

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

When a man makes a great "hit" in business, people wonder how it is done, for almost every one is interested in what is termed "success in life." As we have received within two of three years many letters asking where-in our "secret of success" lay, we have decided to make a full explanation, so that all interested parties may be made fully acquainted with the facts. We do not know that we can do this better than by giving a simple story.

At No. 4, Place de Strasbourg, in the quaint old city of Lille, North of France, Mons. Oscar Fanyau keeps a chemist shop. About a year ago, as the proprietor was closing the shop for the night, a middle-aged woman came in, untied the corner of her handkerchief and turned out some small pieces of money, mostly copper, and asked for a bottle of *Tisane*, as the French call it. Her countenance wore a sad and anxious look, so much so as to attract attention, and Mr. Fanyau asked, "Are you ill, my good woman?" "No, sir," she replied, "but my poor husband"—and here she burst into tears, and sobbed like a child. As soon as she could control her feelings, she told her story, and a sad tale it was. Her husband had been unable to work for six years, three of which had been spent in the hospital for incurables.

This woman had toiled day and

night to feed and clothe the little children. Out of her scanty earnings she had saved, little by little, a sum sufficient to buy a bottle of the medicine she had faith would cure her husband.

Mr. Fanyau was touched by her sad story of want and suffering, and handing her the desired medicine, he pushed back the money, telling her to use it for food.

And here we cannot refrain from remarking that this was but a similar act of kindness on the part of the French chemist to many thousands of notable deeds of charity which are yearly, if not almost daily, performed by the chemists of the country, the alms so given amounting in the aggregate to far greater sums than many which are annually heralded abroad as princely gifts of the millionaire.

Mr. Fanyau thought no more of this case until one Sunday morning, some two weeks later, when this same woman came again to the shop, accompanied by a pale and feeble man. It was her husband, who had now walked out for the first time in three years.

Struck with the almost miraculous cure, which with his own eyes he saw had been effected, Mr. Fanyau was led to make a thorough investigation of the case. It appeared that the malady from which this man had suffered so long commenced with a slight derangement of the digestive

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