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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

LOVE AND A TITLE

"It is for an appetite, Lady Lucelle!" calls out Nugent, composedly. 'We'll pat them out if you'll come and play."

But she shakes her head—she wants to find out if Hal has returned—and with a light laugh goes on her way. Stopping at a window, she looks out, and sees a solitary figure pacing up and down with hurried, restless strides, his hands behind him, his head bent—it is Clarence. Again Lady Lucelle smiles.

"Where is Jeanne, I wonder?" she says. "Evidently somewhere he can't get near her, or he wouldn't be there. Why is it men make such fools of themselves when they are in love? Women don't!" And with this obtrusive problem she moves on to the upper corridor again, but stops suddenly with a quick flush. A horseman has just ridden into the courtyard, and, throwing the bridle to a groom, dismounts, and enters the castle—it is Vane. Very pale and haggard, he looks like a man that has some matter of life and death upon his mind. Lady Lucelle pauses.

"Shall I stop and speak to him?" she asks herself, wistfully. "No, he has avoided me of late—better not. Let him seek me—he may have to do it," and she goes on.

Vane strides across the hall, glances into the drawing room, just as Lady Lucelle halts above, and goes into the billiard room.

Nugent looks up, and, obeying a look rather than a gesture of Vane's, rises, pitches his cheroot aside, and follows him up to his studio.

"What is it, old man?" he asks, as he closes the door after him.

Vane paces up and down for a moment in silence; at last he stops, and looks at Nugent with a face so marked by anxiety and care that Charlie start.

"Charlie," he says, in a low voice, "I must go back; I can't stand this any longer. I fancied I could remain until our time was up; I believed, I wanted to believe, in your assurance, your emphatic assertion, of my—of Jeanne's purity and innocence, even in thought; I can believe it no longer—stop!" for Charlie had started forward, pale as himself. "Do not misunderstand me; I believe she is pure in act and deed, but I cannot trust her to herself any longer. Don't ask me what I have seen—yes, I will tell you. I saw Clarence kiss her hand; I heard his voice, low, passionate, troubled, as mine—Heaven help me—used to be! I will wait no longer. Charlie, I must—I must take her back to England with me to-morrow."

"Right! Quite right!" says Nugent. "But still, nothing shall persuade me that such cause as you believe exists. Mind that! But you are quite right to go. And what can I do—shall I explain to the people that remain—shall I send them away? I'll tell them important business has called you home, that Lady Jeanne must go with you; and I'll take 'em to the abbey, the whole biling of them, if you like."

Vane holds out his hand.

"I knew I could rely on you, Charlie, best and dearest friend. Do as you think best; make the best excuse you can, and let them remain here as your guests, if they, and you, like. Candidly, this evening I am almost bereft of my senses. If I was indifferent, if I did not care for her, I could take her away, send her away, put a bullet through him, do anything easily. But, Charlie, I love her! I love her as madly as in the old days before our marriage, as in the old days before we parted——"

"Parted!" echoes Charlie.

"Yes," parted," repeated Vane. "We have been parted since our wedding day. Don't ask me any questions; I cannot tell you any mort; parted, yes, parted, as far asunder as if an ocean divided us. Think of that! Remember that I love her madly, and that her beauty, her sweet face, sweet and bewitching, as you know, draws me on to love her more dearly every day. And parted. There, Charlie, I am scarcely myself to-night."

"You look it, old man," says Nugent, laying his hand upon Vane. "Your hand is on fire."

"It is my heart," retorts Vane, almost wildly, "and I am full of fancies and presentiments. Fancy me being so superstitious. For the last two days I have had a dread of something intangible going to happen. To-night it hange upon me like a cloud. I hate the place, the very air, the castle, everything about it. Yes, we'll go to-morrow, and take her with us."

Nugent nods. What can he say or do?

"Right, you are quite right, Vane. Shall I say anything to-night?"

"When you like—no, better wait till the morning; my being busy will be an excuse for your explaining instead of me."

Nugent goes out without another word, his heart wrung for his friend; not five yards has he gone when he meets Clarence coming languidly up the stairs.

For a moment Nugent feels inclined to seize him and fling him out of the window, but he controls himself, and, instead, lays his hand upon Clarence's shoulder.

