When Jerrold was on his way to the dining-room, he mot the servants upon their way to bed, and questioned one of them respecting his

"Your mistress will not allow me to send for "Tour mistress will not allow me to send for the doctor, and thinks that her attack is not se-rious, and yet I cannot help feeling uneasy. I am afraid that we may not beapplying the pro-per remedles. Pray, what did you do in her former attacks?"

"Hor former attacks?" the girl repeated, with an expression of surprise,

"Yes, when your mistress was taken ill before. She tells me that this is only one of several that she has had lately."

"Missus has not been ill before, sir, that 1

know of."
"Not ill before?"

"Not very lately, perhaps; but a week or two ago."
"Not since I have been here, str."

He asked no further questions, although the roply somewhat puzzled and dissatisfied him. Somehow, he could obtain no satisfactory explanation of any difficulty since he had been at

The thought had never struck him until this moment, but once having struck him he pondered upon it with growing uncastness.

He stood thinking for a while upon the threshold of the dining-room, and then the recollection of the errand that had brought him there recurring to him uncaped the deer and entered. recurring to him, opened the door and entered.

But by some accident, holding the candle carelessly, he let it fall and extinguished it.

The servants by this time had gone upstairs. and he did not like to call to them for a light. Besides, he knew, or fancied that he knew, where to put his hand upon the object of which he had come in search, and would be able to de

so in the dark.

It, however, was not dark, for the blinds had not been pulled down, and the moon was shining brightly without.

On entering the room Jerrold glanced invo-lunturily in the direction of the windows, and

saw in the garden without a tail dark figure, standing motionless, looking up at the house. Very still and motionless it was: so much so, indeed, that at first Jerrold fancied that it could not be a human figure that he saw but a bush, taking a form which had caused him to mistake it, at the first glance for a man.

But another look convinced him that he had not been mistaken. There certainly was a man in the garden, looking up at the lighted window

of the bedroom above.

What could be his motive? No good errand could he be upon, that was certain. Most probably he was a thick.

banty he was a trues.

At any rate, Jerrold was determined upon ascertaining the cause of his visit, and with this
intention he crossed the room as noiselessly as possible, with the idea of opening the window, and suddenly confronting him But upon the way, when about a yard from

the window, he stumbled over some piece of furniture which he had not noticed, and the noise startling the intruder, he instantly turned

Jerrold sprang to the window, and with some difficulty, for it was bolted at the top and bottom,

This was, however, the work of several moments, and when, at length, he got out into the garden, he looked in valu for the fugilive.

Without hesitating, he rushed forward through the bushes, and reaching an open space which commanded an uninterrupted view of the whole garden, gazed around. But he could see no one.

He vaulted lightly over the garden wall, and walked rapidly down the road, peering engerly into every dark corner that he passed.

night was very still, there was scarcely breath of air stirring strong enough to rufile the slenderest blade of grass by the road-side; and naught broke the silence save the faint rippling of the water in the brook as it hurried on its restless course in the deep shadow of the tang-led underwood that hid it from his sight.

He was not to be beaten though, yet; and made the circuit of the house, looking everywhere in the expectation of seeing or hearing something of the intruder.

Arriving at last, however, at the spot from which he had started, he entered the house, by no means pleased with the result of his strange

For some time he waited silent and anxious in the dark dinling-room, expecting that the person, whoover it was, that had been playing the spy upon his premises might return to his post, thinking that the coast was clear. ing that the coast was clear.

But in this hope he was doomed to be disap-

Half an hour passed without his again making his appearance, and then the Captain reluctantly gave up all idea of catching him.

All he could do now, was to make a tour of

inspection round the house, and make sure that the fustenings of the doors and windows were

He refrained from saying anything to Eleanor on the subject when he returned up-stairs, thinking that by so doing he would but alarm her unnecessarily; yet the matter did not very soon fade from his mind, and more than once through the course of the long, and to him rest-less, night, he raised himself upon his elbow to listen when any noise, real or imaginary, in the house below, made him fancy that the thief had

And did Eleanor sleep any more soundly than her husband?

Or did she lie long hours in the pitchy darkness with wide open eyes fixed upon vacancy, pondering upon the question which had so disturbed her a while ago, and yet remained unan-

How to escape? How to escape? From what should she fly? What danger on. compassed her?

What load of sin lay heavy on her breast? Was it possible that one so young and beau-tiful as she was, could have committed some deadly sin, the terror of the discovery of which haunted hor day and night?

