CHAPTER V.

over me as I looked far away into

space. From being in the jungle so

long, I had felt penned up, and now that feeling had vanished. Then an-

other little thrill came over me as

the landscape brought back pleasant

At the end of a four-mile drive

following the train-trip, we pulled up at quite a sizeable house, with a

Mounting the steps I was met by

a tall, dark, handsome girl ("Bet a

memories of the old days on the

on my way.

cattle range.

nigh verandah.



CHAPTER IV. The next two days' searching of the forest for fresh tiger signs revealed very little. On the third morning after the encounter with the peccaries I remained in camp, while John Charley, who had been off since daylight, returned about 10 o'clock and reported that one of the much-desired American tigers had just killed a wild hog, only eating a small portion of it. As we felt sure this signified the intention of the slayer's return. All the rest of the men had gone up the stream in the large boat, on a sort of holiday and fishing trip. They had also taken along the dogs, leaving me quite and undisturbed in camp, where I was penning this very narrative. The news of the jaguar banished all further thought of writing that day, and with John Charley in miles. Thinking possibly the big cat, through his varying and uncertain habits, might at this very moment be him. After an hour of picking our way through the thick tangle of

felt certain, in spite of all his apparnot come on another inch. And just on fever that would go raging and herein lays the rub.

I had been persuaded, against my better judgment, that a shotgun loaded with buckshot was the proper arm "kill' had been carefully covered, wounded jaguar, it gave opportunity for quicker action.

And so, much to my dismay, I had brought the shotgun. How, for just that fraction of a second, my thoughts turned longingly to the old rifle; for the distance, though not great, was that sea of rain had swept away every still too far to shoot with any degree sign? I didn't know. But I did know of certainty of killing with such an that every bit of wild craft he posarm. "Better take a chance, while I sessed would be taxed to its utmost thought. At any moment the crafty to see if some solution of my predicafellow might, with a single bound dis- ment would present itself. idly down stream for a couple of appear—and perhaps I should never again catch a glimpse of his beautifully spotted hide. I intended, after shoot-"kill," we make a wide circuit, so wing shot while he was in the air, so As I stared out over these fastnesses as to come noiselessly upwind, and to speak, but there was no chance. At my heart was smitten with a sudden thus to keep our scent from reaching the instant of the first shot he had sense of infinite and eternal desolation. lightning-like that the eye could scarce I quickly slid to the ground. Pale

So far I had escaped fever, but this ment," she said in a pleasant voice. ent willingness to do battle, he would occurrence was almost sure to bring surging until it ran its course-one way or the other. To put it mildly, my prospects were not good. At length the rain passed over, but every few to use in the thick jungle, as almost minutes I would be seized with another and, too, in the case of following up a a maze out of which no human being could possibly find his way, excepting it were a native Indian, a horror of loneliness gripped me as I felt myself being completely swallowed up in the

immensity of the jungle! Could John Charley trail me after

The sun was slowly sinking below the great, undulating roof of the jungle; the prospect of spending the ing the first barrel, to instantly shoot night in such an ill-chosen place was the second, even if I had to make a gradually commencing to assert itself. vanished with a wild leap that was so Then I felt another chill coming on, so

shapes took form before my visiongrowth, exercising the utmost care follow!

A picture of Singer's greatest big-

Reloading and slipping to the

ground, I paused at the butt of the

tree to catch the slightest sound or

movement. There was neither. Then

few dots of scarlet caught my eye. He

and the blood spots fewer and further

apart, until I finally lost all trace;

made a circle back to pick up the

trail again, missed it, tried again and

again, and then tried to find my way

back to the tree where I had been

In an hour more there was no use

moment there came a veritable tropical

downpour. Before the torrents of rain

pelted down and drenched me through,

game prize, the ferocious American

tle-eater.

watching.

to accept it as a fact.

co avoid the slightest noise, neared the spot and looked tentatively through the mass of foliage. There was neither sound nor movement-it was the silence of sleep, one would say death, for it was high noon and the sun, shimmering undimmed, drove all the wild dwellers to seek the quiet shade, where the sun could not stab.

Almost inch by inch we worked our way on, but it was soon apparent that nothing had returned to the "kill." There was a low branching tree within a few yards of the "kill," while all around the jungle grew thick, excepting for a long opening caused by the fall of a giant Mora that lay uprooted, where it had cleaved right through the jungle for a hundred and fifty feet, and lay there stark and naked. In the low tree near the "kill" we built a platform of interlaced branches. These are not built for the purpose of safely, for our tiger climbs with wonderful agility-not to tessen the chances of detection by scent.

