the gaping world, and so she learned to listen with a set, formal smile, to answer in cut-and-dried phrases, in a manner unusual to her.

"I wish Leslie Ford was in Jericho!" she would cry out, when alone with Aunt Tribulation. "And St. Just too! I'm sick and tired of hearing about them!"

And Miss Jackson would answer soothingly:

"Never mind, Croney, never mind!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

But brilliant as was her position to all outward appearances, Leslie St. Just was very far from being a happy bride. Almost ere the echoes of the clergyman's solemn benediction had ceased to vibrate on her ear, the forlorn and solitary young wife had awakened to the terrible consciousness that she had made a fatal mistake. She had married a man whom she could not love, simply because his passionate and determined persistency had overcome her feeble opposition—he had perjured herself before Almighty God and all the on-looking world only because she needed a shelter from cruel want—a barrier between herself and poverty.

She had married Edmund St. Just, and she knew, now that it was too late, that she had sinned before Heaven and earth.

But it was all over now, and past. Not an ocean of tears, not all the keenest anguish of her vain repentance could recall one of those precious moments which had flitted by so rapidly. The past had gone irrevocably out of her control, and all that remained to her was to make the best of the miserable present. And, with pitiful attempts at wifely duty, Leslie endeavored to smile back to St. Just's smiles—to inspire some answering light into her tear-dimmed eyes when he looked with lover-like fondness at her. When, with a heedlessness of cost which almost frightened her, he loaded her with dresses and jewels, and the rare, expensive trifles which represent a small fortune in themselves, she would endeavor to simulate a pleasure she did not feel. And, although she shrunk with instinctive shuddering from his caresses and soft words, she put a resolute constraint upon herself to conceal her aversion from its unconscious object.

"He has been good to me," she told herself again and again. "He has given me a home, protection, and the shelter of his name—all that man has to give a woman, and, in common decency, I should at least feign gratitude if I do not feel it."

But in all these matters, Leslie gave her husband credit for more blind infatuation, less natural perception than was his due. Edmund St. Just had married Miss Calderon's beautiful companion in a moment of mad impulse—and although he loved her with all the passionate earnestness of a tropical nature, he was not to be put off with the counterfeit coin of respect and esteem in place of the genuine gold of true love in return for his own devotion. Nor was it very long before, with the bitterest pangs that ever rent his heart, he awakened to the unwelcome consciousness that he was an unloved husband.

"A heart for a heart," was Edmund St. Just's creed. There was none of the magnanimity in his nature which would lead him to bear and forbear, to accept the gentle degree of affection which Leslie was willing—nay, anxious to give, until a warmer feeling burned up in its place. He was determined to have all or nothing—and a bitter tide of rancor rose up in his heart as he became more and more convinced that Leslie had no love to give him.

Day by day he grew more exacting and despotic, speaking to his wife in accents of contemptuous sarcasm that stung her to the quick—day by day Leslie became more cold, and sad, and statuesque.

"He is getting weary of me," she thought. "Well, I can not help it."

"By Jove!" pondered St. Just, pulling savagely at his long, silken beard, "I'll bring her to her knees yet. Why the deuce did she marry me, if she holds me at arm's length in this sort of way? I am neither her slave nor her lackey."

He had sauntered in from the sunny beach, one sultry August evening, to the shady boudoir where his young wife sat, dreaming over a book—sauntered in with ominously contracted brows and eyes full of electric fire.

"Have you had a pleasant walk?" asked she, with an attempt at a smile.

"I thought you had a headache," said he, without heeding her question.

"So I had."

"And it has passed away now, I suppose?" sneered he, flinging himself down into an opposite chair. "Anything but a walk with your husband! Upon my word, a woman's headache is the most convenient of things."

"My head feels a little better now, Edmund," she pleaded; "but I am not quite equal to walking upon those burning sands."

"Oh, you need not trouble to coin any more lies," said St. Just, brutally.

"I do not tell lies!" flashed out Leslie.

"Oh, no! Your whole life isn't a lie, I suppose! Give me a woman who is always crying over her Bible for downright falsehood and treachery. It wasn't a lie was it, when you promised to love, honor, and obey me, before old Lenfall? Much love, honor, and obedience I get from you. Now cry! Do! It's so cheerful to have one's wife drowned in tears the whole time!"

He drew a little open desk toward him as he spoke—a toy of sandal-wood and silver, which he had given her in the first glow of their honey-moon.

