

A Husband by Proxy

By JACK STEELE

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued)

"I wasn't for myself I asked," he hastened to add. "I'll act my part till you dismiss me. I only thought if another man were to come upon the scene."

The far-off sound of a ringing house bell came distinctly to his ears. Dorothy looked up in his face with a startled light in her great brown eyes that awoke a new interest within him.

"The bell," she said. "I heard it! Who would be coming here tonight?"

She slipped to the door, drew it open an inch, and listened there attentively. Garrison was listening also. The door to the outside steps, in the hall below, was opened, then presently closed with a slam. The caretaker admitted a caller.

"Good! I'd like to see him!" said the voice of a man. "Upstairs?"

Dorothy turned to Garrison with her face as white as chalk.

"Oh, if you had only gone!" he said. "What's the trouble?" she asked.

"Who's come?"

"Perhaps you can slip in my room!" she whispered. "Please hurry!"

She hastened across the apartment to a door, with Garrison following. The door was locked. She remembered she had locked it herself, from the farther side, since the advent of her uncle in the house.

She turned to lead him round, by the hall. But the door swung open abruptly, and a tall, handsome young man was at the threshold. His hat was on. He was dressed, despite the season, in an overcoat of extraordinary length, buttoned close round his neck. It concealed him from his chin to his heels.

"Why, hello, Dot!" he said familiarly, advancing within the room. "You and your Jewell weren't trying to run away, I hope?"

Dorothy struggled against her confusion and alarm.

"Why, no," she faltered. "Cousin Ted, you've never met Mr. Fairfax Jewell, this is my cousin, Mr. Theodore Robinson."

"How do you do?" said Garrison, nodding somewhat distantly, since none of the Robinsons group had particularly appealed to his tastes.

"How are you?" responded Dorothy's cousin, with no attempt to conceal an unfriendly feeling toward her.

"I'm well, thank you," said Dorothy, with deliberate intent to make the most of his relationship, he caught her by the arms.

"How's everything with you, little sweetheart?" he added in his way of easy intimacy.

"Very well, thank you," said Dorothy, with an easy smile. "What's the matter with my customary kiss?"

Dorothy, with every sign of fear or detestation upon her, seemed wholly unable to move. He put his arm roughly about her and kissed her twice.

Garrison, watching with feelings ill expressed, looked on from the doorway. She appeared to push her cousin off with small effort to disguise her loathing, and fled to Garrison as if certain of protection.

"What are you scared off?" said young Robinson, making forward to catch her again, and laughing in an irritating way. "You used to not—"

Garrison blocked him promptly, subconsciously wondering where he had heard that laugh before.

"Perhaps that day has passed," he said quietly.

The visitor, still with his hat on, looked at Garrison over with anger.

"Jealousy already, hey?" he said. "If you think I'll give up my rights as a cousin you're off, understand?"

Garrison smiled an impulse to slap the fellow's face.

"What are your rights as a cousin, if I may ask?" he said.

"Wait and see," replied Robinson. "Dot was mighty fond of me once—hey, Dot?"

Garrison felt certain of his ground in suppressing the fellow.

"Whatever the situation might have been in the past," he said, "it is very much altered at present."

"Is that so?" demanded Theodore.

"Perhaps you'll find the game isn't quite finished yet."

Dorothy, quite white and overwrought, attempted to mediate between the two.

"I can't let you men start off like this," she said. "I'm fond of you both. I wish you would try to be friendly."

"I'm willing," said her cousin, with a sudden change of front that in no wise deceived Garrison, and he held forth his hand. "Will you shake?"

That Dorothy wished him to greet the fellow civilly, and not incur his ill-feeling, Garrison was sure. He took the proffered hand, as cold as a fish, and dropped it again immediately.

Theodore laughed, and stepped gracefully away, his long coat swinging out with his motion. Garrison caught a gleam of red, where the coat was parted at the bottom—and he knew where he had heard that laugh before.

The man before him was no other than the one he had seen next door, dressed in red fleshings as Satan.