Here we took up our silent vigil.

An hour dropped by and we had seen and heard nothing but the continual singing of the hordes of mosquitoes that were biting with such a vengeance that I could scarcely maintain a reasonable degree of composure Finally, rather than to be literally eaten alive by these pests, I decided to send John Charley back for the dogs. It was more than likely that the tiger was "lying up" close by, and I believed with the pack we could bring him to bay and have the tiger, he killed in the jungles of the thing over in short order. The faint Savannah-Land. Below a picture of sound of Jehn- Charley's fleeting him as he stood on his horse to peer footfalls soon died away. Then again into the dense haunts of his wily catsettled the solemn hush of the great forest around. The shrilling of the insects continued, and since there was no other sound to be heard-it was hard to tell what made me feel that I was not alone-unless it was that I was served with that sixth out along the Mora log, with the gun sense that comes to us at times. For at the ready, I stepped cautiously there, where nothing had shown a along. A big lizard went scuttling moment before, appeared a vision of over some dead leaves. Up went the spotted black and gold gazing inquir- gun, and I almost let off the right baringly down the deserted vista from rel. Near the end of the great log the very end of the nude Mora log. He came on slowly for a step or two, then stopped short in the middle of a pace, seemingly to listen, as if something had arrested his attention. Not a breath stirred, the silence was complete; even the merciless mosguitoes seemed to pause in their mur-

While his majesty was thus occupied he deliberately stared up into my tree with two unspeakably sinister, evil eyes-no, not eyestwo bits of cold steel that penetrated through to one's very back-

bonel Slowly he sank to a crouch; suddenly his ears were gone, flattened; then, wrinkling his fastidious nostrils, that grinning mask displayed a splendid set of glistening, cruel fangs that spelled hate death!

Whether it was just I that caused him to display such a hateful loathrob him of his rightful prey, was a now the sudden wetting had thrown destion to dwell on later. He seemed me into a violent chill, shaking so from to dispel the idea that his head to foot I was compelled to put stock. With a letter of introduction perial lover's locket.

themselves-the whole jungle swayed, moved a pace forward, then back; I was in the grip of the jungle fever!

After a short interval I recovered my strength sufficiently to move on again. Walking over to the gnarly roots of a giant tree, I sat down to 'take stock" of my chances. "A man should never give up until he is quite dead,"I would say slowly, which seemed to have a slightly stimulating effect. Taking a deep breath, I sent a long, loud call chasing through the jungle, and, when it ceased, it struck me that it had something of the tone in it that reminded me of a lone wolf bewailing the loss of his mate.

I then listened intently, straining my ears to catch the slightest sound.

Suddenly a heavy, hissing breath close behind me made me whip around with a sensation of the hair rising on my scalp. Not more than a tew paces away was coiled a huge boa constrictor in the low branch of a tree, with his head protruding too unpleasantly near, and eyeing me with a pair of cold, unwinking, malignant eyes! A forked, colorless, flickering tongue added to his heinous appearance! Fickle fate seemed pitilessly and endlessly whimsical. What would happen next?

The deadly contents of the shotgun flew out and quite demolished his coils unwound, and gracefully, even in plain commoner. death, they slid to the ground until pering, terrifying silence. But now a sharp sound came up from the depths of the gloom, for the light was pallid or disaster: now, and still another sharp sound! Then I halloed long and loud - and

waited: like an echo it rolled back through the jungle. There was no coming with the dogs!

By dint of unparalleled paddling, was hit-there was no doubt of that, nights, my men landed me in George-

blood, Then the ground became harder, tiger! One hundred miles to the east, and extending up from the coast, are the vast savannah lands, that roll away indicate their enormity. Clothed with luxuriant growth of grass, that waves and bends majestically as the winds ever and anon go singing and Austria, except Herr Berg, who is the rate, to have come to realize—albeit trying to fool myself, though I hated dancing across their vast reaches, they brother of the heir apparent, but the remake excellent pasturage for the few volt has also broken out in the immediate on royal marriages do handicap the mem-

experiment of stock-raising.

