# Story of the Week. "A Wight of Terror."

busy entering items in her weekly account book, and generally examining the bills of the month morning a good many years She was a tall, thin, grayhaired woman, with an aquiline nose and distinguished air, which cast a reflection of grandeur on the diminutive study of her tiny house in C. Place,

She was still frowning over the butcher's book when the door was hastily opened by a bright-looking girl of 18 or 19, with shining nut-brown hair, end laughing eyes of no particular color, a slightly "tip-tilted" nose, and red lips parting to speak, over a set of pearly teeth. She held a note open In her hand, and came almost at a run toward the severe-looking lady Who was studying her books, and who

looked at her sternly. "Is the house on fire, Clara? Pray that the door!" "Do read this note from Aline Car-

Son, auntie. I suppose I may go?"
Mrs. St. George took the note and
read it slowly. "Manwell," she said, turning the note to look again at the address, "does that mean the lunatic asylum"

"Aline Carson," repeated Mrs. St. "Is that rather elegant girl George. who called on you last week the daugh-

"Yes, auntie," interrupted Clara, eagerly, "she is the only daughter of the celebrated Dr. Carson, who does such wonders by kindness with the insane. You know he-

"An excellent person, no doubt," in-terrupted Mrs. St. George in her turn. "But not exactly the sort of host for

"Why!" cried Clara, opening her eyes in genuine astonishment.
"These experimental doctors can scarcely be considered gentlemen."

"Aunt Honoria!" indignantly, "Dr. Carson is a perfect gentleman! I have always been proud of knowing him. He is so good and clever, quite wonderful. I have set my heart on this visit to Manwell, and I shall be leaving town so soon.

"If your father does no object, Clara, It is no affair of mine." returned her aunt, coldiy. "How did you come to know these people?"

"Aline and I were at school together for nearly three years at Versailles. During the short holidays Dr. and Mrs. Carson always came over and spent them at Versailles-not to take Aline across the channel—she was rather delicate, and they were, oh! so kind to me. Aline was staying with us in Yorkshire last autumn, and it is so unlucky that she and her mother were away all the first part of my stay with you. Well, then, autie, shall I write to say that I can go on Thursday?"

"Thursday?" taking a list of engagements for a letter rack. "Why, that is the 25th, the day of Mrs. de Tracey's dance, the last of the season.

"I don't care the least about it. I would much rather go to the Carsons, unless," checking herself, "you want me to go with you?

"There is no use in 'No!" abruptly. taking you to dances.' "Very well, auntie, I shall write to There is just time to post beaccept. fore 11 o'clock."

The days which intervened before the appointed Thursday were not exactly pleasant for Clara. She was not in the good graces of her stately relative, who, nevertheless, deigned to drive her Paddington station in her neat brougham, and send her almost clerical looking man servant to take her niece's ticket and see her safely into the train A short run of barely an hour brought Clara Rivers to her destination, where her friend awaited her, and after a delighted greeting drove her in a pretty pony carriage by green lanes and past groups of grand trees to the large establishment and extensive grounds over which Dr. Carson ruled.

The merry chatter of the two girlsrecalling of former experiences-looking through Aline's treasures of clothes and books, photographs and sketches, not to mention tea with Mrs. Carson, a pleasant, easy-tempered woman, made time fly fast, and it was soon time to dress for dinner.

"What charming grounds," said Clara, looking out of the window of her bedroom, while her friend glanced round to see that nothing was wanting for the guest's comfort.

"Yes; my father is very particular about them. At the other side there is a wood and a large lawn, but this wing is quite ours. The patients' quarters are to the right from this room." "Are you ever nervous about them,

The poor things that are "Oh! no. really bad are far away in the left wing. The quiet, reasonable ones are in the center.

"Do you ever see them?" "Oh, yes-when it is safe. When my father thinks it will do them good they come to dinner with us, or Harry and I go to play tennis with them.'

'Your brother Harry?" "My half-brother. You remember he came to see me at Versailles the winter before last? You know he is

mother's son. Mother was Mrs. Vigors before she married father. He has often asked about you. I hoped he would be here today. He has been away on a walking tour in the Pyrenbut I am afraid he may not come till Monday. He is not due at Woolwich till Tuesday or Wednesday. You know he is a gunner. Now I will leave you to dress."