But what more likely. It was certain enough that she had a dark secret rankling in her heart.

It was certain, too, that her life was one great

> CHAPTER IX. GATILERING EVIDENCE.

Lest the reader should be tempted to think worse of our smiling friend, Mr. Peroy Hard-wicke than he absolutely deserves that we should do, I hasten to say a few words respecting his antecedents. Indeed this explanation should properly have been given at an earlier period of our story, had we not had to deal with

other matters of more importance. He was, then, a young gentleman, who, although professing himself to be very poor, had, somehow or other, contrived to gain possession of, and to squander, some considerable sums of

money.

He was a younger son of a wealthy house, and, having good expectations, found no great difficulty in obtaining cash, promising to repay it when he should come into his own.

As, however, he was a very long while arriving at this happy climax, there was, in the end, a good deal more trouble in obtaining supplies than when first he started. He got on somehow

though, protty well for all that; and, as when he had reached the worst, he found a rich widow willing to bestow her hand and fortune upon him, he was supposed by his friends to have brought his career to a close in a very satisfactory manner.

His career, however, was not terminated by marriage. On the contrary, the rich widow having obligingly taken her departure for a bet-

ter world he bogan life in earnest.
With such carnestness and energy, however, that he very soon ran through all his money, and was obliged to begin borrowing again harder

than ever. At this point in his career, his profligate friends -more particularly those who had outen and drank to the most at his expense-gave him up with disgust.
Indeed, there seemed no help for him now;

he must go rapidly down hill, and end his days in abject misery, as is the fate of the greater part of the spendthrifts to do."

But such a fate did not await our smiling friend.

Quite the contrary.

When he had reached his last shifting, and was tossing it up as a guide to him in his future course of conduct—to settle, in fact, whether he should turn his attention to felony or suicide, the post brought him a letter from England-he was at that time, in the East India Company's service; and this letter set him upon the top of

It was to say that his elder brother-a stern It was to say that his elder prother—a stern, uncompromising relative, who, his life through, had obstimately refused to be swindled by the younger—had died suddenly, without a will, and he, Percy Hardwicke, was the heir to all

In the ordinary course of events, the younger brother had not expected so fine a windfall, as it was in the power of the elder brother to will away many of his belongings; and from his experience of the state of feeling which his elder brother entertained towards him, he thought it extremely improbable that he would receive any valuntary legal from his bands voluntary benefit from his hands.

The elder had, through his life, increased in-stead of wasted his patrimony; and when the younger stepped into his dead brother's shoes, he found, to his great satisfaction, a very large sum of money suddenly placed at his disposal, which he was very far from expecting. As he found the society of Calcutta to his

As he found the society of Chicutta to his haste, he did not for a long time entertain any idea of changing his quarters.

He lived thore for a year and more after he had received the intelligence of his brother's death; but at last, the fancy taking him, he packed up his goods and chattels, and started for England.

Upon the way the ship was wrecked, and all hands but the young officer perished.

Hardwicke was found in the last stage of ex-

Introvicke was found in the instatage of exhaustion, elinging to a spar, and drifting at the mercy of the waters. He was rescued by the Captain, and came in his ship to England. In a belt round his body he carried a sufficiency of money in notes to last him well for some

time to come; and as he was tolorably comfort able at the inn, and had moreover a love affair to occupy his attention, he had no kies of changing his quarters for a week or so.

His property all this time was in the hands of his late brother's steward—a person in whom the elder Mr. Hardwicke had placed the most implicit faith.

Implict fatth.
This good opinion, however, was not shared to any great extent by the younger, who had no very great fatth in anything that was good—in virtue of any kind.

He did not take any active steps, though, to

look into his affairs.

He was very comfortable at his inn, and meant to stop there for a while—until he was tired, at any rate.

tired, at any rate.

"He can't do a very great deal of mischief,"
thought Hardwicke; "and if he does, I can
punish him pretty severely. Most likely he is
a knave, for who is not? If he is, then, when
he hears that I took a passage in the Aurora,
and that the Aurora has gone down, he will
suppose that I have gone down also. What will
then he the consequence?

suppose that I have gone down also. What will then be the consequence?"
He asked himself this question at the break-fast-table the morning following the events which have just been recorded in the preceding

chapter.

He smiled with his customary sweetness, as he thus reflected, breaking, the while, the shell of a new-laid egg, and gazing placidly through the open window on to the green fields and sweetly-scented garden spreading out before him.