to big Jack, and rifle in hand, I rolled several long arms which are, pernaps, from one to coout of Georgetown on the only railmiles apart. It is down these strips road in the colony, headed due east this marauder, lurking under their for Berbice, at the mouth of the cover, waits for the cattle to feed near Berbice River, and the terminus of enough to single out his victim. It road. Just where I was going, will take two or three days to hunt and how I was going to find this Haley these strips of jungle properly, and if fellow, my ideas were very vague. But, at any rate, I was perfectly content with the mere thought that I was

mock for the night. For a few mo ments I sat in a sort of dreamy The voices that I had thought. grown accustomed to hear rise up out of the jungle night after night were here, for the most part, absent; were replaced by other sounds.

hammock a very short time when I heard Haley saying, "Come on, it's 3 o'clock; we've got to walk over mile to catch the horses, and we vant to be hunting before sun-up." rode straight away to the We

south, where the faint outline of strip of jungle showed against the sky. "How does it feel to be in the saddle again?" asked big Jack. Why, it's got struggling "Feel? along through the jungle on foot beaten forty ways," said I.

"By thunder," broke in Jack,

nickel that's Haley's sister," I said wonder what's struck those dogs! Look at 'em go. And none of 'em to myself). "I have a letter of introduction to Mr. Jack Haley," said, and then added, "Is he home? "Yes-that is, my brother is back from the ranch—and though he just now I expect him any mo-"He's goin' right back to the ranch tomorrow," she continued; "he just up to town to get some hounds.

"Hounds!" I exclaimed, evincing "Why, what is he erfect surprise. oing to do with them?" I asked.
"Well, there is a big tiger killin' his stock out at the ranch, and he is going to use the hounds to hunt

him. Some one closed the gate with a bang and swung down the path with long strides. Then Jack Haley came the steps, three at a time; and well he might, for he stood six foot six in his socks. He was lithe, wellbuilt, dark-skinned, dark-eyed, and had a tangle of black hair. In a word. I liked Jack Haley the moment have it, even if it is a slim one," I to do so! I climbed high up in a tree I clapped my eyes on him; and when in his eye, and his teeth gleamed with very whiteness.

Day broke over the River Berbice. The sun rose pale-yellow, and the dirty, oily waters reflected the zen glimmer of the sky. Over the unresponsive desolation came the chug-chug-chug of a gasoline launch. Haley, the writer and the hounds were sliding upstream—that is, when the engine didn't refuse to work.

Soon the not-unpleasant odor cooking was wafted up our way, and shortly Booklaul appeared with two steaming pots—one of boiled antbear, the other of boiled monkey Aside from the name, which is a little startling at first, I found them very good. Adding to his cassava bread and baked plantain, we had a very enjoyable and typically tropical "He is the very devil himself, this

tiger, with the cattle appetite," remarked Haley, as he leaned back in show up for a month; or he may kill tonight, and then he may shift ten that savage, crafty e'usive of them all."

"He works his game something like white. this," Haley went on. "About six or seven miles from here there is a long savannah and from this strip extends glance revealed a coil of a dozen feet strip of jungle running through the

old Spots is still up to his tricks we are almost sure to pick him up." Haley rose and went to his ham-The iron horse commenced to eat up the miles, and then gradually the jungle gave place to these endless owlands of grass, and occasionally of trees in the midst of a quivering but they A feeling of great joy came

It seemed I had only been in my

saying a word, none of 'em singing, and running a blue streak!" Jack pulled up and stood upright on his horse's back in order to get a better view. "There they go!" continued Jack, pointing over the savannah, "headed for that neck of wood. Come on, you Yankee cow puncher, let's see you ride." Jack sung out as we broke into a run. It was a tight finish right up to the woods, with the quarry just What was the quarry? Jack didn't say, and I didn't know. "Come on, said Jack as we pulled our horses up, and slid off to enter the bush.
"It's shooting time," he added. The hounds were only a few yards in the woods and barking treed. We stepped along gingerly into the woods, and soon, upon looking up, we saw, flattened on the branch of a flamboyan tree, an ocelot, staring down with a slow, evil, insolent stare. Then his eyes blazed with hate and fury. For his inches his disposition is very wicked one, and even a young calf does not come amiss to his kill-

his dark eyes were fixed upon some-thing half-hidden in the bush. "A fresh 'kill,'-" he said at last; "done today, not ten hours old. We ought to get this fellow now, if we ever do." The hounds came up, and as they sniffed the evil scent their hair bristled along their backs. Then Star, the biggest and boldest of the lot, led out, with the others following through the jungle and then their quavering chorus rose until the whole wild chase. The jungle was thick and the going difficult. Jack went on his chair, rolling a cigarette. "He of vines and creepers made it im-

ued our hunting.