"Lane," he says sharply.

Clarence looks up.

"Well?"

"Aren't you tired of hanging and dawdling about? Why the devil don't you go to Norway—Sweden—or wherever you said you were going?"

Clarence starts and reddens angrily.

"What do you mean, Lord Nugent? Why should I?"

"Do you want to ask me" says Nugent, sternly. "Don't be a fool, Clarence. I don't want to quarrel with you, and if I am to answer your question I should do so. We understand each other. What good can your staying do yourself—or others?"

Clarence turns pale and hangs his head, biting his lips irresolutely. Suddenly he looks up:

"Nugent, you are right," he says, hoarsely; "I do understand you. I can do no good, and nothing but harm to myself. You are right! I will go."

Nugent holds out his hand.

"Spoken like a man!" he says. "When?"

Clarence makes a great effort.

"To-night."

"Without any fuss?"

"Without a word to a soul," he replies.

"Shake hands," says Nugent; "you are not quite lost, Clarence. Then no more words; as you say, we understand each other; good night."

"Good night," says Clarence, and he passes on, pale and agitated.

This little momentous conference had taken place outside the door of the apartment that goes by the name of the ladies' room—a kind of boudoir common to all the ladies who may want a place of refuge on a wet day. It is seldom used, however, and it is only by chance that Lady Lucelle happens to be in it, behind the nearly closed door, at this moment.

Low as have been the two men's voices, she heard every word, and, as Cahrlie goes down the stairs, she slips out, and looks after him with an evil smile.

"Always in my way; it is strange! but it is always so. And now he has wrested this weak fool out of my hands—or so he thinks! You are clever, my Lord Charles Hamilton Nugent, but you are pitted against a woman, and will need all your astuteness! And so the love-smitten Clarence goes to-night! Then there is no time to be lost!"

Ten minutes afterward, Vane rings the studio bell, and Willis appears in his usual noiseless fashion.

"Go and find Mrs. Fleming, and tell her to ask her ladyship if I can see her for a few minutes."

Willis disappears, and returns almost instantly.

"Her ladyship will come down to you immediately, my lord."

Five minutes afterward, there is a gentle knock at the door, and Jeanne enters.

She is dressed perfectly superbly. Art has done its utmost as the handmaid to nature, and she looks to him—with the weary, restless spirit whose heart is eaten by the wasteful craving of unrequited love—like some exquisite vision which the old painters used to catch and imprison on their canvas. For a moment he is silent; then, as he rises and looks at her, standing so easily, gracefully, clasping a diamond bracelet at her wrist, his tortured heart aches again.

"I did not wish to trouble you to come to me," he says, in a low voice. "I would have come to you."

"It's of no consequence," says Jeanne, in the measured tones in which she always speaks to him, in which she conceals and disguises the wistful craving on her part. There they stand, divided by an evil woman's spite; a word from either, and the gulf is bridged—a word—nay, a look, a touch; and yet that word, that touch, that look, cannot be given, and the ocean rolls coldly between them.

"It is of no consequence," she says; "I was nearly dressed. You wanted me?"

"I wanted to tell you that I must go to England to-morrow."

She looks up with faint surprise, nothing more—as yet.

"So soon!" she says. "Is anything the matter? Have you heard bad news?"

"No," he says, with drooped head. "I have heard no bad news."

"What time do you start?" she asks. "What can I do for you?"

He looks up quickly, watchfully.

"I am not going alone," he says; "I wish you to go with me.'

Jeanne starts.

"I?" she says, and the color leaves her face as she thinks of Hal and Verona left helpless to fight against the count.

But he, Vane, knows nothing of the real cause; he sees the sudden pallor, and thinks it is because she is leaving Clarence, and he, too, turns white.

"Yes,' he says, almost fiercely. "Why should I go alone? Why should I leave you here? Do you object — do you refuse to acompany me?"

Jeane, still pale, gazes at him with surprise which he deems feigned and unreal.

"I object—refuse?" she echoes, in a low voice. "Why should I?"

"You may be acquainted with the reason if there is any," he says, haughtily, scanning her face.

It falls and crimsons.

"He knows all about Hal and Verona, and is angry with me," she thinks.

"There are some reasons, then?" he demands, in a suppressed voice.