This accomplished, not without pleasant backward glances at the brief visit paid by her friend's brother to their Versailles school, Clara descended to the drawing room, meeting her friend at the door. Aline Carson was a tall, slim, stately looking demoiselle, with fair hair and blue eyes; she was about a year older than Clara, and much more decided in character and manner. The girls made a prettily contrasted pair as they entered together. Mrs. Carson was seated in her favorite chair, stroking a beautiful Persian cat which sat on her lap, and the doctor was conversing with a well-set-up, well-dressed, soldierly looking man, not tall, but broad-shouldered and strongly built. His face was rugged and stern, and a scar as of a saber cut seamed his brow, narrowly escaping his left eye. Clara thought she had never seen such pierc-

ing, glowing dark eyes before. Carson welcomed his young guest with kindly warmth, and presented the gentleman with whom he was speaking as Major Delmege.

"I presume we need not wait for Harry?" said the doctor to his wife. she returned; "he would here by this if he were coming. shall not see him now till tomorrow," and she rang for dinner, which was im-

mediately announced. Clara found herself vis-a-vis with the major, who from time to time looked at her with almost alarming fixity, only at intervals, however, for he gave all his serious attention to his dinner. Judg-ing from his performances she imagined it must have been a considerable at least she lost consciousness, only to remedy.-British Medical Journal,

HE HON. MRS. ST. GEORGE was | time since he had dined previously. At length his appetite was appeased, and he began to talk with his host and hostess, by degrees absorbing most of the conversation; and very interesting his talk was. He had been a great traveler-had traversed Asia from the entering India from Mongolia, and finally sojourning in Ceylon, where he formed a devoted friendship with a Buddhist priest, whose disciple he became, and who initiated him into the wonders of occultism-some of the strange doctrines of which he was proceeding to expound when Mrs. Carson retired-much to Clara's regret-who was listening open-mouthed to the major's description of the first men,

according to the theosophic ideas. "Poor Major Delmege!" said Mrs Carson, as she drew her chair to the open widow and sat down to inhale the delightful odors of the garden. 'He was growing quite excited when your father looked at me. We must make him sing when they come in." "Still, my father has great hopes of

said Aline. "Why! can it be possible," began

Clara. "Yes, indeed!" interrupted Mr. Car-"He is a patient of my husband's, and a very interesting one. He was badly wounded in the head, as you see, at Inkerman, and has been subject to curious illusions ever since, though in some respects quite reasonable." "Is he very dangerous?" asked Clara,

a little anxiously. "No! When he first came he was inclined to quarrel with the men, but he was always nice to Aline and myself. He has a fine voice; we must get him to sing; it always calms him."

A short silence ensued. Clara did not at all like the idea of passing the evening in Major Delmege's company. His eyes had frightened her. It was all very well-these benevolent experiments of Dr. Carson's-but he ought not to prosecute them when he had guests.

While she thought, the major, followed by his host, came into the drawing-room. His eyes immediately sought Clara's with a somewhat wistful expression, but he sat down beside Mrs. Carson and talked to her in a low voice for a few minutes, while the doctor began to question Clara about her experiences of a London season, and she was forgetting her uneasiness when Mrs. Carson said: "Light the candles on the piano, Aline, my dear. The major will give us one of his own songs."

The gentleman rose and walked over

"Excuse me," he said with a wonderfully pleasant smile. "I did not catch your name when I was presented to you, and you remind me of—of—an old friend."

"Oh. my name is Rivers," said Clara, nervously.
"Rivers! No," shaking his head;

"that tells me nothing. Still, even the semblance of a familiar face is wel-Tomorrow if you will allow me I will bring the picture of a lady whom I fancy you resemble."