It was not to be understood in a moment, and Theodore's parents had returned once more to the door. Indeed, the old man had beheld the momentary hand-kiss of the men, and he was nettled.

"Theodore!" he cried; "you're not making friends with a man who's sneaked off and married Dorothy. I hope I wouldn't have believed it!"

"Why not?" said his son. "What's done is done."

His mother said: "Why have you got on an overcoat such a night as this?"

"Because I like it," said Theodore.

Garrison knew better. He wondered what the whole game signified.

The old man was glaring at him sharply.

"I should think for a man who has to leave at nine your time is getting short," he said. "Perhaps your story was invented."

Garrison took out his watch. The action would have to be played to the end. The hour lacked twenty minutes of nine. He must presently depart, yet he felt that Dorothy might need protection. Having made up his mind that a marriage had doubtless been planned between Dorothy and Theodore—the man's part for the purpose of acquiring valuable property, probably would to

Dorothy—he felt she might not be safe if abandoned to their power.

He had found himself plunged into complications on which it had not been possible to count, but notwithstanding which he meant to remain by Dorothy with the utmost resolution. He had not acknowledged that the charm she exercised upon him lay perilously close to the tenderness of passions, but tried to convince himself his present desire was merely to see this business to the end.

It certainly piqued him to find himself obliged to leave with so much of the evening's proceedings veiled in mystery. He would have been glad to know more of what it meant to have this cousin, Theodore, masquerading as the devil in one house, and covering all the signs here at home. He was absolutely helpless in the situation. He knew Dorothy wished him to depart. She could not, of course, do otherwise.

"Thank you," he said to the elder Robinson. "I must leave in fifteen minutes."

Dorothy looked at him strangely. She could not permit him to stay, yet she felt the need of every possible safeguard, now that her cousin had appeared.

The strange trust and confidence she felt in Garrison had given her new hope and strength. To know he must go in the next few minutes, leaving her alone with the Robinsons, afflicted her abruptly with a sense of desolation.

Yet there was nothing she could say or do to prevent his immediate retreat.

Young Robinson, made aware that Garrison would soon be departing, appeared to be slightly excited.

"I'll go down and 'phone for my suitcase," he said, and he left the room at once.

Aunt Jill and old Robinson sat down. It was quite impossible for Garrison to ask them again to retire. Dorothy crossed the room and seated herself before the piano. Garrison followed, and stood there at her side.

She had no spirit for music, and no inclination to play, nevertheless she permitted her hands to wander up and down the keys, calling forth a sweetly sad bit of Hungarian song that took a potent hold on Garrison's emotions.

"Is there anything I can do but go?" he murmured, his voice well masked by the melody. "Do you think you may need me very soon?"

"I do not know. I hope not," she answered, for him alone to hear. "I'm sorry it's been so disagreeable. Do you really have to go away from town?"

"Yes."

"Today you said you had no employment."

"It was true. Employment came within ten minutes of my leaving. I took it. For you know you hardly expected to require my services so soon."

She played a trifle louder, and asked him: "Where are you going?"

"To Branchville and Hickwood."

The playing suddenly ceased. She looked up at him swiftly. In nervous haste she resumed her music.

"Not on detective work? You mentioned insurance."

"It concerns insurance."

She was silent for a moment.

"When do you return?"

"I hardly know," he answered. "And I suppose I've got to start at once in order to maintain our little fiction."

"Don't forget to write," she said, blushing, as she had before; and she added: "for appearances." She rose from her seat.

Garrison pulled out his watch and remarked for the Robinsons to hear: "Well, I've got to be off."

"Wait a minute, please," said Dorothy, as if possessed by a sudden impulse, and she ran from the room like a child.

With nothing particularly pleasant to say to the Robinsons, Garrison approached a centre-table and turned the pages of a book.

Dorothy was back in a moment.

"I'll go down to the door," she said.

Garrison said good-night to the Robinsons, who answered curtly. He closed the door upon them as he left the room.