"No," she says, with a pause, "there are none weighty enough to lead me to disobey you. I shall be ready at any hour you name."

"Good," he says curtly. "We start at one o'clock.

Jeanne inclines her head.

"I shall be ready," and she turns away, but pauses at the door. "And our guests—do they know—are they disposed of?"

"They are disposed of," he says, bitterly, thinking of one only. "Say nothing—there is no need. Nugent will be host in our absence."

"Very well," says Jeanne, again reclining her head, and she goes out.

Half-an-hour afterward the diner-bell clangs out over the castle; and Bell, who is never late on any occasion, comes out of his room, and knocks at Hal's door; that young gentleman being many miles away, doees not hear him, and, at last, after playing a mild tune on the defenceless oak, Bell opens the door gently.

"Hal, my dear boy, there's the dinner bell. Are you dressed yet? Make haste, they are al going in. Can I help you, can I——"

By this time he found that he had been adressing space.

Hal is not there. Bel goes into the rooms and looks around. It is extremely tidy, not a thing is thrown about—a clear proof to Bell's mind that Hal has not been in the room since the servant arranged it in the early morning.

"Now where has he gone?" asked poor Bell; "it's unlike him to miss his dinner, and he is fond of his pipe, too. Dear me." And, vainly speculating, Bell goes down.

"Perhaps he hasn't had time to dress, and—but he wouldn't have the courage to dine with them in a shooting-jacket."

If Hal hasn't, the count has, for Bell finds his excellency seated at a table in his frock coat, and Maud, in a delighted whisper, tells Bell how it happens:

"Jeanne asked him at the last moment and begged him not to take the trouble of going home to dress; and he stayed. Wasn't it kind of him?"

"Yes," says Bell, "very kind. But where is Hal?"

"Hal?" says Jeanne, looking around.

"Yes, where is he?"

There is a dead silence. The servants wait for the signal to uncover. Vane, lost in thought, looks up,

"Is he not here?"

"No,' says Bell. "He hasn't been in his room since the morning. I——"

He stops short, for the count has suddenly arisen to his feet, with a strange look of suspicion.

"Is it Hal you are inquiring for?" says Lady Lucelle, who, engrossed in conversation with Clarence, does not appear to have heard the previous inquiries. "Oh, I know where he is! He was kind enough to go off this morning to shoot a hawk for my hat, and I supose he does not like to come back without it."

And she smiles.

The count sinks into his seat again, looking, for the first time inhis life, rather confused.

"I was afraid some accident had happened to my dear young friend," he says to Maud, with a charming smile.

"How kind and thoughtful of you," murmurs Maud.

"If he doesn't come back until he shoots a hawk in Forbach, we've seen the last of him for some years," says Nugent, bluntly.

"Which will be rather hawkward," remarks Mr. Lambton, quite unconscious of his pun.

There is a general laugh; Hal is forgotten by all but Jeanne, Belle and Lady Lucelle. Jeanne is so far from forgetting him that she is pale with anxiety, and is so absorbed that she matches that other pale and absorbed face next hers—Clarence's. All through the dinner, which he scarcely touches, he sits vainly trying to talk and laugh, but every now and then glancing at Jeanne with a look on his face which nearly maddens Vane.

"She has told him already that she is going," he thinks. "Both pale and abstracted, they sit and suffer. Yes, I shall take the empty shell with me tomorrow—her heart will remain with him!"

Such thoughts are not likely to tend toward producing a good appetite, and Vane sends dish after dish away, as has been usual with him of late; but when the ladies have gone he drinks glass after glass of port, which is not usual with him, and sits with his fingers on the stem of his glass, moody and silent.

It is a lovely night, and all the front or terrace part of the castle is flooded by the moonlight. The servants are bringing the tea; Maud sits at the piano, the others are scattered about; the room seems hot and close to Jeanne, and she feels restless, her mind equally troubled about Vane's sudden return to England and Hal's absence. To Jeanne mental trouble always brings a longing for fresh air and scope to think in; Maud's thin voice grows almost torturing, and at last she opens the French window, and steps out on the terrace. As she does so she hears the thud-thud of horses' hoofs, and one part of her trouble flies away instantly.

It is Hal, of course!