"Now, Major Delmege," interrupted Mrs. Carson. He immediately obeyed and seating himself at the piano struck some chords with a fine, strong touch, a dreamy look stealing over his rugged face. He went on to play some curious, wild, sad airs, unlike any Clara had aver before heard, with add almost uncouth transitions in the keys.

dear major?" asked Aline, with whom he seemed very friendly.
"I will," he said. "I will sing you a camp song that our fellows were fond when we were before Sebastopel. It's rough, you know," addressing him-

"But you will sing, will you not, my

self to Clara, "but you cannot expect much from an uncultivated soldier. The vords and music are both mine." He dashed into a martial prelude, like a march, and in a rich, powerful,

but untrained voice, trolled forth some verses with a refrain ending in "Com-The air was spirited and rades mine." catching, and charmed Clara, who was exceedingly fond of music. Once set down to the piano, the major

seemed disposed to remain there till the following morning. He sang song after song in a variety of languages, played airs and dances of the wildest description, till the doctor arrested him. "You make us forget the time, my dear major. We ought to be going to roost like honest folk. You must give us this pleasure again when Harry comes. You know how much he likes Comrades, mine."

Major Delmege started up. "I have orgotten myself!" he exclaimed; "you ought to have sent me away sooner.' He bade them a hasty good-night, holding Clara's hand a moment longer than be need, and murmuring: "I shall see vou again; I shall come and see you again," and departed, followed by Dr.

"What a wonderful man! What a pity to be so clever and yet so insane Did he compose all those songs him-

self?" cried Clara.
"Oh. no," said Aline, "some of them I know are not his, but sever I are—"
"He is rather excited tonight," added Mrs. Carson, "and the doctor had such hopes of him. I must say I always am a little afraid of him growing worse."
"Come, Clara," said Aline, "let us go
to bed;" and she carried her young friend off for a little further private confabulation before they resigned themselves to sleep. Seeing, however, that Clara looked pale and sleepy, Aline soon left her to repose, having made plans for riding to a "show" place in the neighborhood next day. Clara closed the door, locked it, and seeing a bolt above, shot it carefully, then she turned to look at the moonlit grounds before she drew down her blind, and

prepared for bed. When she returned to the dressingtable she perceived that in a slight recess to the right of the window, there was another door, she had not seen be-It evidently opened into the central division of the house. denly wished she had asked Aline about it, where it led to, and if the key was on the other side, for it certainly

was not in the lock. She tried the handle. The door was

"Probably Aline has locked it, and taken the key away," she said to her-"I must not let myself be silly. With this wise resolve she undressed,

put out her candle, and lay down to But though tired, sleep would not come to her. She shut her eyes close still she could not help seeing the strongly marked features of Major Delmege, his curious, half-fierce, halfwistful eyes. She was interested in him, but much more afraid of him. Then she tried to recall Harry Vigors, as a more agreeable subject of thought. He had not made much impression on her, but she did remember him as a tall, soldierly-looking young fellow, full of life and fon, always ready for a bit of mischief, though sharp and clever, with a good opinion of himself.

How tiresome it was she could not sleep. Now she opened her eyes and watched the shadows of the trees thrown on the blind by the moon-then

dream uneasily of her host's patient, who seemed to be playing backgammon with her Aunt Honoria, and finally threw his dicebox at that stately per-

sonage's gray curls. She woke at this sudden conviction that there was a noise in the next room or passage, and a rushing sound outside the house. She sat up and listened intently; no, the sounds must have been part of her dream. Now she only heard the distant baying of a dog. How long had she slept? She had left both candle and matches on the dressing table, and she felt strangely reluctant to get out of bed and fetch them.

What was that? a quick, soft footfall passing her door. The door opening on the passage which led to the staircase. Her heart beat. She could almost If, oh, if she could escape hear to Aline: But she dare not attempt it, some madman was prowling up and down the passage. Again the foot-steps passed. "If this goes on," thought Clara, "I shall be a lunatic be-fere morning." Then came a terrible moment, a door slammed quite near, and then she heard footsteps, no soft ones, rather firm, and inconsiderate of possible neighbors, going to and fro in the room next hers: also sounds as of things thrown about and the jangle of metal. While she listened appalled, her restless neighbor began to whistle loud and clear; she had no difficulty in recognizing the spirited air. It was poor Major Delmege's "Comrades

Mine."