Dorothy had hastened to the stairs before him, and continued down the hall. Her face was intensely white again as she turned about, drawing from her dress a neat, flat parcel, wrapped in paper.

"I told you today that I trust you absolutely," she said in a nervous undertone. "I wish you'd take care of this package."

Garrison took it, finding it heavy in his hand. "What is it?" he said.

"Don't try to talk—they'll listen," she cautioned. "Just hurry and go."

"If you need me, write or wire," he said. "Good-night."

She retreated a little way from him, as if she felt he might exact a husband's right of farewell, which the absence of witnesses made quite essential.

"Good-night," he answered, adding wistfully: "I am very grateful, believe me."

She gave him her hand, and his own hand trembled as he took it.

A moment later he was out upon the street, a wild, sweet pleasure in his veins.

Across the way a man's dark figure detached itself from the darkness of a doorstep and followed where Garrison went.

She showed to his very door, Garrison came to his humble place of abode with his mind in a region of dreams.

It was not until he stood in his room, and his hand lay against his pocket, that he thought again of Dorothy's parcel surrendered to his keeping. He took it out. He felt he had a right to know its contents.

It had not been sealed.

He removed the paper, disclosing a narrow, shallow box, daintily covered with leather. It was merely snapped shut with a catch.

He opened it, and an exclamation of astonishment escaped his lips.

It contained two necklaces—one of diamonds and one of pearls, the gems of both marvellously fine.

CHAPTER V.

The "Shadow"

Nothing more disquieting than this possession of the necklaces could possibly have happened to Garrison. He was filled with vague suspicions and alarms. The thing was wholly baffling.

What it signified he could not conjecture. His mind went at once to that momentary scene at the house he had entered by mistake, and in which he had been confronted by the masked young woman, with the jewels on her throat, she who had patted his face and familiarly called him by name.

He could not possibly doubt the two ropes of gems were the same. The fact that Dorothy's cousin, in the garb of Satan, had undoubtedly participated in the masking party, aroused disturbing possibilities in Garrison's mind.

What was the web in which he was entangled?

To have Theodore come to the house in his long, concealing coat, straight from the maskers next door; to have him disappear, and then to have Dorothy bring forth these gems with such wholly unimaginable trust in his honesty, brought him face to face with a brand-new mystery from which he almost shrank. Reflections on thefts, wherein women were accomplices, could not be driven from his brain.

Here was Dorothy suddenly requiring a pseudo-husband—for what? Here was a party next door to the house—a party on which he had stumbled accidentally—where a rich dressed young woman chanced to greet him, with her jewels on her neck. Here was, apparently, a family disturbance, engendered by his marriage with old Robinson's niece. And now—here were the necklaces, worth at the least estimation, the sum of thirty thousand dollars—delivered to him!

He could not escape the thought of a "fence," in which he himself had possibly been impressed as a tool, by the cleverest intrigue. The entire attitude of the Robinsons might, he realized, have been but a part of the game. He had witnessed Dorothy's acting. It gave him a vivid sense of her powers, some others of which might well lie concealed behind her appearance of innocence.

And yet, when he thought of the beautiful girl who had begged him not to desert her, he could not think her guilty of the things which this singular outcome might suggest. He was sure she could clear up the mystery, and set herself straight in his eyes.

Not a little disturbed as to what he should do with these precious bangles, sparkling and glinting in his hand, he knitted his brow in perplexity. He was due to leave New York at once, on orders from Wicks. No safe deposit vault was available at such an hour. He

with fine jets of water, and the ultra-violet radiation in the tower directly converts the sulphurous into sulphuric acid. The acid solution is made stronger by using it instead of water to spray successive towers.

Shooting stars have been estimated by W. H. Pickering to vary, if of the third magnitude, from 6 or 7 inches in diameter to a mere grain. From stellar measurements, C. Fabry has calculated that such a meteor 100 miles away would be an inch in diameter and weigh about five grains.