To run down the steps to meet him, scold him, pet him, and learn where he has been, is the impulse of the moment. Throwing her face shawl over her head, and gathering up her rich skirts, she hurries around to the front; but the sound has ceased; no, not ceased, but drifted toward the back. Thinking that Hal wishes to ride in without attracting attention, Jeanne goes back, and, listening as she goes, tracks the rider to the front of the terrace itself; tracks him, and comes full upon him, hidden in the shadow of the shrubbery.

To her surprise, there stands George, dusty and travel-stained, beside one of the bays, panting and sweating, with the foam flecks covering his broad breast.

With a start, George swings around, and utters an exclamation.

"My lady! Is that you? Yourself?"

"Yes, it is I!" says Jeanne, too anxious to smile at the strange question. "What are you doing here? where have you come from, and why are you riding the bay at this time of night?"

George takes off his cap; his hair clings to his face with perspiration.

"I've come from Master Hal, my lady, with this letter."

"Give it to me," says Jeanne, taking it from him eagerly. "Where is Master Hal—why have you brought it? I cannot see to read it!"

George whips out his matchbox, and strikes a light.

"Begging your pardon, my lady, but there's no time to be lost."

Jeanne reads the letter, and looks up, pale and agitated.

"What does this mean?" she asks. "Why should he write this? Why doesn't he come himself?"

"He can't, my lady," replies George, eagerly. "And you'll come, my lady?"

"I! No, certainly not!" says Jeanne, but very faintly.

George actually staggers.

"No! my lady!"

"No; how dare you, sir—oh, is he in danger?"

George does not hesitate a moment.

"Yes," he says.

Jeanne catches the letter with a sudden shudder of apprehension. "In danger!" she says. "Yes—yes, he must be, or he wouldn't write like this!"

"You'll come, my lady?"

"Oh, what shall I do? And to tell no one! What shall I do? I cannot—I cannot go—and yet?—Yes, I must go!" and in an instant she turns to the man, calm and composed. "Wait here," she says; "I'll go—but how?"

"You must—Master Hal thought you would ride, my lady—your mare."

"Alone!" says Jeanne, aghast.

"Time—time's precious, my lady!" mutters George.

Jeanne clenches her hands, undecided.

"I cannot go alone," she says, more to herself than to him. "No! Go to the stable and get the light dogcart ready—"

"Too late, my lady; it will be too late!" says George. "My lady, can't you trust me to take care of you—all these years?" and honest George's voice trembles.

"Go, then," says Jeanne. "I do not know what to do! and I am to ask no one! Oh! what can it be?. Yes, go—I will come."

"Right, my lady," says George with a ring in his voice. "Master Hal was right. He said you'd come. How long will you be, my lady? I can be ready in ten minutes."

"Ten minutes—a quarter of an hour," says Jeanne. "Bring the horses to the end of the moat," and the next moment she is gone like a shadow.

Like a shadow also stands Lady Lucelle behind the terrace, looking down upon the two, and hearing a word here and a word there, and yet no shadow, not the blackest that ever was cast, held so evil a heart or so subtle a brain. She has scarcely time to crouch down before Jeanne is almost upon her. Suddenly Jeanne turns and, instead of entering the drawing-room, goes along the terrace toward the other entrance, and as she turns there flutters from her, incumbered by the long skirt of her dress, and her shawl, a crumpled piece of paper.

(To be continued.)

Scientific Warfare Against the Clouds

In Europe it has become almost a commonplace occurrence to shoot at the clouds with a cannon or specially constructed apparatus to dispel threatened hailstorms. In almost every country on the Continent where agriculture forms the mainstay of the people, there is a systematic use of these storm destroyers. In many parts of France, Italy, Germany and Austria the custom has grown so extensively that it often forms part of an official department of the municipality. In such cases, with the assistance of the neighboring land owners and farmers, thorough systems have been devised, till the elements have become so harassed that it is almost impossible for them to inflict any injury on the crops.

Public interest in the subject has become so aroused that the leading agricultural societies have taken up the idea, with a view to contributing to the means already employed the results of their minute investigations. In Vienna recently a congress of the members of the Meteorological Institute was called, at which the various methods of cloud shooting were inspired, which cannot fail to be of great benefit to the farmers in the districts susceptible to the ravages or hailstorms.