Her dreadful foreboding was right, then; this lunatic was close to her! Perhaps had the key of the door on his side! Might come in and strangle her at any moment! What should she do? She dared not open the other door. She might meet him in the passage! What was to become of her? Terrified into a further stage of fear she slipped out of bed and groped her way to where she had thrown her dressing gown over a chair, and put it on, felt for the candle (the moon had now gone down), found it, but in so doing knocked the matches off the table, and feel as she would on the carpet, she could not hit on them. Should she scream for help? No, for the terrible creature at the other side of that frail door, might be irritated into pouncing upon her, and silencing her for ever. There was a pause in the walking to and fro-even the whistling ceased. Could the unhappy madman be going to sleep? Poor Clara indulged in a gleam of hope. She stole near the door. The moment all was still she would make a dash for

Aline's room. The next moment the sound of a heavy weight, driven with immense force, it seemed to her, against the intermediate door, deprived poor Clara of all self-control. She crept close to the entrance, and a cry for help, a despair-

ing cry, escaped her. There was a sudden cessation of bumping against the door. Rapid footsteps were hard, growing first fainter, then louder. Next the handle of the door near which she was crouched was tried by a strong hand, and a voicenct the mad Major's-a young pleasant voice, asked: "What's the matter? What's up? Can I help you?" "Who-who is there?" sobbed Clara

"Vigors-Harry Vigors. Can I help "Oh, thank God! thank God! Take me to Aline. Is it safe? Is it safe?"

through the keyhole.

"Yes, safe enough, if you will open And Clara, regardless of her dishev eled hair, her thin, white dressing gown, her tear-stained eyes, swiftly opened the door and rushed into the arms of a tall man in a robe de chamtre of Indian stuff, having evidently deposited his shaded candle on a small

table close by. "Great heavens! Miss Rivers!" he exclaimed holding her, up tenderly. "Oh, take me to Aline! Before he comes out and murders you, too.

"Who? Who will murder us?" "The mad man-Major Delmege! He has been trying to burst open the door into my room. I --

"Major Delmege? He is ever so far off. The room next yours is mine! I came so late that I did not disturb any one, but just turned into my quarters. I had no idea there was anyone next me. I am afraid I made a fear-I threw my portmanteau ful row. against the door into your room, which must have startled you. I am awfully sorry. Do forgive me? Why, you are trembling like a leaf. No, I am sure you can't stand alone. Shall I bring my sister to you?"

"No," returned Clara, feeling vague ly it was rather too informal to stand there is such deshabille, cuddled up in that protecting fashion by an almost total stranger. "No, I can go to her quite well," and she disenguged herself from him, "but you must come

"Certainly," said Vigors, taking his candle and preceding her. "I can never fergive myself for frightening you! Aline, get up. Here's Miss Rivers wants you!" and he partially opened his sister's door.

"Harry! What on earth has happened?" cried Aline, struggling into a wrapper and striking a light. "Why, Clara, you look like a ghost." A hasty explanation followed, Clara

sheltering herself in a big arm-chair "I am so distressed, dear, that I did not tell you the door into Harry's room is always fastened up-has been for vears-so I never thought of mentioning it."

"Oh, it is all right now, thank God thank God!" said Clara, bursting into tears. "Go away, Harry," said his sister in a low voice. "How is it you were

late?" "Oh, we came to Cherbourg Southampton, and did not reach Wat erloo till past 10, then I missed the 11:30 train at Paddington. Say, Aline, can't I get anything for her? She is aw-

fully upset." "Your best place is to disappear. will take care of her, and let us not say anything to father about it." The next day Clara was nearly her-

self again Though looking pale and feeling still nervous, she managed to ride, and found Vigors the most thoughtful and careful of cavaliers. Indeed-but having detailed the horrors of a night in Manwell, I have no right to prolong

