The

Wooing of Nell.

And then they both were silent, both conscious at the same moment that they were close to the spot where the body of Jem Stickels had been found on the previous night. Both uncle and niece looked furtively at the spot, easily discernible by the trodden-down condition of the wayside grass. And then, quite suddenly, their furtive glances sought each other's face, and for a moment their eyes met.

"Uncle," asked Nell in a whisper, "was the gun that fired the bullet found?"

George Claris shook his head in answer.

This indeed was the chief difficulty with which the local police, put on their mettle by the presence in their midst of Hemming, the London detective, had to contend.

The bullet found in the head of Jem Stickels had evidently been fired from an old-fashioned weapon, being of large size and obsolete pattern, and no weapon had been found in the neighborhood, after a diligent and exhaustive search. The theory of the doctors was that the bullet had been discharged from a pistol at a distance of at least some yards; but at present this theory had borne no fruit, except in the brain of the detective, Hemming.

That astute person had been revolving in his mind an idea which he took care to keep to himself, and which led him, within an hour of the conclusion of the inquest, in the direction of Shingle End.

Where would Nell be so likely to find a weapon with which to commit the crime which freed her from the fear of Jem Stickels, as at the house of an old soldier? Somewhere about the house, and probably in a place with which she, an habitue of the house, was well acquainted, the old colonel would be sure to keep some mementoes of his soldiering days, an inspection of which Hemming felt was very likely to give him the clue he wanted.

It was, as usual, Miss Bostal who opened the door to him. Her prim face seemed to light up on seeing who it was.

"Come in, do come," said she, throwing the door wide open, and inviting him to enter the drawing room. "I do hope you have got some more news for us. Do you know I hope more from what you will find out, than from all these country policemen! If they were to sit and talk till midsummer, I don't believe they would be any nearer finding out who did it than they are now."

The detective smiled.

"I think you are too hard upon them, ma'am," said he. "They think they've got a pretty good clue already. And they quite expect to make an arrest before many days are over."

Miss Bostal, who had followed him into the drawing-room, and was proceeding to light a solitary candle, after her hospitable custom, shrugged her little thin shoulders impatiently.

"They always say that. But what do you think?"

The detective did not answer at once. And when she turned to inquire the reason of this, she perceived, by the expression of his face, that something had startled him.

"What is the matter?" she asked quickly.

"I suppose these doings have made me nervous, like the rest of them, ma'am," answered he, looking down at his hat, and brushing it carefully with his hand; "for I fancied I saw somebody looking in at the window."

Miss Bostal looked at him curiously. It seemed to her that from where he stood he could see neither of the windows, nor even the reflection of one of them in the glass over the mantelpiece. However, she knew better than to argue with a detective. She walked to the windows, one after the other, and looked out.

"I don't see anybody," said she. "It may have been one of the urchins of the place, peeping in out of curiosity. This room is not much used, and the light may have attracted him."

"Very likely, ma'am."

"And now, what is there we can do for you? For, of course, you have come on business?"

"Why, yes, ma'am. Things look very black against your lady friend yonder."

And he nodded in the direction of the Blue Lion.

"Now, Mr. Hemming, I will not hear a word against that girl," said Miss Bostal with sudden warmth. "I tell you, the notion is absurd that the child should have had anything to do with it. And I am surprised to hear such a preposterous suggestion from a man of your discernment."

The detective looked down at his hat.

"It does you credit, ma'am, to take her part," he said, rather dryly. "Still, there are some questions I must ask the colonel if he will give me five minutes. And I'm sure I shall be glad enough if he can help me to clear her."

"My father will see you, I am sure," said Miss Bostal promptly, going to the door, "because he is as sure as I am that all light on this matter is in Miss Claris' interest."

And, rather resentfully glancing at him as she went out, she crossed the stone-flagged passage, and told her father that the London detective wished to see him.

"Show him in here," Hemming heard the colonel answer, in tones much more disturbed than his daughter's.

Miss Theodora ushered Hemming into the dining-room, which looked snug and warm after the cold bareness of the state apartment; and then left the two men together.

"I've come to ask you, sir," said Hemming, when he had apologized for intruding, "whether you have any fire-arms stored away in the house?"

"Fire-arms! No, certainly not," answered the colonel in a tone of indignation, which showed that he scented Hemming's desire to connect his property with the outrage.