The ancient alchemists sought to transmute inferior metals into the valuable ones, but Sir William Ramsay's transmutation theory supposes that heavy elements are degraded into lighter ones by a breaking up of their atoms. In his early experiments, the exposure of chemically pure sulphate of copper to radium emanation yielded a product that showed the spectrum of lithium. His conclusion that the heavy copper was degraded into the lighter lithium has been questioned by several chemists who have repeated the experiments, including Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium. The idea of atomic degradation seems to have taken a strong hold of Sir William, however, and his latest work has led both himself and his assistant to believe that the elements silicon, titanium, zirconium, lead and thorium have been degraded by exposure to the radium emanation, into carbon, a lighter element of the same group. Whether this vindicates the degradation theory as fully as is supposed remains to be seen.

In the general microbe scare of recent years, danger has been seen in green vegetables, but this fear, like others, has been lately shown to have no real foundation. The supposed discovery of soil microbes in the interior of vegetable stalks led to the conclusion that there is great risk in the use of sewage-sludge in the soil, and that the danger is not confined to the stalks of plants, but that the danger is in the soil itself. Investigating further, Rendell and Nouri have been trying in all possible ways to infect plants with microbes, and have uniformly failed to get colonies of microbes from the inner parts of the infected plants. They regard their evidence as conclusive that germs remain on the surface of plants, never penetrating into the interior.

The so-called dry battery is an electric cell really containing a liquid or paste whose drying out—as on standing on a shelf—destroys the usefulness of the battery, but a unique new battery called the Anydrous, is dry until put to use, so that it may be kept in store indefinitely without depreciation. It simply contains the necessary chemicals in a dry state. A little water poured through a special opening puts it in action, and then, beginning perfectly fresh, it gives the usual purposes of the "dry" battery.

Ignoring the outer garments as well as

like pieces of leather, to judge from their looks, that seemed to possess no function more important than the ordinary canvas strips not infrequently employed on a trunk to restrain the cover from falling far backward when opened. But encased in these wings were connections to powerful springs that, upon being set and suddenly released, would snap down the cover like the hammer of a gun and catch, as in the jaws of a trap, any meddling hands that might have been placed inside the case by thief, at the same time ringing a bell. To set it was a matter of the utmost simplicity, while to spring it one had barely to go to the contents of the case and touch the trigger lightly.

"The springs were left unset, as Garrison tossed in the trifles he should need. Then he changed his clothes, turned off the gas, and was presently out once more in the open of the street, walking to the Grand Central Station, near at hand.

The man who had followed all the way from Dorothy's residence got only was in waiting, but remained on Garrison's trail.

(To be continued.)

NEWEST NOTES OF SCIENCE

THE success of welding by electric arc has led to the formation of three welding companies in different parts of Sweden, and one at Gothenburg has placed its plant on an old barge that can be towed alongside any steamer needing repairs. The outfit as described by A. Scott Younger, includes a small marine boiler with a De Laval turbine, working two direct current dynamos. Duplicate cables can reach on board the steamer and to the inside of the boilers if necessary, and make it practicable to do repairs in two places at once. One end of the barge has a workshop with anvil and vice-benches and a full equipment for small repairs. The anvil block is a steel slab 10½ in. wide by 2½ deep, supported on two wooden trestles, and the negative from the dynamo is clamped to it, the positive being the holder—with insulated handle held in the operator's left hand. The current passes through the jaws holding the specially prepared rod 3.16 of an inch in diameter—used for welding. The pieces to be welded with chamfered edges are secured in position on the anvil block, the rod is touched to the point to be welded and slightly withdrawn, and the electric arc is thus formed, quickly melts the end of the rod, causing a drop from it to adhere to the work. This is hammered and the process repeated. A great variety of work can be done, and in butt welding a practical rate for 3.8 inch plates is about ten feet an hour.