two or three 'kills' in a our ears assured us that just beyond, the baleful chorus of the week, and then, perhaps, he won't in that intricate and tangled mass of warned us the quarry was within a are mechanically cleaned of dust which almost inconceivably thick cover, miles tomorrow! But of a score of lord, the American tiger, was facing thing that held me for a long mothese fellows. I've killed, this one the pack. At this ill-timed moment ment arrested, motionless. seems to be the most mysterious and Jack leaped back, nearly knocking along a bough, its ears flat against me to the ground; his face went its neck, its tail twitching, its lips kiln stack delivers to its treating box

"Shoot," he said, for he was carrying nothing but the cutlass. I saw nothing to shoot at, but a second second

FIRST PHOTO OF VOLTURNO HERO WHOSE BRIDE SAW HIM PERISH

This photograph shows First Officer H. P. Miller, of the Volturno, who est his life when that ship was burned in mid-ocean. There is a heart-wrenching love story in connection with his death. He this handsomely marked little chap, who is second in beauty of all the "cats" in the New World, we continland was among the eleven boats who rushed to the rescue. From the deck of the Kroonland, which stood by, helpless, the young bride saw her husband edge of the strip of jungle. Jack's direct the seating of women and children in the first lifeboat. brow grew dark—his lips tight set, She saw him climb into the boat, and she saw the boat

She saw him climb into the boat, and she saw the boat lowered to the vater.

Then she saw the savage arms of the sea dash the cockleshell, with its numan cargo, against the side of the sinking ship. She saw human forms struggling for moment in the waves—and then sink. Among them was her eroic young husband!

Captain Inch, of the Volturno, in paying a tribute to First Officer Miller for his herofsm, said that the young man delighted in playing with emigrant children. This photograph shows him doing this.

of the most dreaded of all snakes-|on the top of its stack, and any kill the "bush-master." The treacherous- and treater can be shut down without looking reptile appeared so enraged affecting the rest of the system, or the woods echoed with the din of the at our intrusion that an attack gases from one kiln seemed almost certain. But in his through one-half of the unit. Each half moment of hesitancy, it was averted of the precipating units is rectanguahead with the cutlass, for the tangle by giving him an undisputed right lar, 14 ft, high, 12 ft, wide and 35 ft. of way and changing our course, for long. In the precipitation box is I did not want to shoot at that moment, system of electrodes between which a

and powerful ing. Then my eye lit upon somea vicious snarl, lay the handsomest carrying about 700 lb. of dust. American tiger I have ever seen. between their wide lids his From yes blazed into mine, as I raised my aim and fired. The claws relaxed tion and interest. gun to my shoulder, took careful their hold; slowly the great body rolled over and fell into the midst of the frenzied pack. But, before I could take a forward step, the huge cat had leaped to his feet-I had aimed too high, the bullet penetrating the upper part of the shoulder. Into the wild melee I dared not fire, though my soul sickened at each lightning

At last my moment came-for instant the dogs drew back. Before they could again rush in my second bullet crashed through his brain.

The cattle-killer had paid his debt -many lives had he asked—now he had paid with his own!

THE GREAT PATHFINDER.

[Rev. Thomas B Gregory.] Mungo Park started out on his African expedition—the first serious attempt that was ever made to explore the "Dark Continent'-118 years ago today. The ion-hearted Scotchman, with two negro servants, set out from Gambia, on the West Coast, and plunged fearlessly into the task which, before him, no white tacked with epilepsy. man had ever attempted.

It took a real man to plunge into the anknown interior, filled with tales of the monstrous and terrible. Huge serpents, oaring lions, great black cannibals, scorching heat, deadly fevers-who would dare to challenge these things. And so Africa remained "dark" until yesterday, as it were, while Moses was battling with the problem in the Arabian wilderness; while civilization was maturing in Egypt and Greece; while Roman republies and empires were rising and falling; while the modern nations were coming into being; while crusaders were fighting and troubadors were singing; while Columbus was discovering the New World, and Washington was founding the United

States of America. But at last the man and the hour met, and the son of the Selkirkshire farmer took his brave leap into the mystery. In the mystery he remained a year and a half, when he reappeared, returned to England and wrote "Travels in the Interior of Africa," a book which is still one of the most interesting in the libraries of the world.