"No offense, sir," said Hemming, persuasively. "But I am bound to make inquiries, as you know. I see you've got a trophy on the wall outside, with spears, a long Afghan gun, and——"

"Why, that gun would do more harm to the man who fired it than it would to anything he fired at!"

"And there's an old pistol there, too. May I look at that?"

"Certainly, you can, if you choose."

The detective availed himself of the permission, and brought into the room, from the place where they hung on the wall of the passage, the Afghan gun, a short and heavy camel-gun, and the pistol in question. It was an old cavalry pistol, of obsolete pattern.

This weapon Hemming proceeded to handle with interest.

"Take care," said the colonel, suddenly lucking his head as the detective held it up, and put his hand on the trigger. "It's loaded!"

"I think not," answered Hemming quietly.

And he pulled the trigger three or four times without effect.

The colonel jumped up.

"Why," cried he, "I loaded it myself the other day. I was showing the ladies how it was used, and I know I loaded it before I put it back in its place."

"Ah," said Hemming, more dryly than ever, "it's been used since, then, sir. Will you show me the bullets you have by you? I want to compare them with one at the Stroan police station."

"Why, man, you don't mean to say you suppose——"

"That you showed it to the ladies to some purpose? I'm afraid I do, sir."

CHAPTER XVII.

As soon as Nell and her uncle returned to the Blue Lion, they were met by the nurse who was attending Clifford. She said her patient was so anxious to see Miss Claris, that she had been obliged reluctantly to give him permission to do so, fearing that he would worry himself into a feverish state if she refused.

But, much to the nurse's surprise, Nell was even more reluctant to see him than she herself had been to give her permission to do so. It needed half-a-dozen earnest messages to persuade her to go to the sick man's room.

Clifford was lying in the little sitting room, which had been given up to him. He gave a long sigh of relief when he saw Nell. She was very pale, and the expression of her face was one of sadness and terror.

"Sit down here, Nell, beside me," said he in a weak voice. "And tell me why you look like that. I am not going to die. Is that what you are afraid of, dear?"

Nell shook her head, and tried to smile, as she took his hand. A hoarse, rattling sound came from her lips, but no articulate word. Then, meeting his loving eyes, she broke down and burst into a passion of tears.

Clifford did just the very best thing possible in the circumstances; he let her cry. Without a word, he sought and found her second hand, placed it with the other in his own left hand, while with his right he gently caressed her golden head. So she cried bitterly for a time, and then less bitterly, until, the pressure of her acute misery relieved, she suddenly sprang back, snatched her hands away, and dried her eyes.

"Now, Nell, do you feel better?" asked Clifford, as a faint smile began to hover on the girl's face.

"Yes, I do—much better," answered she in a more self-possessed tone. "Now, I can tell you something. My uncle thinks I—I—did it."

"Shot Jem Stickels?"

"Yes."

"Well, what on earth is he to think? It is just what I should have thought myself if——"

"If what?"

"If I hadn't happened to be in love with you."

Nell started.

"You don't mean that, really?"

"Yes, but I do, though. I got the nurse to pay someone to go to the inquest and report to me. He did, when the jury adjourned for luncheon. And now I've heard of your evidence, and the verdict. And, look here—I don't see how anybody, except, of course, me, could fail to suspect you—yes, you."

Nell, who had been very white, grew crimson as she looked at him.

"You mean—that you suspect me, too? You think me capable of——"

"No, child, of course, not. But I think you gave your evidence very badly, and that, therefore, you can't expect to be pitied. Now, tell me why you didn't want to come and see me?"

Nell silently hung her head.

"Was it because you didn't care if you never saw me again?"

Up went the face, radiant with passionate denial.

"Well, was it because you knew I should ask you some questions?"

Down went the face again.

To be Continued.

When you are weak, tired and lifeless, you need to enrich and purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

At Taberville, St. Clair county, Mo., a barn 60 by 100 feet has been built, 36,000 feet of timber and 70,000 shingles being used in putting it up. It is the largest in the country.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminater is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Wm. H. Manson, the sailor who carried Farragut ashore on his back at the siege of New Orleans, died at his home in York, Me., recently.

FAGGED OUT.—None but those who have become fagged out know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there was nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

Some people look happiest when they have bad news to tell.