A curious German use of mercury vapor lamps is to supply ultra-violet rays for making sulphuric acid. Sulphuric acid gas mixed with air is introduced into a lead-lined tower spray-

the underclothing has proved to be a valuable method of disinfecting and preventing the spread of disease. Prof. K. Svehla, of the Bohemian University of Prague, found it troublesome to disinfect with formalin vapor the long linen coat he wore on visiting contagious cases, and he made 200 experiments with sad iron heated to 385 degrees to 594 degrees F. Linen, woolen and cotton cloths of various textures and every grade of thickness were tested, pure cultures of the bacilli of typhoid, diphtheria, dysentery, etc., being rubbed on them before ironing. One application of the hot iron was found to sterilize all fabrics superficially and lawns, handkerchiefs, fine napkins, etc., throughout their thickness. Heavier fabrics, like the Russian linen used for his protective gown, needed ironing at least twice on each side to ensure sterilizing the interior. In heavy woolen cloth the ironing did not sufficiently heat the interior, and thorough sterilization was impracticable. Superficial disinfection proved not so valuable as might be supposed. Infection on such materials as velvet and flannel remained on the surface a long time, and it was concluded that all danger from sputum and pus may be avoided by ironing.

For the matches made at Scholapur, India, the abundant grass of the region is used instead of wood. The grass is cut into two-inch lengths, winnowed and screened to uniform sizes, and is then boiled five minutes in paraffin and dried in a rotating drum. Deposited in horizontal layers by shaking through a horizontal sifter, these stems are secured in a frame. They are dipped in a solution of chlorate of potash, sulphate of arsenic, bichloride of potash, powdered gypsum and gun resin. An ingenious device forces some matches forward so as to avoid sticking together. Six pounds of dipping mixture and twenty-one pounds of paraffin suffice for 7,000 boxes of eighty each.

For producing thin metallic films, Prof. J. Houlléville, a Frenchman, first deposits the metal on a platinum wire and then heats this in a high vacuum. The volatilized metal forms a film on a plate glass rotated near the heated wire. Films of gold, platinum, silver, copper, iron, zinc, tin and cadmium have been formed.

GREATEST SOURCE KNOWN TO THE WORLD—THE SLEEPING SICKNESS

PROBABLY not one person in a thousand realizes that Africa is today engaged in a struggle far surpassing any other of which this world holds record. A short, bald paragraph in small type announces that the sleeping sickness bureau has issued a bulletin or a monograph, containing certain information and recommendations—mainly of a negative character—and the newspaper reader, if it catch his eye, turns the very page often with a vague idea that sleeping sickness is "another day of modern medicine."

Yet it is a disease, which probably has more direct bearing on the welfare, not only of the British empire, but of almost all Europe; and hence on every inhabitant of these realms, than any other. It stands today as the one maldy in the whole list of human ills with a death rate of cent. per cent.

Once the disease, a form of trypanosomiasis, has reached the stage known as sleeping sickness, the fate of the sufferer is sealed. There is no hope for him.

More statistics convey an utterly inadequate impression of the havoc this strange illness has wrought. In some places the traveller passes for days through deserted towns, true cities of the dead, the entire population of the district having been blotted out; whole tribes have been swept away, vast regions denuded of human life. In a few short years something like one million persons have perished of it. No plague in past history, no war ever waged has levied anything approaching so heavy a toll on mankind.

Long recognized by the black man, it was practically ignored by the white until in quite recent years. Just as in the case of tick fever, another African complaint, the victims of sleeping sickness were often treated as malingersers, and the disease was regarded as a category of native superstitions. Then suddenly it flared up and compelled attention. It spread from one small district in west central Africa with the awful swiftness of a prairie fire, till now the whole tropics of the Dark Continent are threatened with depopulation, and we are seriously confronted with the possibility, by no means remote, of a tropical Africa without human inhabitants.

What we know of the disease scarcely exceeds what the natives' always maintained—and was laughed at as doing so—namely, that it is communicated by the bite of a certain species of Tsetse fly—glossina palpalis. The immediate cause of the illness is the presence in the marrow of the spinal cord of a parasite, a member of the large family of trypanosomes, which are responsible for so many maladies in both man and beast in Africa.