### Semi-Tropical Heat.

The heat of Calcutta has been excessive. Out of doors, in the middle of the day the shade temperature has been as high as 115 degrees. In many of the offices, notwithstanding all the appliances to cool the atmosphere, a temperature as high as 107 degrees has been recorded, and in the coolest part of the city a temperature of 101 degrees has been the average. Many of the judges have been obliged to adjourn their courts, and commercial business has been practically at a standstill. This intense heat has had a disastrous influence on the health of Calcutta, and the death rate has risen as high as 58 per 1,000. Rural Bengal has, however, not suffered in the same proportion; for the death rate has been somewhat below the normal for the same month, and has only reached 25.8 per 1,000. In the towns of Burdwar and Hooghley the death rate has approached nearly 50 per 1,000. These figures seem to show that in India at is not so much heat that kills, as heat engendering unhealthy conditions in cities, for which scientific sanitation is alone the

## onely Labrador



DAILY ADVERTISER, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1898.

In the Land of the White Bear---Unique Sport and Toothsome Food-Monster Trout the Reward of the Angler-Intrepid Sportsmen Have Their

00000000

There goes a first-class funeral!" a bystander remarked, as we cast off our wharf lines on the 30th day of June and started upon our summer cruise.

The Swallow's register was 22 tons, and more than half of her available space was occupied by her boiler and machinery. She was capable of steaming six knots per hour under favorable circumstances, and could sometimes cover nine to ten with a good fair breeze, as she was schooner-rigged and carried a small mainsail, large foresail and jib. Her length was 48 feet; beam, 12 feet; draught, 6 feet; and her cabin accommodated six persons. There were two extra berths in the engine room, aft, for the fireman and engineer. A small boat, surely, to charter for the journey from St. Johns, Newfoundland. to Northern Labrador and return, a

salt water voyage of over 2,000 miles. The majority of the uninformed would undoubtedly have agreed with the merchant's chance remark, but the result proved him mistaken.

Those who have never been over the ground can scarcely appreciate the nature of this trip, which is erroneously considered a very hazardous ofe. The fact is, there is scarcely a point on the entire eastern coast-line of Newfoundland and Labrador where a secure harbor cannot be reached by an hour's steady steaming. The Labrador coast is particularly favorable for cruising in small vessels, as it is fringed with a perfect net-work of islands. The passages between these and the mainland are usually deep, and free from reefs or shoals. Where the latter exist they may be avoided with ease, for their color is universally light, and they are visible to the person on watch at a considerable distance, because of the extreme clearness of the water. The published charts show but a small percentage of the islands and protected channels; none of the deep bays and inlets north of Cape Harrison have ever been surveyed, and but flew of them explored; but the resident Esquimaux are excellent pilots, and their services are easily procured.

We encountered great numbers of large icebergs before we crossed the Strait of Belle Isle. The floe ice appeared off Cape North, but it was not until we reached "Ice Tickles," at the northern entrance to Crosswater Bay. that it caused us any annoyance. were obliged to pass through a string of it four miles wide in order to reach an anchorage that night, and more than once had occasion to thank the stout green-heart sheathing and heavy cross-timbers which protected the

Swallow's bows. From Ice Tickles to Cape Harrigan we fought our way, a distance of 200 miles, and our dread of the slack ice soon gave place to a feeling of pleasurable excitement, as we forced through corroming from place to place Coasting along the mainland, we

eaught attractive glimpses here and there of rapid brooks and roaring water-falls, and at the little fishing stations where we were wont to anchor for the night our larder was generally replenished with a few fine trout, a salmon or a cod. The streams and ponds, teeming with speckled beauties, fident of petter sport by we were caid not put our rods together for serious work until we came to anchor in Aillik

Here, beneath the shadow of Altagalylvivik's snow-crowned crest, we inlulged in our first day's sport.

The mountain sends out five great spurs into the sea, like monstrous fingers of an outspread hand, and forms with them a succession of deep wild bays, each fed with a number of cold spring brooks, in which the trout are of exceptional size, their average weight being not less than two pounds, while an occasional one will tip the scales at four. These streams may all be waded, and almost any fly will cause a rise.