A Chinaman advertised in newspapers of the City of Mexico a first-class American restaurant, where fresh oysters will be supplied whenever called for.

"Bacteria do not occur in the blood or in the tissues of a healthy living body, either of man or the lower animals." So says the celebrated Dr. Koch. Other doctors say that the best medicine to render the blood perfectly pure and healthy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

GOOD ADVICE.

He—I'm going to your father tomorrow to ask his consent, Grace.

Grace—I think it would be safer for you to telephone him.

GOOD NEWS

To Lovers of Good Health.

We have just received a quantity of the

RALSTON

Breakfast Food

—AND—

Pancake Flour

These are made from the Ralston formula, and are recommended by the President of the Ralston Health Food Club.

They are guaranteed to be the purest and most wholesome and palatable goods on the market. You can eat the pancakes without suffering from indigestion. One trial will convince you.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.,

169 DUNDAS STREET.

Woman and Home.

The Woman Who Has Befriended Many American Girls.

The Woman Who Wishes to Marry—Something About Help—Infancy and Childhood—Art or Comfort at Home—How to Use Teas—A Bottle Baby.

No name is more revered among English speaking girls in Paris than that of Miss Ada Leigh, now wife of the archbishop of Ontario, justly, too, for in that city, with its many charities and many dangers, positively nothing had been done for the hundreds of British and American girls resident there until Miss Leigh took up their cause, nor, so far as can be ascertained, are they even now systematically aided by any missions but those with which her name is identified.

Miss Leigh's life has been one of usefulness from her earliest girlhood, and it was while yet in the schoolroom that she began the work that ultimately resulted in the founding of homes for young women of her own speech in the French capital. When but 17, she conducted a Bible class at Manchester numbering 400 women and girls, most of them being older than their youthful teacher. So heartily interested was she in this work that when finishing her education in Paris she decided to organize for her young countrywomen in the foreign city just such a class as she had held in England. With this in view she wrote a number of notes, inviting English speaking girls to the hotel at which she and her sister were staying. Signing them "One Who Cares For You," she took them around to the different shops, studios and pensions, where the girls in whom she was interested were to be found. While still engaged in this work of organization a little incident occurred which determined the future direction of her efforts. One day when leaving a shop on a gay boulevard her attention was drawn to two girls who were passing, and she heard the despairing words, "I don't care what becomes of me," uttered in a strong Scotch accent. Going up to her and laying her hand on the girl's arm, Miss

MRS. TRAVERS LEWIS.

Leigh said gently, "But I do," at the same time giving her one of the little notes. It was the touch of genuine kindness to the influences of which those in despair are most susceptible. That Scotch girl became the first member of the Bible class, and her gift of 1 franc formed the nucleus of a fund which provided free beds for friendless English speaking girls in Paris.

Steadily the work grew until a home was founded—the Mother House, as it is now called—at 77 Avenue Wagram. Here have been sheltered and befriended over 9,000 girls of all classes, including governesses, maids, shopgirls and students. To-day there are three institutions of this kind as well as two branches. Washington House, the home of the art students, is the gift of a wealthy American woman, subject, however, to a mortgage, which now presses heavily, while the Children's home in the beautiful suburb of Neuilly is the bequest of a French Roman Catholic.

The work is undenominational and is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. None of the ladies in charge of the home receives any salary. As Mrs. Travers Lewis the founder divides her time between Kingston, Ont., the sec city of her husband's diocese, and Paris, where she still spends a considerable portion of each year. Her assistants are chiefly women of good family, who pay their board at the homes for the privilege of assisting in the work. Much of this consists in visiting, for they go about to different parts of the city, wherever an English speaking girl is in distress. Many of those thus rescued are servants who have been taken abroad by their English mistresses and then capriciously discharged. When their small savings have been spent and their few possessions parted with, in desperation they sell their hair. Then, were it not for these homes, many would find a resting place in the Seine. Through the free registry and various other means of aid they are helped to procure other situations. As has been said, however, this is not the only class appealed to, for the mission is a peculiarly wide one. The richest and the poorest can find comfort and protection in these English homes. Of course, as so many ranks of society are represented, the expense of maintaining the homes is considerably increased.

During the last year 775 young women have been received as boarders, and reliable positions have been found for 500, three-fifths of whom were from the United States. Altogether, through the various classes and other means of benefit, 3,000 have been helped.