"What will, then, be the consequences?" he repeated. "My friend, the honest steward, will suppose that I am dead, and will throw off the mask of sanctity, and appropriate my little pro-perty, without any fear of being called upon for an explanation. And then, what will be the consequences of this highly ingenuous proceeding? Let me see!"

He paused in his reflections, until he had satisfactorily disposed of the egg then under discussion, and guzed out of the window with a patronizing smile, as though he would to the utmost encourage Mother Nature for her recent

"In the first place," he said, "I shall turn up in the style of other long-lost brothers dramati-cally represented; and I shall be, to use the par-lance of the vulgar, down upon him protty-considerably. Ha, ha! How very surprised he will be to see me!"

The notion of the steward's blank expression

of countenance afforded him the highest satisfaction, and caused him to laugh to himself for several moments so merrily, that Mrs. Miles. passing by the window accidentally, and peep-ing in, was carried away by admiration of his handsome face, and conveyed to the parlour her opinion that the gentleman in the parlour was the pleasantest, best-natured, kindest-hearted gentleman there had ever been within the "Blue Dragon"s" walls since the "Blue Dragon" had gone in for a house of entertainment for travellers and their cattle.

Pretty Phobe listened to this opinion of her mother's with a Cint blunk though the effects.

mother's with a faint blush, though she offered what she thought, however, is quite another

affair. What did she think? That the gentleman was very handsome, that is certain.

That he was a very fine gentleman, and a very rich gentleman, and that he loved her, oh ! o...in fact, very much indeed.

She also thought what a very fine thing it

would be to be a fine gentleman's fine hady, and ride in a carriage of her own, drawn by prancing greys.

She had not been quite able as yet to make up her mind whether grey or cream-coloured

would be the most effective.
Poor, protty little foolish head! All night long it had tossed uneasily upon its pillow, too full of thought for sleep. Over and over again, in imagination, had she

arrayed herself in gorgeous apparel—had she driven through the village street, leaving behind her the awe-struck villagers gaping through the dust at the last obtainable glimpse of her departing splendour.

There was one face among the others, though, which, even in the happiest scenes, would thrust itself forward somewhat unpleasantly—the face

of the blacksmith, Jabez Rourke, (To be continued.)

LEND A HAND.

Life is made of ups and downs—
Lend a hand,
Life is made of thorns and crowns;
If you would the latter wenr,
Lift some crushed heart from despair—
Lend a hand!

Crowns are not alone of gold-Lond a hand:

Diadoms are bought and sold;

But the crowns that good men hold

Come from noble deeds alone—

Lond a hand!

Many crowns that many wear— Lond a hand: Nover in the sunlight glare; Diamonds never in them shine, Yet they hold a light divine— Lond a hand-

Hold a light that no'er shall fade-Lend a hand.
Beauty art hath never ande;
For these crowns that good men wear,
Everlastingly, are as rare—
Lend a hand.

Would you own so bright a crown?
Lend a hind.
When you see a brother down,
Lead him from the deep, dark night,
And place him in the morning light—
Lond a hand.

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IN AFTER-YEARS:

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XXX .- Continued. Catchem had now discovered in whose hands he was; and called ouf loudly that he would have both men punished for interfering with him in the discharge of a duty which he had promised Sir Richard before he died to perform; namely to forward the money placed in the desk at once to Aberdeen. Adam turned to Sir Richard for confirmation of this, the sick man shook his head deprecatingly.

Catchem unconscious of this by-play going on at his back struggled and raved, declaring with oaths that he would have both men taken up and put into prison if they did not at once

release him from their grasp.

All this time James Frazer kept firm hold of Catchem's arms while both men pressed his legs and body against the bureau, Adam not for a moment relaxing the hold he had of the lawyer's neck or ceasing to disgorge from his pockets the stolen money; at last Sir Richard's watch was discovered, to the guard of which Catchom's brass stamp with its C. C. was attached.

"Did Sir Richard bid ye take that to Aberdeen?" inquired Adam sharply, and then before Catchem could reply he had turned

round to Sir Richard saying:

"Wo'll better lock bim up in the armoury
your honour and send to Haddon Village for an officer to take him into the jail in Aberdeen, he had your gold watch in his pocket and your scals is all off and a brass thing tied to the gold chain."