In the year 1805 Mungo Park started his second trip to the Dark Continenta trip from which he was never to return, cover the mouth of the Niger or perish in the attempt," Park pushed on through the pathless forests until he reached a point between 9 and 10 north where, in attempting to make his escape from the natives who were about to kill him, he was drowned in the mighty stream, which should be accepted as his most fitting monument.

DUST PAYS OPERATING COST. [Engineering News.]

After two years of experimenting and dollars, a dust-eliminating plant working on the Cotrell process has the Rivercompleted at the works of side Portland Cement Co., at Crestmore, And, what was more, at almost this cattle that have been turned out for the vicinity of the throne. The heir apparent himself is married to a woman of happiness, and that if they cannot eliminates the discharge of dust to the There was one, hig Jack Haley, who, by birth, is only just noble, and be altogether removed they might, at atmosphere, the chimney now showing this very savannah country, and word the house of the archduchess to whom King George and Emperor Francis, between them, can do a great deal to alter which condense on striking the cold in- the present marriage rules in the royal outer air (and furnish free fertilizer). Each kiln has a separate double treater Ont.

knows just as well as we do that he is on dangerous ground, and he seems to possess the craft and cunring of the old boy himself! Why, he'll make two or three 'kills' in a currence of the old boy himself! Why, he'll make two or three 'kills' in a currence of the old boy himself. matic scales and carried to bins, where it is shipped as filler for fertilizers or

Close asphalt paving material. Measurements have shown that each drawn back from its yellow fangs in about 5,000,000 cu, ft. of gas per hour. reported that the dust collected yields a revenue more than sufficient to pay for the operating cost of the plant, including energy, labor, deprecia-

DREADED EPILEPSY

A CASE THAT SHOULD BRING HOPE TO OTHER SUFFERERS. There are many cases of epilepsy

incurable so far as present medical knowledge extends and the sufferer is doomed to go through life a victim to a disease which has stricken him suddenly and without warning, and with each recurring affects his mental powers. Taken in time, however, many cases of epilepsy have been permanently cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in cases where the disease has not reached an acute form this remedy is worth giving a fair trial. Among the cures we give the following. Mrs. Robert Stringer, New Liskeard, Ont. says: "I have long felt that we should write you and let you know what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for our grandson, who was at-The trouble seemed to come on following an attack of whooping cough. His parents seemed to notice that seemed to bulge out, and that he would be unconscious for a few seconds, and would go about his play as usual. The child was five years old at this time. The trouble seemed to be growing more severe a the attacks to come oftener, and be growing more severe and the local doctors were not helping him they sent him to the Children's Hospital in Toronto. He remained there for a short time when the doctors said his trouble was epilepsy, and they could do nothing for him. Time went on and the attacks grew worse, and in the fall of 1908 my daughter wrote me that the little fellow was getting so bad that they wanted to send him back to the hospital. I asked her to send him to me for a time, and as one of his eyes had become crooked I took him to an oculist, who said this trouble could be cured, but it had nothing to do with bringing on his other trouble. As I knew that Dr. liams' Pink Pills were a splendid medicine I decided to give them to him, in the hope that they might benefit him. We were very careful as to diet, and as to keeping the child from excitement. In about a month we noticed that the trouble lessening, and at this time the little ellow returned home and his mother kept up the treatment. In a months he seemed fully cured, but during the holidays the trouble came back in a milder form and the Pink Pills were again resorted to, and again the trouble disappeared, and with the expenditure of several thousand although more than a year has passed not since been any sign there has of it. We feel so deeply indebted for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have for him that we hope this done plain statement of our experience will benefit some other sufferer."

Williams' Pink You can get Dr. Pills from any dealer in medicine of by mail at 50 cents a box or boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. liams' Medicine Company, Brockville

Princesses Revolt at Marriages of State

The suicide of Princess Sophia of Saxe-Weimar because her family would not insisted upon giving her hand, to the let her marry young Hans Von Bleich- Baron von Seefried, a mere Lieutenant oeder is only one of the latest and most in the Bavarian cavalry. ragic manifestations of the spirit of mily on the Continent of Europe.