The step ravines and terraces on the mountain side are excellent caribou ground, and this is the only coast point in Labrador where one may be sure of finding them at all times of the year. The reindeer visit the coast-line further north in droves of thousands dur-This is notably ing certain seasons. the case from Davis Inlet to Ungava Bay, and during their semi-annual migrations along the shore the Esquimaux hunters slaughter them without mercy. At least 10,000 deer skins are purchased annually at the five Moravian mission posts, and these centainly represent not more than one-half the number killed, for thousands of hides are reserved by the natives as material for cloting,

tents, and other necessaries. The reindeer is not the only species of large game to be found in Altagaiyivivik's slopes, for although the white bear seldom strays so far towards the south, his ebony brother is often met

with there. The white arctic fox and great brown polar wolf are plentiful, and large numbers of water-fowl, including the black Labrador and rider ducks, build their nests on the islands in the bays. We remained at Altagaiyivivik only long enough to become familiar with its

manifold attractions of frowning precipices, rugged cliffs, and forest-covered vales. From Aillik to Harrigan are a succession of broad bays and inlets, many of which penetrate considerable distances inland. All of these offered

tempting sport, both for the rod and

gun, but very little in the way of large game of any kind. The character of this glaciated, barren district is almost identical with that of Hamilton Inlet to the Great Falls, but the resemblance ceases at Windy Tickles. After doubling Cape Harrigan's precipitous shores, an entirely different formation is presented. scenery at once becomes the boldest, wildest, and most picturesque. The last of the fishing stations has been passed, and the Esquimaux, who come aboard in their quaint native dress of skins to trade their furs, possess no knowledge of the English tongue, except perhaps an occasional word of greeting. Every island rock is covered with the nests of water-fowl, and the white gulls soar in clouds about

the inaccessible cliffs. On every hand the mountains meet the sea, and their sides are marked with regularly beaten paths, the highways of the countless herds of migratory deer. My round-faced friend Itavaluk informed me with considerable pride that he had killed as many as 150 deer in a single day. When it is remembered that the Esquimaux possess only the very cheapest of muzzleloading guns, this relation speaks voltimes for the sporting posibilities of the country.

The white bear seldom stray south of Kig-la-pait; but Capt. Gray, of the Hudson Bay Company's steamship, the Erik, exhibited a fine specimen to us, which he killed in the run between Cape Harrigan and Davis Inlet, and Weighed a trifle over 900 pounds. We were not so fortunate, and it was

not until we turned south from Seiglick Head that we obtained our first shot at any of these polar monsters.

Quite a gale was blowing, and we were bowling along homeward, under reefed sails, at a good ten-knots speed, when a family of three of them was

sighted half a mile off our weather bow. Although our vessel was a most excellent sea-boat, it required some time to wear ship and overhaul them in the heavy sea, and this gave us an opportunity to quiet our nerves, so that by the time we came within range there was no danger of our over-shooting. The bears were in the water, making toward the land, a mile or more away, having evidently abandoned the dis-

tant floe ice some hours before.

They kept together, and made strenuous efforts to out-swim pursuit, but finally, realizing that we were surely gaining upon them, the largest turned and faced us with glaring eyes, gnashing her teeth and venting hoarse growls of rage.

She was almost under the vessel's bows before we opened fire, and after the volley she rose half out of the water and struck at us with her mon-

strous paws.
By the time we had put about she was quite dead, and the remaining two, which were but half-grown males, were easily given a quietus.

It required the united efforts of all hands on board to hoist the old one over the rail with the aid of the fore-most tackle. She measured 9 feet 6 inches from tip to tip. To our great regret, we possessed no means of weighing her. We saved a hogshead of oil from their fat, and the steaks cut from the young ones were found to be as tender as veal, and quite free from any strong flavor.