Sir Richard signified his assent to this by a faint inclination of the head and forthwith Catchem was lifted in the arms of the two men and conveyed to the armoury in the eastern tower, thrust in and the door locked upon him.

the indignity put upon him, the bruises he had received from the two men in the rather rough way in which he was conveyed to the armoury, and alive only to the fact that a few hours were probably all that were left him of liberty, he at once set about seeing by what means he could arrive at that consummation.

He endcavoured to throw open the window in

which after many futile attempts he was at last successful, but alas, as far as before from the desired object of freedom.

The window was nearly at the top of a high

tower without corridor or any apparent means of outward communication with the main building attainable from the room in which he was confined; closing the window to shut out the car of Sir Richard now, that he felt but too cold December wind, bleak enough at any time and then coming in fierce sweeps from the they had done in old time if coming upon north-east as if a storm was not far off and ere sunset would be upon the old Castle in all its

Catchem now bethought himself of the many doors which he had heard of being in such old castles leading to back staircases or passages, one of which might lead to the outer air, and he carefully lifted each coat of mail in hopes of finding such; in his search he came upon the sliding panel which when last closed by Sir Richard had not sprung to the snap which closed it and stood within a straw breadth from the panel to which it fitted: inserting his nenknife in the aperture it at once yielded and disclosed the staircase at the back of the inner

Catchem ascended quickly, he believed him. self ascending to an opening in the top of the tower and he pressed on notwithstanding the inky darkness which soon surrounded him; within, down below in the armoury, there we every instant danger, policemen, a jail staring him in the face; above this dark staircase might be an opening in the roof which would lead to some other part of the castle and cscape; once on the ground, in the open air, she would trust to his wits, escape from these Scotch

boors would be easy enough. Up and up he went, feeling his way with hands above and below lest he might be stunned by some projecting stone or beam; at last the cage room was gained, but alas, no means of exit from thence could be seen, the narrow slit which served for a window not being large enough to permit of his putting his head out to reconnoitre the beyond. The strip of deerskin fastened to the knob in the middle of the cage next attracted his attention, it had remained there for nearly twelve years, by the bulk which the knob formed preventing the spring going back to its place, and thus keeping the door

Catchem fancied it might be a way of opening some aperture in the roof, and pulling the skin with a quick jerk the whole came tum-bling down sweeping with it the accumulation of dust-which helped to keep the spring from

shutting.

A click! the door was again shut as suddenly as it had been so long ago upon Sir Richard, and Catchem found himsel a pri-

and he soon gave up the attempt, his chief dis-tress being not that he could not open the door, but that he must sit upon the dirty dusty floor, and that now there was no prospect of escape from the jail which was certain to have him for a tenant, for a time at least.

Catchem was finical in his taste, and in order to be fitted for the position among the aristocracy he meant to assume at no distant date now, the cultivated this taste, and it offended him to think he must perforce in case they should not come for him soon be obliged to sit down there among the dust and dirt. The cage had not been dusted since the days of Sir Richard's captivity twelve years past, it is impossi-ble to say assuredly it was dusted even then, dusters and brooms were scarce commodities in the cage, and the spiders had been busy at work forming traps to catch unwary flies; and rats which in Sir Richard's time had never come nigh the cage tower, attracted perhaps by

little homes the entrance to which was close to the stone flooring in the black walls; the bis-cuits were gone years ago but the rats stayed on, and toward night they came out to have their nightly revels in the cage. Catchem like most bipeds did not at all relish the society of rats, and when they came out one by one staring at the stranger who was invading their domain, he tried first to frighten them away by calling hish, hish, and then by waving them off with his hands, but finding these plans equally ineffectual he removed the remains of the skins and plaid which once formed the bed of Sir Richard intending to throw it after them, and by a grand coup de main frighten them off so that they would not return

the box of biscuits left there, had now many

so that they would not return.

He had reckoned without his host; in trying to lift what seemed to be a mingled heap of deer skin and woolen stuff, he had merely disturbed a collection of rottenness and dust, the latter falling upon his face, filling nostrils, month, eyes, and his scanty hair, with strong smelling dust and dirt, the whole space being darkened and filled with the dusty cloud of filth. Instead of frightening the rats, the dust seemed to bring them out in increased numbers. Catchem tried the effect of loud cries without avail, and as a last resource was obliged to climb the bars of the cage, clinging to them with hands and feet that he might be safe from the hungry rats he feared as well as

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Thy flerce wrath gooth over me, Lover and friend hast Thou put far from me, Mine acquaintance into darkness."