King George has had his troubles in this respect just like Queen Victoria and alliances. He must feel as if there was King Edward had; and it is clear to peo- a skeleton in every cupboard in the ple in royal circles that sooner or later house." the ancient rule which stamps a royal princess as a member of superior caste eugenists say, quite frankly, that the and forbids her to marry outside a Hapsburgs are 'degenerates,' and they atcharmed imperial, royal or grand ducal tribute that degeneracy, with equal circle will have to be swept out of exis- frankness, to that 'inbreeding' which has, tence. And any princess will have to in the course of centuries, perpetuated whole head. And then slowly his great be free, if she chooses, to marry any and accentuated both physical and men-

the tail finally came down with a flip. European monarchs and the revealer of leng since been swept off the stage of I couldn't help but smile when the many a grisly skeleton in royal cup- history, disappearing in sterility or inthought struck me that I would have boards, is very keen on this point, and sanity. The Hapsburgs of Austria, been fresh meat, at any rate. Then he calls to his aid the eugenist who merous though the representatives of the once more came the mysterious, whis- knows how these arranged royal mar- house are at the present time, will end

"Princesses and princes, archdukes and with blood relations." archduchesses insist upon taking a leaf out of the book of King Cophetua, and revolt of the princes and princesses-not that romantic Archduke John, who, some in the House of Hapsburg only, but also eighty years ago, married the daughter in the House of Bavaria and most of the mistaking it now—it was John Charley of the village postmaster. One of them reigning German houses, including that calls himself John Orth, and goes off to of Saxe-Weimar-is due to the perfectly sea with a ballet girl; a second calls sound physiological instinct." even all through the long, starry himself Herr Wulfing and takes flight to Switzerland with a star of the comic not be left where it is. It is an open Ever so carefully, step by step, and town before my fever had progressed opera stage; a third takes the name of secret that King George and Queen Mary scanning carefully every possible foot too far. With the attendance and Herr Burg, and settles down to domestic are just now gravely concerned about a trip from which he was never to return, of the way, I took up his trail. Twice never-to-be-forgotten kindness of Mr. tranquillity with the daughter of a high the future of the Prince of Wales and Resolved, with true Scotch grit, to "distanquillity with the daughter of a high the future of the Prince of Wales and Resolved, with the Niger or perish I lost it, and twice I turned back and and Mrs. G. L. Lockwood (who were school teacher—quite unpresentable at of Princess Mary, and it may well hap-

could see his footprints plainly in the on my feet again and planning andescendant of a fourth, being reduced to George will take a definite line upon the soft soil, and occasionally a spot of other hunt for the elusive American poverty, has taken a situation as waiter subject. He will then express his public world rings with the proceedings of the riages, with particular reference to the woman who might, at this hour, have matrimonial plans afoot for his own been Queen of Saxony if she had not children. He has already spoken freely preferred for her husband, a first Bel- to this effect to his intimate friends in tions are so great that no one tries to gian tutor and then an Italian professor private.

who had started a cattle ranch out in was turned out at an hour's notice from least, be modified with advantage. And only smoke

Royalty May Eventually Decide "The widow of the Crown Prince Ra-Marriage to "Commoners" Is dolph—Archduchess Stephanie—incurred the Emperor's displeasure by marrying that last my moment came-Best-Eugenists Point Out a Hungarian nobleman, Count Lonyay. That Intermarriage Has One of the Emperor's granddaughters came to him with the confession that Brought About Dire Results. happiness was out of the question for her unless she was allowed to marry young Otto von Windischgraetz; while another of them gave her heart, and then

"The list is long enough, though it i ebellion which has rapidly gained force not complete, and much pity has been in recent years in almost every royal lavished on Francis Joseph on the strength of the facts set forth in it. 'How sad for him., people say, 'So many mes-

"But the eugenists know better. tal family taints. As Dr. Galippe Francis Gribble, the biographer of dead put it: The Hapsburgs of Spain have

"And the eugenist adds that the recent In England the matter will certainly

puzzled it out again. Now and then I on a visit from New York), I was soon court. It comes to his ears that the pen within the next few days that King

There are indications, too, that Francis "Those have all been the vagaries of Joseph has, in his later years, come comparatively distant Hamburg relations of the Emperor Francis Joseph of of royal marriages. He seems, at any families of Europe.

(The End.)