Judging from the reports of the congress, the idea of averting a storm by means of cannon shot is not a new one in Austria. It was first introduced during the reign of Empress Maria Teresa, who issued a decree prohibiting the use of cannon by the peasantry shortly after the adoption of the practice. In time this decree was revoked, and in 1896 the method was again introduced into Austria, a new weapon being substituted in place of the cannon. This consisted of a funnel shaped barrel of iron with a broad muzzle. The idea of the broad muzzle was to distribute the discharge over greater space and thus increase the effect. So successful was this experiment than in 1897 the municipality in which the weapon was first used had no less than thirty shooting stations. Since then there have been no hailstorms in that locality.

Cloud shooting has nowhere become more generally used than in the vicinity of Venice, in Lombardy and Piedmont. These districts formerly suffered greatly from the destructiveness of hailstorms. During the summer of 1900 there were at least two thousand stations, built on the plan of those constructed in Austria. At a congress held not long ago in Casale Monferrato it was found that in numerous localities where shooting stations had not been introduced hailstorms were of frequent occurrence, causing great damage to crops and property, while the districts provided with artificial means were entirely free from loss from such causes.

Herr Stiger, the originator of the present method, gave some interesting facts regarding his experiments with the cloud shooting cannon. He began his experiments with the fundamental principle of disturbing the intense stillness which prevails before a hailstorm. In view of the established fact that there is no physical reason why sound waves should exercise an effect on the formation of hail, Stiger determined that it would be necessary to confine his operations to creating the form of a whirlwind. An official trial demonstrated the fact that after the firing of a shot a small whirlwind arises easily perceptible in the reflected sunshine. This whirlwind ascends with a piercing whistle, the sound lasting for thirteen seconds in day time and twenty seconds at night. During this experiment it was noticed that a swallow which flew within the radius of one of these whirlwinds instantly dropped dead. It had the appearance, upon examination, of having been shot. Stiger laid great stress upon the mechanical energy produced by the wind thus created, but this idea found few supporters till the Congress of Casale, Italy. A professor Roberts reported that at a distance of two hundred feet the wind had destroyed a strong diaphragm. Thereafter several experiments at St. Catherine demonstrated that the whirlwind was the main if not the sole agent in diverting hail.

Some careful experiments were carried on in Austria, which are of great interest. The experts who attended the exhibition could plainly see the wind rise from the mouth of the funnels with lightning rapidity, possessing all the aspects of a shot. When large cannon were used, whistling could be heard from twenty to twenty-eight seconds. The most marked effects were produced by horizontal shots. For the experiments, shields built of thick paper and linen were placed at intervals of forty, sixty, eighty and one hundred yards from the mouth of the cannon. When the circle of wind enfolded these shields they were torn from the frames, the solid posts and frame work snapped in two and were cast from eighteen to twenty-two yards, while a large mastiff standing near was lifted in the air, and after turning several somersaults was hurled against the ground with such tremendous force that he had no further interest in cloud shooting.

To Make a Canary Sing.

Generally any kind of soft, sibilant noise will tempt a bird to sing. A canary hung in a kitchen will usually start his song if he hears, say, the frizzling of the frying pan. We utilize special devices to tempt the shy singer, who is perhaps rendered the more bashful by finding himself in novel surroundings.

For this purpose we employ whistles and song organs, which artificially reproduce the "tours" of the roller. This latter method is found to be irrestible when all other plans have failed. The bird feels apparently that he is being challenged and forthwith responds to the challenge by pouring forth the best of his song.—From the London Post.

Cow Testing Associations

Probably every farmer in Canada would like to obtain more profit from each individual cow in his herd, but at present there is lack of co-operation amongst farmers to accomplish this object.

In Denmark, the home of agricultural co-operation, there have been testing associations since 1895, and there are now nine thousand farmers having their cows tested systematically. Similar work will pay here, and pay well. Wherever such work has been done the average production per cow has speedily been raised 25, and even 50 pounds of butter per annum. Surely there are hundreds of farmers, painstaking and thoughtful, willing to show a little enterprise for an almost certain return of from five to ten dollars more than at present from each cow per year.

In Michigan an association was organized in September, 1905. Canadian farmers need to take this matter up quickly and seriously.