The return journey was commenced Sept. 26, and numerous stops were made to visit points of interest which we had neglected upon our outward voy-

Although the trouting was over, the bird season was at its best, and our guns were in constant use, even during the time we were sailing. Of all the sport to be enjoyed in Labrador, none excels the fall ptarmigan-

shooting. These birds are wonderfully abundant, and may be flushed in large coveys upon every rocky ridge No dog is required to hunt them, although a man to assist in carrying the game is almost a necessity. It would be impossible to secure a greater delicacy for the table, and not the least oleasurable part of the hunt is the brisk walk and climb across the picturesque hills in the bracing, healthgiving air. Every breath of that pure ether as a tonic, and the climate is just coel enough to tempt one to vigorous

exercise. The average summer temperature at noon is about 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and at night 45 to 50 degrees. The July and August days are eighteen to twenty hours long, and our cabin doors were ver closed day or night throughou

the entire summer. St. Johns was reached again Oct. 28, without mishap of any kind, and without recording a single day's illness We discharged the Swallow, which went into winter quarters, and upon returning to New York were agreeably surprised to find that the moderate sum of \$500 would cover all the expense entire five montharty of four for the

Northern Labrador Hiay pe visited at a comparatively small expense by means of the regular line of summer mail steamships which ply between St. Johns and the Moravian mission of Nain, 56 degrees 30 minutes north lati-

The trip from New York city to Nain can be accomplished in this way in three weeks' time, but if one desires to explore the deep inlets in search of the best sporting country, it can only be done with comfort and convenience by means of a chartered vessel.-R. G. Taber in Harper's Weekly.

## Herves and Digestion.

When Food May Be Rendered a Poison.

The Mouth Nerves Must Be Stimulated, or Digestion of Solids Will Be Impossible.

Among all the structures that make up the human body, the nerves are, perhaps, the least understood. Modern science, however, is never baffled by mysteries, and in common with other hidden processes, those in which nerve-force plays a part are being attacked by scores of investigators, and are daily yielding up some portion, small though it may be, of knowledge. The role of the nerves in the digestion and assimilation of food, as revealed by modern physiological research, is treated by T. W. Nunn in the New Science Review. Says Mr. Nunn: "The question whether food taken shall become really nourishing or become poison in a great degree is a question of nerve-force. The appropriation of food materials by the organism is not merely a matter chemical change, but is the work of agencies more subtle than those at command in the chemical laboratory. "Every one knows now mental emotion, intense cerebral nerve action, will arrest the ordinary secretions of the mouth. It is the arrest of the secretions of the mouth that makes it necessary for the 'unaccustomed' orator to have ready before him the wherewith to wet his tongue and lips. In India, when occasions of theft have arisen in a battalion, and it is desired to detect the theft, the soldiers are paraded, and into the mouth of each a few grains of rice are put. After an interval, on inspection being made of the rice in the men's mouths'

mouth. "The gastric juice, or special secre tion of the gastric mucous membrane, which membrane is thickly set with tubular glands affording this special secretion, is dynamically vance of the secretion of the salivary glands and mucous membrane of the mouth; but the special secretion of the gastric mucous membrane is poured out only in response to nerve impulses, otherwise there would hapnen in life what is occasionally seen

it is found ary in the mouth of the

thief, the nervous excitement due to

the apprehension of being detected

having stopped the flow of salivary

secretions and other moisture of the

to have happened after death-that is, self-digestion or solution of the coats of the stomach. The nervous stimulus that excites such secretion may be direct or indirect. The stimulation may begin in the stomach, or be the result of a reflex influence from a

After a detailed description of that part of the nervous system that has especially to do with the digestion. Nunn goes on as follows: "Man has the desire to make his

herve center."

food various in flavors. He aims at changes in the impression on his nerves of taste and smell, at least. The graduations in this respect from the absolute savage, who will eat his neighbor raw, to the fastidious epicure, would form the subject of an interesting treatise on gastronomy; a work, in fact, of comparative food preparation. Instinct at first, perhaps, points the way in search for fresh impressions on the gustative faculty. Let it be clearly understood that without stimulation of the nerves of the tongue and the palate no secretion of saliva will take place, and that, without saliva, food other than liquid food could not be swallowed, neither could the digestive process be completed.