The glossina palpalis acts as a temporary host of the parasite, and so conveys it from one human being to another. It is now said that the fly may be infected for as long as two years, during the whole of which time it is potent for mischief. The mere presence of the parasites in the human system does not of itself necessarily imply sleeping sickness, or even, in some cases, much inconvenience. They have been found in the blood of natives apparently in good health. They tend, however, to work their way to the spinal cord, and then it is that trypanosomiasis becomes recognizable as sleeping sickness.

The disease itself is one of the most grim forms of lingering death imaginable. The first symptom is almost always a restlessness, a desire to be constantly on the move, to get away from one's customary routine, from one's usual abiding place. The general character undergoes a change; one's whole habits are altered. About the same time the principal glands—especially those at the back of the neck—begin to swell, without, however, causing much discomfort.

There is also usually intermittent fever of irregular periodicity, and short intervals afterwards a rash very often makes its appearance, especially on the back and chest. This rash is a marked characteristic in white men, but it is not so common among blacks; possibly its presence escapes notice on the dusky hide of the negro. At this time fits of extreme languor affect the sufferer, and he becomes completely emaciated. The restlessness becomes thus cut up

THIS HINT MIGHT SAVE YOU MONEY

Very often the cheapest and poorest production yields most profit. Some dealers with their own profit in view try to "push" inferior preparations when Zam-Buk is asked for. They talk about "just as good," or "practically the same," etc.

Not one dealer knows what is in Zam-Buk! If any dealer tells you that something else is "just as good," ask him how he knows!

Besides, the imitation is never as good as the genuine article. When buying Zam-Buk, therefore, be sure and see the name on the packet. The name is protected by law, and therefore yours safety.

into periods of excitement alternating with reactions of lethargy and indifference.

Little by little the spells of activity grow shorter, and sometimes gain violence and in sharpness of demarcation from the fits of lethargy, which become longer, periods of excitement disappear, in some cases the disease in this stage assumes the character of a series of epileptic seizures separated from one another by gradually lengthening intervals of semi-stupor. In other cases the periods of excitement become fits of tremor, or of tremor. It is progress the patient become enfeebled and uncertain, the memory clouded, the faculties as a whole are dulled, and volition practically suspended.

And so the hideous nightmare creeps on; the patient gradually, very gradually, sinks into a chronic lassitude in which the periods of excitement may appear or exist only as short moments of lessened dulness and occasional movement; the sufferer is like one under the influence of a potent narcotic, and finally lapses into a complete and hopeless torpor, which gets more and more deepening, until the end comes.

The duration of the disease varies enormously. In some cases it runs its whole ghastly course in a few months; in other cases its insidious progress may take two years to complete. The supreme horror of the complaint is the torture of mind due to the promptness and apparently intuitive certainty with which the patient diagnoses his own case, even before it can be recognized by skilled observers.

For some time it seemed as if white races were immune from the disease, but unfortunately the list of European victims is now a considerable and rapidly increasing one.

A HUMAN-HAIR FAIR

MUCH of the hair employed in the construction of the "puffs" and various other forms of hirsute adornment at present worn is said to come from France, although other countries, notably China, furnish their quota. The Chinese article is, however, inferior to the others by reason of its coarseness.

At Limoges there is held each year the foire aux cheveux, where the wholesale buyers of human hair come to go to renew their stock. These wholesale dealers do not, however, purchase direct from the grower. Just as there are head-hunters in less civilized portions of the world, so are there "hair-hunters" throughout France, and it is upon these men that the big dealers rely to obtain their choicest samples.

The hair-hunters pursue their calling among the peasant girls of the French villages armed with a layout of cheap jewelry, dress stuffs, and the like, and it is for these that Jeanne, Marie, or Jacqueline have been swept away, vast regions denuded of human life. In a few short years something like one million persons have perished of it. No plague in past history, no war ever waged has levied anything approaching so heavy a toll on mankind.

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