Those from the United States are chiefly the daughters of poor professional men and are either studying art or are seeking positions as English governesses while acquiring a knowledge of French.—Buffalo Express.

The Woman Who Wishes to Marry.

No scorn is attached to a man who is known as "wishing to marry." Why, then, in the name of all that is logical, should such a desire on the part of a woman be treated with contumely and ridicule? Let us be honest for ourselves and for our daughters and confess that, anyway, 99 out of 100 of us want to marry and are conscious of a certain blank in our lives if we do not. Nature implanted in us the wish for a home. I do not say that I wish to see modest English maidens setting out a-husband hunting on their own account, but I do say that the tired and flushed mother, who chaperons her daughters when she would often much rather be comfortably tucked in bed at home, who is pleasant to eligible young men and cold to ineligible, is deserving not of disdain, but of all sympathy and praise.

As for the average English middle class father, words fail to express my scorn for his usual indifference to the situation. You never hear of a man who wants husbands for his daughters—it is always the wife who takes the responsibility and the blame—or, if one does hear of such an anomaly, the news is generally accompanied by the observation: "Oh, yes; he wants to get her married. He would like to travel, or to live in rooms in town, or perhaps to marry again himself." Now, what mother is wishful to dispose of her daughters in order that she may travel or live in chambers in town or even marry again herself? No, she generally lets her daughter go from her only in order that the child she loves may be insured the temporal welfare which she cannot pretend to despise. She it is who arranges the little parties at which the father grumbles, who encourages possible suitors to see her girls in their own homes and who, if she is sensible, teaches those girls the little domestic accomplishments which are necessary to every housewife, however liberal may be the scale upon which her establishment is conducted. The head of the house has in many cases forgotten that once he, too, was young; that he liked to look out among the pretty faces of his acquaintance for a possible mate, and that he was pleased to receive a welcome from the parents of the girl to whom he began to look for his future happiness. Now he growls out comments about "a pack of young fools around the place," asks if he may "never smoke a pipe in peace" and finally, waking up to find himself sitting at the head of a tableful of old maids, asks his wife resentfully "how it is she never managed to get some of those girls married," just as if it were not every bit as much his responsibility and business as hers.

No, let us be franker in our treatment of marriage, and not pretend that no desire for a husband lurks in the bosom of any well conducted girl, and that a mother who wants to see her daughters happily settled is merely a worldly and a scheming woman. I wish we could borrow some of the matter of fact simplicity of our French neighbors in this matter; that the dot grew with the daughter, and that for a British youth to be presented to a British maiden as a possible suitor were not considered an entirely demoralizing situation. Last of all, let me put in a plea for the mother's interest in the worldly goods of the young men who hover round her table and to suggest that surely she is justified in giving the cold shoulder to such as simply cannot afford to marry. After all, she is only chary of her daughter's affections and would not have them wasted in useless waiting or worn out in life's toil. —Woman.

Something About Help.

"When I select a servant," said a well known housekeeper recently, "I always consider the temperament of the girl and whether she is adapted to her work. If I want a cook, I look out for a woman well advanced in years who seems to have a little executive ability, a quality which every good cook ought to possess. A woman who has no skill in managing her work will make no success as a cook. As I do not expect perfection, I do not expect such a person will be an especially amiable woman. She must be quick and strong of sight, with acute hearing, in order to keep watch of her pots and pans and detect whether they are bubbling over, boiling too fast or have stopped cooking.

"Of course it is necessary that her sense of taste be perfect and that her eyesight be keen. In short, a good cook should be a strong, healthy person of orderly habits and some intelligence and large experience. How far one departs from this model one well knows.

"It is impossible for a slow, easy going girl, though neat and orderly, to make a capable cook. A cook must be a person who can be on the alert and can systematize all the details of her work. A nervous person may be a very successful cook. A slow, easy going girl, provided she is neat, may make an excellent nursemaid. A nervous person will never do for such a place.

"The first essential virtue of a nursemaid is that she be amiable, patient and kindly. If she is a very energetic girl, she is likely to find too little to do rolling a baby carriage in the park and walking about with children, and she will become dissatisfied and unhappy.

"A young girl is to be preferred as a nursemaid, provided she is kind and trustworthy. She will be a much pleasanter companion for little ones and will win their affections as an elderly woman seldom does.