A fierce hurricane of wind and sleet swept round Haddon Castle, battering the old walls and howling among the leadess branches of the beech and oak trees; bearing strong trees down to the ground and snapping the branches and younger trees in twain as if they had been formed by the hand of man and wanted the livith pith which makes them strong to resist sun and wind, and to bend under the storm rising stronger by the conflict. The windows shook and rattled in the deep casements of the chamber where the Lord of Haddon lay dying, his only attendant the old man he had persecuted almost unto death.

Sir Richard lay exhausted from the exertion and excitement he had undergone, but as be-fore perfectly sensible of all that passed around him; the fierce storm that swept round the castle, the groaning of the old trees as they bent beneath the blast, the howling of the wind rushing down the wide chimney and scattering the ashes from the hearth out on the rug and deer skins placed there to afford warmth for the feet of the invalid; all came distinctly to ear of the sick man, oppressing him with fear as only the elements with their many voices

can oppress the sick and dying.

Adam's voice too he heard, as the old man standing by his master's bed keeping watch for the least motion of face or hand by which he could understand an expressed want, gave utterance to the emotions which were passing in his mind — "Oh Lord God of my salvation incline Thine ear unto my cryl — Thou hast laid me in the deepest pit—in darkness in the deeps—Thy wrath litth hard upon me—Thou

hast afflicted me with all Thy waves—"
How differently these words sounded in the Adam at his work in the garden; he heard the old man lifting up his soul in praise to his Master in the bible words which had been familiar to him from his youth.

Then he counted the old man either a fool or a hypocrite, the words of truth to which he gave utterance, as old wives fables, heaven and hell as visions of the night, eternity a myth.

Now, he would give all his land and gold, that he might live only a few years to atone for the wickedness of the past, that he might learn the deep things of God !

Alas I alas I as if a whole life of devotion could atone for one year of sin. The doctor whom Frazer had gone to seek, came, and administering a cordial restored to

Sir Richard the power of speech. "I would have been to see you during the day," said he, "but you seemed so much better

yesterday I considered it unnecessary. "I excited myself too much," replied the ininvalid. " You must take care and not do so again." "Doctor tell me the truth, can I recover?"

"What makes you ask such a question? you told me a few weeks ago that all your worldly affairs were settled." "I thought so then, in the past few hours,

part of which I lay dead in body, alive in all my past life; would to God I had only one year of life left!" "Sir Richard, I must not deceive you, you may live a day or two, or you may die ere morn-

ing breaks."
"Doctor, take a pen and write what I dietate." The Doctor took writing materials from a side table, and Sir Richard in a clear voice directed Alexander Waddle if he came to Haddon previous to his death, to give all the te-nantry new leases of their tarms at the rents they paid in Sir Robert's lifetime, also desiring the money to be taken from a secret cuppard which would be shewn him by Adam and of which Adam had the key, fifty thousand pounds of which was to be spent in draining

jected some hours before, to Adam, telling him where to find the cupboard in the wall, by re-moving part of the wainscoat behind the window shutter in the north window of the great dining room.

"I will go now, Sir Richard," said the Doctor "wild as the night is I have a patient to whom I must go ere I sloep, I leave you in good hands, Adam will not let anything be un-

good hands, Adam will not let anything be un-done that will be for your comfort."

The Doctor lingered a second or two, the sick man signified his willingness that he should go, he then departed saying in a low solemn voice as he left the house: "The Lord have mercy on that poor sinner's soul, he would be just now when it serves no purpose to be other-wise"

"Adam," said the dying man "where is Mrs. Lindsay and her sister?

"Weel, Sir Richard, I daresay it would be no harm to tell you where they are now, but it would do you no good, and it's none o' my bu-siness and I'll no tell."

"Adam, tell them that the child was given by Catchem (the man in the armoury) to a woman in Seven Dials, they will have plenty
of money now and if they pay Catchem well,
he'll get back the child."