As an instance of what substantial progress is possible when individual cows are tested, a farmer near Cowansville, Que., furnishes a striking illustration. In 1896 fifteen cows were kept, giving an average of only 131 pounds of butter. In 1900 tests were commenced of each cow separately, the milk being weighed regularly. In 1904 twenty cows were kept (on the same land which when purchased in 1888 would not decently keep nine cows), ad the average production per cow was 254 pounds of butter. This increase of 123 pounds per cow can be attained on many other farms.

In some illustration testing undertaken in 1904 and 1905 by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, it was shown that very poor returns are received from many cows, therefore the urgent need of cow testing associations is apparent. Valuable practical bulletins on the subject are available and will be sent free to any applicant.

Where any twenty patrons of a factory will agree to weigh the milk from each cow on three days during the month the milking period, and furnish themselves with scales and sample bottles, costing about two to three dollars complete, the Minister of Agriculture announces that the testing will be done free of cost to the patrons. As the Department is anxious to assist farmers in organizing, J. A. Ruddick, Dairy Commissioner, Ottawa, will be glad to hear from any progressive farmer or factory owner in any community relative to this most important matter, and will arrange for meetings to discuss the question.

BRICKS FROM SAND.

Plan to Utilize Great Sand Dunes in Britain.

Great sand dunes extend for miles along the north coast of Bristol Channel, included in Glamorganshire, England. These, in addition to being utterly worthless for all purposes, are also a menace to the narrow strip of lowlands between them and the hills. A company of busis senemn,b:oY- adyc company of business men, with headquarters at Port Talbot, have determined to put the sand to some use, and if their works prove profitable an industry will be built up on the dunes. The plan is to manufacture bricks from sand. The experiment has proved a success on the Continent where the bricks are produced in several colors and take a glaze satisfactorily. The Port Talbot plant will have a minimum capacity of 10,000 bricks a day. Some experts claim that these bricks made of sand and lime will be the building brick of the future in Wales and the United Kingdom.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Come from the Rich, Red Blood made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Beauty is more than skin deep—it is blood deep. There is no real beauty, no good health without rich, red blood. Every graceful curve, every sparkle of the eye, every rosy blush, comes from rich, red blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder and beauty maker in the world. Every dose actually makes new, pure, rich blood. By making new blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sharpen the appetite, soothe the worried nerves, regulate the health. They banish paleness, clear the complexion, bring rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. They give plenty of strong blood for all the delicate functions of womanhood. Miss Mary Jackson, Normandale, Ont., says: "For upwards of three years I suffered from anaemia. I grew so weak I could scarcely walk about the house, I had no color in my face, my lips and gums were bloodless, I suffered from headaches and dizziness, and fell away in weight until I weighed only 94 pounds. No treatment gave me the least benefit until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Inside of a few weeks after beginning the pills I began to grow better, and they soon restored my health, and while using them I gained fourteen pounds in weight. I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all pale and feeble girls."

There are thousands of pale anaemic girls and women throughout Canada who should follow the example of Miss Jackson and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. Bright eyes, rosy cheeks and perfect health would soon follow. When you buy the pills see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2,50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Evidence of Sound Mind.

Secretary (lunatic asylum)—Mrs. Sharp-tongue was here to-day and wanted her hisband sent home and placed under her care.

Superintendent—Did you let him go?

"No. He said he would rather stay here."

"Hum! The man must be sane!"

THE SOUVENIR CRAZE.

"A man walked into my office the other day," said James A. Sample, of the Redemption Division of the Treasury Department, "and dumped out of his pockets a handful of coins. There were several half dollars, four or five quarters, and a number of dimes and nickels in the lot. They had all been flattened out, so that in some instances there was no trace left of the original impression.

"I would like to have these coins redeemed at their face value," said the man.

"'Certainly,' I replied, and while I was weighing them the man told me how it happened that they were all mashed in the same fashion.

"These coins were flattened out by the McKinley funeral train. As the train bearing the remains of the dead President pulled out of the Sixth street depot in this city, bound for Canton, I placed a number of coins on the rails. Other persons were doing the same thing, and for a distance of several hundred yards the rails were covered with nickels, dimes, quarters and half dollars.

"'I've kept these long enough, and would like to have them redeemed.'