"It is essential that she be trustworthy. No careful mother will leave her nursemaid to depend on her own judgment in essentials, and a young girl is likely to be more tractable than an elderly woman with fixed ideas."—New York Tribune.

Infancy and Childhood.

A child should literally be intelligently let alone. It should not be handled, or held, or rocked, or amused, nor should its attention be attracted in any way. For the first five or six months it should lie quietly in its bed or basket, be regularly fed and as regularly encouraged to sleep. It will of course get tired. Therefore it needs occasional turning, with change of position and a gentle rubbing of the limbs or back. A good rule is to stroke the little body for a few minutes and to change its position every time the baby needs to be made dry. The natural rapid growth of infancy makes the flesh tingle and the limbs ache, and frequent rubbing with the palm of the hand promotes future health as well as present comfort.

In order to preserve for a young babe the proper conditions of light, warmth and air, and yet to lift and carry it as little as possible, it is necessary to have for its first nest a movable bed. Any basket with the sides and bottom carefully protected and padded will serve, but the most convenient is the regular dog basket, with a hood on one side. This, when properly draped, serves to exclude drafts, while the drapery may easily be readjusted to vary the degree of light. If a child occupies a stationary crib, it must be moved from its bed whenever its room is aired or cleaned or is needed for other purposes. But when such a basket is used, the child and bed together may be changed from one room to another, or from one part of the room to a darker or lighter corner, or to a cooler or warmer one, as convenience or comfort may suggest. Most important of all, a mother, without confining herself to the nursery, can keep the infant under her own eye while engaged in her ordinary daily occupations. Even though she does not personally feed and care for her baby, she can thus superintend and criticise the nurse's efforts.

By this method she may also experience the greatest of all maternal enjoyment—that derived from watching the daily development of her child. Also she can at the same time, without interruption or fatigue, conveniently sew or read, write or study, receive visits or direct her household affairs.—Harper's Bazar.

Art or Comfort at Home.

Wherever we turn we find art at loggerheads with comfort. Comfort wants space here and warmth there. Art cuts up the nobler proportions of a fine room by screens and the like and makes picturesque "cupboardy houses" of arctic temperature in winter and stifling for want of free circulation of air in summer. Comfort wants good, heavy, lumbering curtains, and art gives light and easily drawn cotton wisps. Comfort wants useful furniture in its bed room, and art gives color and form instead of usefulness. Comfort wants windows where it can see the whole view uninterrupted; art chops up the space into small squares or draws over the whole an ard muslin curtain to drape the vulgarity of nature in her simplicity. Comfort likes a room to be as a box well lined and well upholstered; art leaves the side open to the passage and free for all the cold wind of the outer air whenever the front door is opened.

Comfort wants a chair in which it can lounge, and art says loftily, "We have banished the feather bed from the drawing room," while supplying only the hardest, most unrestful and most uncomfortable substitutes. Comfort likes its feet to fall on thick piled carpets which do not slip and do keep out the cold, and art gives a parcel of flimsy rugs, which it maintains to be the right thing for our climate. For art has odd ideas about climate and fitness and thinks itself logical when it would transplant the conditions of the south and east into our northern dwellings and make the rooms which have to battle against burning sunshine and oppressive heat the models by which to regulate those whose enemy is cold and where the desideratum is warmth.—Philadelphia Times.

How to Use Teas.

The suggestions to tea dealers of Joseph M. Walsh, an expert in selecting and blending teas, might be followed by housekeepers with benefit and satisfaction. The first is the employment of the softest water procurable or that which has been filtered. The next is to boil the water quickly and use it immediately upon the boiling point being reached, as overboiling impairs its efficacy in extracting the full strength and aroma from the leaves. Water short of boiling or reboiled can only make indifferent tea, thin, insipid and unattractive in color. The time allowed from drawing should vary with the character of the tea—viz, five to six minutes for China and Japan teas and only three to four for Congou, Souchong, India, Ceylon and Java, because of the great proportion of tannin they contain. Examination of the leaves after being drawn will prove whether or not the kind and quality of tea desired has been supplied.