"It may be incidentally mentioned that the quantity of the daily demand for saliva is much targer than would be guessed; to afford this quantity the salivary glands must be aroused from the almost dormant state which, fortunately, they maintain, since it would be very inconvenient were the slavering of the infant to continue through life. To awaken this function of the salivary glands to full activity, the stimulation of the gustatory and other nerves is the means. The resorts to condiments is one of the devices for stimulating these nerves; going beyond the maxim that 'hunger is the best sauce,' condiments mark a stage of civilization. Lalt is the universal and favorite condiment, and as it supplies something that is essential to the blood, it stands in a unique position among condiments. Hunters in the far west know that if they lose their supply of salt, the finest venisons can hardly be swallowed, so necessary is it for the palate to be stimulated by something beyond

a monotonous food." "Neglect to satisfy the demands on the nervous system in the nutritive processes carries heavy The amount of the nervous force producible by the nervous system is not unlimited, and if this is exhausted the digestive processes are obstructed or impeded. When great fatigue has been endured, or intense nervous excitement has been undergone, sufficient nerve-force is not left. nerve-force being reduced to a residuum, the digestive capacity of the stomach is unequal to its duties, lacking the support of nerve-force; therefore, it is wise, under such circumstances, to take a very light meal, and

to rest after the meat. "By rest the nervous system is recuperated. During the state of repose the great nerve centers upon nutritive material that has been stored in the blood and tissues. Then, when the organs are again in a state of full functional activity, the ordinary meals may be taken. There are some anomalies of idiosyncrasies of digestion that are parallel to anomalies of respiration Asthma of a certain kind will be induced in some persons by the scent of flowers that others will enjoy. The inhibition or the impeding of digestion, with poisonous consequences, will follow the taking of some common article of food which the majority of persons can take without prejudice. be that there is, under such circumstances, the development of an organic poison, or that the noxious material paralyzes the gastric nerves.'

#### Reclaiming Arid Regions.

The reclamation of the great arid

region of the United States-one-third

of our national area—is perhaps the most important problem before the agricultural world, and in a recent number of the Forum Mr. E. V. Smalley has some interesting things to say about it. While he does not believe, as do the optimists, that the entire region abundantly justify the progress alreaus made. He says that the physical conditions of the arid belt may be divided into four classes of territory-the pastoral, the mountainous, the desert proper, and the valleys. He thinks that the localities in the arid region which can be settled and where inexpensive irrigation may be employed are already occupied, or will be so before long. These conclusions are arrived at from the fact that the population is not increasing to any appreciable extent in the arid regions; in some States and Territories it has even fallen away, while the decline in one-Nevada-has been notorious for the past two decades. Mr. Smalley admits that the people of these regions have little or no surplus capital with which they may build canals, and these canals cannot be other than costly. He also regards as visionary the notion that Congress will apply national funds to irrigation. The Carey Law, however, provides for the donation by the Federal Government to each of the States in the arid belt of irreclaimable land aggregating 1,-000,000 acres. If any State proposes to come under the provisions of this law, it must file its maps with the Secretary of the Interior, showing what tracts are applied for, the sources of present water supply, and the scheme for its transmission. Should the secretary approve, he is authorized to reserve such lands. On this the State may proceed with its plans for irrigation, but may not own its patents until abundant proof is given, not only of the completion of the works, but of the actual settlement of the reclaimed lands. These lands must be in tracts of not more than 160 acres, of which twenty acres must be irrigated. Last winter four State Legislatures, those of Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and Washington, endeavored to avail themselves of this opportunity. In these States bills were passed creating commissions for irrigation with proper power for surveying and contracting. The companies with which contracts were made were to receive as payment for their work the reclaimed lands which would accrue to the States. In other words, private corporations (instead of public) are to be induced to build canals and works of irrigation, the States using the donation of Government lands as a bonus, but at the same time astutely refraining from involving themselves in debt. It is still a question, however, whether appropriations from Congress, or appropriations from the several States or corporate enterprises, will ultimately solve the great problem of irrigation in this country.-The Out-

card; and he's coming on Thursday.

IN THE COUNTRY. Mice Jay-Have you any letters for me today? Village Postmistress-Yes, miss, this

# FOR INFORMATION.

Persons who have sufficient interest in knowing what the experience of life insurance companies that have kept abstainers and non-abstainers in separate classes has been, to send a postal card to the manager of the Temp erance and General Life Assurance Company at Toronto, Ont., stating their desire to get this information can have it by a return