"What have you been doing?" said he. "Keeping a diary, I'd go bail! Putting down all the causes of complaint you have against your husband! A woman must blab to some one, and if she hasn't any dear, confidential gossip at hand, a sheet of blank paper is the next best thing."

"I never kept a diary in my life, Edmund," said Leslie, trying to smile through her tears.

"Then what is it you have been scribbling?" he demanded, sullenly.

"I was beginning a letter to Mrs. Utley, a friend of mine in Europe."

"To tell her how wretched you are, I suppose? Let me see it."

Leslie bit her lip.

"Is it the part of a gentleman to read all his wife's letters?" said she, stung beyond endurance.

"It's the part of a gentleman to do as he — pleases, and keep his wife well in check," retorted St. Just, with a savage oath—the first Leslie had ever heard from his lips. "And I tell you, I will see that letter! Nay, if you don't choose to hand it over, I can find it for myself easily enough."

And drawing the scented desk toward him, he flung its contents right and left, in a sort of frenzy.

Leslie had instinctively stretched forth her hand to rescue it—but she saw at once how vain any attempt at resistance would be, and sat by with varying color, and teeth pressed firmly over her lower lip—insulted, outraged, and yet utterly helpless! Until, all of a sudden, a card photograph dropped from an inner drawer lined with pale-blue velvet. Edmund St. Just took it up and looked at it, while a livid pallor settled around his mouth and eyes.

"So," said he, in a low, repressed tone, "this is the secret of your life, is it, Mrs. St. Just?"

It was Lucian Ferrier's photograph—the sole relic of the past that poor Leslie had ventured to preserve—the pictured lineaments which she had now and then indulged herself with gazing at, when she felt that her cross was greater than she could bear. Surely, surely it was a harmless talisman, and yet what a terrible evil it was working her now. With a face as white as marble, she put out her trembling hand.

"Give it to me!" she said. "It is mine!"

"I will not give it to you!"

With deliberate calmness he tore the picture in two, and tossed it out of the window.

"Thus I fling Lucian Ferrier to the winds!" he said. "And, by heavens, madame, if I don't fling you after him, it is only because I am more merciful than you deserve! A pretty wife you, to be dreaming over another man's picture! A pretty specimen of womanhood, to keep up a living lie like this!"

Leslie looked at him with startled eyes. His face terrified her.

"How did you know his name was Lucian Ferrier?" gasped she.

St. Just bit his lip; the color mounted redly to his temples.

"No matter how," said he. "I know a good many of your secrets, Mrs. St. Just!"

The young wife pressed her hand to her forehead, and tried to collect her wandering thoughts. She was quite certain—or she thought she was—that she had never mentioned this episode of her past to Edmund St. Just. Lucian Ferrier's name was too deep and holy a memory to be bandied lightly on any lip. Had she, then, uttered it in her dreams? Had her secret escaped her in those mystic hours of night and solitude, when the sentinels of caution and reticence are off guard, and the freed soul asserts its supremacy at last?

St. Just watched her, as if he would read every thought that mirrored itself in her changing countenance.

"I am fortunate in possessing such a fashionable wife," said he, with a bitter sneer. "I believe it is the style nowadays for every married woman to have a lover!"

"Edmund, how dare you address me thus?" cried Leslie, tortured beyond all self-control. "That I knew this gentleman once, I do not deny. But I have neither seen nor heard from him in more than six months."

"And you expect me to believe this?"

"You can believe it or not, as you please," she answered, calmly. "It is the truth!"

"Tell me how you met him. Tell me the exact extent of your acquaintanceship!" commanded St. Just.