"The child, Sir Richard, is with its mother

since the summer, and a bonny bairn he is, as like Sir Robert as ever a son was to its father." "Thank God I" said the dying man fervently, that is one evil less to atone for. I have leda

bad life, Adam, and now at the last my sins are coming about my bed as if they were evil spirits come to torment me before the time."
"Ye can take your sins where every sinner has to take them before they can be elemsed from the soul of man, to the Redeemer of God's

elect; He is mighty to save unto the utter-most all that come to God through Him." " It's too late now, Adam, as I have sown so

must I reap." "No," replied the old man in a strong daunt-"No," replied the old man in a strong daunt-less voice, speaking in the full assurance of faith: "it's no too late, the greatness of sin, or the shortness of time, is nothing to the Lord; we have no right to limit the power of the Holy One of Israel; one day is in His sight as a thou-sand years, and a thousand years as one day, and His word trade strong and early (bulling) and His word stands strong and sure' 'believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' 'He that cometh unto me, I will in no

vise cast out.' "

"Oh, Adam, pray for me that God would for-give me for Christ's sake."

"I'll do that, Sir Richard, but pray ye to the Lord merciful and gracious yoursel, one cry from the soul of the sinner: 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' is more precious in God's sight than all the prayers that the godliest man on earth could send up for you; no man can deliver his brother's soul, try to think on the love God had for poor sinuers when He sent His own Son to die that they who believe on Him should not perish but have eternal life; just only believe His own word, what He has suid and tell Him that ye do believe it."

"Pray for me, Adam, that God would give me power to call out to Him in this faith you

peak of." Adam poured out his soul, with strong cries and supplication unto the God of the spirits of all flesh, praying for light and saving grace to the poor soul now repenting in dust and ashes. Suddenly a pieroing cry of horror 'Adam! Adam!' came from the sick man and the bed shook as if the occupant were under the in-

fluence of an ague fit.

"Lord Jesus save him ere he perish," petitioned Adam in strong supplication as he rose from his knees and took in his own one of Sir Richard's hands which were both uplifted as if to put away from his sight something horrible which he could neither endure nor fly from.

"Look, look, Adam, an evil one at the fireplace, opposite the foot of the bed, he mocks and derides me; he comes to torment me be-fore my time."

"I weel believe that Sir Richard, I canna see him, but I believe that you do; defy him in the name of the Lord, and call upon God to de-liver you from him, and though a thousand devils were encamped in this room, the Lord is greater than them all, and can save you out of their hands " "Adam! Adam! he points with his black

and curved claw-like finger in my face, he shoots out his forked tongue in defiance and mocking, and from his eyes streams fire to destroy me. "Avaunt Satan !" said the old man calling

out aloud in a voice of thunder, and waving his band in the direction Sir Richard looked. "In the name of Him who came from Edom with dyed garments from Bosrah, He that speaketh in righteousness mighty to save, I command you to depart to your own place, in the name of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, depart from this chamber and from this house.

The day was dawning, the storm over and gone as the words : "God be merciful to me a sinner," passed from the dying man's lips carried by the angel of mercy up to the Throne of God.

A great strugle-eternal silence. Adam closed his eyes and with uplifted hands communed with his God.

The dead man's glassy eyes spoke of mercy sought and found at the eleventh hour. (To be continued.)

WHY THE GERMANS EAT SAUERKRAUT .- The WITTHE GREMANS EAT SAUERKEAUT,—The reason why the most learned people on earth ent sauerkraut may be found, says the British Medical Journal, in the following extract from a work entitled Petri Andrew Multholi Sciencial Disc a work district Leri Antrew Matriot Senensis medici commentarii in sez libros Pedacii Dios-coridis de Materiû Medicâ. Venetits, ez oficinû Valgrisiana MDIXV. Traduit de Latin en Fran-cais, par M. Antoine du Pinet, Lyon, MDCIV. Préface, p. 13, ligne 30. Finally, in order to omit nothing which can add to the knowledge of simples, it must be noted that Nature, mo-ther and producer of all things, has created va-rious simples, which have a sympathy or natural antipathy to each other; which is a very considerable point in this matter, and has no like as a mystery and secret. And thus it has comed to me good to hint a word about it and principally of those which are used in medicine. To commence, then, with the oak and the olive: those two trees hate each other in such sort that, if you plant one in the hole from the other was dug, it will die there; and, even if you plant one near the other, they will work bling down sweeping with it the accumulation of dust-which helped to keep the spring from and improving the farms on the estate, the cach other's doath. The cabbage and the vine do the like; for it has been seen that, if you plant a cabbage at the foot of a vine, the vine whatever it was to be divided between the ladies called Agnes and like; for it has been seen that, if you plant a cabbage at the foot of a vine, the vine will recoil and draw itself away. And thus it is no marvel that the cabbage is very useful to solver topers, and that the Germans out it commonly in a compost to safeguard themselves from their wine."