The leaves of choice, pure tea will be found of medium and uniform size, perfectly formed, unbroken, and if of Oolong, green or Japan varieties, of a greenish color, while Congou, Souchong, India, Ceylon and Java will be dark brown. Another important observance is to select teas which will accord with the water which must be used. If very hard, Padroe, Saryune and strong, tarry Ooufa Congous are the best, with Indias of Assam variety and heavy drawing Ceylons, including broken leaf Pekoes, as good seconds; for medium hard water all kinds of the finer flavored Indias, first crop Panyongs, Keemun Congous, Oolongs, Japan and green; for soft water, all varieties and grades of Oolong green, scented, Japan, Ningchow, Paklin, Chingwo Congous, light drawing India and Ceylon and all descriptions of high flavored teas should be used.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Care of a Bottle Baby.

A good plan in caring for a bottle baby is to give it, three or four times a week, two tablespoonfuls of oatmeal gruel in its milk and occasionally a little lime water. The former will prevent constipation, the latter sweetens the stomach. The oatmeal should be cooked in water until creamy (about two tablespoonfuls oatmeal and one pint of water, with one-quarter teaspoonful salt; boil slowly in a double boiler one hour, then rub it through a sieve).

The bottle should be kept scrupulously clean. It is advisable to have two or three bottles on hand, and as soon as the child has fed clean the bottle with water, adding either a little borax or salt; then rinse well and fill it with cold water, letting it stand till wanted again. The nipple should be cleaned each time, then put in a glass with cold water until to be used again.

When the child is a year old, farina boiled in milk, rice, oatmeal and wheat preparations may be given to it once or twice daily; also baked apples in small quantities occasionally. The main food for children up to 6 years old should be milk, homemade bread, graham bread, cereals, fruits, light pancakes made of eggs, milk and flour. Eggs should be given sparingly and meat not at all.—Exchange.

A Peacock Mantel.

"Cover the mantel board with peacock blue velours," writes John Sparrowhawk in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Take peacock feathers of equal length and sufficient in number to go around the edge of the board, placing the reed or quill part of the feathers about one inch apart. Tack them on to the board with straw matting staples, and afterward cover with a jeweled gimp. The feathers may be secured at the center and ends by weaving through them some strands of silk of peacock blue color."

Receptions and Teas.

At teas and receptions guests are not expected to take leave of the host and hostess when departing, a card left on the table covering the point of civility. This arises out of the fact that people come and go constantly between the hours prescribed by invitation, keeping the hostess occupied in receiving from first to last. These affairs afford opportunity to entertain twice the number of guests without the discomfort of a crowd when the service in the dining room is continuous.

A hanging bookshelf may be rendered more ornamental if made with the lower shelf extending on either side so as to form a bracket for a vase or piece of bric-a-brac. It is also easy to construct one with a small cupboard inclosing the two lower shelves or with portions of two shelves irregularly railed off to hold curios.

The fashion of swell women going into trade originated in England, where well known women place their names on bonnet shop signs. In New York there are two ladies who have opened a tearoom, a couple of others have a florist's shop, and still others are at the head of a private family hotel.

Municipal suffrage in England is not confined, as many suppose, to a few rich women. The property qualification for both sexes is small, and more poor women than rich ones possess the franchise.

A pretty dolly can be made by embroidering yellow canvas with pale cream colored cotton and gold filoselle and finishing the edge with a border of drawn work.

Gloves worn at night too constantly are apt rather to yellow the hands than whiten them. Vaseline yellows the skin.

Lack of vitality and color-matter in the bulbs causes the hair to fall out and turn gray. We recommend Hall's Hair Renewer to prevent baldness and grayness.

Islington refuses to have a public library even when it can have one for nothing. The parish has rejected by a large majority an offer of $50,000 for such a library.

Battle of the Nile.

Its Effect and Its Influence Were Far-Reaching.

The Continent of Europe Was Convulsed From End to End When the News Was Known—Honors and Congratulations Were Showered Upon Nelson.

Of 13 French ships of the line all but two were taken or destroyed. The fleet was annihilated. "Victory," said Nelson justly, "is certainly not a name strong enough for such a scene as I have passed." In completeness of immediate results upon the field no fleet action has ever equaled the battle of the Nile. Upon the fortunes of the particular enterprise which elicited it—Bonaparte's oriental expedition—the effect was absolutely decisive. It became impossible, and was by experience demonstrated to be impossible, to afford to the expeditionary force the renewal of men and supplies, upon which depended not only the prosecution of the undertaking, but even the maintenance of the position already achieved.