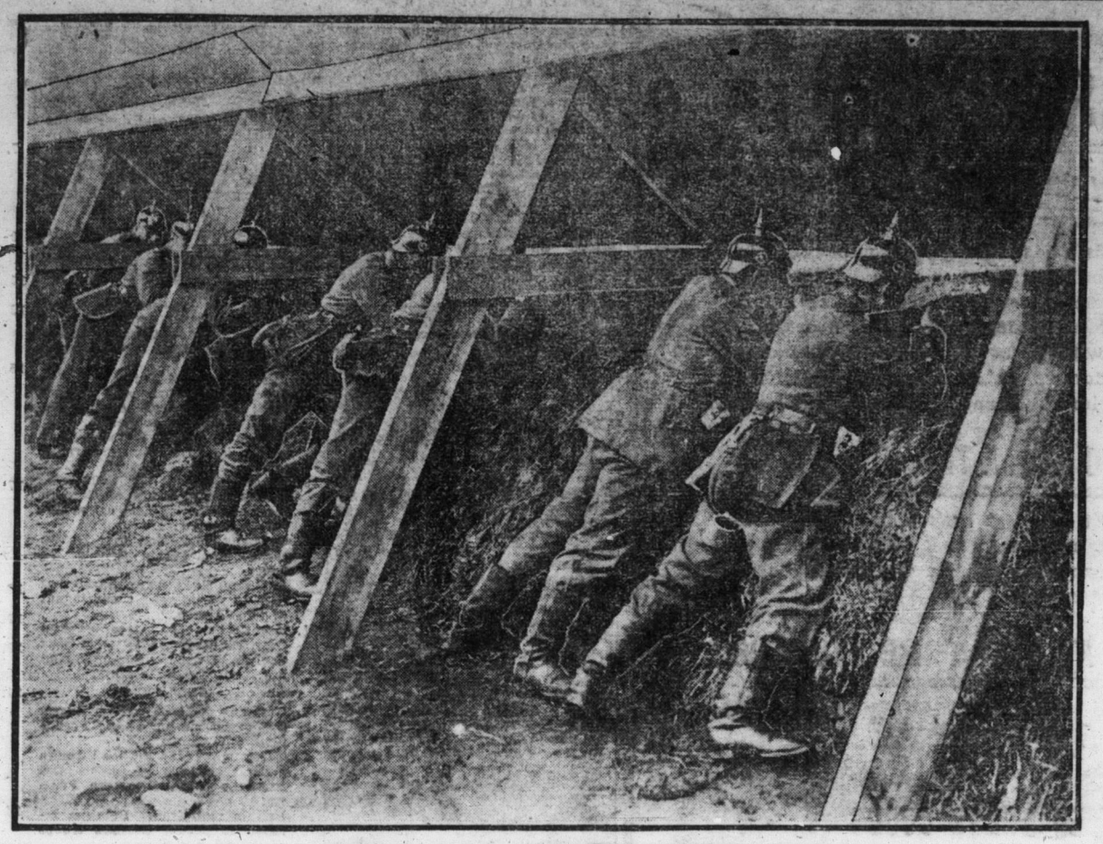
"I will not!" answered Leslie, with spirit. "You have a right to command my present; with my past you shall not interfere!"

"I say you shall!"

"And I repeat that I will not!"

With a quick motion, he drew a small silver-barreled revolver from his breast-pocket. Leslie recoiled with a slight scream.

(To be continued.)



German Sharpshooters in Their Well-Protected Lairs.

It is almost impossible for the allies to dislodge these German sharpshooters who are intrenched behind this splinter-proof sloping shed. The rain of bullets from the allies' rifles is deflected by the steep incline of the roof of the shelter. The roof completely covers the trench. There is a narrow slit running its entire length through which the sharpshooters fire from behind their straw breastworks. To send a shot through this opening from the ranks of the allies is almost impossible.

Lessons Come Easier

IF the child has a big, generous light to study by. The **Rayo** lamp saves eye strain. It is kerosene light at its best—clear, mellow, and unflickering.

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THE SEAL'S VENTILATOR.

Drills a Hole Through the Ice with His Warm Nose.

Not many people know how the seal of the far North gets air when the Arctic Ocean is entirely covered with many feet of ice.

The small spotted seal, which is a hair seal, and not a fur bearer, is the hardy dweller of the northern waters. Under his tough, thick skin he has an inch or more of blubber. When the ice closes up the open water in the Arctic, the seal selects a spot, and begins to drill a hole to the surface by pressing his warm nose against the ice. Nobody knows how many hours it takes him to accomplish his task, but he manages it; and although he is obliged to work most of the time, because the surface of the hole is continually freezing, he keeps it open all winter, and obtains air.

Seals have been known to drill in this manner through fifty feet of solid ice. Whether or not they take turns in the slow drilling is not positively known.

It is at these "seal holes" that the polar bear seeks food in the winter and there the Eskimo waits, spear in hand, for his weekly supply of meat.

FEEDING INDIAN SOLDIERS

HARD PROBLEM FOR BRITISH COMMISSARIAT.

Won't Eat Beef and Goat, and Mutton Must Be Killed In Orthodox Way.

A peculiar problem has to be met by the British commissariat in supplying the various castes and sects of the Indian army with meat food.