"The craze for getting souvenirs, and gruesome ones at that," continued Mr. Sample, "has had a firm hold on Americans for some time. I remember as a boy how wild the people were to meet mementoes of Abraham Lincoln when he was shot. After having been stricken down by the assasin's bullet, President Lincoln was carried into a house on the opposite side of the street from Ford's Theatre, where the tragedy occurred. Blood dripping from the wound made a line from the theatre to the house. I saw several persons tearing papers into small strips and dipping the ends of them into the red blotches on the pavement, proudly carrying them off as souvenirs."—Washington Special to the Brooklyn Eagle.

CHILDHOOD INDIGESTION.

Nothing is more common in childhood than indigestion. Nothing is more dangerous to proper growth, more weakening to the constitution, or more likely to pave the way to dangerous disease. Nothing is more easy to keep under control, for proper food and Baby's Own Tablets will cover the whole ground. Here is strong proof. Mrs. G. G. Irving, Trout Brook, Que., says: "My baby boy was troubled with chronic indigestion and was a constant sufferer. Nothing helped him until I tried Baby's Own Tablets, but these promptly cured him, and he is now as healthy a little lad as you would care to see. I always keep the Tablets in the house and they quickly cure all the troubles of childhood." Every mother should keep these Tablets on hand. They cure all the minor ailments of children, and their prompt administration when trouble comes may save a precious little life. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

We may say often as we please, and the minister may as confidently asert it in his turn, that the congregation has no claim upon the minister's wife. She is helpmate to her husband, not servant to the church. She receives no salary, and nobody has a right to call upon her for service not exacted from, nor expected of any other woman who belongs to the particular church in which her husband officiates. She is not at the beck of any one. No one has the least occasion to comment or criticize if she takes an obscure place, and devotes herself wholly to her family, and not at all to the parish. When she is the mother of little children, it is absurd as well as unreasonable, to so much as think of her bearing in any way a relation to the church societies of affairs, or doing anything beyond the precincts of the parsonage.

Yet people do unconsciously look to her for certain phases of example and certain acts of leadership, and where she can and does graciously and tactfully adorn her necessarily conspicuous position, she is a great help to her husband. That this sort of help is a gratuity on her part, that it can not be demanded, and that she is within her rights in declining to give it, adds only to its worth when freely given.

A winning personality in the pastor's wife is like sunlight on the congregation. Her gentle word, her womanly discretion, her notice of the shy and the lonely, her freedom from censoriousness, her kind hospitality and the popularity which is her province, strengthen the minister in his church, straighten out some of the tangles which twist around him through no fault of his, and are elements in whatever success he gains. Whether she desires it or not, the pastor's wife is first lady in the congregation, just as the President's wife is first lady in the land, and she can not slip away from the loving watchfulness, which in the younger woman is an engaging flattery, and in the older ones a benignant approval. As a rule, the wife of the minister deserves everybody's regard, and is justly held in honor for her unselfish and sensible devotion to the parish as well as to the pastor.—Christian Intelligence.

Are Diseases Increasing?

There can be no question that the prevalence of certain diseases has increased during the last half century. Conspicuous among these are diabetes and insomnia, both of which are largely due to the mental stress of a harder struggle for existence. The increased consumption of alcohol and the free use of narcotics are also responsible for many morbid conditions unknown to our hardier forbears. But, in comparing the present prevalence of diseases with that of the past there are several factors for which due allowance is often not made. One of these is that our forefathers died, as a rule, at a considerably younger age than their descendants; if they did not perish by the sword they were moved down from time to time by the plague and other devasting epidemics. In this way they escaped many of the diseases not only of old age, but of advanced middle life. Again, it must not be forgotten that each generation represented to a much larger extent than is now the case the survival of the fittest. Most of the weaklings died in childhood. The triumph of modern hygiene is that it has preserved a large proportion of these lives.—Practitioner.

Statue of Queen Alexandra.

The first statue of Queen Alexandra on English soil will be erected in the grounds of the London Hospital, to commemorate the completion of the rebuilding operations, which have cost £45,000. The sculptor will be George Wade, and the statue, which will be of bronze, will be of heroic size. It will cost £1,500, and of this sum £1,300 has been subscribed already by the committee, the staff, and a few personal friends.