The influence of the battle of the Nile was more farreaching still. The continent of Europe became convulsed from end to end as soon as the news was received. Elated by Bonaparte's career of victory in Italy and by the submission of Austria to terms of peace, the French government had entered upon a course of arrogant aggression toward other countries—of which the unprovoked Egyptian expedition was only one example—that had aroused the wrath of all nations. Even the United States was forced from its attitude of benevolent neutrality, which had depended upon the tradition of the war of independence and the adoption by France of republican institutions.

The general resentment in Europe was, however, curbed by experience of the might of the French revolutionary movement, and of the French armies when wielded by a man like Bonaparte, and there was wanting the demonstration of some power capable of imposing an absolute check upon their future progress. The battle of the Nile gave such a demonstration. As Nelson said, it was more than a victory; it was a catastrophe. The French fleet was annihilated, the Mediterranean passed into the absolute control of Great Britain, the flower of the French army and the invincible Bonaparte were cut off hopelessly from France. Turkey, previously overawed by the fleet, declared war in a month. Austria, Russia and Naples had already drawn together in coalition. They were emboldened, as the permanence of the conditions due to the battle became evident, to pursue their military enterprises upon a scale which brought the republic to the brink of ruin, from which it was saved only by the unexpected and fortuitous return of Bonaparte and his accession to supreme power a year later. Before the year 1798 expired a combined Russian and Turkish fleet entered the Mediterranean from the Black sea and undertook to wrest the Ionian islands from France. In India the movements against the British domination which had been fomented by French negotiations, and which Bonaparte expected to foster, fell stillborn when the disaster became known there. Nelson, aware of the importance of the news to British interests, had at once dispatched a special messenger overland to Bombay.

The general satisfaction, not to say exultation, was shown by the honors and rewards showered from all sides upon the victor. The sultan and the czar, the kings of Sardinia and of the two Sicilies, sent messages of congratulation and rich presents, the czar accompanying his with an autograph letter. On the part of his own country, the two houses of parliament voted their thanks and a pension of £2,000 a year. The East India company by a gift of £10,000 acknowledged the security gained for the Indian possessions. Other individual corporations took appropriate notice of the great event, instances so far apart as the cities of London and Palermo and the island of Zante, showing how widespread was the sense of relief.

In titular rank Nelson was raised to the lowest grade of the peerage as Baron Nelson of the Nile. Indignant comment was made in some quarters upon the inadequacy of this advancement to the brilliancy and importance of the service done. The ministry justified its action upon the technical ground that, though no superior was within 2,000 miles of Aboukir, Nelson was nevertheless a subordinate flag officer, not a commander in chief.

Not least gratifying to him, with his sensitive appreciation of friendship and susceptibility to flattery, must have been the numerous letters of congratulation he received from friends in and out of the service, and especially from men whose eminence and professional standing made their praise a sound criterion for the calm after judgment of mankind. Besides many other officers of character and reputation, the three great admirals, Lords Howe, Hood and St. Vincent, the leaders of the navy in rank and distinguished service, wrote to him in the strongest terms of admiration. The latter two did not hesitate to style the battle the greatest achievement that history could produce, while Howe's language, more measured, was so only because, like himself, it was more precise in characterizing the special merits of the action and was therefore acknowledged by Nelson with particular expressions of pleasure.—"Nelson In the Battle of the Nile," by Captain A. T. Mahan, in Century.

Average Age of Doctors.

It has been discovered by a French statistician that the average age of doctors is much higher than that of any other calling. It is no less than 56. When we consider that doctors are probably more reckless than any other diners out—habitually take the things they tell other people are "poison"—this is very creditable to the profession. The reproach, "Physician, heal thyself," would appear to be unfounded, for it seems they do heal themselves, or at all events manage to hang on to life longer than the rest of the world. They probably know more about antidotes and "poisons" than we do. Where their great pull consists, however, is no doubt in their opportunities of observing what treatment is most efficacious with their patients. A certain physician is said to have let this particular cat out of the bag to one to whom he was paying marked attention. "I am very much interested in your case," he said, "because I have the same complaint myself, and if this medicine really does you good I shall try it."—James Payn in Independent.

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