The Gurkha, the Rajput, and other Hindus will eat goat or mutton, provided the animal has been killed in a special and orthodox way. The disgust which the strict Hindu feels at physical contact with beef is so intense that he will sometimes vomit at the sight of it; the prejudice is so inveterate that Mohammedans who are the descendants of Hindu converts cannot reconcile themselves to the taste. Happily, pork, the Moslem abomination, does not complicate the question of army rations.

But the crux is not so much the nature of the meat to be provided as the manner in which it is killed and cooked. In the case of sheep the Sikh villager's gorge will rise when he sees meat prepared by the Mohammedan butcher, who kills by the halal or throat cutting stroke, just as the Mohammedan feels it an outrage that meat should be hung up for sale that has been killed by the jatka—the stroke at the back of the neck affected by the Sikhs. In France now a certain amount of tinned mutton is eaten willingly by the troops, but the great bulk of commissariat meat must be sent alive to railhead and slain there in accordance with prescribed rites.

An Abattoir Full

Hence the herd of sheep and goats in the boulevard. I found an old abattoir full of them—goats from all the hills of France, from Corsica and Dauphine and the Cevennes, from stony Languedoc and Roussillon on the Spanish border, and bearded giants from the Pyrenees, which, leaves from the shisham like a young camel, a breed which is likely more than anything else to inspire the Indian with reverence for the virtue of the soil.

That the men may know whether they are eating clean or unclean flesh units are detached to a point near railhead, where each man, be he Mohammedan, Sikh or Hindu, despatches his beast by his own peculiar sacrifical stroke, marks it as clean and sends it on to his comrades in the trenches.

No beef is killed at the front, as the mere proximity of a Mohammedan slaughter house might carry pollution to the Hindus. For drink the army rations of the Indian troops is rum, but the Mohammedans, being debarred by the Prophet from all fermented liquor, is given an extra ration of sugar and tea. The huqua being too cumbrous an article for service equipment, the Indian soldier receives two packets of cigarettes a week. Even the transport animals have their ingrained fads, a kind of caste fastidiousness. Indian mules and countrybreds who might be having the time of their lives nose suspiciously our sweet English hay, preferring their own chopped straw, the dryest of provender. If an English cavalry regiment ever finds itself lobbed off with Indian fodder men and horses show disgust in their own way.

Gurkhas Friendly.

The Gurkha is proverbially an accommodating person and gives his British officer, with whom he is on the friendliest possible terms, as little difficulty as possible. But in Bombay when a regiment was embarking the question arose as to whether they would eat frozen meat. A conclave of officers decided that it would be better to put the case to the men. The Subadar was called, and, after a little wrinkling of the eyebrow, said: "I think, Sahib, the regiment will be willing to eat the iced sheep provided one of them is always present to see the animal frozen to death."

An Anglo-Indian asserts that the sight of so many conflicting and irreconcilable sects now fighting side by side for Great Britain is a phenomenon that should make the disciples of Treitschke look into their political philosophy.

"What would Germany do with an Eastern Empire if she won it?" he asks, "when her natural vanity sanctifies itself in the faith that it is her mission to correct or destroy all humanity that is not German thinking. As a student of human nature she is imperfect. The knowledge of the heart of man is perhaps the one lore which she has not reduced to an exact science. In Alsace she has failed in fact; in Belgium in loving kindness. It is doubtful if she can make the Oriental love her."

INDIVIDUALS CANNOT COUNT.

Wrote Brave Captain Leslie Before He Was Killed.

At the memorial service held in Ireland for Capt. Norman Leslie, of the Rifle Brigade, who was killed at the front, the Primate of Ireland read this extract from a letter by Captain Leslie, says the London Morning Post:

"Try and not worry too much about the war, anyway. Units, individuals, cannot count. Remember, we are writing a new page of history. Future generations cannot be allowed to read the decline of the British Empire and attribute it to us. We live our little lives and die. To some are given chances of proving themselves men, and to others no chance comes.

"Whatever our individual faults, virtues, or qualities may be it matters not, but when we are up against big things let us forget individuals and let us act as one great British unit, united and fearless. Some will live and many will die, but count the loss naught. It is better far to go out with honor than survive with shame."

He Got His.

"I love you," said the flippant youth. "Do you get me?"

"No, I do not get you. I wouldn't have you," retorted the sensible girl.

You can't give away your temper, but it may give you away.

COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in same stable, no matter how "exposed," kept from having the disease, by using **SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER COMPOUND.** Give on the tongue or in feed. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for mares in foal. Druggists and harness dealers. Our free booklet gives everything. Largest selling horse remedy in existence—20 years. Distributors — ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. **SPOHN MEDICAL CO.,** Chemists and Bacteriologists. Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Mysteries of Nature

When the world was young its inhabitants took the naive view that it was adorned to minister to their pleasure. This view, alas, has had to give way under the attacks of the modern scientist, says the Washington Star. We now know, thanks to these men, that the refreshing green of the woods and meadows is not provided for our enjoyment, but for the serious and practical purpose of plant nutrition; the flowers display their bright colors to attract the insect that conveys the pollen from stamen to stigma.

By the same token, it appears, the Alpine hare is snow-colored so as to be hidden from the sight of its enemy; while the lion is tawny and the tiger is striped, in order that they may be undistinguishable from the natural background as they lie in wait for their prey.

All these facts are plain enough and we admire the perfection of these adaptions. Indeed, it may be said that we now entertain a feeling of intelligent appreciation for their greater worth than the ignorant of old.

It has been pointed out that Darwin's brilliant hypothesis of the survival of the fittest does not satisfactorily explain just how the different organisms set about acquiring the various characteristics and colors that are now so useful to them. Here and there an instance may be cited wherein the process of adaption is explicable enough, but there are, on the other hand, many cases that baffle the ingenuity of biologists of to-day.

What is more unintelligible and has apparently never been explained is that nature is often lavish in dispensing brilliant colors where, in the natural course of events, they can evidently never be of any account whatever. The number of instances of this kind are innumerable, and a few may be cited for illustration. Why, for instance, is the blood of all warm-blooded, and of many cold-blooded animals red? It is not intended, under normal circumstances, to be visible, its principal function being fulfilled in the lungs, hidden away from sight. Attention has been drawn to the remarkable analogy between the red blood pigment and the green pigment of plant leaves, but whatever may be the chemical analogy here, there is no anology whatever in the functions, since the color of chlorophyl is plainly connected with its function in absorbing light for the purpose of building up starch from atmospheric carbon dioxide. In the case of hemoglobin there is no such analogous function whatever.

Then, too, it is known that there must be colorless substances capable of performing the functions of the blood, for many animals of the lower type actually have colorless fluids. Again it has been asked, why is the flesh of many animals colored? For example, why is the salmon colored with the hue whence it takes its name?

Similar conditions are met with in the vegetable kingdom. Why is the red beet deeply colored, while its close congeners have a white juice? After all, it has been contended, neither under normal circumstances sees the light of day. So it would seem to be problematical what useful function the color can possibly serve.

Why does the madder root contain quantities of alazarine and allied dye stuffs that in the past have been of such great value, while in modern times we have learned to manufacture them by artificial means? Of what possible use can such dye stuffs be to the plants?

The watermelon is covered by a thick, opaque, dark green skin. We may make some sort of conjecture as to the purpose of this; it perhaps serves to keep off certain of the large animals that would devour the fruit, skin and all, and thus leave the melon to be burrowed by worms, who leave the seeds untouched. But why that appetizing pink color of the flesh of the melon? It cannot serve as a charm to attract visitors, since the guest that has eaten its way through the skin needs no further attraction after it has reached the interior. The black color of the seeds may, perhaps, be put down as a preventative measure, protecting them from sharing the fare of the rest of the fruit.

The attractive and appetizing outward appearance of most fruits in generally explained by supposing that its function is to attract animals, which eat the fleshy portion and carry the seed away from the parent plant, thus aiding the distribution of the species. The red cheeks of a peach are so enticing that this explanation probably finds acceptance. But why that brilliant red color where the flesh meets the kernel? The bird that pecks at the flesh of the fruit does not strike this colored layer until the work is practically accomplished.

Certain trees that furnish the so-called dye woods deposit pigment by the hundredweight within their stems. The woad or indigo plant and several others contain a substance known as indican, which is normally colorless, but is transformed by a fermentation and oxidation process into deep blue indigo. This case is particularly puzzling, since the color of the dye stuff is not even developed in the living plant.

Holy Carpet's Escort.

In its travels to and from the Holy City of Medina and Mecca, the Holy Carpet is accompanied by an escort of from 300 to 350 men from one of the Egyptian infantry regiments, well armed, and about 40 mounted men. This is in order to protect the sacred object from falling into the hands of the Bedouin tribes, through whose countries it must pass, and who are on the look out for it, as the carpet is worth a fine ransom.

"I like athletics for girls. You ought to see how my daughter can run up a rope." "And you ought to see how mine can run up a bill."